

# THE PILOT

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## THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

(From the Union Service)

Almighty and everlasting God who maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth, we praise and magnify thy great mercy, which has brought us to this hour. We bless thy Holy Name that earth, sea, and sky are safe again in Europe; that the guns are silent; and that thou has brought us to this long expected hour. By thy grace keep us humble in victory; forbid that we should harbor hatreds or revenge. May we dedicate all victory to thy glory. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

### Honor to the Fallen

We now remember in pride, gratitude, love, sorrow and tenderness, the innumerable company of those whose courage and sacrifice have made this hour possible. They died for us. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." To those who have lost loved ones in this war, perhaps the words of Abraham Lincoln, written to a mother whose five sons died in battle, may be of comfort. He said, "I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

### Dedication to the Future

With God's help, we now dedicate ourselves:  
To the preservation of our dearly bought and cherished freedoms for which such sacrifices of blood have been made;  
To the seeking and support of all ways and plans for the cooperation of nations now estranged; and of all efforts for the establishing of a world order of justice and peace;  
To every struggle for justice both at home and abroad; to every effort seeking to ensure all men their native right to fullness of life;  
To the continuance and creation of homes, rich in love, and tenderness, and of a community which shall make every homecoming a glad anticipation;  
To such self discipline of our minds through thought and study; to such preparation of our hearts through confession and prayer, that we may take our part in realizing a world of justice and enduring peace.  
O Lord, hear these our high resolves; and by the guidance of thy spirit and the continuance of thy watchful care, help us to be true to these commitments which we have now made on this solemn occasion.

### VICTORY IN EUROPE

The news of victory comes almost simultaneously to people all over the world today. To the crowds standing silent before the loud speakers in Piccadilly Circus, in the square before our New York City Hall, to the little groups gathered on school or court house steps, or around a pot-bellied stove in a country store, to those millions of fighting men and to the millions they fought to save, the word comes, bringing a great lifting of the spirit. The deep breath they take, as they straighten up and look into each others' faces and take each others' hands, should be enough surely to blow new life into this poor old world. That great breath of relief must blow away some of the hatred and fear and desolation of the war, while to countless thousands still fighting in that other war, it will bring added vigor. To our troops fighting at Okinawa, in Burma, to the men crouched in their B 29s, setting their sights for Tokyo, to all that gallant company of our fair navy today's news brings hope and confidence.

"We're doing well; we're getting on with it," they say, "but from now on . . ." It is a fair guess that the rebel yell is echoing through the dripping green jungles and over the shell-torn black volcanic rocks as men rejoice together at the news that one great enemy is gone and that, now, all can fight together, side by side.

There is boundless gratitude today in every heart, but it is quiet, restrained. For there is no getting away from the realization of the struggle that lies ahead. It is that that tempers jubilant spirits and stills the whistles and the bells. To have boys come home safe, and then to have them go away again: that will be hard to bear.

But in looking toward the future we may find help if we recall the past. Three years ago, and even two, the prophets of doom were busy and were finding many listeners. They told us what a great people the Germans were: how they were, in fact, supreme, the greatest soldiers, the greatest organizers and planners; and they fought for a cause as did the crusaders of old. They could not be beaten. We ourselves were undisciplined, disorganized, unready, our young men frivolous and weak. Our Allies were but broken reeds; Britain brave but stupid and doddering, Russia unreliable, inefficient, a pushover for the great German armies. We were not united, the cause of Democracy was a dead issue.

We have come a long way since then. We have fought, simultaneously, two of the greatest military organizations the world has ever seen. For the past year in the East, our campaign has been steadily victorious while in Europe, now, the grim enemy, Germany the unbeatable, has surrendered unconditionally. We find ourselves standing shoulder to shoulder with our great allies, at the peak of our power.

If we could do this, may we not now, in all humbleness, ask ourselves: what have we then to fear? Only, as our great leader has said, the fear of fear. In his first speech he said it: "There is nothing to fear it and fear itself." And in his last, written the day he was to die: "Our doubts of today are our only limitations of tomorrow."

### Let us then be strong in the knowledge of our power, strong in our resolve not to relax our efforts, that the war in the Pacific may be won as speedily as possible. And, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness for the victory of today, while anguished and humbled by the knowledge of what that victory has cost, let us press boldly onward toward the victory of tomorrow.

### TAG DAY, MAY 12

When we feel deeply about anything, the psychiatrists tell us, we should "follow that impulse" and express the emotion in some concrete and positive way. So, this weekend, when our thoughts turn toward our mothers with renewed affection, we had better do something about it.

The florists and the stationers and the gifts shops urge their wares upon us. Photographs of young mothers, old mothers, smiling mothers, sad mothers and a galaxy of most improbably giddy-looking mothers burst forth this week upon our harassed attention. It is likely that those of us able to do so will take heed and follow the filial impulse with the gifts so lavishly suggested. But some, wearied by platitudes, resentful, perhaps, of being told so stridently to love our mothers, may seek other means of tribute. To them we suggest a contribution to the Moore County Maternal Welfare Association.

This organization, now in the tenth year of its existence, was instrumental in the creation of the maternal welfare branch of the County Health Department. Under the inspiring leadership and expert guidance of one of the county's loveliest women, Elizabeth Currie, this committee of Moore County women organized pre-natal clinics, and obtained the services of an expert nurse-midwife, a graduate of the Lobenstein Clinic in New York. The work continues in her charge, growing with the years, receiving the continuous support of the committee in providing medicines, layettes, transportation, and volunteer assistants at the clinics. The resultant spectacular drop of the maternal mortality rate is proof of its success.

All this requires money, and, since the war, it has become more difficult to raise the necessary funds. For years the proceeds of the Moore County hunter trials went to this cause. But, with a change of management and the war appeal, this source of income has been cut off and given instead to the Red Cross. Funds are raised, now, only through personal solicitation. This solicitation will be concentrated, as heretofore, on one day, Saturday, May 12, which is Mother's Day.

For those who want to do something for mothers in general, we recommend this extremely worthy cause. And for those who, having given to their own mothers the

presents their hearts dictate, feel perhaps the inadequacy of even such a gesture of love and respect, we suggest that no tribute could be more fitting than to let that mother know that thought of her inspired a gift to the organization which cares for the mothers of Moore County.

## THE Public Speaking

From a Letter To a husband overseas.

May 7

Such a day! With the fabulous V-E proclamation actually promised for tomorrow. You can imagine how it feels really to hear the long-hoped-for word of victory on the radio. Somehow this date of Germany's surrender helps redeem the traditional luckiness of seven, so marred by that day in December long ago when the cruel news of Pearl Harbor stopped the world in its tracks.

We went this noon to a service in church. The beautiful old hymns we sang as never before, truly with hope and faith. What was said in between impressed me little. I was too busy privately thanking God, to attend much to the ministers.

Nobody can forget the Pacific war, of course, and that sadly substantial shadow makes this present gladness sober. Nevertheless the exciting possibility of furloughs or even discharges is ever a tantalizing back-of-the-mind thought. It is so reassuring to find the War Department statement on that full of understanding and sympathy as well as the expected intelligence of both the human and military variety.

It seems strange after the intoxication of earlier individual victories to find this, their ultimate object, so solemn. This seems not a celebrating occasion, but rather the source of a deep and moving relief. No matter why, it is a shock to which we must become pleasantly adjusted, and it is hard to look far beyond it just now.

We can pause to rejoice at this milestone. Then good hunting to the real end and "God bless us every one."

### HOSPITALITY APPRECIATED

(A PILOT reader sends this clipping, which we are glad to reprint. Ed.)

Many Canadians, I am sure, will wish to echo the tribute I want to pay to the generous hospitality shown by Americans to our boys when they visit, on leave, across the border. My son, a sergeant (navigator) in the RCAF, has just returned from a four-day experience of this hospitality. A leading hotel, charged him nothing for his bed, or for several meals. He took a couple of friends out for dinner to a well-known restaurant, ate handsomely, and was presented with a nominal check. He had similar experiences on the subway, in shops, at shows, museums, etc. This generosity was so unobtrusive that he often did not realize it until afterward, when it was too late even to say "Thank you."

Since this may have happened to many besides my son, will you kindly publish this note in order that your American readers may know how universally their kindness is appreciated here and what a powerful informal stimulus (unneeded, of course) it is giving to the personal side of Canadian-United States friendship? I hope we reciprocate in our hospitality to uniformed visitors from the United States who come to Toronto. —Richard S. Lambert, Toronto.

### A FORMULA FOR PEACE

To the Editor

THE PILOT

The Colonial citizens of North Carolina anticipated the Continental Congress in their own Declaration of Independence. This urge to independent and constructive effort to make individual liberty a major objective in our then apparently hopeless struggle for freedom from political and economic servitude was but a prevision of a similar determination of 12 other colonial groups. Thus encouraged, these found a common solidarity in the now revered Declaration of Independence, subsequently subscribed by representatives of those colonies who pledged themselves to their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

As a half-way stop between North and South on the Atlantic seaboard and an increasingly important center of industrial and cultural development, North Carolina is destined to be a proving ground for determining the trend that our domestic economy is to follow. We have had incursions of both factions; and some bloody results, in the contest between invested capital and imported agitators whose purposes were not altogether altruistic.

If this Nation cannot solve its own domestic problems on the basis of justice and square dealing, how can we go before the world as an advocate of these

principles in the great international meeting now sitting in San Francisco?

While the international conference in San Francisco holds the spotlight, it behooves us, who will have to underwrite the insurance policy this conference may produce, to take counsel with ourselves as to how far we are willing to apply at home the idealistic mouthings we put forth to entice other nations to follow our lead. The result of our failure to live up to the political ideals we profess, and the factual operation of our economic system, is our vulnerable Achilles Heel in dealing with those representatives of nations who have no other guide than history's record. In other words, do we really believe in the Golden Rule and Christian Principles, or are they just a bait for bargaining?

The campaign to make them real may not be the prerogative of North Carolina but surely all our persuasion and all our power should be spent now to make real our determination that in our community, in our state, and in our nation, justice and law shall conform to those fundamental rights of the individual guaranteed under our Constitution. After all, the domestic situation is more important to the man in the street, in the factory, and on the farm and he is the one who has to pay in blood and treasure when politicians and statesmen fail to be guided by the only sure approach to universal peace and happiness—The Golden Rule. It would not have been given us as a divine mandate were it not workable.

O. A. DICKINSON  
Colonel, USA, Rtd.

## Sand Box

Being Filled Weekly  
BY WALLACE IRWIN

The home-and-mother song has been Tin Pan Alley's golden heard, as far back as any of us can remember. When Paul Dresser chanted, "I long to see my mother in the doorway as she stood three years ago her boy to greet," he moved from poverty into high finance. Such easy sentimentalizing of motherhood had its reaction, even when I was a boy. Vaudeville smart-elicks were squawking, "I love to see my dear old mawther work." In London the big-footed cockney comedians whinnied, to loud laughter, "Just imagine Mother with 'er legs all bare paddling in the fountain of Trafalgar Square!" Even Booth Tarkington, in his satiric youth, invented a burlesque sob with the refrain, "She was my mother once in days so long ago; I'll not desert her now, though her lot has fell so low."

But the "serious" mother song, banal and syrupy though it was, touched something very deep in the heart of the average lonely man; men lonely in the "man-swarm", as Thomas Wolfe called it. The "where is my wandering boy tonight?" echoed its question to the wanderer, nostalgic for the homely things, the caresses, the comforts, even the anxious bickerings of the woman who centered them.

War has sobered us out of any small, satiric mood. The home fires burn, even though millions of young, hoarse voices are now too far away to be heard by us, however eagerly we listen. And the mothers, young mothers, middle aged mothers, old mothers are waiting for that somehow mystic event we call V-E Day.

Our mothers are doing their jobs well, I believe and hope. They must be. The record of our fighting men on the islands, the beaches, the rivers and hills all over this blood-wet world reveals that our women have not bred automatons or fanatics, but freeborn men from freeborn homes, giving their blood and sweat to demolish a system which would tear our family life apart—as it was torn apart in the Gestapo's slaughter-pens.

The millions of V-mail letters, flying to war-fronts East and West, are weighed with blessings for our soldiers. Or I hope they are. The brighter gossip of the city or the town or the farm. Amusing stories of the neighbors who dropped in. How Main Street looked this afternoon, or Broadway, or the factory where Sally is busy as the one-armed paper hanger (save the mark) pounding rivets for the big planes. How Charlie Johnson still thinks he'll paint his house, but hasn't got time. The funny story that Mr. Spindell told last week about losing his dog in the subway station. That, and loads of love. And no mention of how your heart sinks every time you look at the clock, wondering how long. How long?

Spartan is a word which none of us like much; it is too much favored by the Huns and the Japanese. But this long enduring test of native strength has bred Spartan qualities in our women. They must have them, or else. . . . Read of those hundreds of American women, young and old, frail and robust, who were trapped for years in a Jap prison at Man-

ila. If they were downhearted, their daily task was not to show it. They sang their songs, they had their parties, they grew thinner week by week. But the children they brought in with them, and those who were born to the married ones, survived and were healthy—the large majority of them. They were well fed, even though the women in the camp were always undernourished.

Here on the home front, where our cities are untouched by the vandalism of war and where the problem of food will never be more than a small inconvenience, our women still have their patient work to do; everything from the humble job of conserving food to the more public one of buying bonds and contributing to the Red Cross, and joining the League of Women Voters' patriotic work. Every compacted photostatic letter that comes in with its brave, appealing "Dear Mom" tells the mother in the kitchen, in the drawing room, in the factory, in the office that the miracles we have accomplished in blood, sweat and tears have been implemented, if not accomplished, by the quiet industry of that American spirit which will not let us down in time of trouble. The mother who sits sleepless, night after night, beside the fevered child and will not let him die without her fight for him, sits by war's frightful cradle today. . . .

So I have slopped over. What I began as an argument has become a sob story—as maternity's story too often is. A sob story with a happy ending, because it ends in the beauty of the human spirit.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator with the Will annexed of Frank B. Pottle, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Southern Pines, N. C., on or before the 11th day of April, 1946, or this notice will be applied in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 11th day of April, 1945.

D. G. STUTZ  
Administrator, with the Will annexed of Frank B. Pottle, deceased.

April 20-May 25.

### NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in a certain Deed of Trust executed by Martha Burnett to Lloyd T. Clark, Trustee, which Deed of Trust is recorded in Book 50, page 276, in the Office of the Register of Deeds for Moore County, the debt secured by said Deed of Trust being past due and unpaid, and the powers of sale contained therein having become operative, the undersigned Trustee will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House Door in Moore County at Carthage, N. C., at the hour of Noon on the 24th day of May, 1945, the following described real estate:

BEGINNING at the southwest corner of Lot No. 9 as shown on the map entitled "Property of Niagara Realty Company, Niagara, N. C.," recorded in Book 85, page 603, and running thence, South 89-24 E a s t 302 feet; thence, North 71-55 East 401 feet; thence, North 40 West 223.5 feet; thence, North 29-56 West 203.4 feet; thence, North 1-24 East 325.1 feet; thence, North 64 West 232.4 feet; thence, South 64 West 217.4 feet; thence, South 0-36 West 808.4 feet to the beginning, and comprising Lots 9, 10, and 11, and the Burnett tract as shown on said map.

Apr. 23, 1945.  
LLOYD T. CLARK,  
Trustee

Apr 27-M18

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