

**THE PILOT**

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**SIGNS OF THE TIMES**

On the front page of the New York Times Magazine, recently, there appeared a drawing by the famous English cartoonist, Low. It shows a young man spread-eagled on the ground, pinned down by barbed wire and heavy stakes. Behind are the ruins of a bombed town and near by four men are huddled together. They are well-dressed in black suits, and a glance shows them to be the four statesmen, Byrnes, Molotov, Bevin and Bidault. The young man, of course, is Germany. Underneath, the caption reads: "If we don't let him work, who's going to keep him?"

It is strange to look at this Low cartoon and to think back to those he was drawing during the war, only a short while ago. He was drawing pictures of Germans then, too. They were in uniform: great hulking brutes, their dull heavy faces stupid to the point of bestiality, or, if they were officers, arrogant and cruel. This new German pictured shackled to the ground is entirely different. His expression is strained, tormented; there is a yearning about him that is touching; his big hands, stretched out helplessly, are sensitive as well as strong.

In striking contrast to the figure of the shackled German, are the four statesmen. Backs turned to his appeal, they stand in a huddle, gesticulating wildly. Their expressions are grasping and yet bewildered, their eyes mean, their figures gross. They are arguing about the fate of helpless Germany, and getting nowhere.

True as the message of the cartoon may be, the implication in the artist's change of attitude is disturbing. Low is one of the greatest cartoonists, probably the greatest, of our times. Aside from a cartoonist's talent, his genius lies in his ability to hit the nail on the head; to understand the inner meaning of a situation, or a public figure, and to feel, instinctively, the public's reaction to it. "How true that is!" is the instant response to a really fine cartoon.

Perhaps the drawing question: of the shackled Germany and the gesticulating statesmen, is not up to Low's standard. Perhaps he has missed the nail, and this is not a correct interpretation of the present-day feeling about Germany and our leaders. But, on the other hand, Low may be right again. In which case, here is a sign that things are changing very fast, and in a way that must be giving the ghost of Mr. Hitler, for one, a delightful surprise. Or perhaps he is not surprised at all but merely happily rubbing his hands over the situation which he fully anticipated. For he sees the world bewildered before the problem of his country...just as always. With faith in its leaders becoming more and more shaky, the nations turn wondering eyes toward Germany; wondering what is to happen, looking at that strong young figure and seeing not the brutal Nazi but the simple peasant, and wondering if perhaps, next time, he might be an ally instead of a foe. It is true that the problem of Germany is at the heart of the problem of the world. It is only too true, also, that if the nations quarrel over that problem it will prove the spark to light another war. But it is terribly important that we do not allow ourselves to be fooled as to the nature of that problem. It lies not only in the coal of the Saar, or the industries of the Ruhr, or the fair market-garden of the Rhineland, or in Europe's need for these things. It lies also and predominantly in the speeches of a madman and the roars of "Heil!" that greeted them, in the cellars of Dachau and the crem-

atories of Duchewald, in the ruins of Rotterdam. The real problem of German is the problem of the German character.

This Low cartoon is a sign that we are forgetting that essential fact. If that is indeed the case, our peace cannot last long.

**CONFUSION CONFOUNDED**

Two curiously contradictory items appeared not long ago, on the same day, in a national daily. They both concerned the shoe business, but each painted a diametrically opposite picture. Comparison of the two illustrates, as well as anything could, the confusion which exists today in much of the business world.

One of the items was headed: "Shoe Producers Advocate Ban On Hide Exports", and was a report of the National Shoe Manufacturers' Association. In a bulletin issued to its members the Association made the statement that the export of hides must be stopped for at least three months, "until supplies are restored to normal levels."

The other item was a short report issued by the Bureau of Census. It showed that shoe production for May had been just under the all-time high figure of 49,000, 000 pairs which had been reached in April. It was 12.6 percent higher than the figure for May, 1945.

What are we to think of this strange discrepancy? Is it confusion on the part of the shoe manufacturers or is it a deliberate attempt to mislead the public? Both factors, clearly, are present, but back of both is the grim fight for bigger and better profits. That this is true is shown by further quotation from the bulletin. The reports assert that there is danger that the Department of Commerce may yield to pressure to foster growth of the export trade because "this policy would fit in with their own (the Department's) program of fostering foreign trade and can be justified on the grounds of relieving shortages and alleviating hardships throughout the world."

In this report the shoe manufacturers have set themselves up as experts in their field, offering counsel as such to their fellow-members. It behoves us, then, to judge them solely in that capacity, on their merits as businessmen, with "business is business" as our criterion of judgement. And if we do so, we are brought to the rather surprising conclusion that our businessmen are not only shady, to put it mildly, but are not good businessmen. For, making no mention whatsoever of the fact that their business has just completed a month which registered an all-time high in production, they plead for restriction of foreign trade on the grounds of scarcity. Furthermore, unwilling as they are to tell the truth about their industry and its profits, they are apparently also unable to understand the significance of the present business outlook to realize that only through foreign trade will their profits continue.

World recovery is essential to continued prosperity in America. One world is One World, now; we cannot get away from it. Huge profits in one country at the expense of any profits in another means the ruin of both. Eventually the barefoot child in Vienna means a barefoot child in Charlotte. The "relieving of shortages and alleviating of hardships throughout the world", at which these businessmen sneer, is actually the soundest business in which they could engage.

Such pronouncements as this bulletin of the shoe manufacturers, as well as similar reports of the National Association of Manufacturers, indicate a state of mind that is still back in the pre-war era. Numerous and influential as they are, the understanding and active cooperation of these men is essential in the great struggle for world recovery that lies before us. It is one of the darkest spots on the horizon that, to date, confusion of mind and smallness of outlook monopolizes the thinking of so much of the business world.

Disc receivers for women's hearing aids now are being concealed in attractively styled jeweled earrings connected by cords with a hidden microphone. The new single unit hearing aid have been made possible by the development of compact "Mini-Max" batteries which gave important service in various fields during the war.

Six out of every seven counties in the United States are predominantly rural.

**The Public Speaking**

Editor The Pilot:

Why the sarcastic and slurring remarks on our exceptionally capable and recently appointed Solicitor M. G. Boyette of Carthage, N. C. as appeared in your issue of August 15th? Mr. Boyette doesn't have to pinch hit for any one, but when he does you will find he usually ends up on first base with a clean hit. He is also one of the leading lawyers in the state. I'm quite sure, as time goes on the Pilot will have ample opportunity to profusely and publicly apologize to Mr. Boyette for the insinuations as contained in your issue August 15.

According to the Pilot the V. E. Day Celebration in Southern Pines was a flop. However, no event could have been such a failure, as the Pilots publicity in connection with a celebration in which all veterans of World War I and II were so interested. The whole write up was entirely uncalled for.

For your information Army Regulations (600-25) and F. M. 26-5 will give full information in regard to Formal Guard Mounting and Color Guard.

Julian T. Bishop  
1st Lt. A. C. Res.

**On the Land**

NEW FROZEN PEAK is expected to be reached this year in commercially frozen vegetables, up to five percent greater than last year. Only carrots and asparagus are expected to fall below last year's level.

YOU'LL STILL EAT vegetables at "reasonable prices" is the consensus of opinion of those who are supposed to know. They didn't mention meat or butter.

MOORE NEEDS MORE. Dr. William Moore, head of the state Veterinary Division of the Agric. Dept. says: "We find it virtually impossible to secure men, because the average young veterinarian can make at least one-third more in private practice than in working for the State." Nine veterinarians are needed and there will only be five Sept. 1.

OLDEST SHEEPMAN is what J. A. Norris from near Boone claims he is "from point of service, anyway." Says he has been growing sheep since he was 8, and that was eighty years ago. Lambs now bring him \$17.50 per hundred, while in his boyhood days "good sheep hardly ever brought over \$3 a head."

RECORD BREAKING prices were received last month for most of the farmer's varied output, except for peaches and commercial apples. And from the looks of field after field of watermelons rotting from lack of pickers, these will join the peach-apple class.

HIGHEST SINCE '20 were the prices of all grains. Corn was at \$1.98 per bushel, wheat at \$2.25, rye averaged \$2.14, oats \$1.08, and barley climbed to \$1.70.

SAD SAG BRACED. Wholesale prices of broilers were in a sorry state of sag until a Government purchase order came through for a quarter million pounds of broilers for overseas troops. This considerably braced the sag in the Chatham area.

13 MILLION \$\$ were reaped in 1945 by Tarheel farmers in the poultry meat industry. And it is expected to exceed that figure this year, since individual incomes are still high.

FERTILIZERLY SPEAKING "the time is not far distant when quality will come back into its own again" said G. T. Scott, director of State Production and Marketing Administration at a recent fertilizer meeting.

SWEETS PROGRAM by the Government last year included price-support, and this is still in effect for '46. This program provides for the purchase of sweet potatoes from September 1 through Nov. 15, and for loans from November through January 15, 1947.

When your windshield fogs up, rub half an onion over it inside and outside. Presto, no fog.

**RANDOM REMINISANCES OF AN EX-TOWN FATHER**

Among the excellent civic projects originating with the Chamber of Commerce was the spring festival. Timed to coincide with the bloom of the dogwoods the festival was, during its all too brief career, a source of great pleasure to the residents and guests from out of town. For three or four days a battery from Ft. Bragg was encamped on the present site of the post office and library. The battery gave us an exhibition drill on the country club grounds and an army band regaled us with frequent concerts.

One day was devoted to sports. My recollections of this part of the program are very vague, but I do remember that one year there was a baseball game between Duke and State with Phil Weaver playing first base for Duke. Of course, Duke won. Then came "Music Day" and my memory of the fine singing of the school children under the skillful and inspiring leadership of Fred Smith is still very vivid; and such fine music too. Fred came to us without experience in school music but was so successful here that Raleigh soon grabbed him, to our everlasting regret. Mrs. Dalrymple's school chorus from Carthage made a notable contribution to the music and Charlie Picquet's admirably trained festival chorus brought the day to a highly successful end.

"Old Slave Day" followed with its special patron, Frank Buchan, presiding. With his rare gift for establishing friendly relationships with our West Southern Pines neighbors, Frank got their full cooperation. Recounting of personal experiences by the few surviving old slaves, a sermon and singing of spirituals, and dinner in the park occupied the morning. In the afternoon the young West Southern Pines took over and entertained us with an exhibition of crap shooting, dancing, boxing, and watermelon eating contests etc. Old Slave Day was perhaps the most interesting of all, especially to our out of town friends.

Somewhere in the program a place was found for a procession of floats, a masquerade ball, crowning of the queen of the festival and similar features during which, when not otherwise occupied, Frank Buchan completely disqualified himself for a serious role in subsequent proceedings by impersonating "Andy" with Omer Williams as "Amos" either in a "fresh air taxi" or on a bicycle towing Amos on roller skates. That was the trouble with Frank Magnificently equipped, both physically and otherwise, to appear as an "important personage" he never could because he didn't give a tinker's dam about his own or, for that matter, about any one else's personal dignity.

There was also a "State's Day" when all the damyankees, including myself, foregathered in the park to renew their old home ties and restore their pristine vigor with baked beans prepared by Jackman (Jack's Grill) and D. H. Turner. Speakers who were not too full for utterance spoke their pieces. Others, lacking anything stronger, drank in their

words of wisdom.

Finally came "Military Day" and on this day, not inappropriately, I was to meet my Waterloo. The battery and band from Ft. Bragg, Boy and Girl Scouts, and others made up the parade which was to be reviewed by the Mayor and commissioners from a special stand erected on Broad St. near the station. In order to increase the parade to more impressive dimensions all the business houses in town were invited to have their trucks in the line of march. The response was enthusiastic. Among others a public spirited undertaker contributed his hearse. With a somewhat somber sense of humor the hearse was placed last in the line to mark with unquestionable finality "THE END" of the show.

Now there are plenty of people who enjoy playing the part of a distinguished official in a parade, whether on the Broadway ticker tape or on the Broad St. paper cup scale. But I am not one of them and when I was notified that a brand new Lincoln limousine with a uniformed chauffeur would be at the point of formation for my exclusive use in the parade, my heart sank. Overcome by a conviction, almost religious in its intensity, of my total incompetence either to look or act the part of an important public official I repaired to the designated point with profound misgivings hoping that the uniformed chauffeur might have fallen dead and gone to his reward in full regalia or that some kindly communist might have blown up the car. No such luck; there he and it were.

Now the mere thought of sitting alone on the back seat of that car responding with lifted hat and frozen smile to the wild applause which greeted everybody and everything from the soldiers down to the hearse was just too much. I sat down next to the chauffeur on the chance that I might be taken for a one of his personal friends thumbing a ride or that we might jointly pass as the public spirited undertaker and his assistant. I could qualify as the assistant all right but the chauffeur looked much too cheerful for his role.

With the slow progress of the parade my inferiority complex grew by leaps and bounds until I could endure it no longer. I resolved to escape by fair means or foul from my dreadful predicament. Halted for a moment at a crossing by traffic I flung open the door of the car gave a Hollywood leap out into the crowd of spectators and ran home leaving the chauffeur to explain that like Elijah, his dignity had been translated to a higher sphere.

I was never called to account for my pusillanimous conduct on this occasion but no doubt it was partly responsible for my defeat at the next town election when I was permanently retired from the political arena. For one town father that was unquestionably THE END

The drone bee has no sting, so all you have to do to be on the safe side of a drone bee is to figure out which bees are drones.



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that

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