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A TIME WHEN . . .

"This is a time when . . ."

A lot of editorials are starting off that way, these days. Generally the following phrase goes along something like this: ". . . when, as the Red Tide sweeps forward, it becomes necessary for Americans to etc. etc." or else ". . . when the candidates line up on either side and all good citizens must etc. etc." or else again ". . . when the forces of evil are liable to etc. etc."

This is a time, in short, when most of us are feeling the press of events, when forebodings hover over us and the way ahead looks black and we feel that everybody ought to be doing something about it. . . only, for mercy's sake, what?

But though this editorial is going to start off that same way, it's not going to go on as you might expect. It's going to go back and start over again, like this:

This is a time when . . . crowds of men, and some women, too, gather together. This is a time when . . . they sit out for hours in a blazing sun, if it's hot, and in a cold wind, if it's cold, huddled on the most uncomfortable seats in the world, with their eyes screwed up and glued on a flat diamond shaped field out in front of them where other men or boys, are throwing, hitting, catching, in a perfect fury of activity.

This is a time when a new language comes into being again after the winter's silence. Then the men and the few women grow hoarse by the minute as they burst their lungs with "You-deboy, youdeboy! Huh-huh-huh-haay!" in a wild ascending scale. Terrific exhortations to "be mean, boy, be mean!" are roared out to a frail youth timidly approaching the plate; he is urged to "hitter on the nose! Wham her out, now, boy!" he is assured that "youde big man, boy, you de big man," a contradictory statement greeted with whoops by all within hearing.

This is the time when behind that same plate crouches and hovers an extraordinary figure. He is attired like a knight in armor and he acts as if his whole frame were on electric wires. He positively shudders from head to foot as he bellows out his message. In a voice like a diesel whistle he roars: "Sterrrrriiik!" accompanying the windup with a leap into the air and a stabbing gesture of his right hand. Another gyration brings him almost to the ground with: "Balllllllow!" At the end of his shout he turns this way and that holding up his extended hands. The crowd acclaims him: "Atta-ump! Show us, ump!" as if they were congratulating a clever child. But a minute later they are howling for his blood: "Th'ow him out! Awwww! Th'ow outta ump!"

So . . . this is a time when bats crack and balls fly, when dust swirls as the runner steals second, when the pitcher is still pretty stiff and liable to throw over the catcher's head, when gloves are new and shiny and slippery and don't do like they're supposed to do, when cleats are long and sharp and trip you up as much as help you to stop.

And it's a time when folks leg it out to the ballfield whenever they can manage it, and sit and howl like happy maniacs.

In short, it's a time when . . . you forget all those other "This is a time whens" and the hovering clouds they bring, and can just go on out and have you a big old time, whooping for the town team, or your special feller on it. . . or whatever comes into your head.

RECIPROCAL TRADE: A MUST

It is widely believed that what we must do about world trade may be more important than emergency aid to Europe and military training put together as a measure towards peace and recovery.

At present, the biggest block to recovery is the unbalanced situation in world economy, in the enormous United States surplus of exports over imports. This surplus has created a great shortage

of dollars and the result may be that the countries without dollars will have to stop buying from us when the loans we have made them are exhausted.

This system in itself is a fantastic one: that we should loan other nations the money to repay us with. We did that after the last war, and then, too, as now, private capital went overseas and eventually replaced some of the government loans. This can go on for a time but obviously there is a joker in it. Unless we are ready to import freely, there cannot be a return on those overseas investments.

The gap between export and import trade must somehow be narrowed. This means that trade must be free, that we must not allow tariff walls to be built up. For if the reciprocal trade agreements should be discontinued and the old system of high tariffs return . . . and there is danger of just that happening with our present Republican congress . . . if that disaster should occur, and the pressure groups start in on the import trade, there would be precious little of it left.

As to the world situation, such a return to economic isolationism would spell disaster to ERP, catastrophe to Europe and, eventually, to ourselves, as well.

It is strange indeed to see, coming back to haunt us, the same devils of the post-War 1 years. We have studied those times, they have been analysed over and over again and books have been written on what we did then that was wrong and that had such fatal consequences. The high tariff laws, that were put into effect soon after the last war, made it impossible for the nations to pay their debts, and were largely responsible for the failure of the peace and recovery program then.

It will be fantastic if we repeat that mistake; it will be wicked if we do not profit from that terrible experience; if we do not, in fine, use some of the brains with which mankind is supposed to be endowed.

WIDE OF THE MARK

Lieutenant Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts fired last week what he described as "the opening gun in an industrial war between the states."

It is to be imagined that most citizens of both the New England and the southern states took little pleasure in his words. "War between the states" is not a phrase that comes happily to many lips. However, those who followed the controversy were doubtless somewhat reassured as they studied the Massachusetts man's words and the speeches that were promptly hurled in reply. Though they sprang, certainly, from bitter feelings, both broadsides were silly and wide of the mark. The lieutenant governor's fire was both wild and scattered, while the Southerners, in their replies, out-Claghorned that noble senator. Such a war should hold few fears for anyone.

It should be worthwhile, however, to study the Coolidge remarks, for though wide of the mark, the mark is there. It is absurd to attack the South because industrialists have chosen to bring their plants here, but the tactics which Southerners use to bring outside capital into the state deserves investigation. Not because of its effect on the North, but because of what it will do to the South.

For instance, Coolidge speaks of the ten-year exemption from taxes offered by Louisiana communities to industries that migrate there from Massachusetts. He tells his Yankee listeners that Louisiana coasts along on federal aid, while her contribution in federal taxes is less than a fourth of the amount paid by Massachusetts. This may well be a bitter pill for Massachusetts, but the point for the South to consider is the practice of offering such bribes to industry, northern or southern. Tax exemption is a direct bribe, as are low tax rates granted by towns and counties, while the prevailing low wage rates in the South form a further inducement.

The Southerner may justify such practices on the grounds that they are bringing jobs and prosperity to backward communities. That is to a certain extent true, but it is a question if the final result is a happy one. For there is no doubt that the community is not getting, in most cases, its fair share of the profits. Taxes which should be coming into town and county and state treasuries are going into the pockets of the absentee landlords of this system, wages are kept low and, in many cases, working conditions are bad. Another penalty too frequently paid by the southern community for its big industry is the loss of political and social independence. In order to keep taxes low and to win the privileges needed to make big profits, strong control is exercised over the workers, pressure is applied to persuade the people of the plant and the community to elect

to office "the right men," thus control by the industry of the whole life of the community becomes possible.

These are well-known facts, there is nothing new about them. It is in fact, a measure of the ignorance of this Coolidge attack upon the South that he spoke of hookworm, typhus, and "down-trodden Jeeter Lesters," in melodramatic Faulkner language, overlooking completely the truly vulnerable angle of the southern picture.

For though disease and misery still exist in parts of the South, they are on the wane everywhere. But the abuse of power is not on the wane; it is one of the most critical problems the new South has to face. The Coolidge notion of the South "kidnaping" northern capital is a ridiculous one, but the picture of absentee capital gaining political control of southern communists is not ridiculous.

The villains in this picture are not the northern industries, who will naturally go wherever the grass is greenest. The villains are the fifth columnists all through the small communities of the South who are selling their people down the river for the sake of quick gains to themselves.

HARNESS THE OHIO

Someone has said that if the Ohio River suddenly began flooding along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, Congress might do something about flood control.

This is a sad commentary on the intelligence and integrity of our legislators. To believe that not until the individual lawmakers are themselves threatened will they act in this national crisis of disaster, is to think little of them. Yet, how can one think much of men who watch this flood situation today, as they have watched it year after year since goodness knows when, and still do nothing about it!

But there is more behind this stalling than Congressional inertia. There is strong pressure, to prevent action by Congress, being exerted by interests who believe that they will be harmed by the flood controls being proposed. Not so much the few local interests who may be affected by the plans: the industries now located on the rivers where it is proposed to build dams. These are far outweighed by local insistence on flood control by all the millions of people whose property is washed away each year, whose livestock is lost and whose homes and lives are endangered. These are clamoring for help. But the principal opposition comes from the big power companies. They see, in the proposed Ohio River flood control plans, another TVA and they are fighting it, as they fought TVA from the start.

If anything else were needed to unite Americans behind the plan it ought to be just this. For the TVA is known the world over as one of the greatest and most successful accomplishments in the history of engineering. Foreign engineers, conservationists, statesmen interested in the development of natural resources for the benefit of humanity, come here just to study the Tennessee River Valley plan. Therefore, when we find the same interests now opposing flood control legislation in Ohio who opposed it in Tennessee, the tendency must be to think they are just as wrong now as they were proved to be then.

With the successful example of TVA before us, we know that it is possible to harness a wild roaring monster of a river for the benefit of the whole country.

Surely then, it is a matter of national shame that we let these yearly floods go on. If we were a poor country we would not stand for it. But as it is, lavish and wasteful of our resources as we always have been, Americans will find, if this goes on much longer, that the loss to the nation is beyond count and beyond support.

It is to be strongly hoped that citizens everywhere will unite with their brothers in the Middle West in a plea that Congress will enact Ohio River flood control legislation without delay.

STOP SUCH CONTESTS

If there is a branch of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in North Carolina, it should take note of something that occurred in Fayetteville last week. And, we hope, take appropriate action.

A group of sportsmen held a sort of trial for their hounds, which was about as unsportsmanlike a proceeding as we can imagine. They took a live racoon and tied him to a raft, then moored the raft in the middle of a small lake. Then they brought their hounds down to the shore, pointed out the cown to the dogs and told them to go to it.

What followed may well be imagined and the thought of it brings a shudder to any lover of animals and hater of cruelty. Such contests have been banned not only by the rules of this

Faith As Victor Over Fear Is Text Of Local Sermon Reprinted Below

Franklin Roosevelt said that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself. Now another great American, who served with the war-president and with other presidents before him, says the same thing in a different way. In his recently published book, "On Active Service In War and Peace," Henry L. Stimson writes of those who must bear the great responsibilities of national leadership;

"Let them have hope, and virtue, and let them believe in mankind and its future, for there is good as well as evil, and the man who tries to work for the good, believing in its eventual victory, while he may suffer setback and even disaster, will never know defeat. The only deadly sin I know is cynicism."

Two Sundays ago, the Rev. Craighill Brown preached a sermon in Emmanuel Church which made a deep impression on his hearers. If Roosevelt and Stimson had heard it, they would have agreed with it. They would have felt that it carried one step farther, and to its ultimate meaning, the idea and the belief which both had expressed. We print, below, Mr. Brown's sermon, which was based on the text, from Mark 4:40 "Why are ye fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?"

ON FEAR AND FAITH

Among the many blessings that the Christian Faith offers is that it can save men from the life sapping power of fear. "Perfect love," as St. James says, and that means God, "casts out fear."

Not all fear. For each of us, as must all sentient creatures, must sometimes be afraid. It is well that we can be. For natural fear is a wholesome and helpful thing, an automatic reaction to danger that secures life.

But there is another sort of fear that does not secure life. On the contrary it makes life more insecure. And it is this fear, a vague uneasy anxiety at the least, a positive terror at the worst, that cuts at the nerve of life and makes so many people miserable. If men could only be freed from the many nameless fears that plague their life could be happy and sure, free from anxiety and worry.

There is an incident in the life of our Lord that throws important light on fear. . . and release from it. It is a sort of parable on the nature of fear. . . and of faith.

Jesus and his disciples were in a fishing boat on the Sea of Galilee. One of the sudden, and violent storms so frequent on that large and shallow lake came up, and the boat and its occupants were endangered. The disciples, though good sailors and familiar with the ways of the lake, turned to Jesus for help. To their surprise he was sound asleep. They waked him; and, in fear and something near to anger, demanded of him, "Don't you care whether we drown or not? Help us." Jesus replied, "Why are you so fearful? Have you no faith?" Then, says the Evangelist, "he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea and there was a great calm."

Now it is important to note that the disciples turned to Jesus for help, though he was no sailor as they were. They turned to him because they had come to believe in him, as one who had unusual and great powers. But they also had another belief. They believed in the power of the storm. And it was that belief that really determined their action, that belief that made them fearful.

Fear is always based on belief. None is afraid of anything he does not believe is dangerous. Indeed it may be said that fear is really belief in the power of evil

humane society but by decent men and women everywhere. They are illegal in many states. It is extraordinary to think that here in North Carolina they should be held today. Our people are as good sportsmen as any and one would have thought that men who are fond of dogs, as these hunting men must be, would have enough decency to prevent them from indulging in such torture to a wild animal.

In France, at country fairs, shooting contests used to be held in somewhat the same manner as this North Carolina hound trial. A hare was put out on a small float, and, on shore, a shooting gallery was set up: so much a shot at the hare. The pitiful animal, stunned at first by the uproar, began to dodge back and forth as the shots whistled closer and closer. It was a terrible thing to see. It took place only in the smaller, out-of-the-way places, being banned elsewhere.

The North Carolina game seems to be a hundred times more cruel. The shot that killed the hare was mercifully swift, his terror did not last very long. But the coon's agony of fear as the hounds bayed him from the shore then plunged into the water and swam out to tear him to pieces is horrible to imagine.

This scene was reported as happening in Fayetteville last week, with a repetition planned for Danbury this week. If the A. S. P. C. A. is powerless to intervene, it is to be hoped that state authorities will not hesitate to exercise their clear right to halt this perversion of sport and hideous cruelty on the part of North Carolinians.

. . . while faith is belief in the power of good. Hence Jesus' rebuke to his disciples, "Why are you afraid? Don't you believe in God?"

Faith is not a denial of the genuine reality of evil. Far from it. But while it recognizes the reality of that power it trusts in the greater power of good. But just as the disciples (for a time at least) believed more strongly in the power of the storm than in the power of Christ, so we often find ourselves believing more strongly in the power of evil than in the power of God. When that happens we are fearful.

Not afraid in the normal and natural way that is a stimulus to appropriate action; but full of fear in the dangerous way that always results in most inappropriate action. . . frantic wrongness or paralyzed inaction.

Consider, for example, our quite proper fear of Nazism or Communism, or any other "ism" that we believe to be wrong and dangerous to our best ideals. Natural and proper fear moves us to take appropriate action to defend ourselves against such. And when such appropriate action is taken we should be confident that it will prove sufficient. . . Only fools are never afraid, but only mad men, the insane, become wholly terrified. None of us would relish being called insane; yet the fear that possesses some people, at least at times, is nothing less than wholly unreasoning terror.

Of course, none of us wants to be branded as a believer in any of the "isms" we hate and are afraid of. Yet actually these are the very things we do believe in. . . else we would not fear them so much. Whenever you find fear that is more than the momentary natural reaction to danger, fear that will not submit to reason. . . then you have a belief in the power of the thing feared.

It was natural for the disciples to be frightened by the storm. But they should not have been terrified. For Jesus was there. Yet he, asleep in the stern sheets, was a symbol of how their other (and far more important) belief was out of their consciousness. Because he was not awake, talking with them they forgot his power. Yet his presence and his power were as real as that of the storm.

All the disciples could think to do, (terror confuses us so), was to accuse Jesus of indifference. So many accuse God of indifference when they find themselves in distress. But the power of Christ was there, it was only that the disciples, in their preoccupation with the noisy power of the storm, had forgotten it.

Jesus' rebuke is exactly right. Why be terrified? Don't you believe in God? For that is the crux of the matter. There is no denying the power of many dangerous things in life. But must a man believe in them ONLY? Can he not believe in God, too?

It is just because we can trust in God that we do not have to succumb to the terror of destructive fear. Christians do not have to fall prey to the fear that torments, that grips men and will not let them go. I do not say that those who have no faith can be free of it. For it is not a matter of reason, fear is the most unreasonable thing we know. It is a matter of faith, of belief in a greater power. And that is the only way it is overcome.

When the disciples began to give their attention to the Lord instead of to the storm alone, their faith in him overcame their frightened belief in the force of the storm. Then fear left them, and there was a calm in their hearts and minds as in the sea. Many and grave are the dangers that confront us all. We must assess them as carefully and as honestly as we can. We must never pretend, as some would do, that they are not real or that they are not evil and dangerous. But . . . we do not have to be terrified by their power. For we know of and can give our attention to and put our faith in other and far greater things. . . the God and

Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, seems to be so much dangerous and His goodness and His power. evil to contend with? Then remember Jesus and his disciples in otherwise. . . fearful for yourself, the storm. . . Why are you so fearful? Don't and the world because there you believe in God?

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