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KATHARINE BOYD - EDITOR  
VALERIE NICHOLSON ASST. EDITOR  
DAN S. RAY - GENERAL MANAGER  
CHARLES MACAULEY, - CITY ADV.  
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AND  
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**PUNISHMENT**

Concerning Henry Wallace's recent tour of North Carolina, highlighted by the throwing of well aimed eggs and tomatoes, Russia's news agency Tass reported to Pravda, the Russian press, which gleefully reported to the Russian people, on "organized assaults by hoodlums" on Candidate Wallace throughout this land of the free.

We feel pretty sure neither Tass nor Pravda had anything to say about the teen-age youths hauled before the judge for throwing the eggs and tomatoes, and sentenced to write over and over as part of their punishment Voltaire's memorable saying, "I wholly disapprove of what you say but will defend to the death your right to say it."

**THE BOARD'S DECISION**

The board of health had a grave responsibility in deciding to lift the quarantine, and allowing the schools to open this week. We didn't envy them their job, and we feel we owe them our full support in the decision which they have made.

They reached it only after serious study and discussion from all angles. No one knew better than they that they could turn out to be very wrong; however, they could be just as wrong in deciding the other way, and the result of their meeting shows which way they thought the balance of favor lay.

A case or two every now and then throughout the fall may be expected as an aftermath of the epidemic we experienced this summer, and would undoubtedly occur whether the quarantine was on or not. There have been now only a half dozen cases in 30 days. Every day that takes us away from the summer's heat lessens the danger of a flare-up. To wait until all polio is over would mean a quarantine in perpetuity, with schools in suspension forever—for polio never quits.

Boards of health in many other counties have had this same terrible decision to make and some have decided the way ours did, while others have postponed the opening of schools another week. We cannot feel that one more week will make any difference one way or the other—or, that matter, one more month.

We'd have to keep our fingers crossed all fall and winter anyway, and would probably still have some polio. The main things for us to remember now are the excellent lessons in sanitation we learned this summer; good diet, enough rest for our children, and the uses of DDT.

The business of living must go on.

**THE YDC'S JOB**

We congratulate Lamont W. Brown, of Aberdeen and Pinebluff, on his unanimous election to the presidency of the Moore County Young Democratic club, and we also congratulate the members on their perspicacity in choosing him to serve them.

We had heard there was to be a contest for the presidency, and had rather dreaded it, feeling that the one thing Democratic organizations, no matter how small, do not need right now is any more disunity of any sort. The YDC has a job to do and it can do it better if everybody lines up behind one man as leader, and he can also do a better job if he feels his organization is wholeheartedly behind him.

Our observation of Mr. Brown is that he is a serious and purposeful young man gifted with eloquence, and possessed of the courage of his convictions even when sometimes these are not popular. A man such as this is in danger in some places of being misunderstood, but here in Moore county the Young Democrats Sept. 18-23.

Showed they understand him, and feel he will be a good leader.

He succeeds another excellent man, Hubert McCaskill of Pinehurst, under whose leadership for the past two years the club has grown in activity, interest and good works until it stands as an ornament to the Democratic party in the Sandhills, a matter for pride and an instrument for good political uses.

"The more people who become interested in politics, the better government we will have," is the theme on which Mr. McCaskill has been working, the song he sings and the sermon he delivers wherever two or three are gathered together. We think it states very clearly the primary purpose of the YDC, and the path that lies open before them.

By bringing people together for political talk, to hear speakers on political subjects, to meet candidates and incumbents in state and national office, to give opportunity for the development of new leaders from within the ranks, the YDC is a useful adjunct of the party. The fact that the members have fun together too does not hurt this program, but rather helps it along. Politics is a serious business, but it doesn't have to be grim, and the more people who find they enjoy it, the more interest will be generated.

It is the job of both political parties to keep this interest high, and through it to give this country good leadership and to safeguard the institutions which mean so much to this democratic land. Whether a party is in office at any particular time, or out, its job in these respects goes right on.

It is in places where such interest is dead or dying that the subversive elements have crept in.

**THE LIGHT, THE VOICE AND THE NEW YORKER**

The New Yorker, generally regarded as a frivolous magazine, occasionally strikes a note of deep seriousness, all the more effective for a gay and casual manner so typically its own.

This week, with disarmingly light touch, it goes straight to the heart of the Wallace situation as many more ponderous pronouncements have failed to do:

"We have a cordial invitation from the Businessmen for Wallace to attend a dinner on the 21st, covert \$100, and although we ordinarily try to go to political rallies we are hesitating on this one."

"The invitation shows a picture of Mr. Wallace in the act of delivering a speech, and there seems to be shining around him (and coming from above) a wonderful radiance. It is probably a Consolidated Edison radiance, but there is nothing in the photograph to indicate that. This radiance looks like the real thing. Halfway down the shaft of light is a caption that says, 'And a voice was heard in the land.' The question that naturally arises, of course, is whether this land wants a voice. A distinguishing political feature of America is that it has never had a voice; it has had a lot of hoopdedoo but no voice, and that's the way we like it."

"Frankie Sinatra can handle the country's voice requirements, and the political candidates can handle the hoopdedoo, and we'll take ours without radiance, please."

"Mr. Wallace has had a great deal to say about the infirmities and unfairness of the American press, and we have taken most of his remarks lying down. He keeps saying that you can't learn the truth from the papers. We agree. You can't learn the truth from the papers. You can, however, buy at any newsstand a 10-cent assortment of biased and unbiased facts and fancies and reports and opinions, and from them you are allowed to try to assemble something that is a reasonable facsimile of the truth. And that's the way we like it, too."

"If a 'voice' should ever be heard in the land, and stay heard, an awful lot of editorial pages and news pages would take the count. We think it entirely fair to remind the Businessmen of the most recent case where a voice was heard in a land. The voice was heard, and the light came straight down from above, you could learn the Truth from the papers—and the land is now under a four-power military government."

Pamlico County is fast becoming one of the leading Berkshire hog-producing areas of the State.

INSPECTION LANE at Carthage Sept. 11-17; at Southern Pines Sept. 11-17; at Southern Pines Sept. 18-23.

**California Reader Sees Editor Lee As Ignorant Of Negro's Problems**

Not only among Pilot readers but all over the South, the much reprinted editorials of Negro Editor Davis Lee appear to have become an accepted basis for discussion of the problems presented.

Many other editorials have been written to approve, or disapprove, of his views that in the South, the Negro really has it rather well; that segregation is not exclusive with the south, and that in the north it is often much more cruel and conducive to economic and social hardship.

We here present the reaction of a Southern Pines native now living in California:

The Pilot

Southern Pines.

Dear Editor,

The article by Mr. Davis Lee which you re-printed in the August 27th issue of The Pilot interested me much, however surprised I was to have witnessed such an unusual approach to a very discussed subject.

I believe that in every great controversial issue there are those who would solve the problem by being against a solution to it. It seems to me that Mr. Lee is taking such a stand in regard to the Negro problem. And in his so doing I am confident that he is a detriment to the great cause for the Negro.

May I preface my reasons for so believing by stating that I was born and raised in Southern Pines and have spent the last eight years in Southern California.

I realize that since I am no longer a Dixielander I must expect to be included in the class which Mr. Lee describes as "occupying a suite in downtown New York," and who "bases his opinions on the south from the distorted stories he reads in the Negro Press and Daily Worker."

I am no subscriber to the Daily Worker, or its doctrine; am no subscriber to any part of the Negro Press. I am a registered Democrat and a supporter of the great liberal and progressive movements within that party.

Mr. Lee's article, if taken as a summation of his political-economic and moral beliefs, proves him a very poor leader of his race. It shows that he is ignorant of the historical and economic aspects of the whole Negro problem.

In the first place he does great injustice to many sincere and forward-looking persons when he infers that those advocating anything beyond his laissez-faire attitude to the Negro problem is either a Communist or some other kind of radical who is incapable of an objective approach to the problem.

And why is Mr. Lee so happy over the economic situation of the Negro in the South today? Is it not, indeed, wonderful when some of them can start bus lines, a taxicab business, funeral homes, etc.? Is he unmindful of the fact that if the Negro did not start these businesses for himself that in many instances he would not have these vital services at all? Such businesses as have been established operate almost exclusively for service to the Negro alone and must have arisen more as a palliative in face of crying economic conditions than as a competitive undertaking.

And no doubt, to Mr. Lee's great satisfaction, such a trend will continue until we will have two kinds of every type of business. One for the Negro and one for the whites. And which slowly but surely will solidify an economic Iron Curtain between two races that will stand as a monument to our intolerance and ignorance and hate.

Does it not appear to Mr. Lee that he should join with others who advocate a breaking down of these racial barriers—social and economic—so that our society can be completely integrated and united? When he says that segregation has been the salvation of the Negro he causes me to wonder at his naivete. But here Mr. Lee would remind us of the blessings of segregation:

"The racial lines in the south are so clearly drawn and defined that there can be no confusion. When I am in Virginia or South Carolina I don't wonder if I will be served if I walk into a white restaurant. I know the score. However I have walked into several right here in New Jersey where we have a civil-rights law and have been refused service."

Now I really wonder how many progressive and intelligent Negro leaders would side with Mr. Lee on this score. At any rate Mr. Lee should not take the easy way out. Segregation is not done away with instantly by a decree. If it is done properly, it is done step by step—but however or-

**Grains of Sand**

As the ads used to say long ago,

"We are advertised by our loving friends". . . Miss Katherine McMahon, a winter visitor for many years, writes from Draffan Farm, Hebron, Nova Scotia, that her enthusiasm for Southern Pines has already so infected another guest there that the lady has made reservations at Magnolia Lodge to come and see for herself.

Local schools open with enrollment of 464, of which 170 are enrolled in the high school, an increase of five over the preceding year.

**In Bygone Days**

From the Pilot files:

**TEN YEARS AGO**

Southern Pines budget for fiscal year is \$73,459.98, calling for tax rate of \$2.80, according to announcement by Mayor D. G. Stutz and his board of commissioners.

Dr. Francis Osborne presents community project of boys' preparatory school before the Chamber of Commerce, and receives the endorsement of President R. L. Hart and the directors, meeting at Jack's Grill.

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**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

Plans and specifications for the new Moore County hospital are in the hands of builders, with bids to be opened October 2.

Col. G. P. Hawes, chairman, reports to the Kiwanis club that plans for the planting of the Midland road are progressing nicely. Sam B. Richardson receives a medal from Carnegie Hero Commission, sent by Calvin Coolidge as secretary, for saving the lives of two young ladies at Kure Beach September 2.

no way to win friends and influence people.

Reminds us of a joke Jim Pleasants told at a meeting the other night. . . About a train wreck in which two engines met each other head-on, with much damage resulting. . . An old farmer was being questioned as an eye-witness. . . He didn't have much to say one way or the other.

Until a lawyer asked him, "Well, what did you think when you saw those two trains rushing at each other head-on?" . . . The old fellow scratched his head, and drawled, "Sure thought it was a heck of a way to run a train."

Jack Rider in the Lenoir County News presents a vivid picture which he calls, "Tobacco is Being Sold."

Streets are crowded. Nerves are tense. Kids are eating. Women are looking. Men are admiring. Cops are busy. Babes are crying. Horns are tooting. Shops are full. Shelves are heaped. Cash registers are clanging. Ice cream cones are eaten. Feet are weary. Shirts are sweaty. Clerks are busy. Drunks are drinking. Wheels are turning. Banks pass out money. Pool balls are clicking. Neon signs are flickering. Hamburgers are sizzling. Pop is guzzled. Gas fumes are stinking. Brakes are screeching. Juke boxes are jumping. Shoes are shined. Creases are sharp. Hair is waved. Dresses are new. Peanuts are smelling. Lies are told. Brags are made. Bills are paid. Debts are made. Tears are shed. Romance is about. Fights are fought. Men are killed. Thieves are stealing. Courts are filled. Jails are packed. Bootleggers are bootlegging. Clip joints are clipping. Mama is tired. Children are sleepy. Dad's off talking. Parking is scarce. Auctioneers are chanting. Tobacco is being sold!

Ladies of the Episcopal church at Bennettsville, S. C., are having an antique show and sale October 19, 20 and 21, which they hope antique lovers from Southern Pines will attend. . . Seems they come up here sometimes.

"Antiquing," and it seems quite likely some of our folks will want to go down there. . . Dealers of the Carolinas and Georgia will exhibit furniture, silver, lamps, china and linens.

Moore Lawyers Attend Estate Tax Institute

I do not mean to write with the air of "it's as simple as that." The whole problem is a complex one. It requires the best that our educators, social workers, economists, doctors, psychologists and representatives can give. I have no overnight cure. But I do believe that the first step should be to adopt the right mental attitude.

We can no more afford to wait and let the problem work itself out than we can afford to permit our universal moral standards to develop as they will without our earnest attention, hoping that they'll reach the level of our science, which they must, if we are to survive.

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Lecturers were from the staffs of the three cooperating schools, instructing principally on phases of the changing tax scene, with especial reference to the provisions of the Revenue Act of 1948.

**JACK'S GRILL****The Ark**

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