

THE PILOT PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY BY THE PILOT, INCORPORATED SOUTHERN PINES, NORTH CAROLINA 1941 JAMES BOYD 1944 PUBLISHER KATHARINE BOYD EDITOR VALERIE NICHOLSON ASST. EDITOR DAN S. RAY GENERAL MANAGER CHARLES MACAULEY CITY ADV. C. G. COUNCIL ADVERTISING SUBSCRIPTION RATES ONE YEAR \$3.00 SIX MONTHS \$1.50 THREE MONTHS .75 ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER. MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND N. C. PRESS ASSOCIATION

TOWN ELECTION

This is a week of voting. On Tuesday the school bond issue was passed; the election of mayor and five town commissioners is still to take place. It is to be strongly hoped that this vote will draw a large turnout. It is true that in the case of the mayor and three of the commissioners the outcome is probably a foregone conclusion. Mayor Page, Eugene Stevens, Joe Steed and L. V. O'Callaghan have all expressed their willingness to run and they are almost certain to be re-elected. As shown in the resume of the record of these past two years, printed elsewhere, their term has given the town a reasonably good government and they have accomplished some very worthwhile things. With several stalwarts in line for the two openings on the town board, and with the reelection of the rest of the board and the mayor or a pretty certain thing, it looks as if Southern Pines was going to have a good board for this next term. Nevertheless it must be remembered that these people cannot serve unless they are elected. It is up to the people of the town to show them that they want them, to prove by the enthusiasm with which they signify their choices and then go on to vote for them that the town wants a good active, progressive government; wants one, needs one, and is going to get one.

A GOOD LETTER

In an adjoining column the Pilot prints a communication which is both timely and important. It is from H. L. Bryant, principal of the Berkeley School at Aberdeen, and ably presents what we believe to be the views of the great majority of colored Americans on the subject of their country and the threat of Communist Russia. Mr. Bryant writes specifically about Paul Robeson, and his remarks before the so-called World Peace Conference in Paris, in which this great Negro artist presumed to speak for his race in America in asserting that no Negro would ever fight against Russia. The Robeson statement is, of course, absurd. There are only a small handful of Negroes, as there are only a small handful of white Americans, who are deluded enough about Communist Russia to imagine that things are perfect over there. Actually, there is not a doubt that the rights of minorities in Russia are not considered at all. Robeson and other Negroes who have travelled and lived in Russia have been made much of, partly for propaganda reasons, but let enough Negroes go there, and let them try to act, talk, or vote with any independence, and their treatment would be very different. It would be just what it is for anyone who tries to act independently in a totalitarian state. The lot of the Negro in America is far from ideal. Grave inequalities in opportunity, in education, in health facilities, in many of the essentials of living, exist here. But they are not as bad as they were, and, here, there is some way of remedying them. Slow, halting, and unsatisfactory as the democratic process is, there is a process: something can be done. Mr. Bryant has put his finger on the point when he says the Negro "feels that with an education he will be able to solve his own problems." That strikes us as one of the best simple statements of independent democracy that we have seen. The Pilot agrees with it wholeheartedly. It is especially welcome coming at just the time when a stride forward has been taken in our own state in the realm of Negro education. For Governor Scott last week appointed the first Negro to serve on the State Board of Education. Here is another welcome instance that the Negro is at last beginning to be given, in the South, that chance to solve his own problems of which Dr. Bryant

wrote. Congratulations to the governor on this appointment; good wishes to the new member, and to our correspondent from Aberdeen, the Pilot's thanks for this timely and effective letter.

NAVY KEEL HAULED

Last week the papers carried the story of the laying of the keel of a gigantic aircraft carrier. Photographs accompanied the account, showing the enormous drydock with the steel keel at the bottom of it. The next day came the news of the cancellation of the order for the ship: "orders from the President and the Secretary of Defense," was the word. This story illustrates as nothing else could the extraordinary state of things in Washington in which the heads of the armed services appear to have come pretty close to defying the authority of the head of the government. It is probable that this blow-up has been making for some time. During the war, the men at the head of the fighting forces were, understandably, directing not only our military but much of our domestic policy. Necessarily so. But whereas at the end of other wars, these men have receded into the background of the picture, this time, because of the occupation of Japan and Germany and the threat of Soviet Russia, the case has been different. Many of the high posts of diplomacy are held by military or naval men while Clay and MacArthur reign supreme, each in his sphere. All this has resulted, perhaps, in a certain inflated attitude on the part of service people, to which the mounting wave of rivalry between the services has added fuel. Because there was rivalry, because each branch was determined that if the threatened unification came it would be not that branch but the other two who were reduced in size and importance, it became even more necessary than ever to impress the country with a big todo. No chance must be missed for folks to realize that the Army, or the Navy or the Air Force, was the most important one. It looks as if the Navy's new carrier had been going to be the Navy's big todo. And it looks as if the President and Secretary Johnson had gummed their game. All this is something to make Americans squirm. First off, it is a public muddle and mess that is humiliating and will be hard to explain. How is it possible that such a gigantic enterprise as the building of the biggest carrier ever planned could be started without the knowledge of the Secretary of Defense or the President? Yet not until the story and the photographs appeared in the papers was the work stopped. This is lack of liaison in high places that is hard to believe and beyond excuse. It would appear to come pretty close to insubordination, while, in the waste of money and material, it is sickening to contemplate. There has been long and loud talk of the need for unity in the armed forces; this latest incident makes the point more plain. It is high time not only for unity but for that proper subordination of military to civilian control and policies which has been and ever will be the strength of our democracy. It is high time to clear up the muddle.

From California

Out in Marin County, California, Elizabeth R. Smith writes feature stories and does straight reporting for the Journal Independent. In her off time (and there isn't much of it) she thinks about the Sandhills where she used to live and where she comes every winter to visit her mother, Mrs. C. M. Ruel. . . and she thinks about a lot of other things, too. Some of her thoughts, under the title "Once Over Lightly," are, we hope, going to find their way into the columns of The Pilot.

Once Over Lightly

By Elizabeth R. Smith There is a conspiracy afoot which is of the greatest importance to the Sandhills. There are many alleged, inferred and suspected plots of all sizes and shapes, and in varying degrees of menace, worrying people today. There is the Butter plot against Oleo, the Real Estate plot against public housing, the Politburo plot against UN and the AMA plot against national health insurance. These are insignificant. And what is more, they lack the finesse and subtlety of the plot which I am satisfied exists, if only on the basis of circumstantial evidence. Nothing more is needed. The suspected perpetrators are such innocent and friendly seeming rivals as Sea Island, Hot Springs and White Sulphur, and the chain of sunspots down the Florida coasts. Personally, I can't see that any one of them is a proper competitor with the Sandhills, once you get there. But getting there is the kernel of the conspiracy. You can board a train in Penn station and get to any of them in "Pullman Safety and Comfort." Or you can board a train in Penn station and be ready for the osteopath when you topple off in Southern Pines. Numbers of lithe streamliners drift through Southern Pines daily and nightly, but do they deliver passengers to the station platforms? No. Only mail. The Sandhills visitor, who has booked his bed months in advance at one of the hotels, is ready to crawl in it by the time he gets there. He has survived a sleepless night, especially terrifying around Baltimore and Washington, when the whole train bucks like a brahma bull, and the prone passenger meets himself in the middle as he shuttles up and down his berth. Not only that. If he hasn't had the foresight to sustain himself before he boards the Whipsaw, he can walk half way to Philadelphia before he gets to the diner, which is reported to be hidden occasionally between the baggage cars. Going north is no pleasure either. The ride is deceptively comfortable until somewhere around Richmond. After that the best way to be certain of arriving in New York without needing an ambulance is to make a sort of life preserver of the pillows and the extra blanket, and spend the rest of the night trying to outguess the engineer. The fine railroad which serves us, and to which most of us feel a softly sentimental attachment, has several very nice trains. They have double bedrooms, pleasant lounge cars, and good service. But they go through the Sandhills at such an awkward hour that practically no one takes them to come here. We have fixed up our station, and present a very good front now, but it would certainly help if our visitors could get here in a state of good repair and a happy frame of mind. On second thought, though, maybe they stay longer than they otherwise would, building up their health against the trip back.

TOWARD WORLD GOVERNMENT

North Carolinians, who read the following editorial from the April 14th issue of the Christian Science Monitor, may recall with suitable pride that, of the growing number of states to vote for World Government, North Carolina was the first. (From The Christian Science Monitor) The "world government" front advances. On the Pacific Coast last week the California Legislature, by an overwhelming majority vote, asked President Truman and Congress to call a constitutional convention as a step toward world federation. On the Atlantic Coast this week a group of 50 Massachusetts business and civic leaders urged on Secretary Acheson that the United States declare the ultimate aim of its present foreign policy to be the "achievement of peace based on world government."

There is no use blinking the titanic difficulties which stand in the way even of a federation of democracies, not to speak of a genuine world government. It is easier for state legislatures to pass resolutions than for national officials to call a "constitutional convention" with even a remote hope of success at this time. It is easier to state ultimate aims than to envisage or agree on specific, practical steps. Yet by pressing for law the sideration of its desirability. Arcommunity is educated to the necessity for law. Only by holding an ideal firmly in mind can daily actions be guided in the direction of that ideal. Men will not drift toward world law, schooled only by an academic and wistful con-

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Congratulations to the Chamber of Commerce and Manager Tom White on the lively sheet, "Chamber of Commerce News," he put out recently—BUT—what ever happened to the name "Sandpaper" the C. of C. bulletin received last year? Seems like we remember there was a contest last year to name it, and Mrs. O. A. Dickinson won the \$5 prize for submitting the winning name. We liked it, too. A lot of people enjoyed Emily Forrest's art exhibit in the Fine Arts room at the library last week, but others were disappointed when they went in Saturday afternoon and found it gone. Emily, an absent-minded artist, thought the library closed Saturday afternoon. She went in at lunch time, when Miss Churchill, the librarian, was out, and got all her pictures and took them home. We were one of the disappointed ones. We took a quick look early in the week, and went back Saturday to spend some time enjoying her lovely portraits—to find ourself staring at blank walls. We're going out to that studio on Orchard road and hang over her shoulder all one afternoon watching her paint, just to get even. A hotel visitor left word at the library that he wanted to buy one of the paintings. Before Emily could get the message he had moved on, no doubt a disappointed man. She's trying to get in touch with him and we hope they get together. And have you noticed what an artist's colony we're becoming? Glen Rounds, Pat Stratton, Emily Forrest, Nina Hill, Marian de Costa and several others. . . And not a surrealist in the lot. Do you mutter a little rhyme under your breath when you need to know how many days in a certain month? "Thirty days hath September—" it's probably the most oft-repeated piece of poetry in the English language. And have you ever stopped to wonder about February, "which has but 28, in fine, till Leap Year gives it 29?" Miss Beatrice Cobb, publisher of the Morganton Herald, got to wondering about that "in fine" which she had repeated so often in a mechanical way, and inquired about it in her column, "Folks, Facts and Fancies." We see that Dr. Arthur Talmadge Abernathy, "the Sage of Rutherford college," came up with the explanation. "The word 'fine,'" Dr. Abernathy wrote, "is from the Latin 'finis,' the ablative form 'fine' meaning 'in conclusion' or 'in the end.'" So now you know. Headlines in other papers fascinate us, who have struggled so often with those of our own. . . It's no easy job, to have your headline say what you want it to, and at the same time fit the arbitrary measure of type. . . We remember when we first started writing headlines, and Roy Ray, composing room chief on the Winston-Salem Journal, would bring an occasional too-lengthy one back to us for revision, with the laconic comment, "All out of rubber type today." Ike London, who prints the Rockingham Post - Dispatch, has no such worries. . . He gets the nearest thing to rubber type, by dropping a "letter" wherever he pleases, substituting an apostrophe, which takes little space. . . A sample was one front page headline, "Football Friday." And Louis Graves, of the Chapel Hill Weekly, makes his headlines do just what he pleases, even make poetry. . . Here's one of two-column, 14-point head which deserves some sort of immortality: "For the Tender Grass's Sake, What We Need's a Wooden Rake—Say, to Make a Visitor Glad, Where Can Such a Rake Be Had?" And from the Sanford Herald—a note about Mr. and Mrs. John Nixon, who while visiting in Asheville had lunch with the famous "lovelorn" editor, Dorothy Dix. . . "She is the most charming person it has been my pleasure to meet in many a day," said Mrs. Nixon. . . "She has a wonderful sense of humor and you would never guess she is 87 years old" . . . She told the Sanfordites the letter she had received which had amused her the most was from a 17-year-old girl who wanted information on "how to look hot and stay cool."

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something, for he has good old-fashioned views on what "education" means. "She can talk to us on practically any subject," he says. "Her information frequently astounds us and we are beginning to think she is the best educated member of the family." The Railway Express somehow holds a perennial fascination. . . Though we know mighty little about it, and suspect that few do . . . Even those who work for it get only a small look at its far-flung operations. M. F. Beasley, the local agent, tells us that the new Coronet will have a story about it called "Anything Goes By Express" . . . It is due to hit the stands this week. The U. S. Navy ships' store at Yokosuka, Japan, operates a chicken ranch which supplies eggs to general mess and commissary.

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One of our friends who has a smart little granddaughter eight years old expresses himself as delighted with the progress she is making in our public school. . . She has been to private school till this year, and has always done well. . . But now, in the third grade at the Southern Pines school, she is really being educated, he says. . . Which means

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