

THE PILOT

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ARMISTICE DAY

The notice that the American Legion is planning to celebrate November 11th, Armistice Day, with a chicken fry and get together raises a question.

It is clear, from the plans made for this celebration that a decided change has come about. Where this day was formerly one of commemoration, with its two minutes of silence and impressive ceremony, here in Southern Pines, at least, it is being turned into a cheery gathering.

We shall see the familiar photographs in the news and the movies, of the laying of a wreath to the accompaniment of taps on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, but that will be our only glimpse of the significance of this date, though there are many who will always remember it in their hearts with thanksgiving and an ache that is never quite gone.

It is right that the meaning of Armistice Day should be felt and thought about. A day which meant so much to the world should not pass without recognition. But the recognition should be fitting.

It is nice for the Legionnaires to gather for a cheerful time together, but it seems a little out of key to have this take the place of an observance of Armistice Day.

A suggestion heard is this:

Let there be no celebration of Armistice Day, or else let the town whistle blow at 11 o'clock for silence, as it does in many other towns, and blow again two minutes later. Let the color guard of the Legion assemble before the Roll of Honor, to stand in silence for those two minutes, and if there is a bugler to blow taps, let him blow it. But that is all: no speeches, no parades, no show.

Two minutes of simple quiet reverence before the names of those who gave their lives and those who risked them in their country's wars, that is enough.

NOT UNAVOIDABLE

"Unavoidable accident" was the verdict reached by the coroner's jury investigating the motor crash which caused the death of a woman, the serious injury of a little boy and minor injuries to six other people, last week.

It was not long ago that a highway official, speaking of the high rate of fatalities on our roads, said that there was no such thing as an unavoidable accident. Something or somebody was always to blame; and generally it was somebody.

In this case the facts are: that the two cars were approaching each other with the crest of a slight rise between them. One of the drivers came over the hill to find the other car almost facing him and the driver "looking off to one side." The first man blew his horn and threw his wheel to the right. It was too late and the two cars crashed, head on.

The patrolman who investigated gave testimony which thoroughly supported this version of the incident. He said the car's tracks corroborated it and the driver himself admitted that he had "glanced at the Wicker house beside the road." He was a nineteen-year-old, driving a pick-up truck. Nothing was said about how fast he was going but it seems as if he must have been going too fast if he was going to look here and there over the countryside as he went along.

It is probable that such leniency was shown because the boy was young and because this sort of carelessness, and bad driving is only too natural. Everybody is guilty of it occasionally. But because this is so should not, it seems, absolve the guilty from some sort of punishment when a fatality occurs. There was nothing in the report to indicate why the young man should not have been charged. Perhaps it was right to absolve him of too great blame, but to let him off scot free and to say that the accident was unavoidable is something else. Cars do not come up over hills and run into each other if they are properly driven.

Here is surely a case, and one of many, where too great leniency was shown. We will never succeed in lowering North Carolina's terrifically high accident rate until our officials act with greater decision and sternness. An aroused public should demand that the term "unavoidable accident" be stricken from their vocabulary; that the degree of responsibility for any accident be determined as far as possible and that the guilty driver, or drivers, if both are guilty, suffer punishment.

It will be hard on young drivers, or old ones, but it is the only foreseeable way to make driving safer for all of us.

OUR OWN FUN

The Elks and the Rotarians have recently demonstrated what fun people can have when they put their heads together to make their own fun. True, the baseball players did have the donkeys to help them, and the Halloweeners may have had the ghostly assistance of a few witches and goblins of the upper reaches, but

it was mostly just everybody joining in to put on a good show.

To put on such an affair with local talent is a bigger job than hiring someone else to do it for you, but is there any doubt how much more fun it is?

The radio people found that out when they started their audience participation shows. They have capitalized on it, almost over-doing the idea, and there is no doubt that it has saved them millions of dollars that would have been spent hiring talent. That is another phase, when it comes to local affairs: it costs so much less. But it is a real step in the old American way of making your own fun. It is to be hoped that other groups will follow this good example.

Both organizations deserve a great deal of credit for these occasions when, through their efforts, their townsmen were so thoroughly entertained. The Elks made some money out of their donkey baseball for the cause in which they so strongly believe: lights for the town athletic park, which would add so much to the entertainment of many who cannot get off to attend afternoon games. The Rotarians gave the children and the grown-ups a wonderful time. Both organizations showed fine community spirit.

WORLD COMMUNITY

There is an organization with headquarters in New York dedicated, according to its constitution, to the propagation of Soviet-American friendship. Unfortunately, there appears to be some doubt in the Attorney General's office, as to the sincerity of the group, and strong suspicion that the Soviet angle is given a good deal more weight than the American. At least a good many of the people who are members are notorious "fellow travellers."

But they aren't all fellow-travellers, or even tinged ever so slightly with red paint. There is no doubt that many people have maintained membership in this questionable organization, on the FBI's list of subversive groups, because they believe that, in actuality, some way has to be found to build up friendly relations with the Russian people.

And, again, among the loyal Americans who feel that way, though some may be starry-eyed and hopelessly unrealistic, there are plenty who are perhaps more realistic than anybody else. They see war ahead and the final war, unless a change in relationship between the two great opponents can be brought about.

The hope for a world community is strong in many hearts. Inherent in the enthusiasm with which many received the Atlantic Pact was the hope that, with the door left open, as it has been, for others to join, this might be the start of a closer approach. By the same token, those who held back from it did so because, on their part, they feared the possibly divisive effect of such an alignment. The world community idea is taking shape, as perhaps never before, in the imagination of peoples everywhere.

Everywhere, except in Russia? That is the question.

Many who have known the Russian people, personally or through their magnificently human literature and their deep and touching music, have a very strong feeling that, if they can be brought to know what is afoot: this wave of longing for oneness and for peace that is sweeping the world, if the iron curtain can be penetrated, they also will respond.

How can it be done? Not by organizations dedicated to friendship and actually working against it, nor by the publication of heated articles by military men and correspondents, intent on playing up every bad thing about Russia and denying every good one. True or false, that will get us nowhere. Americans are thoroughly warned against Russia. For there are two sides to the iron curtain, and both must be penetrated.

It is up to all men of goodwill to work at this matter of penetration. In it lies the key to peace. For in the end, a true world community, with free exchange of ideas, of goods, of people, is the only way to the happiness, prosperity and even the survival of the human race.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING

The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill is destined to become the foremost medical center of the South, Representative Charles B. Deane, himself a Wake Forest man, told students of the University. Such a declaration surely was not said in derogation of the Bowman Grey Medical School of Wake Forest or of the great medical school of Duke university. But if it stirs competition, so much the better. What North Carolina needs is energetic competition in the production of good doctors to meet the need of North Carolina.

In most matters off the football field, Duke and Chapel Hill have collaborated to make the little area which contains them both the greatest intellectual center in the South. Their libraries have collaborated not only in making books available to students of both institutions but also in the purchase of books so that their collections would complement each other. Yet each has labored to increase its own service and prestige.

The same sort of competition in collaboration should exist between the three fine medical schools which the State will possess when the school at Chapel Hill completes its plans and facilities for a four-year medical course. The wise men who head the three medical schools will all serve their schools, their State and the South best if each of them realizes that the real race is between all the schools together, and old rivalry death among people who too much lack adequate medical care. (Raleigh News and Observer)

Grains of Sand

Well, the Rockingham Merchants association hasn't overlooked its Peach Queen, our own Janet Menzel, after all. Her big silver trophy has been engraved now, and is waiting down at Rockingham for someone to pick it up for her. And the trip to the Orange Festival in Florida remains the grand prize, its date as yet unset—probably February or March.

All this was ascertained by Madeline Prim, secretary of our own Merchants association, after we blew off a week or so ago, concerning what looked like some important oversights.

When at first it was thought the trip to the Orange Festival would be this fall, the Menzels felt that Janet could not take it, as she would still be a very new freshman at Woman's college. Now, though, since it is still some months off they think she may go. In fact, it may coincide with spring vacation.

And Janet will be even more of a Peach Queen then, reflecting more glory than ever on her home town. For she's getting prettier all the time.

A new subscriber and visitor at the Pilot office last week was Z. Z. Hadley, of Raeford. Who answered with an interesting story the inquiries he must be used to by now, as to how he came by those unusual initials, and what they stand for.

He is named for his father. And on the night of his father's birth Governor Zebulon Vance was a visitor at his grandfather's home. The next morning the proud daddy asked the governor's aid in naming the new arrival.

"Name him Zebulon for me and Zachary for Zachary Taylor, and I'll guarantee you he'll have a was the Chief Executive's smiling suggestion.

So Zebulon Zachary became the baby's name. One of which he was proud, and passed on to his son. Who in turn has handed it on to a son of his own.

When Col. Philip Shearman, USA retired, now manager of the Southern Pines Chamber of Commerce, was Chief of Staff under Major General Clarence Zells during the war, the general had an aide whom, Colonel Shearman says today, he caused to "step around" in lively fashion. There was much vital work to be done in connection with activating and running the ammunition depot at Searsport, Maine, through which passed most of the ammunition used in the eastern theatre. And the colonel kept the aide on the move.

Last weekend Civilian Shearman stepped out of his office at the Belvedere hotel, and came face to face with a goodlooking young man in sport clothes who was just arriving. They stared at each other for a minute, then grinned in recognition, shaking hands like the old friends that they were.

Yes, it was the aide. Walter Romans, now pro at the Baltimore Country club. Here on invitation to play in the North and South Open at Pinehurst.

Youthful members of the Junior Red Cross, in schoolrooms all over the county, are busy these days filling an order for 150 Halloween favors for patients in the Fort Bragg hospital. The youngsters also participated in Fire Prevention week, as part of their school, community and Red Cross work. Mrs. Hugh Carter, of Pinehurst, is county chairman of the Junior Red Cross, one of the busiest branches of the chapter work.

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

TEN YEARS AGO

Miss Ruth Swett is chosen Miss Southern Pines, and Miss Lucille Hensley Miss Pinehurst, in a beauty contest held at the Carolina theatre. Runners-up are Miss Myra Scott and Miss Louise Shaw, and junior winners are little Misses Ann Stutz and Ann McCaskill. Struthers Burt, speaking to Kiwanis club, stresses importance of clear thinking to avoid effects of Nazi, Fascist and Communist propaganda. Prizewinners for costumes in Halloween parade were Bill Roth, Murial Evans, Jim and Jane Bradin, Helen Swearingen, Wiley Garner and Sieger Herr.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Fire destroys the George E. Cook bungalow in Weymouth Heights, occupied by the George T. Chaoman family, all of whose furnishings are lost.

Clearing house for peach growers is studied by Kiwanis clubs of section, cooperating to save peach industry for Sandhills.

Winter hours begin at the Southern Pines library—2 to 5:30 p. m. daily.

This time of year, we're happy to see in our mail again the Pinehurst Cracker Barrel, Moore county's only daily, published from October to May at the Pinehurst General office. Its green-printed pages have an ever-inviting look, and its gay gossip items and wealth of genuine information live well up to their promise. Editor of the Cracker Barrel is that redoubtable Scot, Capt. George F. Shearwood, able publicist, humorist and journalist—and it isn't easy to combine all three.

Welcome back, Cracker Barrel—we'll be clipping you!

And we're constrained to start right now, as we note in the Cracker Barrel the name of a hymn on Leonard Nelson's piano program at the Carolina hotel recently. "Gold Be With You Till We Meet Again" . . . My, my, this materialistic age.

We had a story for The Pilot about President Truman's visit to Fort Bragg October 4, which got crowded out that week and then the week after. Since type is so solid and so firm, these things happen. Now the story has died on the vine, so to speak, but we'd like to have it recorded for posterity, at any rate, that Southern Pines was well represented at that gala affair, with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burney, E. Nolley Jackson, Garland Pierce and his young son Garland Frank among those present for the main festivities; also Col. P. G. Shearman, manager of the Chamber of Commerce, who as a member of the "big brass" sat in the reviewing stand with the President and his party.

And of course, it was Southern Pines' Sgt. Bennie Weeks who presented President Truman with the big book containing the history of the 82nd Airborne.

In the Mailbag: "I was glad to see that picture of Levi Packard in The Pilot recently. He looks older, but he is the same old Levi he was 50 years ago. He would work all day, and often up to 12 o'clock at night, then on Sunday he would take his horn and walk over to Aberdeen to pitch the tune for some church."

F. W. McLEAN Shreveport, La.

The Public Speaking

To the Pilot.

I note the article referring to the A&R "jitney" being discontinued which we put in service June, 1922, and up to 90 days ago the "jitney," as it is called, performed a great need for the good people of Hoke county. In view of the fact of the increase in ownership of automobiles, which you will see by the state registration, people are now going to the use of their own vehicles and also bus service which has increased since this motor transportation was put on by the railroad.

In face of all these other transportation conveniences, the A&R "jitney" has done very well and has never run in the red until recent months. Had it not been for the Post Office department cancelling the mail contract with us and putting the mail on the highway under private contract to various individuals, perhaps the A&R could have continued to give the people this service.

We are happy to report that Carolina Coach company has taken over the route served by this "jitney" and will render the same service that we performed. This has never been an experiment with us as it was carefully planned before it was put into operation and it has done very well up until the time of good roads and other modes of transportation which are subsidized by State and Federal government. Therefore, we wish to offer this as a corrected statement in lieu of the one that appeared in your issue of October 28.

Yours truly,

W. A. BLUE

President, Aberdeen & Rockfish Railroad Co.

(We are glad to note the correction, and hope Mr. Blue has similarly corrected the Raleigh News and Observer. We accepted their version of the story and wording as given in coverage of the hearing before the State Utilities Commission. We salute the 27 years of good service given by the "jitney" and wish they could increase.—Ed.)

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