

THE PILOT

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A Clear Case

Robert Reynolds' announcement that he was a candidate for the Senate against Senator Graham was greeted with a mixture of relief and disgust by most people. It was humiliating to think that this man's name was once again to muddle up the page of North Carolina politics and it was a relief to know that, with the issues so clearly drawn, the best man was bound to win.

Both these feelings persist, but relief tends to merge into disgust as the rumor grows that some who surely know better may be drawn into the Reynolds camp.

It was a foregone conclusion that Reynolds and men of his type would find supporters among the lunatic fringe, the discontented, illiterate, fanatical groups of whom North Carolina has its small share, along with the rest of the country. These people go for a rabble-rouser, like Reynolds, who plays on their hatreds and their fears and uses their ignorance for his purpose.

This was to be expected. But to believe, as some profess to do, that Reynolds will find backers among men of intelligence and progressive idealism is hard to credit.

It is being said that the anti-Scott feeling, among the backers of Johnson in the past gubernatorial contest, will be a factor in the campaign. It is believed by some that many Johnson men will throw their votes to Reynolds in order to beat Graham, the Scott appointee. Those who take this view point to the opposition to Senator Graham among the more conservative elements of the state when he was president of the university, even before he became "Scott's man." They were mostly Johnson men and, it is argued, they will welcome this opportunity to hit at Scott through Graham and work against Chapel Hill's Dr. Frank at the same time.

The case is plausible, but it reckons without the basic good sense and sound idealism of the great majority of the state's political leaders. They are not the men to sell North Carolina short, and that, and more, is what they would be doing if they try to put Bob Reynolds in Washington.

Senator Graham, more than any man today, has brought renown to this state. His university is famed all over the nation as the seat of learning in the South, while his own career, in Washington during the war, as settler of the Indonesian dispute, as upholder of a sound international policy, has made him famous as one of the leading men in our nation. If this state should replace him with Reynolds, or should give even a small number of votes to such an opponent, it would be a major disgrace.

The issue is so clear that, North Carolinians being the high-minded astute folks they are, we cannot think there is much cause for alarm.

New School Gyms

Two more Moore County schools were entered on the list of those who now possess new gymnasiums, last week. With the opening of the High Falls gym last Friday, followed by the West End opening last night, these two schools are now equipped to put on a full athletic program.

The county board of education is to be congratulated on their accomplishment for the county and the commissioners on their wisdom in allocating funds for this purpose. There is no doubt that a fully-rounded athletic program is an important side of the school picture, both from the standpoint of the health and enjoyment of the students and as a bond between the school and the community. As has been shown many times here in Southern Pines, there is no part of the school's life in which the community is so interested as in its sports.

Certain schools in the county have been seriously handicapped because of lack of facilities. Practicing has been carried on under difficulties which must, it would seem, have adversely affected studies as well as the sport itself. Driving several miles to practice several evenings a week is not the best way to spend out-of-school time. The tax on teachers and coaches as well as players must be great. There is no doubt that the possession of a good gym is of value to every part of school life.

This action on the part of the school, and county officials, in supplying gyms for West End and High Falls, will help to eradicate the unfavorable impression made on many taxpayers by the extraordinary outlay at the Farm-life School near Eureka. Here a vast playing field was authorized and built down in the woods, involving extensive grading and expense; this for a school whose enrollment, steadily dropping, was so low at the time the allotment was made that the high school's continuation was in serious doubt.

Where it appears that in this case a grave error of judgment was made by those in charge, the recent construction of the two newly-opened gyms was all to the good. It must be hoped that the same good judgment will prevail over future county school expenditures.

A Chance To Take

It is reported that there was concern in administration quarters in Washington at the reaction of the public to the speech by Senator McMahon advocating another approach toward peace. It was feared that his remarks condemning the atomic armaments race would be taken as approving a policy of conciliation and appeasement and would make it hard to keep the country up to the mark in backing the power principle upon which the administration is relying.

This was probably one reason why Secretary Acheson spoke as firmly as he did. His speech was intended for Russian as well as American ears, as he said that we did not intend to change our policy or let up in any way in the effort to strengthen the armed forces.

Those who read the headlines of the speech and stopped there missed, we believe its full significance. Though the secretary argued that power in opposing Russia, was, thus far, the only method that seemed to have had any effect in dealings with the Soviet, he very definitely stated that all avenues of approach were being considered and would be considered.

That is good to know. It is only too clear that the balance of power has shifted radically, with Russian attainment of the atomic bomb but we must never lose sight of what the scientists and the wisest military men, such as Marshall and Eisenhower, have told us: that there will be no victors in the next war. It will be a case of mutual extermination.

This is a grim thought. However, we may take some comfort, perhaps, in the realization that those who have made themselves our opponents in the world struggle, the Russians, have the same grim thought. In the last war, millions of Russians were killed, ten million homes, it was estimated, were destroyed. They know what war is, and it is not possible to think that either they or their leaders want it any more than we do.

It is also, we submit, nonsense for our leaders to say that they have discovered the only way towards peace with Russia . . . a way that has certainly not been markedly successful. The situation has changed. It is possible that what would not work before, would be feasible now: an agreement with Russia, as one of the United Nations, on an overall plan for a peaceful world.

There have been suggestions and also persistent rumors that a meeting with Stalin will be sought. The thought brings back the story, told in Robert Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins," of early attempts at dealing with the Russians, during the war. Literally nothing happened, no headway was made until Roosevelt sent Hopkins over to see Stalin. That did the trick and only that. Cooperation with Russia was only attained through that first personal contact with Stalin himself.

This is an exasperating and certainly an un-intelligent way to conduct affairs, but if it was successful then, there is just a chance that it might be again. It looks as if we had come to a crisis, when no chance should be passed over.

Kindness Week

"Be Kind to Animals" week has become fast rooted in American life, an observance of one of the humane qualities Americans have learned to consider basic.

In the 35 years since it was initiated, "Be Kind to Animals" week has, furthermore, become in the minds of most of us a celebration directed at children, and this for the happy reason that grownups are now assumed to have learned its lessons.

The Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which originated and now sponsor the "week," can take unto themselves credit for having made kindness to animals as commonly accepted an attitude as honesty.

It seems incredible today that there was once a time when a man would not be thought unusual who kicked a mongrel dog out of his way or beat a truck horse to get it up an icy hill.

But now all sentiment and law are arrayed against this kind of practice and the influences of the kindness-to-animals movement have reached far beyond the welfare of animals into that of the human family.

It is not a bad time to recall that it was Henry Bergh, founder of the SPCA, who also founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. —Christian Science Monitor

Do Folks Want Facts?

Sometimes we wonder why people buy newspapers, when the article we produce is up against such stiff competition according to the standards that seem to be more and more claiming the loyalty of modern man.

There are a great many people, who, it appears, would be perfectly happy to receive all their information through pictures. Although technically able to read, many people seem too lazy to do much but look at the many pictures in magazines.

Another source of competition is the comic book where exactly the opposite aim to that of a newspaper is sought. The comic books, for the most part, seek to be as fantastic as possible, while a newspaper seeks to be as factual as possible.

The whole world of fiction, particularly that sort in which people behave with little resemblance to actual human actions, throws up another vast temptation to the reading public to live in a dream world that sometimes must seem much more inviting than the world of news story fact.

All this . . . yet people buy newspapers and are buying more of them than they've ever bought before. It must be that no fancy, no fiction will ever replace true and honest accounts of what is happening to fellow humans, especially to persons we know. —Sanford Herald

Ruth Swaine of Taos, New Mexico, Tells How It Is When West Meets East

To the Pilot:

From the slopes of the Rockies to the Sandhills of North Carolina is quite a leap but it was made with speed and pleasure; not in a plane but on a swift and streamlined train.

January in New Mexico is no joke! Twenty below at night, deep snow, stalled cars, uncomfortable residents and all the chores of heating ourselves up occupy too much of the day. To come into the balmy air of Southern Pines made me feel as happy as Cinderella going to the Ball. Off went the thick sweaters, on came the light blouses, the casual coat; even the bare head replaced the woolly cap. The spirit ended its hibernation, too. Birds sang in the tall pines, flowers lighted green bushes, one's mind and heart thawed out.

It is a good place in which you live, people of Southern Pines. Do not forget it. All humans have a tendency to get so used to familiar settings that they forget to enjoy and value them. We get absorbed by the chores of every day living and forget to get "lost in the stars."

Now I am talking to myself more than to you of Southern Pines. I have heard little complaining here. You look at your camellias and nurture them with energy and delight; you coax green lawns with daffodils framing their edges; you conserve your magnificent pines and let your eyes follow up their tall trunks to the sunny sky in day and to the stars at night.

And you carry over the deep love of your beautiful setting into the ideals of your civic life. Always improving the conditions under which your citizens may live—the new wing for the Hospital, planting the parkways, arts exhibits, an improved water system, new school buildings.

You are a fine American community carrying on stalwartly toward the making of a better U. S. A. and a better world. It takes ideals, steadfastness and work, lots of work. And you are

doing it. I salute you with gratitude for the pleasure of my visit among you and the inspiration you give me.

Very humbly, but with a sort of authority, I am writing this to you. Because I live in a very beautiful place, too. But I get too near it, at times, so that I "cannot see the forest for the trees." Seeing Southern Pines and your surrounding Sandhills with all their beauty has taken me back to my own home surrounding with a refreshed eye.

Taos, New Mexico, where I live, is on a great high plain, more than 7000 feet in elevation, covered with green-blue sage-brush. The Sangre de Cristo spur of the Rockies, lifting its towering peaks gently frames the plain, the fertile valleys and the creamy-pink adobe dwellings of people, whose ancestors, some of them, came there 400 years ago with the first soldiers under Coronado.

We call them Spanish Americans which they prefer to Mexicans. Though they came up from Mexico, they know nothing of Mexico now and they have fought valiantly in our army in the Spanish-American War, the 1st World War and this last, (we hope the LAST).

This war brought great tragedy on the state of New Mexico. With the best of intentions and with what seemed to be wisdom, the National Guard of New Mexico was sent, in full, to the Philippines—Spanish-speaking people to Spanish-speaking people. Well, you know what happened—More than 50 per cent of the youth of my state was wiped out. Stricken mothers, lonely wives and children carry on without their boys, but do indeed carry on.

Taos is, also, an Art Colony as well as a living place; as such it is open, scattered, individualistic, fluid, free. You of Southern Pines create in your gardens marvelous pictures. You are artists, too. Taos puts it down on canvas, the beauties around. In a garden we do well in Taos if we bring a sturdy hollyhock to bloom. But our ar-

Grains of Sand

When people come to Southern Pines winter after winter for many years, so that it becomes sort of a second home, can they properly be called visitors? . . . We think not. . . Even though they may live in hotels they can properly be called home folks, and in fact often they know the town better than many a year-round citizen. . . We're proud there are so many of these, to welcome each winter, though we must say goodbye each spring.

So it was as "home folks" we greeted John Ormiston and his sister, Mrs. W. C. Fiske, of Newfoundland, N. J., the other day. . . Mr. Ormiston has been out off and on all winter long doing some more of those delightful water colors of his. . . Says he's about run out of subjects in and around town after all this time, but has found new material in the scenery about Thagards lake.

He first came down to be with his friend, Hermon MacNeil, the late famed sculptor and painter who had a home at Pinebluff. . . The two used to have wonderful creative sessions at the MacNeil studio, and in March 1947 held an exhibit there together. . . They spurred each other on to artistic endeavor, and each was his friend's "best and severest critic."

The water color artist has a fine eye for the beauty of everyday scenes, and over the years has painted many in the Sandhills as well as the coast of Virginia, his native New Jersey and other places.

We had to go a long way from home to catch a glimpse of our own Arnette Avery, Jr., who stays so busy at her job at Fort Bragg she seldom sees her home folks any more. . . Registering for the YDC meeting at the O. Henry hotel, Greensboro, Saturday afternoon, we were pleased to see that the curly-headed miss at the registration desk was Arnette. . . She was kept so busy we hardly had time to exchange a smile and a word.

At the barbecue held at Greensboro's big Armory shortly thereafter, we were charmed by a brief and telling speech by Arnette's distinguished aunt, Mrs. Charles W. Tillett of Charlotte, national head of the women's division of the Democratic party. . . With a delightful smile but no mincing of words, she told the ladies to get busy and do their part in public affairs.

Terry Sanford of Fayetteville did a splendid job in presenting a full program containing such speakers as Governor Scott, Senator Graham, Senator Estes Kefauver (the main speaker) and

the national YDC president. . . In such a spot we'd have had our foot in our mouth half the time, but only once did Terry take a nip off his No. 12.

In expressing appreciation for the use of the Armory, he said, "While Congressman Carl Durham is here we'll remind him that we need more such Armories in North Carolina. . . I believe he has some say about such things. . . However, this one happens to be owed not at all to federal funds. "It was built and is maintained and operated by the City of Fayetteville."

A young man we know around whose household the stork was flapping last week sent off an order to Macy's for some cigars. All at once last week the old bird was flapping very close, and no cigars had arrived. Off to New York went a hasty reminder from our young father-to-be. Right back from the world's greatest store came a telegram, "Cigars en route hope everything is coming along fine congratulations."

Friends of the Gordon Grays, already happy as could be over Gordon's election to the presidency of the Greater University of North Carolina, were happier still when they saw the beautiful two-page color spread on his handsome wife, Jane Craige Gray, in the new Ladies' Home Journal. . . She makes a charming model for Washington fashions. . . Though for our money, nothing was so becoming to her as those four young sons, typical good-looking Tarheel tykes and the finest of jewels for any woman.

They also made the newspaper picture of the year, as photographed by Seth Muse for a recent News and Observer, playing checkers with their father on the floor. . . All five faces bent earnestly above the gameboard, knotted with intensity. . . And Gordon's as boyish as those of his sons.

We doubt if any State university has ever welcomed a president with as many friends in every part as Gordon Gray. . . Not political friends, either, but friends in the easy-going, casual first-name relationship of mutual esteem. . . Friends of college and sport, Army and the newspaper world.

We found most memorable an account by our own Mrs. Sadie McCain, a member of the selection committee, of the trustees' meeting at which the choice of Gordon Gray was given final approval.

Governor Scott, receiving the trustees' report, said, "This is the highest moment of my entire administration."

tists' pictures hang in many a Museum of Art across this country.

Indians live near us, too. The Pueblo Indians who have always been farmers, never went to war, bulwarked themselves against people of their own race, the Navahos, the Apaches, in extraordinary structures known as pueblos, really fortresses against the marauding tribes. The Pueblos plant and reap their fields, make pottery, weave blankets, baskets and dance to ageless tribal chants, as their relaxation from the chores of living.

So, two thousand miles from Taos to Southern Pines, brings me to the heart of the matter. We are all "just people," struggling and dealing with the chores of life as best we can, whoever we are, wherever we are. But a change of scene wakes us all up—we appreciate more what we had perhaps gotten a little jaded about, because we see what is being accomplished in another community.

So I thank you, Southern Pines, for all the beauty, community spirit and friendliness you have given me—restoring me, refreshing me by your fine example—so that I go home stronger, to cope with the daily work and determined to look each night at the glowing stars and the wide world horizons of understanding and accomplishment.

—RUTH SWAINE

The Public Speaking

PROTECT OUR PLANTING

The Pilot:

I was delighted to see an immediate response to your fine editorial on the beautiful planting in Southern Pines in the editorial of the Greensboro News, "A Town As Lovely As A Tree."

There is no question about the actual beauty of our town and surely few would dispute the fact that our railway and street planting and our grand old trees are our first asset (unless some prefer to consider our climate as such!).

It would appear to me to be a "must" for us to protect our excellent planting and I would be highly delighted to see the city commissioners willing to call in the Garden Club as consultants when the problem of pruning trees and shrubs presents itself. If any other organization will offer to help it would be a fine gesture. Let's work together to protect what we have!

MRS. ERNEST L. IVES

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