

# THE PILOT

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## The Best Man For Service

With only twenty-four hours to go before we start our march to the polls, it behooves us all, as sensible and patriotic citizens of a sensible and patriotic state, to pull ourselves together, put our shirts back on, and take sober thought as to how we are going to vote.

It will require an effort, for certain phases of this senatorial campaign have been exceptionally bitter. But even though North Carolina is not accustomed to this sort of politics, we are confident that it has not confused the minds of her citizens and that they have noted that the attempt to stampede them by slanderous accusations and unfair means has been confined to one side of the fight. Except for the time when "Mr. Smith Went to Morehead City," the Graham forces have conducted themselves with dignity: there have been no below-the-belt punches. And even though it is likely that Mr. Smith's encounter with the coastal resort produced more laughs than it changed votes, it might be noted that the ad was a purely personal one and not part of the campaign of Senator Graham.

And that, we submit, is the point. As we citizens get ready to cast our votes tomorrow, we would do well to forget the campaign and think of the candidates. Even those who are indignant with little Smith, had better forget it. There is no doubt that Mr. Smith is a fine man and it is more than probable that his heart was not in this campaign of vilification.

So we had better ignore all this, tomorrow, and consider, simply, the sort of man we want to have represent us in Washington. Which one of the candidates will do a better job? Which will be most capable and most earnest in representing the interests of the people of North Carolina? Which one understands the state's problems best; which can present its needs in Washington most clearly and most effectively? In the important international field, which man has the greater understanding and experience? Which would contribute most to the counsels of the nation?

These are the questions that face us as we come to the primary. Let us concentrate on them. Let us forget the campaign with its accusations and denials, its hullabaloes, its personal bitterness. Let us put our shirts back on.

As we go to the polls Saturday, let us do so with sober thought and a deep sense of our duty as citizens in these critical times. Let us think long and think well and try, earnestly and prayerfully, to cast our vote for the best man.

## Congratulations To The Music Associations

The Sandhills Music Association, which had its annual meeting last week, is a fine organization, there is no doubt about it. In the short time it has been in existence, it has done at least two notable things: bring the State Symphony orchestra here and, as its final offering last week, put on a concert of the young artists of Moore County.

These two items, and, we feel, they stand side by side in significance, would alone have made the formation of this organization worthwhile. But, of course, they do not stand alone. The group which is sponsoring music for the Sandhills has extensive plans. We are told that, for next year, they are drawing up a program of wider range. It will be climaxed by a return visit of the state orchestra... that would be on the insistence of the whole section, a "demand" performance, if the Association had not already automatically placed this engagement at the head of their next year's list. But, besides the symphony, there will be another "big name" musical event, and, adding to the variety, several less impressive concerts.

This will be good news. And, we submit, it will be good news not only to the many music lovers in Moore County, but to the parents and the schools, who have long wished that our children could have the advantages of hearing good music. It will also be welcomed by those whose business depends on the prosperity of this section. There is no doubt that the advertising value of such entertainment is considerable.

We have many organizations in Moore County and in Southern Pines: sometimes it seems as if we had too many. But here is one, celebrating this year its first birthday, which deserved a warm welcome and continued encouragement. It is, of course, the child of the first music association, that founded by A. B. Yeomans to foster good music in our Southern Pines school and which brought Stanley Smith here and produced his famous glee club, winner of many state contests.

It has gone beyond its parent in scope: to get the state symphony here is a real achievement, and, if it follows in its parent's footsteps in the encouragement of local school and county school music, that will be a good thing, too. The recent concert of young artists, which was so outstanding, looks as if it might be heading that way. We have always looked forward to a time when our county school might have a coordinated musical program which would result in one of those remarkable joint concerts that have

been given with such success in other sections of the state.

Perhaps that will come, perhaps that is the next step. But, meanwhile, the Pilot, and we feel sure all local readers are with us, extends every good wish to the Sandhills Music Association, and to the fine energetic group of young people who are heading it... not forgetting, either, the Old Regulars on its board.

## Mrs. G. Takes Over

This is the time of year when the Pilot regularly puts aside his jaunty naval headgear and, for the space of a few editorial paragraphs, dons the bonnet of Mrs. Grundy.

In other words, folks, summer is here and with its coming the term "short shorts" loses its literary significance and turns into the things you see whisking up and down Broad Street. The short shorts, the apparently short-less shirt-tails, and the brief bras: these are what summer brings, along with the bees and the birds. (And a few other B's that we can think of, or could if Mrs. Grundy weren't in charge.)

But that awe-inspiring lady, having bridged herself laboriously onto the Pilot's bridge, peers down from that eminence with an "M-m-m... MM!" of disapproval, and we're minding our manners.

The big city papers tell us that fashions are changing. They say that this spring, on the beaches and the sun-decks, shorts reach almost to the knees, bathing suits have straps and even skirts, and midriffs have withdrawn discreetly from view. Modesty, they say, is coming back. And the advertisements bear them out, (with no pun intended.)

Well, maybe. But not yet around here. And this raises a critical question: is the Sandhills behind the times? Are we out of step with progress? Could it be that Southern womanhood has been passed in this rush back to modesty?

This is a startling thought; almost as startling as the sights in town.

Oh, Mrs. G. likes them on the tennis courts; she likes them swimming or playing or lying in the sun. In their place, she likes them. What draws her ire is to see them swishing and bouncing along the street or pushing through crowded stores. Especially does she deplore their appearance of a Saturday when the town is crowded with a heterogeneous population. "Tut-tut," tuts Mrs. G. "It just ain't fitt'n."

## A Strange Reaction

Sometimes it seems as if one of the worst things about the Communist danger is the way it has confused the minds of good Americans. It is depressing indeed to see the Hitler and Stalin technique, of the big lie told over and over again winning eventual belief, taking hold in America.

Take the case, for instance, of Mr. Wiseacre who writes for the Pinehurst Outlook. You would think that such a good citizen would find cause for rejoicing that Senator McCarthy's accusations against the government could not be proved. You would think this would be good news to one who has the country's interests at heart. But instead of being filled with satisfaction to know that, as far as we can tell, communists have not been running things in the State Department, the Outlook columnist will have none of it. He goes right on asserting that they have been and still are. He brushes it all aside as airy as he does the charges themselves which he calls, simply: "fanfare: too much fanfare." This is surely a new word for what most people are calling them.

His attitude toward the report that the State Department has taken measures to rid its staff of undesirables is similar. This proves, he says not, as we might expect, that the department is on the alert and looking after its own security but that it sought to forestall possible exposure.

Again it would seem a peculiar way to react to good news. When he hears that this government has done the right thing why not commend it? Actually, this type of investigation is constantly being carried on; this was no innovation.

As grounds for his attitude, this columnist states as a fact that communist infiltration in the government has been "already proven in several courts." This would be news, we imagine, to those in Washington who have been trying so desperately to prove the truth of McCarthy's charges. If this is a proven fact, what's all the shootin' for?

That the communist danger is critical is a fact no one in his senses will deny, however, and honest criticism and questioning is the duty of a good citizen. But criticism that calls McCarthy's lies "fanfare" and "facts" is not the sort of criticism, not the sort of Americanism, that will do our country good.

Mr. Wiseacre closes his column with these words: "No political expediency must be permitted to interfere with a complete house-cleaning." We would amend that to read: "No political expediency should be tolerated that, in the name of 'house-cleaning,' undermines the foundations of the house."

And the "house" in question, we would remind Mr. Wiseacre, is not the Democratic Administration; it is the United States.

## Working For Good

At West Southern Pines this past weekend, women from all over the state came together for a meeting of the Federation of Negro Women's Clubs, to discuss the problems that faced them in their communities.

Addressed by leaders in the movement itself, as well as by Mayor Page and other local leaders, the members attacked the subject with courage and intelligence. What comes as a result of such meetings is bound to be of high value in the solution of community, national, inter-racial and just every-day human problems.

# Grains of Sand

An Army chaplain was entrusted with the duty of finding places for boys of all denominations to worship, during the recent maneuvers at Camp Mackall. His search took him through several towns in the Sandhills and he finally landed at Aberdeen, where he stopped at a service station to gas up and also to inquire, "Is there a synagogue here?"

"A what?" asked the station attendant, looking slightly mystified.

"A synagogue. I wanted to find if you had one in this town."

The attendant scratched his head briefly, then brightened up as he reported, "Well, no, I don't believe we do—but we have a swell Junior Chamber of Commerce."

We didn't realize until we saw the Little Miss Southern Pines contest at the VFW auxiliary's grand show last Friday night that present dress styles hide the knee of even the third and fourth graders.

The first and second grade girls walked out with knee caps in full display. The slightly older little girls' dresses were perceptibly longer—no more knees showing.

Now, little girls' knees are mighty cute, and a short dress has a perk look that is lacking when the hems come down. We had a feeling as the contest went on that it would be one of the short-frock lassies who would win—and she did.

Not that we're saying little Miss Cynthia Hicks was the crown by a knee. She was mighty cute from top to toe, and a winner for our money from the beginning.

The whole show was a hum-dinger, bringing lots of talent to light. The program was long but it could have been even longer without wearying anyone. The acts themselves were short, and succeeded each other swiftly. A lot of credit goes to Don Jones and Joe Warren: being masters of ceremonies when 50 kids are performing is no easy job. They made a smooth, happy thing of it, clicking right along.

Mrs. Louis Garty, Mrs. Walter Topping, Jr. and Mrs. Alexander Morgan were the VFW Auxiliary committee for the show, and did a noble job.

AND—there's another show coming up you mustn't miss. That's the Red Cross water safety show, which will be put on Sunday afternoon at 3 at Aberdeen lake. Maybe you're a good swimmer and diver—maybe not. In either case this team experts

## THE PUBLIC SPEAKING

The Pilot—Last week you published an advertisement which was supposed to furnish the information I requested, May 5, from Mrs. Swisher. (That she be specific in her charges against Senator Graham; name the sources of information and authors, and GIVE THE TIMES when he belonged to state organizations.) Among the mass of material the advertisement presented were:

- (1) The long list of organizations which has become shopworn from overuse.
- (2) The curious statement that the advertiser does not call Mr. Graham a communist as she does not have the money to pay "to some Party" for making such a rash statement. The clear inference is that the title would be applied of she were not afraid or had the legal proof to sustain her. Lacking the courage and not having the proof she generously refrains.
- (3) Two books and authors: (1) "The Road Ahead" by John T. Flynn. (2) "We Must Abolish the United States" by Joseph Kamp.

Louis Graves' editorial which you re-printed disposed of Flynn most satisfactorily. About Kamp: Respecting your policy not to print lengthy quotes, I shall content myself with reliable sources, and say that from these it appears that Kamp (born Kamp) has been named as an extreme right-wing propagandist under conviction for contempt of Congress; that shortly before the war broke out, Kamp's hate-mongering literature was commended highly and distributed by pro-Nazi agencies. John Roy Carlson's book "Under Cover" cites Kamp 21 times for activities that, to say the least, were not in the best interest of this country. The Constitutional Educational League, Inc. (sponsor of Kamp's book and Kamp's own organization) is cited four times for shady activities. Flynn and Kamp are identical twins as notorious defamers. Their filth should have no weight with justice-loving people.

No one has ever accused Senator Graham of having pro-Nazi sympathies. I wonder if such an accusation would not hit many of

from Greensboro should thrill you.

They'll demonstrate all sorts of water safety rules—also what happens when the rules are broken, and some quick rescue work has to be done.

Governor Scott, speaking at Carthage the other night, came out with a comment on the telephone situation we hadn't heard before.

He told of his efforts of some 30 years to get a telephone at his farm at Haw River. He worked hard but had no success at all until he was elected governor, then, presto, within two months there was the telephone. His comment: "That's a helluva way to have to get a phone!"

Everybody was warning KATHIE and VOIT GILMORE before they left on their trip to Niagara Falls, not to expect too much of that famous spill-over; However, "Far from it!" was Kathie's enthusiastic comment when she got back Monday. "It's terrific! BETTER than I expected!" she said.

Very different was the comment on another occasion that STRUTHERS BURT told us about once. It appears a family, to celebrate their ninety-two year-old grandmother's birthday decided to take her to see the falls. She had never been a mile from her little home in the country and they thought she'd get the kick of her long life-time out of it.

Not at all. She wasn't wowed a bit but stood looking calmly at the waterfall. As they waited breathless, for her reaction, she turned and: "Well, after all," she said, with a gesture towards the water rushing down over the cliff, "After all, what's to hinder?"

Speaking of the BURTS, the latest news is that Grandpa and Grandma are doing right well, thank you, in their new role. They have been entertaining their granddaughter, young Katharine, daughter of JULIE and GEORGE ATTERBERRY of Jackson, Wyo. Staying there at the Wirth Hotel, they took care of the baby for a whole ten days AND survived, (and so, apparently did she!) Won't she have a good time when she is old enough to listen to tall tales from those two.

It's good news, by the way, that they are almost surely going to be here some next winter. After trying out this and that climate, they have about decided that Sandhills air and pines is best of

all. If you see a crowd on the street corner and hear whoops and hollers ringing out under the sycamores, next Saturday, it won't necessarily have anything to do

with the election. It'll just be GLEN ROUNDS hitting town. He and MARGARET are due in over the weekend, and if that isn't good news!

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