

THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep it as good a paper as Nelson Hyde has made it. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Let's Keep On Talking

It used to be the fashion to deride the UN as simply a place for talk. We have gotten way past that sort of criticism now: the UN has proved itself capable of taking action of the most drastic sort. But we must not forget that it was able to do so only because at that time the Soviet delegates were staying out of the picture. There was no one to veto and no one to talk when the dramatic call to repel the aggressor in Korea was issued.

We are back, now, to the talking stage, with Russia well aware, probably, of what her absence from the council table had cost her, and determined, one must believe, to make the most of her return. So the war of talk and nervous tension goes on again.

It is important that we keep our nerves under control and cultivate a patience for which Americans are not famous. For one thing, we have to remember that we are dealing with a nation that looks on talk as essential to any arrangement. The Russians have always talked. Because of their Oriental strain, or perhaps because of their history of oppression, when the great mass of the people were unable to act and found their solace in long argument and discussion, it is impossible for this people to do anything without endless talk. Devotion to matters of procedure and the most minute details of complicated argument are a facet of their national character. Readers of Russian fiction know this well and it is the description given of any Russian gathering or negotiation by all outsiders who know the country.

That being the case, we must try to remember it when we wax impatient at the Russian talk-action in the UN. What seems to us suspiciously like a deep-laid plot to block things is, while admittedly effective in gaining time and working up tension, fundamentally simply the Russian or the Oriental way of doing. They can't conceive of any other way.

That is one reason, for instance, for the infuriating Russian habit of wildly protesting any attempt on the part of the rest of the delegates to hurry things up and get down to cases. The Russians take this to mean that something sinister is being put over on them. They immediately protest any such attempt and insist on going back and starting all over again. Hence the long tedious speeches and the slow pace at which things move. Hence, also, the exhausting strain on the nerves and patience of the rest. And that goes not only for the delegates but for the public that is hanging on the words of those in whose hands lie the fate of the nations.

But for those who tend to lose patience and to criticize the UN as nothing but a place for talk, there is a lesson in thinking about what goes on there. If the council table of the UN were not available for such talk, what would be happening? What would already have happened? When talk stops, too often irrevocable and desperate action takes its place.

The end of the chance to talk spells the end of the chance for understanding. If the UN were nothing more than a chance to talk, it would be worthwhile. That it has been, and now is, so much more is largely due to the fact that, through the meetings around the Council table, great knowledge of each other has been gained by the participants. Unity has grown, focusing finally into what is almost a world's moral judgment against opponents whose cause has narrowed and whose supporters have grown weaker.

Let us welcome the talk, keeping hold of our patience and ready to acclaim every move towards greater understanding among all those who are taking part in it.

Salute To The Ladies

Southern Pines will play host this weekend to some 500 of the smartest, most useful women in the state, in two separate conventions—the N. C. Home Economics association, which will convene Friday and Saturday at the Highland Pines Inn, and the Mid-Year Council of Business and Professional Women, meeting Saturday and Sunday at the Hollywood hotel.

Both groups will use our new auditorium for their business sessions, at which invited speakers and members of their own organizations will bring them up to date on general and professional topics.

They will have social functions, and will also take time out to tour the town and the adjacent countryside, eager for new sights and beautiful impressions.

It is a signal honor for Southern Pines to welcome within her borders such gatherings of what may well be the state's most important and influential people. The home economists have the strongest influence of any group on the home life of today and tomorrow. As for the business and professional women, any business man will tell you that his women execu-

tives are his most valued employees, and his women competitors are the ones he respects the most. It is quite likely that all the politicians of the state gathered in one group would not have nearly the power as is concentrated in these two groups, nor use such power as they have in such constructive ways.

There is one thing about women at work: they eagerly wish to learn. They aim not to be merely good, but the best, and they appreciate the best wherever they find it. They are content with no halfway measures. To please their exacting taste, to give them a happy experience here, would be a feather in 'Southern Pines' cap.

With the greatest of pleasure we greet the N. C. Home Economists, the North Carolina BPW's. Ladies, we are more than happy to have you here; come often, stay long—the latch string is always out.

Tuesday—Election Day

The citizen's obligation to vote is often far greater when results seem assured, when controversies fail to challenge and when issues have apparently become lost in a surface agreement. History shows that it is at these times of agreeable somnolence that the devil puts a wedge in, all unnoticed, starting trouble when the voters are drowsing which later they must contend with on a far different level.

History shows that the trends which later grow into strife-filled issues invariably have their inception when those who should be on their guard are asleep.

That is one big trouble in a one-party state. The primaries bring out all the heavy guns. The battle is done, or seems so, and the election itself appears to be only a matter of rote.

There is great danger in the result—that on election day voters stay away from the polls by the thousands, convinced that their vote will make no difference anyhow, and that only the majority matters.

In North Carolina it is pretty much taken for granted that the Democratic party will win on all fronts—though some election day, and it may well be this one, the voters are going to be vastly surprised. All it will take will be for the Republicans to take their vote seriously, while the Democrats, as usual, do not.

Also, trends indicated by vote percentages are extremely important, encouraging or discouraging elements in both parties which have their axes to grind. It is here that trends are nourished which might otherwise have died a-borning.

Then, too, the candidates need the assurance of a full vote, whether they are returning to an old job or taking on a new one. They will be better office holders for knowing that the electorate is behind them and the party.

So on Tuesday, November 7, you will do well to exercise your democratic privilege at the polling place; speak out unequivocally with the ballot for which the forefathers of our democracy fought and died.

Pity The Hoarder

Pity the poor hoarder. These words are not written sarcastically. They are written in earnest.

When his country goes to war, the person who responds by stashing away canned goods, sugar, stockings, tires or any other item in a long list of things, including automobiles—this person misses so much.

He misses the thrill of a common experience.—when others think of victory, the hoarder thinks only of comfort and luxury. When others are thinking of what they can give—their services, their fortunes, even their lives—the hoarder is plotting only of what he can avoid.

When others are enjoying the comradeship of their fellow Americans, trusting in and returning their fairness, the hoarder trusts no one because he knows that he himself cannot be trusted.

When others taste the deep, quiet satisfaction of being able to say to themselves, "I did my part; I played the game," the hoarder has to say to himself, "My country won in spite of me and others like me."

What makes a hoarder tick? Is he so much more fearful than anybody else? Then in his cowardice he is pitiable. Does he enjoy cheating? Then he is even more to be pitied.

For whom does the hoarder hoard? Himself? Then he is terribly alone. For wife or for husband? If the mate appreciates the hoarding, then the hoarder is to be pitied for being married to such a person. For children? Then the hoarder must expect that his children some day will either have contempt for him or will grow to be like him.

The hoarder doesn't know what he is missing—the pleasure of comradeship, of cooperation, of contribution, or devotion. He is like a blind person who does not even know that there are such things as light, color and perspective. For his very insensitiveness he is to be pitied.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "You must share the passions and actions of your time, at the peril of not having lived."

The hoarder does not share the passions of the free people who are acting together in behalf of liberty and peace. He does not live among them. His are the passions of greed and avarice—which he shares with the pack rat and the squirrel.

—St. Louis Star-Times

Wizard Rotarians

The costumes and masks have been put away. The Halloween goblins are children again, with no more black magic on their minds than how to bewitch an E out of the teacher.

And for a good deed well done, we thank the Southern Pines Rotary club, who through their annual community Halloween festival convert what was a time to dread, into a time of wonderful, wholesome fun.

That takes work—and wizardry. It's got us believing in magic too.

Grains of Sand

Sunday was a golden day, the best October produces, and the town park was a scene of busy activity all afternoon. . . . At one time all four tennis courts were in use, all seven swings were swinging, both slides were accommodating lines of youngsters, a sandlot baseball game and also a football game were in progress. . . . Parents filled the benches or sat on the grass, watching their eternally busy young.

The expansion of the playground, completed last week, is the first expenditure of the town funds you voted for recreation purposes last August. . . . Some distance from the old swing-and-slide set-up is another, for smaller children. . . . All the little swings are bright red and they make a charming sight.

"All About Eve," coming to the Carolina theatre Wednesday thru Saturday, is 138 minutes long and we hear that every one of those minutes packs a punch. . . . It was the first picture to be shown at the Rocky theatre in New York City to which no one was admitted after the feature started, an experiment the theatre management reported as highly satisfactory, drawing much pleased comment from the crowds which packed the place for four showings a day.

There was an interval between each showing in which the audience was cleared out and filled up again. . . . After which the doors were closed till the picture's end. . . . "No interruptions during the show, nobody crawling over your knees," were the main things concerning which the movie-goers expressed themselves with pleasure.

At the Carolina, Southern Pines audiences have this privilege all the time. . . . We have often wondered why Charlie Picquet didn't yield to custom and run his features continuously. . . . Maybe, though, he knows what he's doing.

With Our Students. . . Freshman Rosemary Dundas has pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma at Duke university, following in the footsteps of her mother, who was a Kappa at Minnesota. . . . Mickey Walsh, Jr., has been elected president of the Student Council at Belmont Abbey, where he is a senior this year and a consistent varsity player in football, basketball and baseball. . . . Gene (Tink) Bowden, fullback on the varsity football squad at Campbell college, has seen action in all the games played thus far in the season.

Information which came too late for inclusion in our story last week, about Annabelle Webb Pearson, who is opening her voice studio here, is that Walter Bartholomew, now dean of music at Yale university, was one of her teachers. . . . And while studying in New York City she sang with the Junior League glee club.

Mrs. Pearson is teaching in the guest house of her home. . . . If our school glee club's accomplishments over the years is an indication, there is plenty of talent here for her to work with.

We have welcomed successively, three new entrants or returnees on the local journalistic scene. . . . Pinehurst's lively "Cracker Barrel," whose appearance each fall is a sure sign the Season is Under Way. . . . "Fox Tales," the school newspaper, and now "The Sand Spur," one-page mimeographed bulletin of the Southern Pines Rotary club, which Charlie Covell, editor, manages to make informative, interesting, entertaining and inspirational all at the same time. . . . No mean feat.

We always have a big backpat handy for the "Cracker Barrel," daily product of the ingenuity of the indomitable Shearwoods. . . . It is frankly publicity, but not the ram-down-your-throat kind. . . . It contains in very limited space all the news of resort interest at Pinehurst, comings and goings at the hotels, events and tournament results. . . . Even the ad plugs are witty and interesting.

Providing something new for the local folk and also, we are informed, drawing many visitors to town is our new health and reducing studio, The Pines, conducted by a charming ex-schoolteacher, Miss Pauline Duncan, over at the Southland. . . . She smooths your aches, pains and excess avoirdupois away in perfectly delightful fashion, with electric massage and steam bath. . . . It makes you feel like a kitten whose fur is being stroked the right way, and you all but purr under her ministrations. . . . Men as well as women are flocking over to The Pines, according to latest information.

We wrote up a story about Miss Duncan and her methods when she first came here a couple of months ago. . . . We listened to her description, and wrote it up as the "Figure-8" treatment, which it sounded like to us. . . . We found

out later that it is "Figure-Aid," though Miss Duncan said it didn't make any difference. . . . However, since aid to figures rather than figure-8 figures are more in keeping with the times, we'll set the record straight right here.

Friends of little "Mac" Fowler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Fowler, who knew him to be possessed of a little black dog as constant companion, were surprised the other day when the three-year-old paraded down the street with a little white dog, just the same size as the other.

Only it wasn't another dog. . . . Mac had painted his pooch.

"Wiggles" stayed white only one day. . . . He was restored to his original dark hue with solvent. . . . Not that he appeared to care one way or the other, and frisked along as happily after Mac painted as unpainted.

Mrs. W. S. Jonker, for whom we made an appeal not long ago in behalf of babies she boards at her home, said the response was just fine. . . . Not only did she receive the baby carriage she needed to take her young charges for an airing, but also clothes and toys were sent over. . . . Among those who responded so generously were Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Rufe Chatfield and Mrs. James Prim.

A card from the Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, former pastor of the Church of Wide Fellowship and more recently of the Circular Congregational church at Charleston, S. C., is of interest to his friends here. . . . It comes from 316 West College Terrace, Frederick, Md., with the notation, "Lost old acquaintance be forgot," note my new address.

"After more than 50 years in the Congregational ministry, I retired last month from the pastorate of the 'oldest Congregational church in the South,' at Charleston, S. C. My service began there April 23, 1941. I hope to publish some of my meditations upon the leadership of Christ in the Church since His resurrection.

"Grateful beyond words for his guidance and for friendships formed during the past, I shall be glad if my writing may partly repay my debt to schools, churches and my family, including also those who have gone beyond the shores of time."

The Public Speaking

MORE ABOUT TAFT

To The Pilot.
I failed to mention in a previous article that another pink "Liberal" organization known as Americans for Democratic Action are giving their wholehearted support to Senator Taft's unknown and insignificant opponent. We all know that this outfit has for years persistently advocated compromise and appeasement of Soviet Russia. The word "Democratic" could well be omitted from the title of this organization.

Senator Taft feels the trend toward socialism in this country is very apparent and increasing. With that in mind, he also feels that he is waging more of a crusade than a political campaign in the senatorial election in Ohio next week. He believes it is a crusade for liberty and freedom against socialism, or in fact, any radical change in the American way of life. For that reason he is directly opposed to any socialist plan which would involve a completely controlled people in a "handout state." He wants no part of the proposed "welfare state"—or a shackled Congress subservient to a socialistic dictatorship.

Senator Taft abhors (1) the Brannan plan, under which he believes agriculture in the United States will be shackled as it has never been before in this country's history; (2) The proposed Spence bill, calling for police state controls shackling free enterprise; (3) Socialized medicine, the estimated cost of which would be \$5 billion, and again would tend to shackle the entire medical profession; (4) deficit financing and artificial cheap money rates, and all Fair Deal schemes for Federal banking and business undertakings; (5) excessive taxation other than for military needs.

Perhaps the rural vote in Ohio will save Bob Taft. God knows, the Union—Communist—Socialist vote in the big Ohio cities will not. The nation needs him.

JULIAN T. BISHOP

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