

# THE PILOT

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KATHARINE BOYD Editor  
VALERIE NICHOLSON Asst. Editor  
DAN S. RAY General Manager  
C. G. COUNCIL Advertising

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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.

## Graham Going In

So Frank Graham has been given a job and one of the hardest jobs going. It would be. And he would take it. Not for him to refuse to work for the government for fear of fights or slander, or the fact that the task is an almost impossibly difficult one. Those things have deterred many a man working for his country of late, but not Dr. Graham.

Secretary Tobin, in announcing the appointment of the new chief of defense plant manpower spoke of Dr. Graham's "notable success in achieving cooperation between management and labor." He might well have added that Dr. Graham's notable success in bringing peace out of war in Indonesia as well as his recent successful handling of the Alaskan situation, not to mention his years of outstanding service on the War Labor Board, make him an obvious choice for this position.

If there is anyone who can bring order out of the chaos that exists, it should be Frank Graham. He has always had the confidence of labor, but also, while on the Labor Board, he was noted for the toughness as well as the justice of his decisions. He it was, more than anyone else on the board, who held out against the demands made at that time by John L. Lewis and brought the labor czar to terms.

This appointment of a man noted for his absolute integrity is especially welcome at this time when the whole country has been shaken by signs of deteriorating moral standards in so many branches of the government. From the RFC scandal touching the White House and reaching into Congress, to the recent defection of Republican leader Senator Robert Taft from the ranks of the upright to become a follower of McCarthy, the cloud of suspicion and downright corruption has been growing ever blacker. The Graham appointment may bring upon the administration censure from some of those responsible for the former senator's defeat in last year's campaign, but to the country at large the return to public life and the service of his country of this man of high character will come as a breath of much-needed fresh air.

Dr. Graham's entrance into the labor management scene, with its clashing elements so threatening to the nation's safety and welfare, brings a gleam of hope into the picture. He is a negotiator of great and proved skill, of which the secret may be that he has an unshakable faith in mankind. It seems more than possible that he will be able to bring the warring factions together.

Thus it is that Dr. Graham goes to his post, one of the utmost difficulty, bringing to it qualities and experience that hold promise of success. With him go the good wishes of his fellow North Carolinians, proud of him now as they have been so often in the past.

## Operation United Nations

We are uncertain whether the title "Operation Killer" is an official one, conferred by the armed forces on the Korean campaign or whether it has been coined by the press and the commentators. In either case, it would seem unfortunate. It denotes a bloodthirsty callousness and cruelty that, we feel, is far from representing the feeling of Americans towards this war or any other.

And on the other side, such a term fits directly into the crazy picture the Russians are trying to create of this nation as a greedy, power-crazy ruthless giant, barbarous and brutal, endeavoring to swallow up the rest of the world.

Our country is, on the one hand, trying to lead the UN forces to decisive victory in Korea. We believe that we can convince the Soviet that we intend and are able to resist any attempt she makes to spread further her totalitarian rule. On the other hand, it is just as clear that the United States does not desire war, or more power, or territory; that our people decline to believe that all-out war with Russia is inevitable and that they are determined that our government shall explore every possible avenue to peace.

This dual role is a supremely difficult one and the bright boys who thought up the name for the Korean fighting have made it a good deal harder. Whether meant as a morale builder or as a scarehead for our enemies, it is a stupid idea.

War is a killing operation but Americans have always looked on it as a dirty business that had to be got through with. There is nothing in our history to show that we have shrunk from any of its aspects. Since the days of the frontiersman with his long rifle and tomahawk right down to the marines on Guadalcanal, we have hated every bit of war, but we have always gone through with what had to be done.

It is not necessary, it is, in fact, insulting and revolting to imagine that Americans must be

built up as brutal and bloody fighters in order to spur them on. But that is really the least of it; just as in a certain sense, the war is the least of it. It's what will come after the war that matters, and here is where the other side of our dual role must be considered. It won't do much good to win the war if we lose the peace.

Just recently Marquis Childs wired the papers from India: "The remarks of General McArthur, widely printed here, saying that the sight of dead North Koreans was good for his old eyes, has caused highly unfavorable reaction." Such remarks, broadcast over the world, are a serious handicap to our cause, just as winning the peace was easier of attainment before somebody thought up the name "Operation Killer."

## Clean Up Lots

This is the time when everything begins to take a look of spick and span, spring-around-the-corner freshness. Paint gleams more brightly, yards look greener, flowering shrubs add their touch of color. To ride around town at this time of year is to be impressed anew with the attractiveness of our community. It is an extra pity, then, that the general effect should be occasionally marred by the looks of a few untidy lots which the owners have failed to clean up earlier in the winter.

Bad weather or other excuses are blamed for the presence of straggling vines and high, ragged broom-straw where it ought not to be; but, after all, anyone can find excuses and such evils beset everybody; yet in the great majority of cases people seem to manage to get their yards fixed up by spring. So the untidy ones may well call themselves to account and hurry to get caught up.

Like many things that get put off too long, the putter-offer, in this case, is going to suffer a bit. Or not, depending whether or not he sees things from the proper gardener's outlook. The easiest and quickest way to dispose of the scythed broomstraw and collected leaves off a lot is to burn it. . . thereby raising a nice smelling smoke but also provoking howls of anguish from aforesaid gardeners. "Don't you know you must NEVER burn leaves and grass? Don't you . . . poor benighted lumatic. . . know that it makes the most wonderful fertilizer in the world, Mother Nature's World Famous Guaranteed Mulch, Free to the User?"

Some do and some don't; mostly don't, according to indignant growers. But however that is, the burning of trash, from now on, is strictly against the fire warden's views, until things start to grow really green and the danger from brush fires is over. So, it's too late to burn the trash that has accumulated and will be added to when those vacant lots are cleared. Nevertheless cleared they should be, even if it forces sceptics and reluctant scoffers to go in for mulching in self-defense.

There is a town ordinance that calls for the cleaning up of vacant lots around town. Like most of our town rules, its enforcement is seldom necessary. Most of our people know that part of their responsibility as citizens of an unusually attractive little town is to help keep it looking its best. However, for the delinquents, there the ordinance is. It was adopted by the town board, it has the backing of our people as a sound and sensible measure. We submit that it would be a good idea for everyone to cooperate in carrying it out.

## The Army Will Be Coming In

It won't be very long now before this section is taken over by the army for maneuvers. There will be camps established here and there and the roads will be crowded with trucks and tanks and artillery, not to mention the jeeps skittering about on their breakneck errands.

Our people will be glad to see all this going on. Upon the success of these war games, as evidence of our power and preparedness, may well depend whether or not World War III develops and, if that tragedy should occur, how well we shall acquit ourselves.

Many of us recall vividly the last time the maneuvers were held here. It was an exciting but in some respects a difficult time for civilians. Proud as we may be of being chosen as a pretend-battlefield, we might as well get ready to put up with some inconvenience and possible trouble.

The likelihood of forest fires starting is great. It seems that our fire wardens are already lying awake nights worrying about it. It will be a miracle if thousands of GIs, turned loose to build fires, smoke, shoot, and generally careen about, do not start a blaze, or lots of them.

Our towns, of course, will be the goal of weekend and evening passes and we shall have to get ourselves organized to handle the influx. If there are as many troops here as reports indicate, parrish house and community hall committees may well begin now collecting beds and linen and cookie jars.

But motorists are liable to have the hardest time. It is no joke to cope with an army convoy. If it is coming at you, driving is precarious, and if you get behind one you might as well give up. It is impossible to pass safely and the seemingly endless line proceeds at the relentlessly measured pace of those under dire orders to arrive at their destination neither before nor after 17:04; or whatever. Motorists might as well start right now laying in a super store of patience.

Having said all that we can only add that, aside from burning up the woods, which we sincerely hope they won't do, the army is welcome to our Sandhills. Whether they roll up our highways, drop down on us from the skies, or simply show up on the porch, looking as if a cup of coffee would be an awfully good idea, we shall be glad to see them.

# Grains of Sand

Southern Pines dogs are trained, and a good thing too. They roam freely over our streets but we have never heard of one being killed on the track which cuts right through the heart of town.

Saturday morning we observed a pooch at the corner of New York avenue and Broad. The morning train was standing with its diesel nose right at the intersection. The warning bell was going, and the dog stood still.

He looked across New York avenue and observed an elderly couple walking toward the tracks. He trotted over and followed them across, his nose right at their heels. Apparently he knew that if they were going across the tracks, it was O. K. Once over, they parted, the pooch going one way and the couple the other, unaware that they had done a good turn.

Tom Kelly is a man who has dreams. Several in his lifetime have turned out, by accident or some supernatural design, to have significance. He dreamed once of an error he had made in a bid while employed in a bond-selling house, awoke early and checked his figures and sure enough, there was the error. He wired the company not to accept the bid until he could revise it.

Two years ago he said that, while traveling on Cape May, he dreamed of seeing Bill Fownes and his brother Heinie, old friends of some 40 years' standing. In the dream they passed him with heads lowered, not speaking. He awoke disturbed, and decided to go 120 miles out of his way to drop in at Bill Fownes' summer home. When he reached there he found Bill was not there—he had left for Pittsburgh early that morning on receipt of the news of Heinie's death. Then last year, of course, Bill died.

A strange coincidence—but maybe not worth bringing up at this late date, except that Tom has now dreamed of two other friends related to each other, who passed him with heads down, not speaking. Don't ask him who they are—he won't tell you. But the dream brought him into the Pilot office last Saturday, to inquire if we had had any bad news.

Every year a good many go from here to the annual Azalea Festival at Wilmington, with especial enjoyment of beautiful Orton Plantation, the only surviving mansion of colonial days on the Cape Fear river. We have been asked to publish the dates of the Festival when the announcement came, so here they are: Thursday, March 29, through Sunday, April 1, at which time the famed azaleas are expected to be at the height of their bloom. Beautiful Orton, built in 1725, stands in a formal setting of boxwoods, camellias, azaleas and lily-pools on a high bluff overlooking the river. More than 50 varieties of camellias and azaleas grow there.

With Our Students: Robert F. McLeod, son of Dr. Vida C. McLeod, is on the dean's list for the spring semester at Duke. Alton Blue, a sophomore at ECTC, Greenville, served as electrical technician for the production of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" recently given at the college—a responsible job, as the play uses no sets and depends on lighting for its effects.

The Sandhills Women's Open, to be played March 24-26, will be the first to bring women professionals to this golfing community. . . . However, in 1928 Mrs. Francis T. Keating originated the idea for the Pine Needles. . . . It was the year the Pine Needles opened, and while none of the women professionals of that day were able to attend the tournament, Mrs. Keating deserves the credit for having been the first golfer to propose and establish a Women's Open, according to the views of Bob Harlow, publisher of Golf World.

The event was won by amateur Virginia Van Wie of Chicago, who defeated Glenna Collett in the final at the 20th hole. Women's professional golf has developed greatly in the intervening years, and many topnotchers in this field will be on hand for the Women's Open benefiting the Red Cross, to be played the first day at Pine Needles, the second at Mid Pines and the third on Pinehurst No. 2.

We don't know what is going to happen to the Frank de Costas' tourist business, nor what sort of reputation their Southern Pines Cottages is getting up and down the highways. . . . Rehearsals of the zany play "You Can't Take It With You," have been going on nights for some time in, their big

living room. . . . There's hardly a rehearsal when one or more would-be spend-the-nighters don't appear at the door, and stand open-mouthed while they observe the antics of what must look like a large and utterly crazy family.

One night the cast looked up to observe a stranger who had entered unseen, closed the door and stood there for no telling how long, during that mad scene in the second act when one character is posing, another painting, another dancing, another playing the piano, others shouting at the tops of their voices. . . . Things slowed down as the cast stared at the stranger; he stared back, gulped, flung open the door and fled into the night.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Newcomer, who celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary Sunday. . . . That is a rare and wonderful achievement. . . . We wish them many more happy years in our midst.

If The Pilot's classified advertisement can keep on matching up losers and finders, as we did week before last in the case of Diana Pearson's bicycle, we'll be mighty happy even though it loses us some ads.

A. R. Preiss phoned Saturday to say he had a pair of glasses, apparently a child's, with extra strong lens, which were found near the corner of Rhode Island avenue and Ridge. . . . Chances are a distraught parent will be in to advertise the loss. . . . We hope to report next week that, thanks to Mr. Preiss' thoughtfulness, some nearsighted kid is wearing his or her specs again. We can imagine nothing so useful to the owner, nor so useless to anyone else, as a pair of special glasses. . . . Unless it's a set of false teeth.

The philosopher Immanuel Kant concluded that each person ought to have two aims in life: (1) to make himself perfect, and (2) to make others happy. People run into all sorts of trouble when they try to make themselves happy and make the other fellow perfect.—Greensboro News.

If you've ever wondered awesomely at the person who finds time to read a couple of books each week and at the same time leads an exceedingly busy life, you needn't wonder. The fellow has a system for harnessing time. There are many like him.

Linda Roberts recently outlined in the Boston Globe her 10 points on "How to Get Time to Read a Book." Here they are:

1. Talk less.
2. Carry a book in your bag.
3. Put a book under your pillow at night; if you can't sleep, read.
4. Wake up 15 minutes earlier every morning and read.
5. Keep a book handy to pick up in the kitchen, bathroom, on the dresser, telephone stand.
6. Have a book ready when meeting unpunctual people.
7. Take along your own book when going to the dentist, doctor, lawyer, hairdresser. Why read their old magazines?
8. Keep an unread book in your car in case of traffic jams, or a wait for repairs.
9. Never go on a journey without a book; you might not like your seat-mate.
10. Remember that a book in the hand is worth two in the bookcase.

## In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

### TEN YEARS AGO

Bill to extend city limits of Southern Pines is killed in committee during closing days of State Legislature.

Robert Bailey is winner in American Legion high school oratorical contest. Season in full swing—Sandhills race meet, Pinehurst horse show, Southern Pines hunter trials, North and South Open, Women's Mid-South Golf Championship at Southern Pines Country club and polo match at Pinehurst all on schedule for week.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Theft of 15 golf balls by two young colored boys provides Southern Pines' new municipal court with its first case.

Fox and drag hunting season closes for Moore County Hounds and Verner Z. Reed pack at Pinehurst.

James Tufts and John Hemmer start museum of local antiquities and novelties at Pinehurst, with Indian artifacts being the first items placed therein.

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