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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.

Starting Without Metaphors

Commencement speakers are hard put to it these dark days. To look the graduating classes in the eye, complimenting them on their achievements in winning their diplomas and then to invite them out to take their places in the mess that is the world today is a distasteful task. Most of the speakers throw up their hands, confess the failures of their own generation, and then toss the ball into the hands of the nearest graduate with a: "Son, or daughter, do the best you can; it's your turn now!"

The world they have been studying about was a different place. We read the novels of Jane Austen, written during and about the times when England was fighting for her life against Napoleon, and look in vain for any mention of that bloodiest war in all history, as it then was. But we don't have to go back to the early 1800's to see a difference; things were different when some of the commencement speakers themselves were coming of age. War was a grim reality to them, but hardly the fateful spectre of global disaster that it is now; there was not then the feeling of balancing precariously on the outer edge of an avalanche.

The young people of today are up against it, but in recognizing that fact there is a certain strength. Their decks are cleared for action. Gone are the rosy dreams of past graduations, as gone as the flowery metaphors of the visiting dignitary's speech. He would not dare offer metaphors to the clear-eyed, rather skeptical, but withal resolute young people who face him across the rostrum of today's commencement hall. He knows that they know that rosy dreams and metaphors are no good.

That's a gain. There is no "lost generation" here. Everybody is in it together and no one is telling any fairytales or asking for them.

This is a time of change, of uncertainty that reaches deep. A great part of the world is in a state of mental slavery, but in the other part, the stirring of men's minds is almost revolutionary. With this stirring there is an awareness of fundamentals perhaps keener than of yore. Just as things seem more precious when they are almost lost, so the old qualities of courage and honesty and kindness, the sharp values of individual thinking, tenacious, shrewd brain-work, and compassionate wisdom shine more brightly today through the fog of doubt and danger.

Because they have been almost lost, because they are so deeply needed, their value is beyond price. The light of these old qualities is reflected, in hope and readiness, in the faces of the young people who step up to take the ball and carry it forward.

It's Time To Decide

It is evident that something big is brewing in the East. Not only is the news of victory of the UN forces more definite than it has ever been before, but in reports of attempted negotiation on the part of the Soviet Union, transmitted through Sweden, there is evidence that the time is approaching to which we have been looking forward when great decisions are going to be called for.

Are we ready to make the decisions: that is something the American people have a right to know.

The MacArthur hearings have brought to the fore the conflicting views on the status of China. While the general himself, in a statement that must have stunned his supporters, appeared to uphold the administration's thesis, that Communist China is Chinese red as opposed to Moscow red and is not completely subservient to Soviet dictation, the old opinion of the pro-Chiang crowd continues to plague the councils of state. So much so that only last week both Dean Rusk and John Foster Dulles, of the state department, in speeches delivered at the China institute dinner on the same occasion, appeared to be opposing their own department's policy.

These statements were taken up subsequently by Secretary of State Acheson, explaining that they did not mean just what they seemed to mean, and implying that negotiation with the present Chinese regime was not ruled out, but they have done a good deal of damage. They have contributed to the feeling of uncertainty among our people and have strengthened the belligerent diehards and that segment of the public that turns so easily toward the doctrine of force.

If, as seems now probable, the time for settlement of the Korean war is at hand, it is vital necessary that the administration presents an unbroken front. Through Generals Marshall and Bradley and the president's own words, it has been clearly indicated that we want to stop the fighting, and to try to work out some solution that will be for the best interests of that unhappy region. It has been at least implied that we shall not insist on the liberation and unifying of all of Korea but that we shall resist any bargaining that leaves the United Na-

tions holding the short end of the stick.

This is a time, then, for holding the breath and sitting tight, and that is something it is hard for Americans, of all peoples, to do. We grow restive, at such times, longing to apply a push here or a tug there. Right now, though, the best push is the silent one: the push of the thought that says to those who are having to make this decision: "Go ahead; try hard; do your best. The decision is yours and time presses. Free yourselves from the influence of irresponsible party politics and take your stand together."

Cheers and Groans

At a recent conference of editors a discussion of the craft brought condemnation of what was called the "clap-hands" editorial, the kind that begins "we are happy to report . . ." or "it is welcome news that . . ."

There is no clap-hands editorial to offer this week, instead there is a sad-to-relate and a moaning-and-wailing. It is this newspaper's mournful task to comment on the doleful fact that the Manly Wellmans are leaving the Sandhills, actually moving, early this month, up the road to Chapel Hill, sixty-five too many miles away.

Since they came to Moore County these good citizens have made signal contributions to the life of their own and neighboring communities, Manly Wade Wellman has not remained the aloof author and historian of note, but has jumped into things with might and main. He has been town clerk of Pinebluff, helped to get scouting going there and supported it mightily. He has been actively interested in the county library and has produced two plays, one his own and the other a Broadway hit, pulled off in real Broadway style. He has been an ardent member of the Moore County Historical Association bringing inspiration to others and, through his recorded researches into local history, making a telling contribution to the archives of this county.

In fact, if there was anything good going on, from music and drama to politics, Manly Wellman was apt to be in the middle of it. As for Mrs. Wellman, her playing has been a delight to her friends while she has spread wide the gospel of music through her many pupils.

Perhaps this is a clap-hands editorial after all. Surely along with the regret at their departure goes a whole battery of hand-claps testifying to how much the Wellmans will be missed. We hope Chapel Hill will prove delightful, but if it doesn't . . . we're saving a few hand-claps, just in case.

Bad Weather for Ducks

Whoever sticks his nose out-of-doors, these early mornings, sniffs the cool dry air and says: "What perfect weather," is making a bad mistake. The fair weather that so delights him, that sends the golfer stepping along the links and the tennis player romping to the courts, is just about as bad as it can be.

Drought which has blanketed the entire south in an arid pall of sunlight and chilly dusty winds, is creating havoc with our agriculture and that means eventually with our economy. If, as the rule goes, an army marches on its stomach, so does a nation. If weather is bad for farmers, it is bad for everybody.

Here in Moore County, things are beginning to reach a crisis. Crops sown earlier have not matured, many have not come up at all. Repeated plantings have still not produced a blade. Many farmers have planted their cotton twice, but the cool nights have checked its growth. It will soon be too late to try again. Tobacco plants which had to be set out when the plants were the right size, have failed to catch hold in the dust-dry soil. The cool nights have favored transplanting but the continuing drought now threatens the local crop.

Home gardeners are suffering, too. Housewives who planned to fill their Deep Freezers full of garden produce find themselves faced with a few boxes of peas from the straggling, already fading rows, and little prospect of the beans, spinach, and okra they always count on. Tomato plants are beginning to droop. This is the smaller scale of food stuffs but it counts a lot in the overall picture.

The discouraged, exasperated grower looking for a reason for all this woe, reads of sun-spots, the biggest ever observed, and shakes his head. It seems just apiece with the general cussedness of things to believe that his friend, the Sun, has gone back on him.

The Insouciant Winner

Let those Yankees who believe that Southerners are barefooted and illiterate pause in reflection.

Shod in a plaid vest, blue shoes with pink shoelaces and chartreuse socks, Irving Belz, age 13, from Tennessee, won the championship of the 24th annual national spelling bee last week. The meaning of his winning word, "insouciant," characterized the behavior of Irving who seemed perfectly confident and carefree.

His prize is \$500 and a trip to New York. Undoubtedly, \$500 is appreciated, even in Tennessee, but from the trip to New York we can't imagine what Irving would gain. They can't even spell up there. The runner-up, Michael Arating, of Brooklyn, got fancy with the word "cuisine" and tried to put a "q" in it. Heaven knows what he would have done if he had gotten to "insouciant."

They are not only insouciant in Tennessee, but they are smart as well. Irving's younger brother Saul, age 9, who was sitting in the audience, in answer to the pronouncer's call of "consomme" unconcernedly answered "s-o-u-p."

If Irving insists on taking his trip to New York and wears his chartreuse socks and pink shoelaces he may have some fun. At least the Empire State building is worth looking at and the "cuisine" is good in Brooklyn.

Grains of Sand

Something quite different in the way of birthday parties was given recently at the New England House. The honoree was Beanie, pet dog of the Misses Bates, proprietors.

Pooches of the neighborhood attended the party. One uninvited guest came along, but was made welcome with the others in sharing the birthday cake, which was served on the spacious porch.

Gifts, including some delicious bones, were brought to Beanie. All had a wonderful time and the guests considerably left early, as soon as the refreshments had been served, to give Beanie time to enjoy his gifts.

Speaking of bones—there are all kinds:

Overheard on a Broad Street corner (speakers, a dark-complexioned pair)—"And then I put my bones down on the seat and no sooner had I put them down than he picked up my bones and put them in his pocket, and off he went with my bones."

We enjoyed reading a story in The New Yorker not so long ago in which a contributor related how he purposely withheld the renewal of his subscription to Time in order to subject himself to the full barrage of the high-pressure sales campaign of that lively newsmagazine's circulation department.

Anyone who has ever been through it knows this is really something. Every stop is pulled out on the organ of salesmanship. The persuasive eloquence mounts over weeks and months until finally the target's spirit is broken, and he is convinced that he cannot struggle on any longer without Time—also, that it matters terrifically to Time, which is holding its breath till that renewal comes in.

Soon after this story appeared, our own renewal for The New Yorker became due. Now, we don't know if the editors decided just to be different or what, but this is all we got:

"Dear Subscriber: Your subscription to The New Yorker has only a few weeks to run. We hope that you have enjoyed the magazine and that you will allow us to continue sending it to you each week. To avoid interruption of service, in the event that you have decided to re-subscribe, it is important that you fill out the enclosed card and mail it to us with your check at your earliest convenience. Sincerely yours, The New Yorker."

You'd think they didn't care a bit! (But we renewed!)

One end of telephone conversation, overheard at the William and Mary (sundry shop opposite Moore County hospital): "Gene! I have some wonderful news! The X-rays showed it's going to be TWINS. . . Gene! Gene? . . . Hey, GENE! . . . Where are you? . . . What happened?"

In the Mailbag. . . Note with a Pilot fenewal—"Just love your paper! Ruth C. C." . . . That's Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, of Concord, one of the busiest ladies in the state. . . We're happy that in her active life and promotion of many worthwhile causes she finds time to subscribe to, and to read, our paper.

Rep. C. B. Deane, our Eighth district congressman, was one of four leading Tar Heels initiated as honorary members into ODK, national honorary leadership fraternity, at Wake Forest college last week. . . All those so honored were Wake Forest alumni and "C. B." in addition served a good many years as a trustee of that institution. . . We know he will wear his golden key proudly, and that he will in turn be an ornament to the fraternity.

Paging Miss Coleman! A lady of that name left an ad with The Pilot a couple of weeks ago but failed to give her first name and address. Replies to the ad were to be sent to the Pilot box number. Several have come in, but Miss Coleman has not, and we do not know where to find her.

With Our Students. . . The students are all leaving their respective schools now, but we are just catching up on some of their honors and activities of the past year. . . Peggy Jean Cameron, a senior at Woman's college, won an honor we believe was not duplicated by anybody else. . . She was chosen "Dream Girl" of Theta Chi fraternity at Duke, an accolade such as most girls would prefer to Phi Beta Kappa.

Louise Milliken was selected as one of a group of eight girls to be pictured in the St. Mary's an-

nual as "outstanding seniors" . . . The best all-round girls, by vote of their schoolmates. . . Another exclusive and distinguished honor for a local girl.

Mrs. C. L. Hayes was the lucky lady, and we do mean lucky, whose name was drawn for the beautiful silver bowl at Theodota's spring "party" and showing of lovely things. . . She was the first one, as it happened, to get her name in the box during the gift shop's three-day event. . . They really shook that box up well!

The Public Speaking

HE WILL BE MISSED

The Pilot:
The sudden death of Tommy Vann was a great shock to me, as it must have been to the entire community.

I first became acquainted with Tommy back in the early thirties, through the medium of baseball. In the dark days of the depression, when but few were in a position to indulge in the usual vacations, we turned to baseball as a medium of entertainment. This brought about the formation of the Moore County League. It was a hard struggle to maintain the organization, but through co-operative effort it was successful. Tommy had his part in this development.

While he was older than many of the other players, he did play, and played well, for the Southern Pines team. He was easily one of the most popular players in the league. Indeed, it might not be out of order to say that he was the most popular, not only in his home town but in the other communities. Blessed with an even temper, he never seemed to lose his poise even under tight pressure. His sense of humor, his hearty laugh and his sportsmanship were often the means of ending hot discussions.

Tommy's friends were and are legion. I have never heard anyone speak of him except in a friendly way. He will be missed for himself. He will also be missed for his infectious laugh. When one, whose spirits happened to be depressed at the moment, met and talked to Tommy and heard him laugh, it was as good as a potent tonic.

My family joins me in extending sincere sympathy to Mrs. Vann and the children.
ELMER M. SIMKINS

Citizens Anonymous

DISGRACEFUL

To the Pilot.
I have seen on the street recently two men with decorated "T-shirts" on that are a disgrace. If they have no respect for their wives and families, they should not be allowed to wear them on the street and in the stores where respectable people have to go.
CITIZENS ANONYMOUS

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot Files:

TEN YEARS AGO

Organization of Moore County USO unit is begun, with Walter Ives, N. L. Hodgkins and Mrs. Clara Pushee heading the Southern Pines committee.

Moore county is as well organized and financed as any in the state, says Wilbur H. Currie, chairman of county commissioners, in talk before Sandhills Kiwanis club.

Dr. C. C. Weaver of Winston-Salem, former president of Emory and Henry college and father of Supt. P. J. Weaver, delivers commencement sermon at Church of Wide Fellowship.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Virgil Clark just misses capturing pilferer who steals \$6 from cash register of Brown and Clark garage.

Thirteen boys and 13 girls graduate from Southern Pines High school. Carl Thompson, Jr., is president of the class of 1931, Blanche Sherman is salutatorian and William Joseph Woodward valedictorian.

Hugh McNair Kahler's experiment in growing walnut trees is reported coming along well.

"ARCie" says:
Vacation time is Children's Time! Drive Carefully.
Don't Be Sorry.



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