

THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. 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.

Well Handled

Whatever may be thought of the outcome of the trial of the three paratroopers at Carthage last week, we believe that Moore County may congratulate itself on the manner in which the case was handled. The affair involved white men and a Negro woman; there were in it elements of a deeply shocking nature—much that could have been used to play upon the emotions and prejudices. Yet in every respect the trial was conducted with restraint and dignity on both sides.

Knowing that the case would attract great attention because of its sensational nature, considerable apprehension had been felt by those who would be taking part in the proceedings that outside elements might come in to stir up bad feeling. There was serious doubt whether a conviction, any conviction at all, could be obtained in the face of the prejudice that, it was feared, might develop. It turned out that such fears were groundless, to the great credit of all concerned, including the audience of Moore County people who packed the courtroom and won the commendation of the judge for their quiet and orderly behavior. The lawyers spoke to the point and with a minimum of inflammatory oratory, the judge was alert and firm, and the jury, earnest and attentive throughout, appear to have deliberated with the single purpose of determining the truth.

Manifestly, in such a case as this the truth is hard to find. There must remain considerable doubt whether all the truth was found at Carthage last week, and that is not to disparage in the least the efforts made. It is simply to say that, in such a tragic and terrible relapse into bestiality, what happened and why it happened must remain, and perhaps had just as well remain, dark as the dark night in which the evil thing took place.

Strange Things?

In an editorial entitled "Democratic Woes," the New York Herald Tribune concludes that "there are strange things going on among the Democrats, part comedy, part farce, and part tragedy." Could it be the Herald Tribune has forgotten the fourth ingredient: part, and a big part, the strong revival of a party that was never as far down to start with as some thought.

A party that can produce men of the calibre of those being named today as possible candidates for the presidential nomination has nothing much wrong with it. Take the two most often mentioned: Stevenson and Kefauver, they are among the best men in the country: vigorous, intelligent, idealistic, courageous. Each has proved his ability, each is a leader of men, each holds the respect not only of members of his own party but of the opposition. Back of them, in second rank of consideration, are the two Douglasses: Judge William O. Douglas and Senator Paul Douglas. Perhaps unavailable because of their own choice, they stand equally high in the opinion of men. The adjectives: idealistic, courageous, intelligent, that fit the first two, are equally appropriate to them.

There can be an embarrassment of riches, but the fact that the riches are there is proof positive that the Democratic party has not lost its vigor. In fact, we believe there has seldom been a time when so many men of such high character and ability have been mentioned, from one party, for a presidential nomination.

Is it possible that the Herald Tribune made an error in the title of its editorial? Should it have been called "Republican Woes?"

What Next For DPs?

On December 31st, the International Refugee Organization (IRO) which had been operating for the past six months on money saved during its existence, came to the end of its funds. On that final day, the last visa was issued to a Displaced Person under the current law. What is to happen now to the estimated 1,500,000 refugees, increasing yearly by 15, to 30,000, still left in over-crowded Europe? This is the appalling human question that faces us as responsible human beings.

Nothing has been definitely decided. The United Nations have been appealed to for a sum of money sufficient to handle starvation and emergency needs of the refugees, but, to date, their fate is uncertain. There are rumors that another organization is to be created to handle this problem, though the fact that IRO itself, which has done such a good job, should not be continued, is a disquieting omen. It looks as if this human question were not being treated with the urgent sympathy and wisdom it so vitally deserves.

It is America to which all are looking, to take the lead, but our record thus far is not encouraging. Although the United States has taken some 300,000 DPs, considering the size and wealth of our country we have fallen far be-

hind in doing our share. There are still 30,000 DPs, who have their US visas, who are being held up because of lack of resettlement opportunities: hundreds of sponsors are still needed. But it is the larger unfinished responsibility about which Americans should be thinking and acting: the responsibility that is constantly growing as more and more refugees escape from Iron-Curtain countries.

We must do better than we have done, for it is a shameful fact that we have insisted on conditions of entry that have needlessly disqualified thousands of would-be immigrants and that it has been overcrowded, under-fed Britain, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, as well as Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, that have opened their homes and hearts to everyone: to the old, the sick, the blind, to whom we have refused entry.

But there is no doubt that the DP question has not been truly understood in America. It's terrific urgency has not been stressed: the shocking conditions in which these people have to live in Europe's camps, and their increasingly desperate state of mind. Too often, also, things have gone wrong because of lack of preparation and understanding here. American sponsors, in applying for DPs, have expected to get robust peasants, hard-working, eager to do their best. Instead, all too frequently, their DPs have been exhausted, bewildered, undernourished, in a state of near apathy, and, instead of being full of gratitude they may even have shown suspicion and dislike of their employers. This is a shock, naturally, but if the employer knew what lay behind it, he would understand. The fact is, for six or eight or ten years, in some cases for much longer, these people have led an existence of complete instability. They have lived in camps, or caves, have begged for their food or looted for it; they have been herded hither and yon, have had nothing to look forward to and only memories of horror behind them. Until they reached friendly hands, many suffered from brutal treatment, while even in the IRO camps, due to the numbers of them, the infinite complications and the lack of funds, their treatment could only be in the mass. During all this time, it must be remembered, the DPs had no steady work at all. There is little doubt that what most of them need is a period of recuperation and reeducation before they can take up normal living and working again.

In considering the problem of whether we should open our doors to more of these wanderers, the average American will look on it as a duty, a humane and urgent world-need. But there is a brighter side of the picture. This country has acquired men and women of character and skill and great talent among the refugees. In the struggle against communism, it is thought that the 5,000,000 DP letters, written to their families and friends still in Iron Curtain countries, have great propaganda value. Many DPs, of course, are taking an active part in the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe programs. As for the cost of the thing, it is estimated that the resettlement of a DP costs \$229.41, a sum that would be paid back in income taxes in less than three years.

It is to be earnestly hoped that the end of IRO will not mean, as must seem likely to these wretched people, the end of them. As we ponder what should be done, as the delay goes on, with this human problem pushed to the background behind so many other things, these people wait, the old ones, listless, hopeless, the younger ones and those with children in an agony of worry and despair as they go on waiting for something to happen to them.

Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

Moore County's two recent sensational cases, that of the three paratroopers tried for rape and the recorders' court case of the shooting in the upper part of the County, offer food for thought. The legal profession especially, could, we believe, find them worthy of study. For in both there appears to have been what might be called a miscarriage of justice in that the punishment does not truly fit the crime.

There is little doubt, for instance, that too severe a mandatory sentence may deter a jury from assuming its full responsibility. That, it would seem, was the case in the trial of the paratroopers. The three soldiers might have been found guilty of rape, and in many people's minds, and doubtless in those of some of the jury, that is what the verdict should have been, but such a verdict carried the mandatory penalty of death: no jury in the world, we believe, would have sent those three young men to their deaths on such grounds. But if the punishment had been less severe, or left to the discretion of the judge, the verdict might have been different.

The other case, of the young men who indulged in wanton shooting, that nearly wrecked the home of a perfectly innocent man and his wife and gravely endangered their lives, is in a different category. Here the law is lamentably weak. Such an offense is classed merely as a misdemeanor. You can do all the shooting you want, it appears, so long as you don't actually injure anyone, and still avoid a jury trial.

In one case the punishment is too heavy; in the other too light; and why? Our guess is that the laws governing both, were written at a time when our part of the country was in the grip of violent emotions: fear and hatred were abroad in the land and folks lived a pretty lawless existence. On the one hand, sudden attack and violence was a real and desperate danger and, on the other, if the boys did a little hell-raising and wild shooting that was only to be expected: nobody paid much attention. The result was the fearful penalty of death attached to rape as a crime, and the irresponsible and dangerously light classification as a misdemeanor of what is certainly near-criminal behavior.

Both these cases, it would seem, present to the law-makers a clearcut need to do some overhauling of the law with the object of making the punishment more nearly fit the crime.

Grains of Sand

"Oh, dear, your slip is showing again."

"This time in big black letters. 'The Gomon Gold' . . . If he, pingpong going on at DeCostas' hardly believe my eyes," writes "Reader" (otherwise nameless) on a card postmarked Pinehurst.

And WE could hardly believe OURS—that "Reader" had so misread and misconstrued the caption of The Pilot's editorial last week, "The Common Gold" . . . If he or she, would read all the way to the end, we believe that she, or he, would catch the point.

It isn't, dear Reader, that our slip showed. . . But your sense of humor slipped.

Columnist Ruark Bradford, in trouble with former good friend Bernard Baruch not long ago because of a column he meant in fun, apologized desperately, "My old boss used to say 'A newspaper is no place to be subtle' . . . Once in a while we wonder if this is true."

However, for one reader who failed to get it, a lot of people got a lot of fun out of "The Gomon Gold" last week.

With a number of fine and worthy causes needing help, the Southern Pines Lions were not sure at first which to choose for their benefit basketball game, held at the gym Wednesday night of this week.

Each cause exerted its own special appeal. . . And also, of course, there was the Lions' continuing project of aid to the blind.

Hearing the discussion, some of the Airmen from USAFAGOS, whose team was to take part in the affair, spoke up: "If we had a vote we'd like it to go for the school bus fund. . . The school has been mighty fine to us, letting us practice in their gym, and we'd like to be able to do something in return."

"Whatever you choose," they said, "will suit us fine and we'll play our best. . . But we'd like to help those schoolkids, if we could."

So that's the way it was.

The fine black cocker spaniel belonging to Johnnie Hall still hadn't been found, early this week, but a lot of folks are looking out for him and Johnnie had hopes of getting him back before long. . . He's been seen in town and also out near Manly.

He has long wavy black hair, a white streak under his chin and great big feet. . . And he answers to the name of Butch.

Butch left home after a stray police dog moved in and had five pups in his doghouse. . . Can't say we blame him much.

Johnnie begs that anyone who sees Butch around kindly let him know. . . And in the meantime, does anybody want any pups? "They're mighty cute," he urges. "Some look like bulldogs, some look like bird dogs and some look like I don't know what."

The big black Cadillac with the No. 1 license plate was parked one lunchtime last week in front of Hamel's restaurant, indicating that Governor W. Kerr Scott was somewhere in the vicinity.

He was—over at Pinehurst, where the N. C. Dairymen were convening. Besides riding in the No. 1 car, Governor Scott is a No. 1 dairyman.

Lunching at Hamel's was Harold Minges, the Governor's patrolman-chauffeur who in his way is almost as famous as his boss. And while her husband was attending sessions with his fellow-dairymen Tuesday, Mrs. Scott went about the feminine business of shopping. At the Sandhills Woman's Exchange she bought the unique Roosevelt quilt, made by one of the Exchange donors, recording in its design the election successes of the late President Roosevelt.

Radio "hams" of the country are making up a purse to buy a new radio for their famous fellow-ham, Capt. Kurt Carlson, to take the place of the one which went down with the "Flying Enterprise" . . . So that when the heroic captain gets his new ship—a bigger and better "Flying Enterprise," the owners say, they can continue to converse with their friend of the airwaves as he sails the seas.

In the Mailbag. . . "It was nice of you to take the time to write and let me know about the tax refund. They could have found us easily enough if our last name hadn't been lost in the shuffle. Anyway, I have written to them and I certainly thank you."

"Stan is overseas, attached to the 3rd Division in Korea. I have gotten a job in the local hospital to help keep me occupied while he is away. We miss Southern Pines ever so much. We still call it home, though, and as soon as we can manage it we'll be back

"I imagine there is plenty of pingpong going on at DeCostas' now. I manage to keep up with some of the news as I am still taking The Pilot. Give my regards to all the gang. Sidney Bullock, Rose Hill Farm, Kearneysville, W. Va.

Nice hearing from you, Sidney, and when you write Stan, give him the best, from all of us. . . You have lots of friends here and we miss you. . . We hope that tax refund check was a good one, and that both of you will soon be back among the tennis and pingpong crowd in Southern Pines.

From our friend the Cracker Barrel we learn that Gen. George C. Marshall, Pinehurst resident, recently pinch-hit for one of his friends, representing him in a local matter of interest here.

The friend was Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain. . . The local matter concerned Mrs. George J. Jenks of Highland road, Southern Pines, who has long been an ardent admirer of Mr. Churchill and has collected many press photographs and clippings of him.

Last week General Marshall, who was aware of this interest, and had communicated the fact to Mr. Churchill, received for Mrs. Jenks an autographed copy of Mr. Churchill's new book, "Painting as a Pastime," also a signed photograph to be presented to Mrs. Jenks on the Prime Minister's behalf.

General and Mrs. Marshall called on Mrs. Jenks to give her the book and the photograph.

Also, we learn from the Cracker Barrel, Mrs. Marshall has just received the first copy of the Japanese edition of her book, "To-gether," which has gone into its second printing over there. It has a colorful jacket containing a view of the Marshall's Leesburg, Va., home. Inside, you read from the back of the book to the front—if you can read Japanese. "To-gether" has already appeared in American, British and French editions, and in a special Australian printing.

In last week's Life is proof of what we have known all along—that Golf World, our Pinehurst neighbor, is a magazine of distinction.

Before us is an advertisement of That Well-Known Series. Man of Distinction therein portrayed is Frederick J. Corcoran, well-known sports executive and former tournament director of the Professional Golfers association. He stands in relaxed pose, with an expression of quizzical determination on his face and a highball in his hand.

On the table before him is a trophy, a book on golf, and a couple of golf magazines. Golf World is one of them.

The picture was made by the famous Karsh of Ottawa.

School Cafeteria

MENUS FOR WEEK

(Subject to Minor Changes)
February 4-8

MONDAY

Spiced Ham Sandwich
Mustard or Catsup
Spanish Style Pinto Beans
Buttered Spinach
Cherry Jello, Whip Topping
Milk

TUESDAY

Vienna Sausage and
Potato Casserole
Buttered Rutabaga Turnip
Stewed Prunes
Corn Bread, Margarine
Milk

WEDNESDAY

Tomato Juice
Peanut Butter Sandwich
Deviled Egg Half
Buttered Lima Beans
Tapioca Cream Pudding
Milk

THURSDAY

Grilled Boneless Pork Chop
Whipped Potatoes
Buttered Snap Beans
Wheat Bread, Margarine, Honey
Milk

FRIDAY

Blackeye Peas, Minced Onion
Turnip Greens
Whole Orange
Cocoanut Bars
Cheese Biscuits, Margarine
Milk

BIRTHS

At Moore County Hospital:
January 22—Mr. and Mrs. Austin Everhart, Cameron, a boy.
January 25—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. ie Hollyfield, Vass, a girl.
January 24—Mr. and Mrs. L. L. McInnis, Rockingham, a girl.
January 21—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McIntyre, Eagle Springs, a girl; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Phillips, Glendon, a girl.

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