

# 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 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.

## Good Friday

It seems impossible that there should be people who do not know what Good Friday means; that is, people in a Christian country. But the other day when someone, speaking of this Easter Week, mentioned Good Friday, someone else said: What do you mean? What is Good Friday?

There cannot be many people as ignorant as that, but, at that, it is a question whether people think much of the special meaning for men, of Good Friday. We are not thinking of the scriptural meaning, nor even the theological meaning of the atonement and sacrifice. Perhaps it might be termed the human meaning that we have in mind. For Christ's suffering brings us face to face with the eternal human question mark: why? Why must there be suffering; pain and physical misery and wretchedness?

Some of the more primitive sects used to believe that suffering was man's lot on earth, that it was inflicted by God as punishment for sin. But that idea didn't work out in life, for the very people who were clearly the most free from sin, the most decent and brave and fine, were often among those the most afflicted. That fact, perhaps, led to a theory that seems nearer the truth: that the experience of suffering is necessary in order to understand suffering and be equipped, through sympathy and knowledge, to help other sufferers.

There is, too, the theory that men are tested by suffering and it is as they are tempered by the fire of such testing, humbled in spirit yet strengthened by the sense of an inner victory, that they grow in godliness.

There must be truth in each of these ideas but there is a third factor bound up with them, and with so much else beyond our comprehension, in this answer to the meaning of suffering. Good Friday, we must remember, would have had no meaning at all if Easter had not followed it. Through darkness to light; through suffering to joy. This is a fundamental truth that Christ's suffering and death was meant to teach. "He that loseth his life, shall find it," He said, in a paradox that surely means that only through a completely selfless acceptance of life with whatever suffering it may bring, can man attain the serenity of spirit that will bring about his fullest effectiveness as a human being.

In accepting suffering and death on the cross, Christ was working out the inevitable pattern and path of his life, a path that led just as surely, just as inevitably, through that suffering to the Easter morning, and the scent of spring lilies in a garden and early sunlight slanting across the open doorway of an empty tomb.

It is dangerous to drop down, a long long way, to concrete affairs but it is, in these troubled times, tempting to bring the analogy back to the current world situation. Half of the world is in desperate straits of suffering, but the other half, our half, is relatively untouched; we may be suffering mentally to the point of a spiritual paralysis of worry and self-doubt but we are still literally wallowing in the enjoyment of our bountiful life. If the lesson of Good Friday were applied to the world, it might have an ominous ring for us: for it might well say that lack of suffering makes us incapable of world leadership; that only through experiencing some of the trouble that has overwhelmed our neighbors, the other peoples of the world, may we attain the understanding and the inner strength necessary to help them and ourselves and bring us all out into the light.

## The New Assignment

We wonder if General Eisenhower's recent words may not have brought a moment's doubt to his supporters. Not that they are not excellent: there is hardly a man who would not agree with almost everything he has said as regards this country, but the little ways in which this speech differs from former speeches is significant. There is no mistaking the fact that the general is turning politician; the administrator of the great experiment of leading Europe to unity and strength is becoming the man who is in line for the Republican nomination.

When the general said that Europe must become self-sustaining, in military manufactures and that it would be fatuous to assume that American tax-payers would continue to pour out their resources, his words were clearly meant for the ears of those same American taxpayers. No one can know better than General Eisenhower that our insistence that Europe turn from making civilian goods to military manufactures has already seriously depressed her economy, a fact that has, in turn, affected the economy of this country in the reduction of our reviving export trade. But the main point is that before he became a candidate for the Republican nomination, General Eisenhower would not, we believe, have pulled his punches. In fact, the emphasis would have continued to be what it had been all along until political events came into the picture. The general would have gone

on trying to present the whole unpalatable story that we would have to keep on taxing ourselves, that Europe cannot shift its entire economy to making arms, that there is a point, in this arming against communism, beyond which we cannot go or else we shall throw Europe into worse bankruptcy than it is in now, and that would bring communism quicker than anything else. And he would have informed the American people that while we berate Europe for not arming, we ourselves have not lived up to our promise to furnish them with material. He would have told us that in view of the failure we seem to be making of our attempt to combine the preparedness program with maintaining the highest standard of living our nation has ever known, we would do well to moderate our criticism of others.

It is probable that General Eisenhower will soon take off his uniform and come home; and probably that is just what he ought to do, for it is not fair to our program, it is not fair to our foreign friends for him to stay over there and try to combine business with politics. He will be acclaimed when he comes home, as a great general and a great man, but the sound of that acclaim may possibly be somewhat dimmed by an anxious murmur of doubt and dismay, as this veteran gives up a task for which he is superbly fitted and which is of over-riding importance to become a recruit in a new and very different assignment.

## Thanks and Good Luck!

W. A. Leland McKeithen, who is retiring as solicitor of recorder's court in Moore County, has held this post for 13 years. During that time he has worked hard and faithfully in the service of the county, leaving it only for the period of his army service.

Moore County loses an able public servant in the retirement of Mr. McKeithen. It is impossible to see him in action in court without being impressed by his knowledge of the law and his careful and finished handling of cases. He takes his work extremely seriously and gives it his best efforts. Furthermore, while firm and sometimes stern, he consistently upholds the dignity of the law and maintains a courteous demeanor, which must, we believe, have won him the respect of all, even those in opposition. His colleagues in the court are unanimous in praise of his friendly spirit of cooperation.

Moore County people would be inclined to begrudge the loss of their 13-year solicitor if it were not for a strong conviction that we shall hear much more of him. Mr. McKeithen says that he intends to devote himself to his law practice and his duties as newly-elected president of the North Carolina Bar Association. That will be all right with his friends for a while, but only for a while; they will be watching for what will come next.

Meantime, it is certain that the Pilot expresses the sentiments of Moore County in saying: thank you for what you have done for your county, and all good wishes for what we feel sure you will keep on doing for it, for your state, and, perchance, for your country in the years ahead.

## Bulldozer On The Lot

A bulldozer has an angry dangerous name and an angry dangerous look. Furthermore he acts that way. He grabs up mouthfuls of good earth and chews them to bits; he gobbles trees and bushes and he breakfasts on rocks. He's a tough hombre. That's why you want to watch him when he comes your way.

People who start to clear a lot to build a house on have learned to cast a wary eye on bulldozers. The contractor always tries to slip one over, though slipping such a monster requires considerable slight of hand. The builder will say, looking at your pretty wooded knoll, "We'll just get a bulldozer in here and clear the site in no time. Come down tomorrow and you'll find us ready to start digging the cellar."

Uh-uh. Don't fall for it. That is, not if you want your lovely knoll to stay lovely. A man we know did just that, though. He let them bring in a bulldozer and watched when it arrived whiffing and burbling, like Alice's bandersnatch. He showed its keeper, up there on top, his lovely knoll, sloping gently down with scattered trees to the roadway. The keeper nodded: "We'll just clear it out a bit," and when the man said something about "trees" he added: "Oh sure, sure." The man went away to lunch and when he got back he drove right past his lot without recognizing it. The bulldozer was gone and so were the trees, the grass, the few wild shrubs he'd been so pleased to find. All that was left was a great raw red stretch of dirt, a toboggan slide down to the road, already hard-baked in the sun.

Bulldozers have done a lot of damage hereabouts. They hurry things up and aid immeasurably in heavy jobs, but the mess they leave behind them almost outweighs the advantages. They have made it possible to build our fine new road system, but also they are responsible for the ugliness of the roadsides, littered with upturned tree trunks, dead shrubs and debris that they have pushed aside. Between the road and the mess is generally a wide stretch of ditch and raw earth, cracked and eroded into gullies and washouts. Then there are the big bare places with their crumbling banks where the clay has been dug out. Bulldozers have done all that.

Bulldozers are a bit responsible, too, for the maze of roads and paths that some people seem to delight in making, till their lot is just like a cat's cradle of driveways and turn-arounds with just a bit of lawn along the edges. Bulldozers go to some people's heads and they go hogwild tearing up the place and smoothing it down again.

So, we'd say: watch out for a bulldozer. In his place, he's a fabulous creature and mighty in his strength, but you'd better keep him under wraps.

## Grains of Sand

A New York doctor weekend-ing at Pinehurst emerged unhurt from his damaged plane at Knollwood airport Sunday morning, thus depriving us of headlines we are happy not to use. We never even learned his name, as he flew back to New York Sunday afternoon in someone's else's plane, leaving his own to be repaired, and little data on him was available. We would like to know more about him, though, as he seems to be one of those rare people just born lucky.

He flew in Saturday for the weekend, and Sunday morning went out to the airport to take a spin. As he came in for a landing a crosswind caught him, tipped his light plane over on one wing and then nosed it completely over. A Piedmont Airlines attendant phoned quickly for an ambulance, a smart thing to do. But the doctor proceeded to step calmly out, uninjured, and when the ambulance got there it found it wasn't needed.

We're sorry that, through a misunderstanding, we located last week's Sandhills Kiwanis meeting at the USAF Air-Ground Operations instead of the Southern Pines Country club. Not that USAFAGOS wouldn't have been a wonderful place to have it, with all those generals (10—count 'em—10) attending, but the dining room there just isn't open for public or club meetings. It was the USAFAGOS commandant, of course, who made the speech, and the speech was about the school, and in getting the news over the telephone we gathered that it was also AT the school. Our mistake.

The location of the meeting, however, was a matter of small moment in comparison with the importance of the assemblage. We doubt that any civic club has ever had such an impressive roster of brass, active and retired, on its guest list for any one meeting, and we are extremely proud that such a gathering can, and did, take place in our town.

And we were also charmed with the account of the speech made by Brig. Gen. W. M. Gross about USAFAGOS, of which we are also very proud. And we are proudest of all of his "Alumni Song" for USAFAGOS graduates—a masterpiece of wording.

The words are not hard to learn and in practically no time General Gross had everybody singing them. We've been singing them ourselves ever since, and they've become our favorite song.

The song consists only of "Southern Pines, O Southern Pines" over and over, to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," and winding up with "Our Southern Pines!" Just try it. It's a honey of a song!

Two of the three Moore County citizens who were nominated last month by Dixiecrat Dave Clark for membership on county election boards just found out this week how their names had been used—or misused.

Both came out with vigorous denials that they had been consulted in any way, that they wanted to be on Clark's list or felt they had any place on it.

These were E. C. Stevens of Southern Pines and Chester Williams of Pinehurst. We haven't consulted with Bob Harlow, Clark's third nominee, but we feel sure he's in the same boat with Gene and Chester.

Clark, who headed the splinter party formed in 1948, and is about the only thing left of it in North Carolina now, submitted his list of three good men and true from each of the state's 100 counties when the Democrats and Republicans were submitting theirs, for approval of the state board of elections. The state board, however, disregarded his request for representation on the county boards, on the grounds that his States Rights party was not a regularly established party. Nor if the Moore list was any sample, were his nominees connected with the splinter party in any way at all.

One nice thing about election years is the pleasant faces of candidates for office as they make their handshaking rounds. We were visited by one such last week, and really enjoyed a chat with him. He was Oscar O. Efrid, Winston-Salem attorney who is making his second bid for Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court. His first race, made two years ago, while not successful nevertheless showed him to be a candidate of surprising strength and no one is belittling his chances this time, though he is up against a strong field of five superior court judges.

Mr. Efrid bears the courtesy title of judge, as he headed a special court in Winston-Salem for 14 years with approximately

the same jurisdiction as superior court. He retired from the bench in 1941 and has been practicing since that time. With degrees from Roanoke college (A. B. at 20), Princeton (M. A. at 21) and Harvard Law school (LL. B. with distinction), he served in the judge advocate's office of the 20th Division in World War 1 and taught law at the University of North Carolina for two years. There he taught many who later became judges or distinguished attorneys, one of whom, William B. Umstead, is now candidate for governor.

The contribution below reached us by way of Tom Fesperman's column in the Charlotte News, via a friend with an eye for appropriate wit. Pretty good, don't you think?

"Women are like newspapers because:  
"They have forms;  
"They are made up;  
"Have bold types;  
"They always have the last word;  
"Back numbers are not in demand;  
"They have a great deal of influence;  
"They are well worth looking over;  
"You cannot believe everything they say;  
"They carry the news wherever they go;  
"They are never afraid to speak;  
"They are much thinner than they used to be;  
"Every man should have one of his own and not borrow from his neighbors."

## The Public Speaking

### A GOOD START

To the Pilot.  
This is just a line to tell you that we truly appreciate your splendid support of the "Finer Carolina" contest. Your editorial entitled "Carolina's Finest" was one of the most generous comments I've seen since the contest was announced and will help us a lot in getting it off to a good start.

We are wishing the people in Southern Pines the best of luck in their chosen projects.

Cordially,  
JACK RILEY  
Director of Publicity  
Carolina Power & Light Co.  
Raleigh

### GOOD NEIGHBORS

To the Pilot.  
The members of the Hasty household on West Pennsylvania avenue would like to take this means of expressing our thanks to the city fire department, our neighbors and friends who quickly came to our rescue last Tuesday when our chimney caught fire.

What turned out to be a big "April Fool" might have been a great disaster.

We are happy to live in a community that is alert, and where everyone is a good neighbor.

Most sincerely,  
BESSIE HASTY

### RESOLUTION

The following resolution was adopted by the Vestry of Emmanuel Episcopal church, at its meeting of April 1:

WHEREAS, in His infinite Wisdom, God has called to the larger life of perfect service the soul of our fellow-churchman, Admiral John Dundas, and

WHEREAS John Dundas showed in his life a constant faith matched by loyal devotion to his Lord and His Church, which he served as Vestryman, and

WHEREAS his presence among us will be greatly missed,

THEREFORE, be it resolved that the Vestry express its sense of loss and deep sympathy with the bereaved family; that a copy of this resolution be conveyed to his family, as well as spread upon the minute-book of the Vestry.

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