

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.

We Are Now Rich In Parks

Just a year ago The Pilot was publishing weekly instalments of a municipal survey made by graduate students in city planning at the University of North Carolina. In this survey the assets and liabilities, needs and resources of Southern Pines were tabulated, to be used as a basis for planning for future needs and growth.

One great need noted in the survey was public parks. We had then only the town park, just one square block, in full use, and Millen park, a once-beautiful piece of forestland which has gone to waste over 20 years and is now largely unusable.

Within the past week or so Southern Pines suddenly leaped from a "have-not" to a "have" position in regard to public parks. The Town opened up Knollwood park and lake, given by E. H. Mills, and decided to acquire the old Elks Club property, with perhaps additional land, for a wooded park and community center.

While this may seem a lot to take on all at once, the time seemed expedient and we believe the dual move will work out well as times goes on, especially now that we have the Municipal Recreation Commission, and some recreation funds, to help with park areas and activities.

But we now have what actually amounts to a system of parks, and it may be that the town board, or the Commission, or the two working together, may need to set up a Parks Authority of some sort, to see that development of the park areas is undertaken in an orderly way; to safeguard against inroads that may be made at times of year they are not in use, and to maintain them in a way to bring out their full potentialities of usefulness in years to come.

Is Second Primary Worth While?

With a second primary in the county and the State just behind us, we believe it is worth while asking whether or not, in the normal course of events and elections, second primaries are really justified.

As long as the law provides for them, no onus should rest on a challenger for calling one, and we can, in fact, perfectly appreciate and also admire the spirit which won't quit till the final bell.

However, it has been called to our attention that hardly ever does a second primary reverse the verdict of the first. We can't think of any, in fact, in the past few years, with one notable exception—that of Smith vs. Graham; and the story would have been far different there if something new had not been added, a new issue injected, between primaries.

Without a new issue or change of pace, without anything except the same campaign going on as before, it looks as though the second primary may well be a waste of effort and money. We doubt if any appreciable number of votes for the two top men are changed between one primary and the next—and if they are, it is apt to be equal for both.

As for the votes of the losing contender or contenders, both logic and history would indicate these tend to divide in about the same proportion. There is the expectancy that a loser can "throw" support to one or the other—but the fact that he has lost shows his influence wasn't too great, and has also diminished what he had to start with, so that it is questionable if he can "control" enough votes to make the required difference.

Where second primaries are as close as the two we have just had, the loser can always feel it was just a matter of luck—a few more votes would have made all the difference. But who wants to win on just luck? And would a few more votes really have changed anything? It would not be reasonable to suppose these few more votes would have all gone for him—they would most likely have divided out just about like the others.

In theory—and an excellent one it is—the second primary gives the people a second chance to speak, with just two men to choose between instead of several. In practice, it appears, the people speak just once; the next time, an echo of their voice is heard, saying the same thing it did before.

Good To Extend GI Benefits

We are glad that the bill extending GI benefits to veterans of the Korean conflict has become law. Our Eighth District Congressman C. B. Deane helped further this important bill—not that there was difficulty other than on technical points, as to their honor and credit he said that both houses of Congress recognized that this bill must, and should, be passed.

The young men who have served, and are serving, during the present action overseas, whether they were draftees, enlistees or reservists called back to duty, deserve as much at the hands of their country as those who served

in the previous war.

The GI Bill, a public law without precedent in the history of this or any other country, is one of which our nation and administration can be proud. As far as we know, it may be lumped in the general term "public spending" so many declare themselves against, but for our money it is public investment, and investment in our best natural resource: the brains, effort and enterprise of our young men.

With the provisions of the GI bill theirs for the asking—the education, job and loan benefits which help them help themselves—and the great and widespread provisions for the ill and disabled and the dependents of the dead, we fail to see where talk of the handout "bonus" springs from, where it could fill other than a most temporary need while throwing the tax structure out of joint.

Let the public funds go where they will right obvious wrong, produce lasting benefits and increase individual abilities and national income. That is a proper use for tax funds, and, certainly in this case, the honorable and decent thing to do.

"He Could Do Anything"

A splendid young high school athlete and Junior Legion ball player was drowned last Friday at a pond near Durham. The community mourned with his parents and friends. A published picture, showing his boy companions staring miserably at the spot where he went down, was a heart-wrenching one.

Of this talented and versatile lad, one friend was quoted as saying, "He could do anything." Anything—except swim.

His drowning occurred when he stepped into a hole while wading in shallow water. He wasn't in the water to swim. He didn't know how.

The boys who were with him couldn't swim very well—not nearly well enough to go into the deep part after him, and, after a few faint-hearted attempts to reach the floating body, were forced to give up and run several miles for help.

That was a young life absolutely thrown away. Through the medium of the Red Cross, which teaches everyone, and of the Boy Scouts, who teach teen-age boys, swimming instruction is available free of charge to practically everyone, in one of the finest programs ever set up in any nation.

Not only in cities but in almost every small town—wherever there is a lake—has this program been established, with qualified instructors giving their time free to teach others to swim.

Classes now under way, and others to begin soon, on lakes in Moore county are for young children on up to adults. With just a little application they learn quickly and easily, and thus one great threat to their lives is canceled out as though it had never been.

Yet the threat is a very real one—until someone takes the trouble to learn, someone takes the trouble to teach.

The swimmer not only widens his area of safety to include deep water, but becomes a potential saver of life also, for it takes a swimmer to save a non-swimmer.

Every parent owes it to his child to see that he learns to swim, at the hands of a qualified instructor, just as surely as he owed it to the infant to see that he had his diphtheria and smallpox vaccines.

A Word From Mr. Flynn

By the time this comes out the Republican nomination may have been settled, ending a period of political drama and tension such as this country has not seen in 40 years.

We note for the record, however, that John T. Flynn, author of "The Road Ahead," has declared himself in a convention-eve pronouncement, though what he said contains no surprises for anyone.

This arch right-winger and fascistic propagandist, professional pointer-with-alarm and fearer-of-the-abyss, is not for Taft, Eisenhower nor any other individual as such, he declares in a statement reaching all newspaper desks this week.

He is, he says, for a set of principles which he believes to be "of historic importance if this Republic is to be saved." The man who fits these principles is Taft. The man whose principles are "diametrically opposed to those for which the Republican party must stand in this crisis" is Eisenhower.

Eisenhower's internationalism Author Flynn refers to as "globalism gone mad." In addition to having been the personal emissary of "Trumanism and Achesonism" overseas, he is for strengthening the United Nations and NATO. He is for UMT. He has, in short, been "picked to salvage a foreign policy intolerant (intolerable?) to the American people."

Fortunately for the Democrats, who feel they can beat Taft but have been somewhat worried about Eisenhower, Mr. Flynn thinks the General is "the most vulnerable candidate the Republicans could elect. . . Eisenhower won't fight because he dares not fight."

Lining up now behind Mr. Taft we see a horde headed by a fearful triumvirate—who would, if they could, win an election, but lose a country, on fear: McArthur, McCarthy and Flynn. Somehow we feel they will be "intolerant" to the American people.

A Milestone Peacefully Passed

This weekend marks the 90-day milestone of the one-way traffic system on Broad street, ending the trial period which began Easter Monday, April 14.

It is not expected that any notice will be taken of this milestone, signifying its complete success. Never was adaptation more easily and satisfactorily made, and we have met no one who would willingly go back to the old way.

No. 12—Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



"House of 100 Pines" is the name someone has penciled on the back of this cut, showing a Southern Pines home—and some ladies of the community—of 45 or 50 years ago. We don't count quite that many pines, but the ones we see are strong and handsome, and they, or their descendants, are

no doubt right here today. Whose home was "The House of a Hundred Pines"—is it still standing, and where? And who are the ladies posing so prettily on the steps? Perhaps some old-timer can tell us.

Grains of Sand

Old Picture No. 11

Last week's Old Picture (No. 11) was identified by two ladies as the Huttenhour house, then located "out in the country in the middle of a peach orchard." Mr. Huttenhour was one of the Sandhills' early orchardists.

The town has now grown out to the house and beyond, and you'll see it on the east side of Ridge street near the New Hampshire intersection, considerably remodeled, and painted white.

Identifying the picture were Mrs. Claude Hayes and Mrs. A. S. Ruggles, who said she "lay awake all night" pondering the matter. We hope they can identify this week's Old Picture, too—without loss of sleep!

No sooner had we referred to the "orange-painted steel towers" put up by the Seaboard on Broad street, in last week's paper, than men started painting them black. By the time the paper came out, we were a liar.

There were still some orange streaks left, but we're almost scared to mention them, as we don't know what color the painters will be using this week.

And no sooner had our friend Preston Matthews reached, or almost reached, Anchorage, Alaska, with his tractor and trailer than Congress voted \$484,000 for a new jail at Anchorage.

There may not be any connection between these two events. We are pleased to note, though, by the Congressional Record (Page 8243) that Congress has the interests of Anchorage at heart, especially those unfortunate enough to have to go to jail, and is fixing things all up nice and comfortable. (We should mention, I suppose, this is a federal jail, not just the town clink.)

It seems Congress had already voted to spend \$400,000 on the jail, but Senator McCarran said this was not enough and that \$84,000 more was needed to do the thing right. Senator Welker then put in some remarks to the effect that he had seen and inspected the present jail at Anchorage found it "thoroughly obsolete and outdated" and ventured the opinion that "at no place in the United States or in its territories is there a more terrible place for the incarceration of prisoners than at Anchorage." He added that Anchorage is a thriving, growing city, and that the process of justice will be greatly aided by the erection and maintenance of a good jail.

We have not had any visiting Senators come and look at our jail here, and we are not likely to have any Congressional appropriation, either. We are glad, though, that our Mayor and Chief of Police are not waiting on either of these to do something about our own jail, which in its small way may be as bad as that of Anchorage. Anyway, it has been taken out of circulation, and by the time Preston gets back from Anchorage he may be able to draw some comparisons between the new jail of that Alaska city, and that of Southern Pines.

We do not want to see Preston go to jail, but we are going to take some severe steps if he does not keep his promise to let us know how things are at Anchorage. His first promise, to send us a picture of himself and trailer as he departed early in June, he ignored, so we could not record this unusual and interesting event as we had wished.

His next promise, to send postcards from various points along the Alcan Highway, also lies shattered.

We are still watching the mail,

though, hoping something will show up from Anchorage—something a little different from that chapter in "USA Confidential."

Preston, in case you didn't know, led by a strong yen for far places, secured a job by mail in the composing room of the Anchorage Daily News. He is the son of Mrs. W. D. Matthews and the late Mayor Matthews of Southern Pines, was a bomber pilot in Europe in World War 2, graduated from the University of North Carolina, worked for the Sandhill Citizen in Aberdeen and a year ago went to Rocky Mount, where he was a linotype operator for The Telegram until he resigned as of June 1 to embark on his Alaskan adventure.

With him is a Rocky Mount young man, Fred Patton, and (driving his own car) a Lumberman man who also resigned from the Telegram's composing room to go along.

With all the going-on about Lincoln at the Republican National convention this week, it is strange to remember how Southern feelings once burned hot and high against Honest Abe, and that even today there are those among the old folks who cannot abide his name.

This came about more from the aftermath of the Civil war than from the war itself—the Reconstruction days, in which the South truly suffered. A tale is told of old Mrs. J. R. Brown of Carthage, grandmother of W. Lamont Brown of present-day Southern Pines, that some time in the 1870s she rented rooms in her house to a young couple. A neighbor who called on the newcomers in their apartment told Mrs. Brown the grim, almost unbelievable news that they had a picture of Lincoln on display.

The elderly lady marched herself up the steps, rat-a-tatted on the roomers' door, and, when it was opened, saw that such indeed was the case.

"Either you get out of here by sundown, or you find rooms elsewhere," she told them. We don't know how housing conditions were in those days—maybe as bad as today. Anyway, by sundown the picture of Lincoln had gone.

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Campbell, from whom we secured the interesting story about the old newspaper (Jonesboro Leader, May 1891) used in this column last week, tells us the Lawrence Shields of the story was not her brother, as we said, but her uncle. She does have a brother, though, Lawrence Kelly, who was named for him, and who has been with the CID in Frankfurt, Germany, for the past two years.

If you see the name of Lee House in this week's recorders court news, don't jump—it has no connection with Dr. Robert Lee House, esteemed pastor of our Congregational church.

People in Carthage, though, were almost as surprised to see their Lee House in court as we in Southern Pines would have been to see Pastor House there. It so happens that Lee is a colored man who for many years has been a highly valued town employee, and for all we know may go right on being so, despite the fact that he received a sentence (suspended) for some slight traffic in "stump hole" whiskey.

Lee is in charge of the pumping plant of the Carthage water system, a ticklish and exacting job in a town where the water stays low, continually threatening to give out and occasionally doing so. It is largely due to Lee's loyal efforts at all times of day and night, some citizens say, that the county seat has managed to keep going

pending the tapping of a new water source and building of a new plant.

In fact, so appreciative are these citizens that they say Lee's extracurricular venture was merely due to his determination "not to see Carthage go dry."

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The Public Speaking

To the Pilot:

Only last week was the first chapter of the un-American and sordid story concluded. Thanks to the tireless efforts of Senators Pat McCarran of Nevada and North Carolina's junior senator Willis Smith, the Senate judiciary subcommittee has finally submitted its exhaustive report No. 2050 on the Institute of Pacific Relations, and Owen Lattimore, in particular. Copies of this outstanding document (221 pages) can be obtained by writing the above senators. It should be read by all good Americans, and a good part of the report should be committed to memory.

The committee recommends that the Department of Justice submit to a grand jury the question of whether perjury has been committed before the subcommittee by Owen Lattimore, and also John P. Davies, Jr., then of the policy planning staff of the State Department, and at present deputy political adviser to the U. S. High Commissioner in Germany. The committee further stated that "Lattimore was, from some time beginning in the 1930s, a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy!" So come charge! The committee also contended that this "Lattimore" had testified falsely with reference to at least FIVE separate matters that were relevant to the inquiry and substantial in import."

The writer had the privilege of attending some of these hearings as a guest of Senator McCarran.

In view of these charges vs. Lattimore it is difficult to explain why a famous university such as Johns Hopkins at Baltimore continues to permit him to occupy the Walter Hines Page Memorial chair as a member of the faculty.

It is the writer's opinion that he should not be tried by any U. S. tribunal. He should be deported (with or without a passport) preferably to Red China.

"A Real Reactionary"
JULIAN T. BISHOP.