

THE PILOT

Published Each Friday by THE PILOT, INCORPORATED Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD, Publisher—1944

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Subscription Rates: One Year \$4.00 6 Months \$2.00 3 Months \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C. as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and N. C. Press Association

"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.

Tit For Tat and Swat For Swat

The Tit For Tat campaign is in full swing; only, of course, that's a mild name for what's going on. It should be the Blow For Blow or Swat For Swat. But whatever you want to call it, we believe a good many will agree that it's a poor way for an election to be conducted.

We had hoped that the high character of the two men heading both tickets would ensure a decent campaign. But here we are, with one candidate and his colleague accusing the President and the Democrats of every sin imaginable, with President Truman whistle-stopping all over the place throwing those accusations right back again, while behind HIM trail three Republican senators, calling themselves the "truth squad," to deny everything that President Truman has just denied.

So now will there be another truth squad of Democrats to trail the Republican squad and roll up another batch of denials or accusations or whatever it is by that time?

We shall just have to grin and bear it. It was foolish for Democrats to think that President Truman would keep out of the campaign. You couldn't expect a president to keep still under the accusations that were being hurled at his Administration: he was morally obliged to defend it. Even if he had not been a man with the president's fiery courage and genuine love of the people, he was bound to carry his case to the country. In the same way it was naive, we believe, for Republicans to hope that General Eisenhower would not endorse McCarthy and others of his kind in the party, or for the liberal wing, who nominated him, to believe that he could steer clear of Senator Taft. The General is in politics and if it is the kind of politics that must make him wish more than once that he were back in the army in Europe, that's hard luck.

We confess to having done some wishful thinking ourselves and on both sides of the fence. We hoped President Truman would hang onto his temper and lie doggo and we hoped that General Eisenhower would be himself. We cannot believe that he is being himself now: not when he endorses McCarthy, saying, as he has just said, that his only difference with the Wisconsin senator is as to his methods. We refuse to believe, for instance, that General Eisenhower agrees with McCarthy, that General Marshall is a traitor to his country, or with a good many other of the senator's ravings.

We have thought more than once, during this campaign, of the great Lincoln-Douglas debates. That surely is the way it ought to be: no public relations men, no speechwriters, no paid flag-wavers or cheerers or boozers. Just the two candidates up there, debating the issues, each one telling the people what he believes and what he will try to do.

Clean-Up Week

If you look up into the sky this week and observe a great cloud hanging over the town, don't be alarmed. It's not the atom bomb going off inadvertently or even turned loose by enemy hands, it's just Southern Pines cleaning up.

There's a powerful dust being raised. Wherever you look, women are scrubbing and sweeping, men are raking, clipping, carting off junk, piling leaves. Little chillun, pressed into unwilling service, are finding joy unbelieved in dead leaves, dust-piles, trash-heaps, prime fields for dancing and skittering around, not to say treasure-hunting, till the furious roars of their elders quell such high spirits.

But who can resist the infection of such a crusade? For, though we have never been able, somehow, to put cleanliness where the old saying puts it, right up there next to godliness, we are more than willing to agree that uncleanliness is a long, long way down in the other direction.

In other words, the mess, not up in Washington but right in some of the yards here in Southern Pines, is pure Hades, to use the picaresque term of our grandparents. Maybe the little devils don't go frolicking and pitchforking about in high dry weeds and dead broom-straw . . . if they did they'd likely catch a fire . . . but surely old rusty tin cans and broken glass must have a high priority in the nether regions. As for things like the orange peel, bottle caps, discarded paper cups and gum wrappers, that litter the sidewalk that The Pilot shares with the A & P . . . as the Emcees say, and often of mighty similar refuse: "Take it away!"

And that's, of course, just what we are all doing: taking it away. We're raking and sweeping and gathering it all up, all the mess, for the town crews to cart away to the dump. For this is Clean Up Week, as proclaimed by the Finer Carolina Committee, the Does, the Garden Clubs and everybody else who is interested in the town's welfare.

The Letter Column

As the campaign waxes hotter The Pilot's letter column will probably wax hot and heavy along with it. Most of the letters will be valuable contributions to the discussion, but there will undoubtedly be some of the other sort.

There will be the letters starting with the familiar "of course you won't print this . . ." or bemoaning the fact that this newspaper, once so upright, has gone to the dogs . . . or the Democrats, it's all one to the writer.

Then there is another kind of letter, one that is deliberately composed to disqualify it for publication in the column. The sender will then tell the world that The Pilot refuses to print unfavorable comment or views in opposition to its own. This also is a familiar trick to try to put the editor on the spot.

These dodges are old stuff to most newspaper editors. The subject of the letter column was the topic of one session at the two last conferences of the North Carolina Press Association and it was found that all the leading newspapers in the state followed quite definite and almost identical policies in handling it, and in dealing with this type of correspondence.

We are proud of the fact that our letter column, The Public Speaking, is just that: the public, our readers, using this space on the editorial page for the sincere expression of their views: the type of correspondence we have mentioned is, of course, the exception. However, in view of the present political situation and the letters, good, bad or indifferent, sincere, honorable, spiteful or plain crackpot, that it may bring forth, we think it a good plan to take time out, right now, to review the accepted newspaper policy as regards letters to the editor, policy with which The Pilot is in full agreement and which we endeavor to follow.

First of all, the letter column is open to readers for the expression of their own opinions. We do not want and will not print handouts, or long quotations from campaign literature or columnists. Our desk is loaded with them already and obviously if we wanted to reprint them we would do so. However, a short quotation from a candidate or a reputable source, contained in a reader's own letter, would not disqualify it for publication.

We will edit and cut down on the length of a letter when space or reader interest demands it. The latter, in particular, cannot be sacrificed to one correspondent's enthusiasm or disgust.

We will not print more than one or two letters expressing the same opinion, nor will we make a practice of carrying frequent letters from one individual.

We recognize that, especially in a weekly paper, it is far preferable if editorial comment, when called for, can accompany the letter. Whenever possible this procedure will be followed, but it will often not be possible due to lack of space and the demands of editorial writing. Neither the letter column nor the editorial columns can be turned over to political debate.

Same To You, Sirs!

Last week the Sandhills Kiwanians joined with the nation in celebrating Newspaper Week. Following a just and sympathetic appraisal of the value to civilization and to this nation of a free press, the club, with thoughtful courtesy, paid a bow to the local newspapers.

It was an evidence of regard and respect which this newspaper is glad to pay right back. We feel that the Sandhills Kiwanis Club is one of the most valuable organizations of this section. Its influence is strongly felt in the entire county and outside it. This has come about not only because of the club's many acts of intelligent service in the county's welfare, but perhaps even more because of the unifying influence of the county-wide organization itself.

Our service clubs, with the weekly meetings, bring together men of all sorts united in the common aims of service, and of good fellowship and interest in each others' problems. Not only do they hear and learn, from the experts in many fields who address them, but they exchange views with each other and they get to know each other. And that's a good thing for everybody.

So, when the Sandhills Kiwanis Club says: "Good cheer and good luck and more power to you!" in this direction, The Pilot is proud to make reply: "Thank you, Sirs, and the same to you!"

October In The Sandhills

October is one of those months when you say: "this is the best time to be here," and you keep on saying that till November comes along with its Indian summer days, and then you think of Spring and dogwood time and Summer starting with the bays and magnolias smelling so sweet . . . and then you're back, thinking about October again.

October is the month when the oaks start to turn that deep, almost mahogany red; the milkweed tufts are white stars along the roadsides, and the grape vines are turning citron yellow. Foxes come out to sit under the persimmon trees hoping that the first frost will bring a few fat juicy mouthfuls tumbling down.

Cornerribs are full in October, and housewives look complacently at their shelves crowded with the produce of summer: jars of shiny peas, and tender beans, crisp okra for winter soups, dark syrupy figs and pink peach preserve, and the spicy fragrant watermelon pickle.

The air is clear, with just a tang of wood-smoke in it; the sky is bluer, but at night it's colder and the stars flicker, till the harvest moon drowns them out. Inside, there's a fire and pecans to crack before you go up to bed. October's a good month, inside or outside, in the Sandhills.

No. 25—Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



A two-story house designed for comfortable living, with columned porch, front and side entrances, gabled roof and a little upstairs portico that would be an ideal place from which to

watch the harvest moon . . . we wonder who built it, and when; and if it still stands in Southern Pines, and where. Perhaps some of our readers will be kind enough to tell us.

Grains of Sand

This reporter went out to pick up GRAINS, the other day and got involved, instead, with the adventures of a SEED. Capitals fully deserved.

It started, we're told, among a lot of other seeds put out to attract the birds beside the house of a certain well-known surveyor up on the hill.

First adventure was the SEED's escape from the other seeds and, incidentally, from the birds. Judging by what it eventually accomplished we'd say the SEED just up and jumped.

It dug itself a nice hole in the surveyor's lovely new lawn, and then proceeded to GROW. It sent out roots one way and stems the other way. And gradually the stems became a vine and things really got going. The vine began to ramble.

It didn't go up any of the handy pines and turn itself into a beanstalk for any local Jacks; it went along the ground. Furthermore, having an intelligent and courteous nature, it conformed to the ideas of the land-owner. It understood surveying and it followed the contours. It dipped here where the ground dipped and swung off that way when the land did the same. Half-way along it really went into action. It produced a squash. Not a reasonable-sized squash but a mighty pale green creature, in keeping with its own ambitious behavior.

Partway through this process, the surveyor took off for New England. (Can't imagine why, can you?) When he came back two months, (was it?) later, first thing he did was to run out and look at the vine. He looked where it had spread to before he left and then his eye traveled on and on,

way off into the woods. There, a good 50 feet from its start, the vine ended in a graceful curlycue of tentacles and green leaves. But, even while he was looking the last tendril reached gently out a few inches further. Or so it is said. Talk about a fish story. . . we claim this SEED story has all others beaten. Just go up there and look if you're disbelieving!

And which surveyor are we talking about? Afraid we can't tell you till the delegation is polled. He says: tell all, but She says: don't you dare!

Ohoh! What a difference a few capital letters can make. Just writing up the newly organized New Car and Truck Dealers' good idea about getting out the vote on Election Day. Found ourselves writing: "Anyone lacking transportation to the polls, just call up a New Dealer." Sorreee! It's new dealer, of course.

How can you teach a dog not to chase cars? We'd really like someone to tell us. There are several dogs around town that need a few lessons, (and we'd like to know ourselves in case ours starts.)

It's a great danger to the dog, of course, but almost as much so to the people in the car. A big dog darting out suddenly startles a driver into swerving sharply. You miss the dog, but you may crash into someone else coming the other way. Or you may even, with a light car, go completely out of control and turn over. The risk of a serious accident seems to us very real.

Seriously, folks: does anyone know a good way of spreading the word to the canine world: to let

The Public Speaking

ABOUT POLITICS

To The Editor It is disappointing to see a once honorable paper lending itself to cheap partisanship as has the Pilot in the past few months. Witness, the editorial on Nixon in the current issue. The paucity in substance of your indictment of Nixon is emphasized by the laborious manner in which it is handled. Had you wanted to be fair why didn't you draw a comparison with Sparkman's \$10,000.00 venture into nepotism, or with Stevenson's Springfield fund?

Nepotism is in disrepute with most honorable men of the House and of the Senate not simply because, as some may suppose, of the job it provides for a member of the family, but because by its very nature it provides a comparatively safe and open road to graft and robbing of the treasury. A senator's wife at \$10,000.00 per year, as receptionist in his office, may work only one hour each day, and who is to call the turn? As for Stevenson, surely any fair minded American must hang his head in shame over the equivocal manner in which a candidate for president of the United States dealt with the public on the matter of that political fund of his. First he refused to give out a list of his cabinet appointees who had benefited from the fund, on the ground that it would be violating a confidence. A few days later, under further pressure, he did publish the list, which contained the names of three men who, in the interval between Stevenson's two statements, had told the press that they had never received a dollar of compensation over and above their salaries. Stevenson undertook to reconcile this discrepancy by saying he felt those men were perfectly justified in thinking the gifts, up to \$500.00 per year, should not be considered compensation. What, please, tell, should they be considered? Simply the dividing up of a nice little melon among a few in the know?

You, without naming names, undertook to cast aspersions against the donors to the Nixon fund. But, look who subscribed to Stevenson's fund to the tune of \$7,000? None other than Marshall Field III! Watch for Pegler on that one.

For my part I prefer that we accept Stevenson, Sparkman and Nixon as honorable, if slightly misguided men, and that we concentrate our efforts towards effecting a complete change from the inefficiency and rottenness of the Truman administration.

E. W. BUSH, D. O.

The Editor:—Extracts from, "The Firing Line" published by the "National Americanism Commission" of the American Legion.

Ralph DeTolodano, associate editor of Newsweek and co-author of "Seeds of Treason" and "Spies, Dupes and Diplomats" writes: The word "McCarthyism" was first used by OWEN LATTIMORE before the Tydings Committee, (WHITEWASH COMMITTEE)

The next day it was picked up by the Daily Worker, (main publication of the Communist in USA). Then the PINKOS picked it up and before you know it the N. Y. Times made it famous. (later it became a favorite word of the Southern Pines, Pilot).

The Pilot must be very proud of the ancestry of their PET WORD.

Note:—Brackets mine. Read, Sept. 26th US World News and Reports, Page 16, "What's McCarthyism?"

L. A. DES PLAND

IMPORTANT DUTY The Pilot To curb moral delinquency and help the moral re-armament program let the public know there are churches they may join and be baptized any day. This is too important to be relegated to one day a week. Joining a church is a personal matter between the person and God, it does not have to be a public affair. Many people are self-conscious about doing things in public and do not join.

WILLIAM R SULLIVAN

School Cafeteria

October 13-17

MONDAY

Spaghetti, Meat, Tomato Sauce Cup grated Cheese Buttered Spinach Raw Carrot Sticks Corn Bread, Margarine Cup Honey Milk

TUESDAY

Toasted Cheese Sandwich Deviled Egg Half Tossed Slaw English Peas Milk

WEDNESDAY

Chicken Stew Green Beans Fruit in Gelatin Chocolate Frosted Cake Wheat Bread, Margarine Milk

THURSDAY

Baked Lima Beans Turnip Greens Hot Raisin Applesauce Corn Bread, Margarine Chocolate Pudding Milk

FRIDAY

Salmon Loaf Creamed Pea Sauce Harvard Beets Lettuce Wedge, 1000 Island Dressing Dinner Rolls, Margarine Peach-Plum Preserves Milk

who like to end your sentences with a preposition, don't develop an inferiority complex; you have the great St. Louis Globe-Democrat to back you up. It says:

Comes now another college literary purist who views carefree diction dimly and vows gumming up of grammar is something he definitely isn't for. His pet peeve is the dog-eared but popular one —prepositions left dangling on sentences.

Technically perhaps, it's a controversy he is on the right side of. But most folks are familiar with a lot of things the protruding preposition is good for, being especially handy as something to replace words they can't think of with.

Personally, we favor the loose school. Mainly because there are so many phrases there is no accurate substitute for. At times like that, there's nothing like a righttail preposition. If the righteous critic denies, we challenge him to precisely grammatically, losing nary a nuance: "He got shot at."

With due regard for the old-guard guardians of the language, we still prefer the modern rule: Learn your grammar right first, then when you know better than, beat it up as you need to.

cars alone? After all, there are plenty of other dogs to chase. Not to mention cats, squirrels and little boys.

Sporting life that starts in the Sandhills as the hunting season approaches has been in full swing in New England this fall. A recent issue of the Boston Herald carried a fine spread showing scenes of the 53rd annual Myopia Hunt Club horse show in which several local sporting figures appeared.

Among those photographed riding or watching the performance is John A. Tuckerman of Jackson Springs, a former president of the hunt club and follower of the Moore County Hounds, not to mention a crack goal-hitter on the Pinehurst polo team, in the days when that spirited organization was first formed. With Mr. Tuckerman, (who is, we believe, wearing his red and orange Myopia tie,) is Mrs. Richard C. Storey, who has spent several months here hunting during the past winters. Also photographed in the Boston paper is Mrs. R. H. Dulany Randolph, who will be recalled as one of the outstanding performers in last spring's Sandhills show.

Our friend Edd Gschwind of Kansas City, Mo., with his renewed to The Pilot, writes:

"I want to say again, The Pilot is a wonderful paper, and is appreciated very much. It gives such a complete coverage of what is going on in the community.

"We certainly enjoyed reading about the boy's trip to Alaska."

Thanks, Edd, and we hope that you and Margaret will continue to enjoy The Pilot for many more years.

If you are one of those people

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