

# 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.

## Truth For the New Year

The apostle John said: "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ". Long afterwards another John, John Keats the poet, said: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth and need to know."

The words of the two Johns stand sharply against the tortured patterns of thought of modern life. They have a purity to them, a symmetry of line, of perfect verity, that is like the cold clear wind on a mountain top.

We don't have to go to the propaganda machines of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia to find ourselves a very long way from that cold, clear wind. In fact, this country, more than any other, with the exception of Russia, has fallen a prey to the Big Lie. We see it every day: public relations men who tell the right facts and hide the wrong ones, a press that slants the news, advertisements that depend on everything under the sun for their appeal except the facts about the product that is being advertised. In the recent political campaign, we saw a famous advertising firm actually hired to "put over" a candidate in a masterly use of radio, TV, and a steady stream of news releases, with a battery of ghost writers to write his speeches and advisers to tell him when to smile and when to frown. That such methods could produce a synthetic candidate and would be madly dangerous if wielded by unscrupulous men is clearly evident.

To our way of thinking, next to the blessing of peace on earth, the New Year could produce no more precious gift for this country than a return to the concepts of the two Johns, the apostle and the poet.

The Master added a further word: "The truth," he said, "shall make you free." May the New Year bring our country to all truth and freedom in beauty and grace of living.

## One Good Move Deserves Another

In the creation of a citizens committee to study and recommend plans for the future development of our town, Southern Pines has, we feel, taken a wise step. This move, long urged by this newspaper, seems to be working out as was hoped. It was too much to expect our town board to undertake the detailed study needed for long-range planning which this new committee is undertaking. To enlist the services of interested and capable citizens is the part of wisdom as well as expediency.

The citizens committee is a result of controversy over the recent bond election. Though unfortunate that there should have been any, that's the democratic way of doing things and, like much in our democracy, good has come of it. There is, we feel, another good that might well result from the lesson learned at that time.

When the news of the proposed bond election was published, to most people it came as a surprise. Though it was, naturally, known that one item, the jail, must be dealt with as soon as possible, it was not generally known that other items were being considered. Apparently, this was not realized by the town board, who stated that plans for all four items had been under consideration for some months, one member said as long as two years. This, we believe, shows a need for much closer liaison between the town government and the people, and that leads to our suggestion: town meetings.

When it was realized by the board that the people were confused over the proposals contained in the bond issue, the mayor called a public meeting, but that was after the date of the election had been officially set. The time to have called the public meeting, we believe, would have been much earlier. Then the people could have found out all about what was being considered, the need could have been clearly stated and there would have been opportunity for a meeting of minds before official arrangements for the bond issue were made. Town funds would have been saved and tempers, too.

We believe that a further step in the direction of sound planning in Southern Pines would be to hold regular town meetings, perhaps three or four times a year. If large outlays were under consideration, they could be talked over then; if citizens had something constructive to suggest, that would be the time to do it. A slight start in that direction was made last winter by the American Legion. The meeting was poorly attended but, even so, it was clearly evident what a useful procedure it was. Furthermore, many who recall the old town caucus meetings at the high school, will put in a word, we believe, for the good feeling, the fun and the general friendliness, as well as good sense, they produced.

The creation of the new citizens committee is a step towards bridging the gap between people and town government. A further democratic reinforcement we should like to see added would be the revival of our town meetings to keep alive the feeling of solidarity and friendship that exists in this town and that adds so much to the satisfaction of living here.

## Troubadour With Outriders

He might have been nine or ten years old and he was on his bike, riding down Broad street. He had on blue-jeans and a checked shirt, with a leather jacket, and he wore a cap with ear-flaps tied up on top in a bow. The ends waved as he pedaled.

He rode slowly along, one hand lightly touching a handlebar. The other held a mouth organ. He played as he rode along, and, every now and then, he let go the handlebars altogether so as to cup his other hand over the harp and muffle it for the wobbly, quavering style of playing. Then he'd drop his hand back to the handlebar, holding it between finger and thumb, to be ready to play another quaver when he needed one. In the wire basket in front of him were a few newspapers with a bunch of holly on top of them.

On either side of him ran a dog. They were about the same size, the general size and shape of a big fox terrier or spitz, and they both had sharp pointed noses, but except for that, they were different. One was white, or had been white, with longish bushy fur, a good deal of spitz or woolly poodle in him. His ears were cocked and he carried his sharply curled tail high in a fine free arc over his back. The other dog was black with a little white shirt front and two white paws. His coat was short and very shiny, like a shiny piece of coal. Like the white dog, he carried his tail proudly, a longish tail with a fancy tuft of white and black at its flaunting tip. Both dogs kept their ears cocked straight up and held their heads high, with questing alert noses and bright eyes.

Sometimes the dogs ran abreast, on either side of the bike's front wheel and sometimes they ran like scouts, one a little ahead and the other forming the rear-guard. They ran with authority, stepping out in action; if they stopped, one front paw would be raised according to field trial rules.

The mouthorgan player, on the bicycle, and the two dogs travelled as one. The boy rode his bike through the light traffic by instinct, his mind turned inward on the playing. His escort tipped along to the music, keeping an even distance. They saw other dogs, but they were the guides and protectors of the musician; they paid them no mind. Intent on their assignment they ran along, stepping delicately on nimble feet, the barks of friends or foes, the smells of gutters and tree-trunks, disregarded.

The boy played hard, breathing in and blowing out, his head bent a little on one side over the harp, his cheeks puffing. In the noise of the town, you couldn't hear what he was playing, but once it sounded like Jingle Bells, or there might have been a few bars of Auld Lang Syne.

He rode on down the street, into the light of the afternoon sun, the dogs running abreast. Was he the New Year? If so, there must be some good times coming.

## Christianity and Communism

One of the gravest problems facing us today is the problem of how Communists should be treated in a Christian, democratic society. This newspaper has no wish to take issue with any thoughtful person's considered verdict on this subject, but is moved to set down a few observations of its own.

The Christian command "Love your enemies" is unequivocal, however far short of it Christians may often fall. The supreme example of this sort of love is found in the compassionate prayer from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do"—spoken of a malignant and conspiratorial enemy.

But love is discriminating. The true Christian forgives his enemies because he perceives that an ignorance of true values, of man's spiritual status as the son of God, is the source of their evil deeds, of "what they do." But he does not love the ignorance that is blinding them or the evil they do. He combats it and trains himself to recognize it in order that he may not be fooled by it himself.

Thus he will recognize communism as a malignant conspiracy—not the sole form of evil in the world today, by any means, but perhaps the best organized. He will see the Communists themselves as the first victims of their own conspiracy. He will see ignorance and lethargy anywhere in the world as avenues through which communism finds new victims. He will see that even those anti-communists who have allowed fear and hate to dominate their thinking to the point where they resort to the methods of communism in their fight against it are further victims of the same malignant disease.

And having seen all this, he will recognize that he can help to heal this condition only through the love that is also intelligence—by refusing to hate the deluded person even while he labors to dissipate the broadcast delusion. He will see that no ultimate answer is to be found in killing persons, jailing persons, silencing persons—even though some of these steps may be socially necessary under certain conditions.

Thus, with a cool head and an understanding heart, the Christian who follows in the footsteps of his Master will be able to see more clearly the sources of communism's appeal as well as the modes of its operation. He will look for the best ways of dealing with it in a free, democratic society without abandoning the hard-won values of that society. If steps of unusual severity are called for in any given circumstance, he will take them without rancor or hysteria and with an eye to the eventual benefit of his "enemy" as well as to the protection of democratic ideals.

Jails can hold only a limited number of persons; bombs can reach only a limited number of targets; but the Christian aim can stop short of nothing but wiping out that basic ignorance of spiritual freedom from which springs every form of despotism. Only love can sustain so great an aim as this.

—Christian Science Monitor.

## No. 36—In Old Southern Pines



In our collection of old copperplates, made 40 or 50 years ago, we ran across this one—typical, perhaps, of the country about Southern Pines in that long-ago day.

They may be somewhat ragged, but otherwise this is no scene of gloom. They're a cheerful-looking lot, and certainly look well-fed. That's just about the biggest baby we ever saw—almost as big as the mother, in fact.

We suppose it's too much to expect that anyone would recognize this group, though it's quite likely some of those youngsters are still living here.

## Grains of Sand

One of the nicest pre-Christmas activities we heard of was that of the Girl Scouts on the Fort Bragg reservation, who bought and wrapped gifts for the children in the Central Carolina Polio Center at Greensboro.

The sum total of nice things done by humans for other humans at Christmas time is very great. . . . We hear of many of these things—and some of them, we get to put in the paper. . . . Most of them we never hear about at all. . . . "Silently, so silently, the gracious gift is giv'n."

Yet we know of enough to scoff heartily at the idea that the Christmas spirit is lost, or even diminished in these modern times. . . . There is commercialism, to be sure—there always was. . . . Yet that is just one phase of the great holiday of faith, joy and doing-for-others that we know as the Christmas season; and where it crops out too strongly it is easily ignored in the larger implications of the time.

Also, on the part of inanimate objects, it is a time of the outcropping of excessive meanness—or so we learn from our friend, Mr. Chisholm, of the McLeod electrical repair concern in Carthage, who says electric appliances seem to know just when it's Christmas, their favorite time for acting up. He's been running around with his tongue hanging out trying to mend people's appliances, and every single one had to be fixed in time for Christmas—just had to. . . . There was one lady whose Bendix quit running just as soon as she got her living room curtains stuffed in. . . . Another whose electric stove quit on her the minute her cakes started baking. . . .

And so on ad infinitum.

"And there's my own brother," Mr. Chisholm told us, "who bought a brand new electric stove just on account of the Christmas baking—didn't want his wife to go through that again with the old wood stove."

"He got it installed and the oven wouldn't work. . . . The people he bought it from said they'd sold dozens and his was the first to act that way. . . . Wouldn't have, either, except it was Christmas."

During the past two or three years, our votes for worst news stories of the year would have gone to: (1) Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, chapter after chapter after chapter; (2) Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini, child after child; and (3) Barbara Payton and whoever those guys were she kept slapping, marrying and un-marrying.

Why they rated so much front page space, which was badly needed for more important news, we never understood.

Now, just as 1952 is about to give up the ghost, comes the worst one of this year: Shirley Temple snatching her youngster out of kindergarten because somebody put her picture in the paper.

We can't help feeling that, if Shirley had really minded the publicity, she could have handled it all some other way—any way except the one way which was sure to land on the front pages.

Also, we feel that Shirley should appreciate the love and interest which were hers for so many years, no matter how far in to private life she has retreated, and realize it is this, and nothing more, which has made Linda Susan newsworthy, and always will.

## "One For the Road" . . . Make It Coffee To Get Through "Alcoholihdays" Alive

Warning that the "alcoholihdays" are here again L. S. (Pete) Harris, executive director of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators today suggested nightcaps of coffee, hot with plenty of sugar, as a sound precaution for drivers attending Christmas and New Year's parties.

Mr. Harris, who coined the catchy slogan "alcoholihdays" during the Christmas season last year said the campaign had met with unusual success in New England and Maryland.

Called the "one-for-the-road" campaign, Mr. Harris related that he wrote Mayor John B. Hynes of Boston just before Christmas, 1951, urging that he include in his holiday safety proclamation the suggestion that party hosts and hostesses make the final drink of the evening coffee instead of something stronger.

The suggestion was based on the known "steadying" effect of coffee taken with lots of sugar. Mayor Hynes reported many New England newspapers featured the story. Hotels and night clubs in Boston advertised the fact that late departing guests would be served hot coffee "on the house."

The Boston official later report-

ed that traffic deaths in all New England totalled only four as compared with 13 the year before. He credited this improvement to the "one-for-the-road" campaign.

In Maryland, Mr. Harris reports, the campaign was also vigorously supported. Governor Theodore McKeldin reported no traffic deaths at New Years last year as against eight fatalities two years ago.

Mr. Harris said that next to "after the party" drivers, the heaviest contributor to the holiday accident total has been the inter-city traveler. "The student returning to college, the family attending a reunion, often drives as if it were a matter of life or death. . . . All too often it turns out that it is a matter of death—for the motorist."

For the long distance holiday traveler, Mr. Harris had two suggestions:

1. Start early enough so that despite unexpected delays you can reach your destination without speeding.

2. Take a rest stop at least once every two hours to refresh reflexes so that they will be able to handle the 20 to 50 decisions an hour that driving requires.

## The Public Speaking

### TOO MUCH CHLORINE

To the Pilot.

Why is there so much chlorine in the water in Southern Pines? My family and I like everything else about the town. The water sickens us all. It must be pretty poor water indeed that requires so very much chlorine.

WINTER VISITOR

### LIBRARY NOTICE

The Southern Pines library, closed Christmas day, will be open today (Friday) from 2 to 5 p. m. as a courtesy to those who wish to come in and read. No books will be issued.

The usual library hours will be observed Saturday.

## Bookmobile Schedule

December 29-January 2

Monday—Through Niagara to Union church (stops at Kelly, Darnell and Briggs homes); paved road to Vass, with various home stops, and Thurlow Evans' store; Lakeview (home Mrs. Bob Gullledge), 4:30 p. m.; Dunrovin Cafe, 4:45.

Tuesday—Unscheduled at present.

Wednesday—Eagle Springs, 1:30 to 1:50 p. m.; Jackson Springs—W. E. Graham's, 2:10, and postoffice, 2:20; West End, 3:15 to 4:15.

Thursday—Carthage library, 11:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m.; Joe Pressley's, near Ccles Mill, 1:30; R. F. Willcox, 2; High Falls, 3; Will Inman home, 3:30.

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