

THE PILOT

Published each Friday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated,
Southern Pines, N. C.

NELSON C. HYDE
Editor

CHARLES MACAULEY DAN S. RAY
Advertising Circulation
Helen K. Butler, Beanie Cameron Smith,
H. L. Epps, Associates

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months .50

Member Woodyard Associates

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

NEXT SATURDAY THE BIG DAY

What has come to be the biggest event of the year in the Sandhills from the standpoint of popular appeal is scheduled for a week from tomorrow, Saturday, March 18th, on the property of the Barber estate on Midland Road. There is no estimating the number of people who annually attend these steeplechase races of the Sandhills Steeplechase and Racing Association, but it runs up into the many thousands, and the folks come from all over North and South Carolina.

The popularity of hunt racing has increased each year since the organization of the local association and its first meeting in March, 1935. The demand for parking spaces this year has been greater than ever, and the picturesque course is expected to be entirely surrounded by cars when the starter sends off the first event at 3:00 o'clock. There are five races on the card, two over brush, one over timber, one over hurdles and one on the flat, making for a fine afternoon of sport. The purses for the winning owners total \$2,200.

The entries include some of America's finest blooded horses of the steeplechase type, and that there will be plenty of excitement when they dash over the stiff fences goes without saying. There's a thrill to this sport different from that of any other. We don't have to urge you to be present. You'll be following the crowd next Saturday.

ABUSING OUR NATURAL RESOURCES

The Pilot is in receipt of a letter which should be given serious consideration by the residents of Southern Pines and vicinity. We who are so dependent upon our winter guests should bend every effort to cooperate in the removal of abuses such as the one called to public attention by "A Disgusted Visitor." The letter follows:

Editor, The Pilot:

Can a letter from a winter visitor find a place in your paper?

For several years I have come to Southern Pines, and greatly enjoy walking and riding horseback through your beautiful woods. In many places these are defaced by "dumps"—piles of garbage, tin cans, papers etc. I have been told by several landowners that trucks and wagons drive out from town and leave these unsightly, and often unhealthy, messes, when no one is looking. Your town provides, I understand, an adequate disposal plant. Wouldn't it be worth while for everyone employing the driver of a wagon or a truck to carry off his rubbish, to insist on the load being taken to the disposal plant, instead of leaving its destination to the convenience of the driver?

Your woods are the greatest attraction this community has for many visitors, but they will not be so for long, unless some effort is made to stop this dumping.

Very truly yours,

—A DISGUSTED VISITOR.

A FARM WIFE'S COMPLAINT

A Michigan farm wife has given the Congressman of her district something to think about. She complains in a letter, which has been printed in the Congressional Record, that the government policy of indiscriminate relief spending has boomeranged. That should be something for everybody to think about.

Here is her letter, in part: "I know one family case very well, and it is indicative of thousands of families throughout the land. This family worked for my family three generations ago.

GRAINS OF SAND

Pinehurst has a traffic officer that doesn't get paid a nickel, is more efficient than most, and has four legs. You can tell Ripley about him if you want to.

Mrs. T. A. Cheatham attempted to drive into a certain street in town the other day, a street where the children like to roller skate, shoot marbles, and so on. As she turned to enter, the four-legged officer planted himself in front of her car, wouldn't let her move. It seems he doesn't let any cars enter that block when the children are playing.

The officer belongs to John Hemmer, the ace photographer, and is a very handsome police dog.

There's so much going on during the next two or three weeks in the Sandhills, Claude Hayes ought to be doing a big business in engagement pads. It's really confusing, and we just know we're going to land at a bridge party in riding clothes or a golf tournament in our dinner coat.

Today every one of that family except one boy is on some kind of relief and now the third generation is marrying and bringing children into the world as fast as possible in order to get their share of this good thing while it lasts.

"You cannot get one of them now to work on the farms. They don't like the farm. They would rather work for Uncle Sam and that is just what they are doing."

"The farmers around here cannot get adequate help any more, and if these people do work they want a wage higher than can be afforded on the farm and leave anything for the owner's own work and investment. Most of the old-time farm labor, the class who always earned their living working on the farms, is now on some form of relief."

There is nothing elaborate in this farm wife's economics, nor does she submit a maze of charts and figures to argue her case. It is a simple, sound argument that some people won't work for a living so long as they can live without working.

IT'S SPRING CLEANING TIME

It's Springtime—and Spring cleaning time!

And Spring cleaning should not mean just shaking out the rugs, washing the curtains, and dusting that little-used spare bedroom. It should mean a definite, planned program for putting property in apple-pie order, not only to improve its value and appearance, but to help prevent that dread destroyer that strikes when we least expect it—fire.

Trash-filled outbuildings are perfect incubators for fire from a carelessly dropped match or cigarette. Check over fireplaces and chimneys—from now on, such incidental heating units will be used more and central systems less. As warm, sunny days come, be especially careful to keep grass cut and fields clear of debris. Never burn brush when there is a wind and have water handy in case matters get beyond control.

Above all, go through the house from cellar to attic on an inclusive "junk-disposing" program. Those old newspapers and magazines you've put carefully away and will never look at again—that broken furniture that belongs to the worst period of design—those odds and ends of "gay nineties" clothing—that jumble of worthless, inflammable knicknacks in the hall closets: Get rid of them all. Give them to a charitable organization or the junkman. And you'll materially reduce the chance of a fire hitting your home.

A number of progressive communities carry on general Spring clean-ups each year as a civic function. Parkings are tended and beautified, fences repaired, and old firetraps are torn down. Fire departments and other municipal bureaus cooperate and direct the drives. The result is a more attractive and safer town—and a town whose residents may feel proud of it. Every community which doesn't do that now should think it over—and start the idea going around. It pays dividends in dollars as well as less tangible values.

or at the steeplechase races totting our golf bag.

That old-fashioned costume parade at the Pinehurst Country Club tomorrow, Saturday afternoon sounds like a lot of fun. If you want to see what Mamma and Granny looked like when they were your age, drop in. It only costs fifty cents or a dollar, according to your immediate financial condition, and it's for the hospital.

There's a sizeable building in the Sandhills that's only occupied three days each year, and those three days are next week. It's the 20-stall stable at the Steeplechase course.

But there's a lot of investment in there those three days.

A constituent has written one of the Congressmen a puzzling letter, to wit: "Please send me at once a list of everything that has not been invented."

The Federal deficit of the years 1931-1939 amounts to more than total government expenditures for the 125 years, 1789-1913.

Nine out of ten of the top executives in the American steel industry have worked their way up from the ranks of the company in which they started their careers. There's a chance for everyone to reach the top—in America.

"They say" the next Governor of North Carolina was in our midst here last Wednesday when the Legislature visited Charlotte.

But "they say" not who it was, nor can "they," nor anybody else.

The 1940 contest is going to be an indiscriminate scramble.

You can tell that much because of the wide variety of the "available" and because, primarily, not one of the more than half a dozen who are lighting their torches for the office has so far been able to get the jump on the pack.

That is not as it used to be.

For some years now it has been possible, almost easy, to single out the man who would be Governor in the course of a definite number of years.

Such certainty prevailed in the case of Bickett, of McLean, of Gardner, of Ehringhaus and Hoey, although the latter, through the development of unexpected shift in political psychology, was threatened.

But at this moment nobody can find a decisive veering of the winds in favor either of such men as Commissioner Maxwell, or Auditor Pou, or Secretary of State Eure, or Attorney J. M. Broughton, or Congressman Lindsay Warren, or Lieutenant-Governor Horton, or any of the others from the East whose hat is at least tilted toward the ring.

The next Governor of North Carolina was very probably a visitor to Charlotte the other day, but we dare a man in North Carolina to name him!

—Charlotte Observer.

JUNIOR WILLING WORKERS

PRESENT PLAY MARCH 31

The Junior Willing Workers of the Southern Pines Baptist Church will present the play, "Snowbound," by Tom Taggart at the High School auditorium on Friday evening, March 31st.

FOOD SALE

There will be a Food Sale tomorrow, Saturday morning at Mrs. Gifford's Flower Shop, conducted by the Youth Fellowship League of the Church of Wide Fellowship for the benefit of their summer young people's assembly.

Webster Knight Stables Near The Paddock Burn

Firemen Stretch 1,500 Feet of Hose, Save Part of Structure Caught from Grass Fire

Four months had elapsed since the Southern Pines Fire Company received a call for assistance outside of the town limits, but shortly after 11:00 o'clock Wednesday morning, it was called to the Webster Knight estate located near The Paddock. There a fire getting beyond the control of a crew employed in burning off the grass had communicated to the extensive stables.

The firemen, finding the nearest hydrant located at The Paddock were compelled to stretch 1,500 feet of hose up the hill before a stream could be turned on the blazing structure, the main part of which was then all ablaze. By hard work and skillful management by the firemen about half of the wide structure was saved. A number of vehicles reminiscent of early coaching days highly prized by Mr. Knight were also saved from the fire.

Erected about eight years ago when Mr. Knight acquired the former Maples farm the damaged building was insured with the A. S. Newcomb agency. Mr. Newcomb estimates the loss as at least \$2,000. Lawton Hatch, in charge of the crew, suffered severe gashes on his wrist when trying to enter the barn.

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