

THE PILOT

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

JAMES BOYD, Publisher
CARL G. THOMPSON, JR., Editor
CHARLES MACAULEY, Advertising
Dan. S. Ray, Mary Thompson, Helen K.
Butler, Beesie Cameron Smith, Charles
Cullingford, Associates

Subscription Rates:
One Year\$2.00
Six Months\$1.00
Three Months50

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

MR. LIPPMAN VIEWS THE LABOR PROBLEM

Walter Lippmann wrote recently about the captive coal mine strike. Mr. Lippmann is a writer for the New York Herald Tribune. This in itself is sufficient guaranty that he is not blindly biased in favor of labor.

In writing about the coal mine strike, Mr. Lippmann made a few general observations. He said:

"... The right way to go about stopping strikes, and assuaging the bitterness, is to open the window, let out the stale air and start working for an active and positive cooperation, not merely for a passive and negative suppression of strikes..."

"... Let us not repeat the costly mistake of last winter when the C. I. O. offered the Reuther plan for using the automobile industry in national defense, and we were told all the reasons why the plan was impracticable in detail. As a matter of fact, as we now see, it was fundamentally right in principle. That piece of Philistinism cost us not merely an unconscionable delay in using the resources of the motor industry but it cost us the enthusiastic participation of labor in national defense..."

Mr. Lippman is apparently suggesting that genuine cooperation of labor be enlisted. Labor in this country has not shared proportionately in the planning and administering of national defense plans. Mr. Lippman pointed out only one time—the rejection of the Reuther plan—when labor's volunteer assistance in planning was scorned and scoffed at. There have been other instances. Labor warned of steel shortage, while "experts" were proclaiming an abundance. Labor warned of an aluminum shortage, while "experts" were counting unhatched chickens. Now there are scarcities and priorities.

Great Britain learned, almost too late, that cooperation does not mean compliance and submission. It means working and planning together. Let us hope that the enlightened views of Mr. Lippmann will be shared by his conservative followers.

THE LIGHT FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

Four good male voices, perhaps those of a Negro quartet, singing in harmony, reach the climax of their song. With deep richness they sound the last line, "Let the light from the lighthouse—Shine on Me!"

There's glory in the light from the lighthouse in this song. There's faith and hope and health and life.

Perhaps that is why the Christmas seal of the Tuberculosis association carries a picture of a lighthouse, sending out its cheering beam. For years, the tuberculosis associations in America have kept burning a beam of light, filled with hope and health, shining forth to those who are afflicted with an illness which, like all others, respects no class nor color line.

The Moore County Tuberculosis association and its branches throughout the county this week begin the annual Christmas seal sale. The funds raised by the sale of these seals become the fuel which keeps the light in the lighthouse shining. These funds are used, not only to assist in treating those who have already contracted tuberculosis. Of more importance to each of us is the use of these funds to prevent the spread of the disease throughout our community and to halt all signs of t. b. before the disease develops.

An actual lighthouse on dangerous reefs is not merely for the comfort and information of a ship's pilot. It is for the protection and safety of the ship's

GRAINS OF SAND

FROM OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY and former grindstone to which we held our nose, The Sanford Herald, we clipped this one about Southern Pines.

"Bill Ray says the 'funniest thing I've heard about in the maneuvers happened at Southern Pines the other day."

"I was down there," said Bill, "when I saw a tank come breezing down the street. It went Zoom! around the corner and pulled up short in front of the A. B. C. store. A man crawled out, went in the store, came out with a bottle of whiskey, climbed back in, and the tank left, Zoom! around another corner."

ODD FACTS IN CAROLINA BY Carl Spencer, appearing in last Sunday's Charlotte Observer, contained a piece about Vernon Wilson of Hemp, saying he "has only one aunt on both sides—both grandmothers were named 'Mattie,' and both grandfathers were fatally injured by automobiles."

The Hemp man is not the only Moore County man recently to be mentioned in "Odd Facts, etc." Just a week or so ago, there was a picture of men shaking hands. Buster Doyle of Southern Pines was meeting Private Buster Doyle of Boston, Mass., a soldier on maneuvers.

A LADY—WE WON'T USE HER name—was talking with us over the telephone the other day.

"I'd come down there to see you," she said, "but my walking apparatus has joined the C. I. O., I guess, and gone on strike."

HAPPY TO ESCAPE THE WINTERS of Maine, whence they came, Fred H. Roberts and his sister, Lillian A. Roberts were a little amazed to find New England papers making fun of the Sunny South.

They referred particularly to an editorial in the Boston Post of November 13 which read:

"The New England boys of the 26th division getting ready for their big maneuver tests in North Carolina will smile in the future when the vagaries of New England weather are under discussion. A temperature reading of 18 degrees at reveille and water frozen in canvas buckets will be a memory of the 'sunny South' that will not dispose them to be too harsh toward weather at home."

"Our Chambers of Commerce have never made the weather a strong talking point in selling New England. We get it—good and bad—but thus does it come to the other sections, too."

Did it actually get as cold as 18 degrees—14 degrees below freezing—during that cold snap a couple of weeks ago? We don't know but two soldiers, one from Hoffman and one from up around Norman way, did tell us that ice two inches thick was found on their water buckets at reveille. Anyway, what's the difference? Nobody tries to get up and play golf at reveille.

PREACHERS AT A HORSE-trading center have to take their chance. Dr. T. A. Cheatham was telling Gene Stevens and Dante Montasanti about a trip he and the Rev. Fred Stimson made to Bennettsville S. C., on a horse-buying expedition recently.

A fine-looking horse was trotted out. The auctioneer looked it over. "That's the finest blankety, blankety blank, blanked blanked horse you ever saw," the auctioneer declared. Then, whirling on Preacher Stimson, asked, "Isn't that right, preacher?"

NO BUCKS SHOT

Deer hunting they went but with little success, except to see their driver-guide shoot down a 200-pound buck. Ed Starnes and Red Overton journeyed way down into Columbus County Monday to hunt deer at Lake Waccanaw. After hunting most of the day, they had no shot at a deer. But their driver, Goldston, who operates the hotel, shot the big one.

passengers and crwe. The Tuberculosis Association lighthouse sends forth its beam also not only for those immediately affected but for all of us in the community. Each must share in supplying fuel to keep the light burning.

"Let the light in the lighthouse—shine on me."

Ask for our New Complete Book Catalogue.—Hayes.

Dr. J. I. Neal
VETERINARIAN
Southern Pines, N. C.

FOR BARGAINS FURNITURE
See Alton D. McLean
Opposite Hotel Aberdeen

The PUBLIC SPEAKING

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY

To The Editor:

Southern hospitality has just been revived. The maneuver period, now near its close, gave us the opportunity to open our towns, our homes and our hearts to the fine soldiers during their brief sojourn among us. If the soldiers' response had been different, we would soon forget about it, and slip back into our shells. But we can't forget. We can't forget the sincerity of their voices and the light of their faces as they thanked us for sharing with them. We have been paid a hundredfold.

What do we get out of this hospitality? A successful business man, who has given freely of his time and means, said, with face aglow, "The people who are not taking part in this are missing a lot."

Our fine boy wrote his mother that he couldn't get home for Thanksgiving, and that he would miss it, but he said that people had treated him so well down here that he hoped she could ask some soldiers to take his place at the Thanksgiving dinner table. We just know she did.

Probably more than half the soldiers will get home for Christmas, but it would be fine if we, all over the country, could share a little bit of our homes, our time and our Christmas spirit with the boys who remain at their bases. This, no doubt, could be arranged with the chaplains at each permanent base.

After Christmas and New Year, there will be opportunities to extend hospitality to our soldiers in many ways. If churches and civic organizations will organize for this, they will no doubt receive welcome cooperation from the army. Recreation centers are fine, but the sharing of our homes means even more. A young soldier wrote that he and his buddies traveled two hundred miles to spend the week-end in some Carolina homes where they knew a welcome awaited them.

We are glad the maneuvers gave us the opportunity to revive Southern hospitality and we believe they marked the beginning of American hospitality.

—M.R.B.

New 1942 R. C. A. Radios at Hayes.

Our COUNTY'S HEALTH

By DR. B. M. DRAKE,
Moore County Health Officer
IMMUNIZATION PROTECTS

Immunization, more commonly known as vaccination, can protect a person from taking a disease. It is generally known that, in some of the more common diseases, an attack will protect the person against further attacks of the disease. Something has been put into the body of the person that will not allow the disease germ to live. In other cases something has been built up in the body that destroys the poison generated by the disease germs.

Observation of these facts has enabled scientists to perfect the various vaccines and anti-toxins that we have at our command today. In some cases a very mild attack of the disease is brought on and in others a substance is given that stimulates the formation of anti-toxins or "anti-poisons" in the body. Our smallpox vaccination is really a very mild case of smallpox limited to one place on the body. Our diphtheria toxoid is a substance that stimulates the formation of anti-toxin in the body.

Thus we have in our hands the weapons to destroy some of the worst enemies of mankind. It is up to the physicians and the public health workers to make use of them and it is up to the people to take advantage of them.

MAINE MAN DIES HERE ON HIS WAY TO FLORIDA

Willard Merrill Hinkley of West Jonesport, Maine, died in Moore County Hospital last Friday after an illness of only four days. With Mrs. Hinkley, he was on his way to Florida when he was taken ill near Southern Pines. He was 55 years old. Funeral services and interment were at his home in Maine.

Parker Pens, Pencils and Desk Sets at Hayes.

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY GOOD COAL
FARRELL COAL CO.
Phone 9581 Aberdeen



The Gray Fox Restaurant

Unusual Pastries

Prepared by
Our New Pastry Chef

Finest Continental Cooking and
Imported Wines

Please make reservations in advance
Phone 3321 Pinehurst

Sunrise Theatre

Southern Pines, N. C.

Saturday, November 29, William "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd in "THREE MEN FROM TEXAS," also Andy Clyde Comedy and Chapter No. 10 The Spider Returns. Matinee 3:00 P. M. Night Shows at 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

Sunday, November 30, Jimmy Lydon and Mary Anderson in "HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT." Also Shorts. Matinee at 3:00 P. M. Night Shows at 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

Monday and Tuesday, December 1 and 2, Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda in "WILD GESE CALLING." Also News and Shorts. Time 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

Wednesday, December 3, Ray Middleton and Gloria Dickson in "MERCY ISLAND." Also Shorts. Time 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

Thursday and Friday, December 4 and 5, Clark Gable and Lana Turner in "HONKY-TONK." Also News. Time 7:15 and 9:00 P. M.

Start Your Christmas Shopping Early

Buy Practical Gifts

These are only a few of the attractive items we have in stock:

Sheet and Pillow Case Sets, Bedspreads, Towels, Men's Tie and Belt Sets, Gloves for Men and Women—Ladies' Underwear.

Full line of Clothing and SHOES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

O. B. Flinchum
Carthage, N. C.

HAND WOVEN Anglow Tweeds

of Pinehurst, N. C.

TWEEDS

All Virgin Wool by the Yard
Large Variety of Designs and Colors

ORIGINAL MODELS

For Immediate Wear

CUSTOM TAILORING

Our Head Tailor and Staff Here for the Season

HATS, BAGS, MATCHING SWEATERS,
and ACCESSORIES

SPECIAL COLLECTION of Tweeds for
Men

On Double Road Half-way Between
Pinehurst and Southern Pines

Telephones:
Pinehurst, 4832 Southern Pines 5812

CHRISTMAS GREENS

THE PERFECT GIFT

Holly, Mistletoe, Long-leaved pine boughs, and Cones

Carefully packed and prepaid to the 4th zone

One-half bushel box - \$1.50

One bushel box - \$2.50

James B. Swett, Jr.

21 East N. H. Ave.

Southern Pines, N. C.

Phone 8323

For Sale

Attractive homes at low cost, for usage and for investment. Let us show you what we have.

Eugene C. Stevens

Thos. A. Millar

Southern Pines,

North Carolina

Still on Maneuvers

November 28, 1941

Pvt. Jack Taylor
Somewhere in N. C.

Dear Jack:

I was awfully sorry I couldn't meet you the other week-end when you wrote me, but you know how those things are in the Army. I did get leave the next week-end though and took your advice about going to Southern Pines.

The Army truck got us there about 3 o'clock and, being a stranger in the place, I went straight to the REX BILLIARD ROOM since you made it sound like a very hospitable place. George Straka, the guy who runs the place, was there. He remembered you and said how disappointed you were when I couldn't get there before. He let me shave and wash up, and, boy, I felt like a new man. When I got through, a gang of fellows were starting a game of billiards and invited me to join them. I did and it was real fun. The tables are the best I've ever played on and the fighting is swell. I won a couple of games before we all went to supper.

During the evening I saw something of Southern Pines and got a place to spend the night. Then I went back to the BILLIARD ROOM and had another game. There were some fellows listening to the radio and reading or playing cards or checkers. I found a Blue Eagle Bugle—imagine it, our home town paper this far from home—and buried myself in it for a while, then joined in the fun. Before I left I stocked up on cigarettes, chewing gum and a couple extra tins of tobacco. Also got some of the picture postcards to write to the folks back home. Just wrote them and left them there—George said he'd see that they got mailed for me. Some service, huh?

So long, maybe we'll run up with each other some other time while we're down on maneuvers.

JOE.