

THE PILOT

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CHRISTMAS 1943

This is the day the Child was born, All free from blame, Who bore the wound and wore the thorn To save the sinful and forlorn Who speak His name, who speak His name. On shepherds a new light shone down, That Christmas tide, New voices sang, above the town, A song of cheer whose holy sound Hath never died, hath never died.

Therefore we sing of Thee today, Where e'er we are, All humbly trusting that we may be guided by Thee on our way As by a star, as by a star.

Then may we ponder, one by one, On every child, In every land beneath the sun, Whose life on earth, just now begun, Is undefiled, still undefiled.

And thereon take good hope anew From Thy bright birth, That those who seek Thy will to do May to all men and children, too, Bring peace on earth, bring peace on earth.

The above Christmas Carol, by James Boyd, has been set to music by Marshall Bartholomew. It will be sung by the Yale Glee Club at their Christmas Concert.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Christmas is going to be so hard this year," the lady said, "I can't bear to think of it." Her voice was sad and the girl behind the counter looked at her, her young face very serious. Waiting my turn, I wondered: so many families broken by the war, so many gold stars softly gleaming on the service flags. "We have always had such a gay Christmas," she went on, "all of us together, fun and parties and a big turkey dinner. And all the house decorated. Seems as if I couldn't bear even to put up holly this year." "Yes," said the girl. "I try not to think about Christmas," the lady went on, "I guess that's the best way, don't you? Because you get to thinking about all the other times and the presents and singing and you just can't bear it." "Yes," said the girl. "This is a hard Christmas all right... for lots of folks," she added. The lady gave her a quick look and picked up her package. "Well," she said, "thank you and... Merry Christmas." The girl looked after her with a queer expression on her face. Her husband is in a prison camp; she hasn't heard from him since last August. I moved up. "Hello," I said, "So, she's down here again?" "Yes," she said, "She's been down a couple of months." "She's not wearing mourning," I said. "But people don't much any more; it's a good thing too." "Mourning?" she said, "She's no call to wear mourning." "But her boys," I said, I thought from the way she talked that one of the boys... "They're all right. And her husband too." "Oh. Well it's hard enough, of course, having them in danger." "They aren't in danger." Her tone was short. "One's in Texas and the other's at Benning... Public Relations." "What!" I said. "You mean they aren't even overseas?" She looked at me and then she smiled. "I know," she said, "and that's the way I felt. But they're good boys. One of them'll be on his way over pretty soon if he has anything to say about it. And the other would be too, but the medics turned him down. They're O. K. They can't help the way she is." She looked away. "It's a good thing," she said, "that there aren't many like her, isn't it? At least," she laughed, "good for my temper." "Good for the country, too," I said. "How's the nursing going?"

"Oh fine," she said, "I can only get to go Sundays, but I've told them to call me any night when there's an emergency." "Have they?" "Sure. Several times. They're so short of nurses now." I picked up my package and finally got it out: "Have you had a letter yet?" "Not yet," she said. Her eyes lifted. "But I got word he was moved to a bigger camp and I think maybe letters will come through better now." And if you got word, I thought, that means he's alive. You didn't say that, but that is what you were thinking. You don't say that kind of thing and you smile and work all day and kid with the other girls. At night you go home to your sick mother and get her fixed up and then you get supper. And after you've washed up you write your daily letter. Next morning you go to the post office on the way to work. You don't look in the box. You mail the letter first and watch it slip through the slot in the wall. It slips easily and falls with a little thump inside. Then you look in the box. As you walk back to work, people say "Good morning." Now they are saying: "Merry Christmas." You answer: "Merry Christmas." And by the time you've passed the second cross street you can say it first: "Merry Christmas." And by the time you reach the A & P you can smile too when you say it. "Merry Christmas," you say and smile: "Merry Christmas!" -KLB

The Passing Years

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

Third Week of December 1943

The Rev. Thompson E. Davis to be installed as pastor of the Brownson Memorial Presbyterian Church on December 26th. Banks in North Carolina to have three-day holiday, December 25, 26, 27. Negro USO quarters in West Southern Pines gutted by fire Saturday noon.

1939

J. H. Williams, generally known as "Herbie" has opened a lunch shop in the new Daniels Building on New Hampshire Avenue. Friends of W. T. Ives are glad to see him driving his car again following a long period of treatment at Duke Hospital.

1934

Miss Birdilia Bair has taken an apartment in the Mudgett Building for the winter. Mrs. George Buttry was hostess Monday afternoon to the Sewing Club. Melvin Sanborn dies.

1929

The final top dressing has been applied to the new Walter Page Memorial Highway, leading from Aberdeen to the grave of the late Ambassador to Great Britain, and the mile stretch of road is one of the finest pieces of highway construction in the State. A. T. Shumaker dies.

1926

Blaze in "Company House", Pennsylvania Avenue and Ridge Street, night of the 11th, destroys roof and causes other damage. Burton E. Hoskins dies.

1920

"Pine Grove House. Under new management, now open for guests. Reasonable rates. Mrs. Essie B. Farmer, Bennett Street and Indiana Avenue." Adv. "Watch prices decline in the Public Market. H. A. Lewis, Proprietor." Adv.

1914

A. E. Wright, familiarly known as "Old Facts and Figures", reports having played golf 790 days during the months of January, February, March and April in the years 1906 to 1914, missing only 136 days in all this time.

1909

Wednesday Postmaster Leavitt sent north 17 bulging mail sacks. 11 going on the night trains, and the incoming mails were not up until 10:30 P. M. This year's Christmas business is the largest the Southern Pines postoffice has ever done. Postmaster Leavitt and his willing assistants have been prompt, considerate, careful and obliging, and the thanks of the public are due them.

J. H. Ferris, Acting Superintendent of the Experimental Farm, wishes to thank all those who answered the call for assistance at the recent fire, especially Pinehurst and Southern Pines Fire Departments, also James Schwartz and Joe Bilyeu.

A. A. Moulton dies.

1899

Hoorary. The big new clock has arrived at the Seaboard Air Line station and is now in its elevated

position, where all can secure the correct time free of charge. Notice. Shooting fire-crackers and fire-works is an inappropriate way of celebrating Christmas and a disturber of services in the churches. I therefore forbid the burning of fire-works in the corporate limits except in immediate vicinity of the gunclub grounds on N. H. Avenue. R. M. Couch, Mayor protem.

Sand Box Being Filled Weekly BY WALLACE IRWIN

No really good fires have been reported to me this week, so I'm out on a limb, wondering what to write about. There's always Science, of course. But scientists make such large impersonal statements that I declare to goodness they're right discouraging. The way astronomers throw billions around reminds me of a Senate Finance Committee telephoning to the Treasury Department. One astronomer has calculated—don't ask me how—that the universe is 90,000,000,000 years old. If so, it seems to me it's old enough to have learned a lot of things it hasn't.

Dr. Hooton of Harvard, who specializes on anthropoid apes, says that wars should be fought by soldiers who have passed their sixtieth year and are willing to die for home and grandfatherland. Harvard's ape-expert has certainly said a mouthful, if we look at it from the angle of race preservation. The only fault in his argument is this: Elderly gentlemen would rather talk than walk. Fill the foxholes with military dotards and the war would degenerate into a civic forum, with our side challenging the enemy to finish it in open debate. Since the Nazi propagandists are gymnasts and jugglers, the combat might end in a negotiated peace. Which is the thing we don't want the most.

The proper time for such a clash of superior minds would be a few years before a war gets started. Or after this war is over—provided we can gather together enough mature and sturdy brains to banish mass killing from the face of the earth. That ideal, I think, is what we're fighting for.

Mature and sturdy brains seem to be occupied in correcting what we're told is a shortage in war material. Certainly there is man power enough, as has been demonstrated by our miracles of production since Pearl Harbor. The job now seems to be to get the workers from places where they don't belong to places where they do. Mr. Hearst's Westbrook Peglar might savagely inform us that all the trouble comes from labor-coddling and absenteeism. Half true, as usual, Brother Peg. And it is a move in the right direction for the Government to close down a few race tracks which have been diverting mechanics from turning out the shells and trucks and tires which we so urgently need.

Laborers, they say, are drifting away from war factories in quest of more permanent jobs. Doing what, I ask? If the management of kewpie-doll factories and picture postcard works are offering better time and better wages to men and women who were making trucks and tents and ammunition, then the doll-and-card factories should be curtailed or closed for the duration. For all I know these particular industries are already closed or curtailed. But somebody is certainly doing a booming business in the unnecessary, or our war workers wouldn't be lured away.

It's Christmas time, and we shouldn't be harsh with the generous habit of buying and giving. The retail trade is having a hard enough time, anyhow, and it's nice to think of the shops doing a thriving business, selling the things we need and want. Yes, and the toys that children need, because in childhood play is a positive hunger.

But let's look at the upper bracket. A frame of New York holiday advertising asks us "to be sure to see our new collection of Christmas-gift mink... Unusual at \$3950." This ad vies with a more sumptuous one, offering a variety of Russian sables, a few of them valued at \$65,000. And jewels, jewels, jewels! Black diamonds, whatever they are, and enough sapphires and emeralds to make the Queen of Sheba click like a Venetian chandelier... Miami, which is always the goat when newspaper correspondents want to kick about vulgar vanity, is said to bulge with imperial furs and royal diadems, which unaccountable visitors buy as you'd buy beans—provided you have the ration books with you. And somebody down there pays \$100 a fifth for imported Scotch. Are our man power boards going into these luxury shops and seeing what can be done about it? Maybe. I hope so. The furs might be put away in mothproof, the jewels interned in safe de-

posit for the duration and the vendors transferred to useful fields. Elderly salesmen and sales-ladies who are physically unfit for the factory labor should not be made to suffer a hardship. They could serve at more modest counters where the people buy the things they really need, or really can afford. And the unidentified customers who bid so lightly for \$65,000 sables, let's find out who they are. And where they got it.

All this sounds pretty sour for a Christmas message, doesn't it? I'm not buying Russian sables or black diamonds. Honest, I'm not. If I can't afford to go into the market for these things, I can afford to criticize.

But I bet my weekly \$2.50 that we could do a lot toward solving the man power problem if we discouraged trade in the ineffectual things. I'm willing to give up that \$11,000,000 Half Pint Club building project. Nobody seems to be doing much about it, anyhow.

U. S. O. NOTES

Christmas

Plans for Christmas at the Southern Pines U. S. O. are now completed. The Club has been beautifully decorated by the hostesses and soldiers.

Those at the Club have been quite busy buying presents for soldiers who are unable to come in and do their own shopping. Presents for wives, mothers and sweethearts are attractively wrapped and mailed for service men. After the generous manner in which residents of Southern Pines contributed to making a real Thanksgiving for servicemen from Camp Mackall, we would like to solicit a little Christmas spirit. Anyone who can invite soldiers home for Christmas dinner is asked to call 8932.

Christmas Program

Christmas Dance will be held Saturday night, December 23, at

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666 Cold Preparations as directed

Telephone 6161

J. N. Powell, Inc.

Funeral Home

24 hour Ambulance Service

H. Stanley Austin Manager Southern Pines

8 p. m. All junior hostesses are urged to attend.

Christmas Eve morning breakfast will be served from 9 to 12. Mrs. Thomas Sutcliffe will be in charge, assisted by Grace Hawk and Camellita Stevenson. Christmas Eve supper will be served from 6 to 7 p. m. Hostesses will be Mrs. Ernest Poate, Carolyn Priest, Virginia Ray, Alice Mae McNeill and Virginia Hoskins. Bingo will be played afterwards from 7 until 9, prizes for all winners. Members of the community are cordially invited to attend the bingo party.

Christmas morning breakfast will be served from 9 to 12. Turkey dinner will be served from 5 to 7. Open house and informal games all Christmas Day.

Band Concert

U. S. O. is sponsoring a concert to be given by the 541st Band at the High School Auditorium January 14 for servicemen and members of the community. The time will be announced later.

Snack Bar

Our Snack Bar is now open at all times serving hot dogs, hamburgers, sandwiches, cake and coffee. We wish to express our appreciation to all who have donated doughnuts, cakes and cookies. Delicious gifts such as these are always more than welcome.

Efficiency Advance Owing to great advances in efficiency the output of minerals in 1938 was produced by half as many miners as were required to produce the same amount in 1914.

WE WILL PAY CASH For Your USED CARS

Pinehurst Garage

in the good old fashioned way from Mrs. Hayes' Shop

Our Christmas Insurance Policy Insures You To An Unlimited Amount of CHRISTMAS CHEER And a Victorious and Prosperous 1945 PAUL T. BARNUM, INC. JOHN S. RUGGLES GARLAND A. PIERCE Complete INSURANCE Service Citizens Bank Bldg. Telephone 5151 Southern Pines, N. C.

WE KNOW OUR PERSONAL FRIENDS, BUSINESS CLIENTS AND ACQUAINTANCES WILL JOIN HEARTILY WITH US IN OUR CHRISTMAS WISHES AND THOUGHTS FOR THOSE IN AND OUT OF THE UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES AND ALLIED NATIONS—all striving for the same Cause. We wish them, each and every one, quick success in their several tasks and a speedy return to their hearths and homes. Eugene C. Stevens Paul Jernigan Blanche Sherman Jimmie Hobbs

SCOTTIE'S PRESENTS ELINORE and Her All-Girl Orchestra LIMITED ENGAGEMENT Dining and Dancing NIGHTLY AT 8:00 P. M. One Mile South of Southern Pines Phone 6793