

THE PILOT

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THE EAGLE SPREADS HIS WINGS

The reorganization of the Army, even if it overcomes the opposition of the traditional diehards and becomes thoroughly accepted by all ranks and all branches of the service, cannot be final. But it probably represents all that can be expected at the present time from a group of men with human limitations. And it does represent the direction in which the organization of the armed might of this country must eventually go.

All administrative distinctions between Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, and so forth, are now done away with. The Army now functions as three general services. There is the Air Corps. There are the Ground Forces. There is the Service of Supply. At the worst, this means that the Air Corps is now regarded as the equal of all other combat services combined. And at the best, it may mean that the Air Service will now be backed up in action by the Ground Forces, just as, in turn, the Ground Forces are backed up by the Service of Supply; that, in a word, Air Power is now recognized as a spear-head of all attack, around which, and behind which, all other implements and services must be coordinated, and, when necessary, subordinated.

So far, so good. But what has been done affects only the Army, and is designed to accelerate the pace and efficiency of land warfare. Air power, however, knows no distinction between the sea and the land. There are, of course, special problems such as that of bases and of special training for attack on ships or for night bombing, but, generally speaking, air power can in an instant transfer its attack from land to sea, or from sea to land, and can, in the same operation, attack shipping, ports and troops. There must be different sorts of planes for different purposes: high level bombers, dive bombers, torpedo planes, fighters, carrier-based planes, and others and the men who fight these planes must be specially trained for their particular mission. But there is no more reason why some of these planes should be in the Navy, and some in the Army, than there is why machine-guns and artillerymen, who also have different arms and functions, should not also be separated into two services who have no common interest or understanding, and no unity of command.

The Navy will be a hard nut to crack. Navies, and indeed, seafaring men of any kind have always been traditionally conservative. It is not unnatural. A man who has the responsibility of taking a ship to sea and getting her home again, is temperamentally averse to any new-fangled notions. He wants something that is tried and true. In the end he gets down on all notions that are new, however good.

But, sooner or later, in this war or the next—and, if we lose this one, there will be a next war, soon—sooner or later, even the Navy is going to have to recognize this terrible new power which is beginning to come into its own.

When this occurs, not an Army Air Force and a Navy Air Force, not a separate Air Force, but a united Air Force, prepared to strike on land and sea without distinction. This force will be larger than anything yet dreamed of. And both the Army and the Navy will be its auxiliaries, whose function is to occupy and defend the land and sea which the Air Force conquers.

SOLDIER-VIOLINIST

You know, it sort of makes you feel hollow inside, when you first think about it, and then you get kind of mad and want to go out right then and there and bash Hitler and Mussolini and anybody else who shouts about "national superiority" and the "weaknesses of the American way." And then you think, well, this is the sort of thing we're fighting for and we like it well enough really to fight.

Behind all this is the announcement today that the Southern Pines Library Association is going to present a violinist on its concert series here March 16. The violinist also is in the Army. He's at the Fort Bragg Field Artillery Replacement Center. But that's not all. He's a native of Budapest, Hungary. His appearances and his teachers would prove that he's good.

And there's the thing that makes us mad. Here's this young Hungarian-born violinist who's now serving for his adopted Uncle Sam and whose talent he's willing to share with his fellow Americans, even while he's going into battle for us.

And this is the sort of thing Hitler and Mussolini and the Japs would take away from us! Not much, they won't. The peoples of the world have united in America. Let America continue to unite the peoples throughout the world by repeating over and over again, incidents like this little one: "Private Frederick Balazs, Hungarian born violinist, now private in the United States Army, will present a concert in Southern Pines, North Carolina, U. S. A., Monday, March 16."

ALARMS ARE NEEDED

Next to Southern Pines is a little town of which, during the last ten or fifteen years, we have become increasingly proud. Starting as little more than a huddle of shacks and cabins on the hill, West Southern Pines has grown until it now fills many blocks. It has grown not only in size but in quality and in appearance. There are several well built churches there and many attractive houses whose door-yards full of flowers and shady trees are as pretty a sight in spring and summer as is to be found.

Southern Pines proper has helped its neighbor town some, but on the whole the improvement has been accomplished by the colored people who live in the town itself. The contributions provided by us on this side of the stream have been few. It is therefore very satisfying to hear that our commissioners are now holding discussions with a view to remedying one very serious situation in West Southern Pines. This is the installation of adequate fire alarms.

There have been a great many fires in West Southern Pines. This is to be expected perhaps when there are so many wooden houses, many of them built with inadequate insulation around chimneys and stoves. The old floors or shingled roofs of pine are quick to catch and flare up in an instant. But though we might expect a number of fires we also expect that with our excellent fire department most of the fires could be put out without too serious damage. This has not been the case. House after house in West Southern Pines has burned to the ground and in several tragic cases the occupants have been consumed as well. This has not been the fault of the fire department. In nearly every case the engine has responded to the alarm with promptness, arriving at the fire in remarkably short time, only to find the house already burned to the ground.

The fault has been not in the department, but in the fact that the alarm came so late. And that is because there is no fire alarm system in West Southern Pines.

What happens now when a fire breaks out over there? At night, when most bad fires occur, the few houses which have telephones are locked up tight. Folks sleep hard after a long working day and the house itself may be far from the house that is burning. So the man or woman or child who is sent flying to give the alarm does not dare take a chance on being able to get in. Instead he does the

safest thing: he runs to the fire house. All the way down one long hill and up the other and on across the tracks many a one has run, to stumble exhausted into the fire house. The time is not long then till the engine is on its way, but time lost in the beginning cannot be made up. The glare is already high in the sky and as the truck draws up fiery crumbling walls and figures huddled pitifully about a few blackened possessions tell the tragic tale.

How the problem of setting up an adequate system of fire alarms will be solved we do not know, but the commissioners are to be congratulated on at last taking notice of a situation that has for many years been shockingly neglected.

TOWN-MEETING PREPAREDNESS

Nowadays there is a good deal of talk about Moore County's job in the matter of organizing for war. The confusion among leaders of the O. C. D. is reflected in the conversations going around. A list of remarks heard up and down the streets of our Sandhills communities would read something like this:

"I'd gladly do my part if someone would tell me what it was."

"I've saved a lot of old aluminum pots, but what am I supposed to do with them?"

"I read in the paper that we must save tin cans so I did, but yesterday some big shot in Washington said there wasn't enough tin in them to be worth saving. What the heck! Why don't they make up their minds what they want done?"

"The colored people who come over to town to work are worrying about their cars. Why doesn't the town help them to organize a bus service?"

"Is anything being done about getting folks to plant vegetable gardens around here?"

"What about sugar? I saw where it says housewives will be allowed sugar for canning. Is that so?"

"Why doesn't the town get mules and start driving wagons instead of their trucks—now in stead of later? If all towns did that—and lots of people could too—we'd save a lot of gas for our tanks and planes and ships. Why don't we start now?"

"They say electric power and also the tungsten that goes into light bulbs should be saved. Why couldn't every sign in town be turned off at night except on those stores that remain open? If everybody did it the loss of business if any, would be equal. We haven't many signs in town but at that they make quite a glare in the sky. If we started such a thing here, we would act as a model for other towns to follow. There was a long article, prominently featured in one of the big New York papers last week, about a small town doing all sorts of things to help in defense. That might be better advertising than anything. Why don't we start, right now?"

You hear it, on every side: "Why don't we do something—now?"

Last year when the maneuvers burst over the heads of the Sandhills, the people responded in what we are proud to call a typically American way. Certain organizations had been set up in Washington amid great fanfare of fund raising and publicity, which were supposed, among other things, to aid local communities in the situation in which we found ourselves, but when the maneuvers came to the Sandhills these organizations were not on hand. And so the people of our town worked out their own set-up. They carried on so efficiently and intelligently that visiting officials from the U. S. O., Red Cross, and Moral Division of the Army were free to acknowledge that the work could not have been better done.

Now we are faced with another state of affairs, similar to our experience of last fall in that it is new to all of us. The country is at war and we are one of the millions of communities which must adjust to this new condition. It would be a wise move to study the situation carefully, and as a first step, to look back and try to profit by our past experiences.

To start with, there is the fact that once again the higher-ups, those who are supposed to

Freedom of the Seas

To those who sit, who wait, who listen
For word from loved ones on the sea,
Who can not do the things they would do,
For age, or red tape, or because they are not free,
Who only hear "another tanker is sinking in the sea."
Another life boat adrift with bodies, forty-three,
And seamen tell of shelling, freezing, thirst and madness,
While back they go, always back to the sea,
The sea is calling, always calling for the gladness
Of Freedom of the Seas.
—Contributed.

be directing us, are late on the scene. Whether they are in a muddle, as some suspect, or too busy arranging the defense organization of larger and more vulnerable areas makes no difference. There has been, quite rightly, a strong feeling of indignation with those in authority, but though their slowness and squabbling has undoubtedly jeopardized the defense activities of large cities, it may be that this ill wind will blow us little folks some good.

Much has been said about how hard it is for a democracy to fight a totalitarian country, and that only by becoming totalitarian ourselves can we hope to win. From the standpoint of over-all effort nothing could be truer, and many defense projects are such that they must be coordinated and directed by a central authority. But there is danger that in emphasizing this truth we may overlook another. The genius of America lies in a combination of cooperation and individual action. While we must cooperate with our leaders and carry out orders as they come as punctiliously as if we were members of the armed forces we must not lose the rare American spirit of independence.

It is possible that the very confusion and slowness at the top may be the spur we need to show what we can do. We should seize the opportunity in the same spirit with which we tackled the problem of the maneuvers where individual initiative and community action can be exercised, let us not wait to be told what to do; let us act—NOW.

WHO PAYS THE TAXES---

(Editor's Note: Millions of us who have not before had to file income tax returns will this year be required to do so. For the benefit of its readers, The Pilot is presenting a series of brief, informative articles concerning income taxes. The articles contain authoritative information, direct from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, U. S. Treasury Department.

ARTICLE SEVEN

Have you filed your Federal income tax return? If you come with in the group from whom returns are required, you have only until midnight, March 16, in which to file a return. Single persons who earned as much as \$14.43 a week for the 52 weeks of 1941; or married persons living together who had aggregate earnings of as much as \$28.85 a week for the year, are required to file returns. The instructions attached to the forms describe the method of preparing returns, but if further information is necessary it may be obtained at the offices of the collector or internal revenue, deputy collector, or an internal revenue agent in charge. They make no charge for their services.

If income tax returns are placed in the mail, they should be posted in ample time to reach the collector's office on or before the due date—that is, midnight on March 16 for calen-

The PUBLIC SPEAKING

To the Editor:
I read in The Pilot that the last practice blackout staged here had not been a success, owing to many not hearing the siren. Has anything been done about it?

Here, on Highland Road, I doubt if anyone, while shut in their homes, hears the fire siren unless the wind happens to be in the right direction.

A commentator recently announced over the radio that the difficulty of hearing the sirens had been solved by one community: Stone Mountain, Ga., had placed its siren on top of the court house, the highest point in the town, and it can be heard for a distance of nine miles about the countryside.

I am offering a suggestion: why not place our siren on top of the highest telephone pole at the highest point on this ridge and operate it by wire (remote control)?

MARY BLYMYER,
Southern Pines.

P. S. Does anyone know when and where gas masks and "tin" hats will be on sale. It seems none too soon to have them available.

dar year returns. Taxpayers subject themselves to a penalty for failure to file returns on time.

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