

THE PILOT

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THE PILOT welcomes contributions to its news columns, but reserves the right to distinguish between news and advertising. Final deadline for news items and advertising is noon Thursday of each week. Cards of thanks are public notices and, as such, will be charged for at regular advertising rates. Expressions of opinion are also welcome, but each communication must be signed, although the writer's name will be withheld upon request. Letters should be kept to 300 words or be subject to editing. No anonymous contributions will be considered. To give personal items, other news, or for further information, telephone 7271.

STRIP-TEASE ON BROAD STREET

Nobody regrets the stuffy clothes women used to wear. In fact, if you made our women put on the high-necked ground-sweeping dresses, the three petticoats and the whalebone corsets in which our mothers used to weather the summer probably few of them would survive.

Everybody rejoices that women's apparel has, in summer at least, reached the age of good sense. But as we glance at the sisters parading around down town, we sometimes wish that the good sense could be mixed with a little good judgment and good taste.

We are obliged to admit that our town, fond of it though we are, is not a great metropolis. And yet we think that even our small village deserves a modicum of recognition. When visiting ladies (we assume patriotically that they are visitors) appear in Broad street in curl papers and pajamas as though they had just crawled out of bed, they not only offend our aesthetic sensibilities—a privilege which in this field should be confined to man's lawfully wedded wife—but they powerfully lacerate our local pride. And when other ladies in their track pants and brassieres display their charms before the assembled corner loafers, drug store cowboys, bystanders, curiosity seekers, traveling salesmen, members of the armed forces of the United States, school children, church members, Negroes, insurance and real estate men, dogs, pedigreed and natural, newspaper men, preachers, merchants, drunks, air wardens, political leaders, window shoppers and the general populace, we note those charms as narrowly as the next fellow and conclude that they are frequently overestimated by the possessor. When they are genuine we are thrilled as a fallible human being, but, as a public institution devoted to the betterment of mankind, we regret that the exhibition of them should not be confined to a circle more select than that which infests our shopping centre. Those striking figures, however, are exceptional, and viewing the run-of-mine anatomies exposed by their misguided owners to our alert gaze, we can only rejoice that at least we men still stick to shirts and trousers.

"RAILROAD CARS RUN BY OUR DOOR"

If we had to do it over again probably we would not locate our main street along the railroad tracks. The Chamber of Commerce and other public spirited citizens have made Broad street about as attractive as any street can be that has double tracks running down the middle of it. But that's where they do run and there is no getting around it.

No getting around some of these trains either that creep and half and puff and cuss and back and till. Just sit, if you're in the car and try to figure whether to shut off the gas or not. Or if you're afoot try to figure whether to stand there in the sun or find a cool place to sit down.

But when they don't pause, when they really come through rolling, then there is another problem. Then all up and down the street a man can hardly make himself heard. He has to holler his orders at the grocery

tore and maybe he gets the wrong thing; if he goes to Doctor Milliken or Doctor Mudgett he has to holler his symptoms and maybe the doctor gets them wrong and gives him calamus root instead of asafoetida; or maybe he's at the bank, he's talking fast, he's going fine, and has just about persuaded Norris Hodgkins to make him an unsecured loan. Then along comes a win-deisel hauling ninety-five cars and by the time the shack has passed, Norris has had time to think better of it.

And along with the rumble and the roar are the whistles. Those feisel horns will stop all social intercourse for five miles around. The engineers do the best they can not to kick up so much fuss, but with those diesels you might as well try to get the Bull of Bashan to sing small.

But it's not all bad. You can sit in the shade and watch the cars roll by. Watch them and read their names, "Southern," "Virginian," "Pere Marquette," "The Nickel Plate," "L. & N.," "C. & O.," "I. C.," "Sante Fe." You can see the troop-trains rolling by and trains of tanks and trucks and guns. You can just stand there on Broad street and feel America moving, see her arming. That is something worth feeling, something big and strong.

This past week we have had a small added pleasure. The road gang have been laying new rail. They were good singers; they would stand in a row rattling their crow bars under the rail in Negro rhythm and sing a line in harmony; then they would all lean together on their bars and the track would move over while the boss-man lined it up with his eye. Good singers, sweating and swinging together.

Since the war, there has been another pleasant change, if you can call it a change, when it is really a going back to what once was. The Seaboard has had to dig out a lot of ancient locomotives from retirement. It is nice to see those little old timers sweating up the grade, still able to do their bit for the war like some of the rest of us.

And it's best on these summer nights to hear their old time whistles. They must put oldtimers in the cabs of those old engines; way down the Aberdeen hill you can hear those whistles wailing up and down, soft and musical and sad, bringing some of us back to the days when we were kids here.

THE OLD SCOUT MOTTO, "BE PEPAEED," HOLDS GOOD

Early Sunday morning there was a genuine air raid alarm along the Carolina coast.

It is true that, up to this writing, nothing has been revealed to indicate that there was really enemy activity in the area. But at the time the alarm was sounded there was suspicion of strange vessels and strange happenings. And the precaution of a coastal blackout was taken.

We are glad that there was no air raid or other attack. However, we cannot be sorry that the real alarm was sounded—no practice warning—and the blackout took place. It drives home to us here in the Sandhills the seriousness of our practice blackouts and related civilian defense activities.

This coastal, genuine blackout also arouses in us a thankfulness that here in Southern Pines we have had civilian officials who took their jobs seriously and have gone about preparing for any eventuality, basing their plans, not on what they hope or think might happen, but on what they know, from the experiences of events in England, Continental Europe, and other war zones, can happen in this war.

John Howarth, for instance, our defense coordinator and chief airplane observer, isn't a man to go off half-cocked over a little authority. But come a practice blackout and John says, no foolishness. No cigarette smoking. No crowds wanted on the streets. Sure, it's all practice now, he says, but the only value of practicing is to get us in good habits for blackouts if and when the real thing comes.

And Pat Patterson, with his air raid wardens, and Chief Ed Newton with his special police have not made a pleasant game out of these preparations for eventualities. Certainly the some two dozen special policemen who have undergone a series of rigorous, time-taking training courses do not think they have merely been satisfying a whim. Nor have those hundred or so civilian defense workers who

GRAINS OF SAND

Herbert Cameron's little terrier dog, already famous among Herbert's friends for the way he sticks by his master, was, as is his wont, tagging closely to Herbert's heels the other night as he came out of the post office. Herbert opened the door to his automobile, clambered in and immediately shut the door behind him, forgetting, for a moment, the dog. The terrier cocked his head on one side, and gave a sharp, angry little yip that proved an "open sesame" to the car door. Smugly, the terrier climbed into the car and off they went.

Our contemporary, Enoch Price, who runs The Democrat up Greensboro way, related a little incident the other week which should be a warning to all readers-in-bed. Seems a fellow was in a hotel near the coast, reading a newspaper in bed, when the FBI raided his room. Every time the reader turned a page, it cut off the light beam momentarily, then allowed it to flash back on G-men thought he was signalling from the window.

John G. Fitzgerald, whose Mid-Pines Club is filled for the first time with summer customers (soldiers) and who is now up at Essex County Club, Manchester, Mass., lately renewed his subscription to The Pilot, as all good readers do, but added a little note to his subscription notice. Our bill-sender apparently inadvertently addressed the notice to Maine, instead of Mass. John added the little admonition: "Hey, you guys, NOT Maine—Massachusetts." Fortunately, though, his paper's addressed correctly.

Southern Pines affords some remarkable surprises for folks who visited here years ago. Robert Herr, brother of Dr. George Herr, marvels at the changes in the town since 1905 when he was first here. He was guest at the old Southern Pines Hotel when Mr. and Mrs. Giles were the owners and also at the Highland Lodge when it was in charge of Mrs. Wheeler. The old place doesn't look the same to him, but it must look better, because he's planing on returning here next winter. Mr. Herr is an instructor in music, playing, probably, entirely different tunes from the kind his dentist brother plays!

Gasoline and tire rationing has struck hard, not only at the human population, but at animals. There was a puzzled and rather stubborn expression on the face of the little spaniel whose small, pig-tailed mistress was trying to teach the spaniel how to ride in the basket carried on her bicycle. The girl finally got the dog in the basket—but said canine

have, at one time or another, taken part in the special training classes still being conducted at Southern Pines High School.

Southern Pines and Moore County have done well in their various preparations for war-time possibilities. Many of the local efforts have received praise from national officials who are pleasantly surprised to see this comparatively small section setting a pace in preparation. After the events of last week-end, perhaps those few local scoffers who have had their tongues in their cheeks as they watched others devote time to gas defense, fire defense, first aid, special police, nurses aides, emergency housing and feeding, airplane spotting, and all other related efforts are biting down on their tongues.

We can hope and pray that war will never come to us; that we will be able to gain victory by going to the war zone. But our hopes and prayers will be far more effective if we continue to supplement them by some down-to-earth, serious honest-to-gawd efforts to protect ourselves and drive off the invaders if they do come.

SAVING OF GAS, RUBBER AND OF HUMAN LIVES

Gasoline and rubber rationing has accomplished something that apparently nothing else could. It has stopped the advance of highway deaths and reduced this nation's losses to that enemy.

A six-month summary of highway fatalities in the State during the first six months of 1942 showed a decline of 141 or 25.5 percent from the 1941 deaths for the same period. Deaths on the highway during the six months this year totaled 416 compared with 557 for the similar period last year. Road fatalities in May showed a 40 percent decline over last May and in June 58 were killed compared with 97 last year.

In conserving rubber and gasoline, we have also conserved human life.

didn't look very happy about it.

It was a year ago Monday that this State first began to enjoy the blessings—or otherwise—"daylight saving" time, which, per request of Governor Broughton went into effect on Sunday, July 27, 1941. We went back to "God's time" in the fall, and then this spring, Congress decreed the whole country should adopt "War Time," a new name for "daylight savings." So now we all can play in the daylight until nine p. m.

Fragile, yet vivid in coloring, our crepe myrtles are now in the delightful perfection of bloom. In common with many other trees of foreign origin, this slender tree of India, clad in russet or olive brown, with spreading crown, turning crimson in Autumn, has found a welcome home in the genial climate of eastern North Carolina, where, during the summer months, the gorgeous blossoms in pink, rose, crimson and white are a delight to the eye. Splendid specimens are now in bloom in the yards of Mrs. T. S. Burgess, Mrs. C. H. Edson, and Alex Fields; along the Seaboard parkways at Connecticut avenue; at the former Durgin house on May street, and adjoining the Belvedere. A tree, all in white, is located on Bennett street, near the former Powell home.

It was just about a year ago we mentioned here one great attraction in 'Gene Stevens' inner sanctum—the wall cuckoo that children tried to hear strike. In 'Gene's' window is another attraction which stops not only children but adults, including a good many of the soldiers passing by. It's a little news picture display, put out by some advertising firm or another, (we never noticed which). About every day or so, some new picture of a recent event appears. Men and children are most interested, Gene says, but comparatively few women stop to look at it.

"I just wanted to talk with someone who's arithmetic was as bad as mine," declared Frank Shamburger, in a long distance call from Aberdeen the other day. "Didn't want another thing but that. Started to call you up about 2 o'clock the other morning to get you out of bed and tell you that 200,000 pounds

isn't 10 tons—it's 100 tons."

Frank was referring to an 18-point caps headline in last week's PILOT declaring that the county had collected "10 tons" of scrap rubber, or 196,000 pounds. We haven't figured yet, for sure, whether Mr. Shamburger's right about our arithmetic or whether we just left off a little zero—which is nothing anyhow.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you

that," he said, concluding the conversation, "and to say that we got about 10 tons of baby nipples alone!"

Are you entitled to wear a "target" lapel button? You are if you are investing at least ten percent of your income in War Bonds every pay day. It's your badge of patriotism.

Exactly One Year Ago. Space Equivalent to This Was Used by a Nationally-Known Electric Refrigerator Company to Advertise Its Product.

WAR

has diverted the efforts of this company to production of War Materials. Advertising Has Ceased for the Duration.

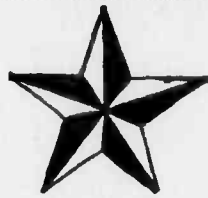
The Pilot

reminds its readers that in place of buying what was advertised here last year, you can now purchase

War Bonds & Stamps

to help

WIN THE WAR



In Service

J. D. Arey, Jr., who for six years has been connected with the insurance business of Paul T. Barnum, Inc., and with the real estate firm of Barnum and Arey is now in the Armed Services of his Country. Last week he was inducted into the United States Army.

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT WE HAVE OBTAINED THE SERVICES OF

Jerry V. Healy

For many years, Mr. Healy has been connected with real estate and insurance work in the Sandhills. Mr. Healy will carry on Mr. Arey's work with our firm for the duration.

Friends of J. D. will be glad to know that he will retain his full interest in the business and that his place with Barnum and Arey will be awaiting him at the end "of the duration."

Previous to his leaving, Mr. Arey worked with Mr. Healy to familiarize him with the duties, responsibilities and services of this business. J. D. joined the Army with full confidence in Mr. Healy's ability to assume his duties for the duration and to carry on with the same high degree of service and efficiency.

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