

# 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.

## Stop Beating That Drum



Drawn especially for THE PILOT by Thomas Preston

## GRAINS OF SAND

The lady came into The PILOT office. We showed her the calling cards in which she was interested. Then she chatted a little.

"What is the significance of THE PILOT," she asked.

We explained that it was the name of our newspaper and printing shop.

"I just wondered," she said, pleasantly. "It's not a very common name."

"No," we said, going ahead with writing her name, so that we could make out her visiting cards. "And your name . . . ?"

"Mrs. Gordon Winston . . ." she paused a moment.

"Is that all?"

"No, the last name is Pilot! Mrs. Gordon Winston Pilot."

It was the first time we'd ever run into that name, too. Captain and Mrs. Pilot have just come here, Captain Pilot being assigned to Knollwood Field. It was a peculiar sensation to say, as she left the office of THE PILOT, "Goodby, Mrs. Pilot, come again to see THE PILOT."

THE PILOT is nearly 22 years old, but this was the first time it has met Mrs. Pilot.

Mrs. J. H. Walton who, with her husband, Major Walton, U. S. A. retired, returned to the Sandhills last week from Hawaii, where they have lived for the past four years, said that war has wrought considerable change in beautiful Hawaii. Parks now harbor air raid shelters. Public buildings are expertly camouflaged with dirt and turf. Everything is war activity. The Waltons returned in a convoy, through peaceful seas, the trip taking only seven days, compared with five days in normal times.

There were very few of his original friends left for Capt. W. B. Williams to greet when he was in Southern Pines last week. Capt. and Mrs. Williams, with their daughter, Margaret, were visiting the Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Cox, and Captain Williams enjoyed looking over the town through which he used to go over 50 years ago as a conductor on the old Seaboard railway.

Capt. Williams chatted with Frank Buchan about his father, whom he knew down at Manly, and remembered when he brought 'Dolph Ruggles to the little station here and helped to get his baggage off the train. This was when Mr. Ruggles came here to settle.

Capt. Williams has been retired for some time, now, but reminisces with a remarkable memory about the old days of the Seaboard.

At a time long ago when the world was a happier place, Stephen Vincent Benet wrote:

"I have fallen in love with American names

The sharp names that never get fat  
 The snakeskin - titles of mining-claims,

The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,  
 Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat."

If you think we have lost our happy facility for using names, keep your eyes on our Army's rolling

the people finally killed this pension plan for Congress, even though it was probably a well-deserved, and certainly not a greatly extravagant, plan. Yet this same public which yelled so loudly over this comparatively insignificant action, sits calmly back in armchairs and lets Congress quibble over the tax bill, over inflation measures, over other important war measures.

Let our voices be lifted now for action—and then let each loyal American support action which will bring results.

Every feminine name from Anita to Zilla; masculine from Abner to Walter; with every diminutive thereof; geographical names from Maine to Florida and California; cities, towns and creeks, and such fanciful ones as Ack Ack, Anita, Amoeba, Bouncer, Bones Bus, Chief, Chant, Dixie, Hick, Hell on Wheels, Misery Chase, Tat and Zip—all these and more have been noted on the jeeps and trucks along Broad street during the past few days.

Corporal Herrmann Grover, who's been stationed at Herbert Smart Airfield at Macon, Ga., has now been transferred to Robbins Field, Ga., where he is with the Fourth Station Complement of the Wellston Air Depot.

Sgt. Tommy Atkinson (from the name, he ought to be in the English Army) has been transferred from his station in Louisiana to a new camp opening in Tennessee.

Edith Matthews, now working at Knollwood Field, tells that the new Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, commonly called the "WAACS" has brought some confusion in certain Army circles. She says that someone called the quartermaster outfit the other day and asked if they "could send around some WAACS."

The caller was informed that there probably weren't any WAACS available, that they were still in waiting at Des Moines.

"No, no," said the voice, "we don't want WAACS. We want wax—floor wax."

Frankie Buchan, son of the postmaster, came back from Raleigh last week a mighty disappointed young man. He was all prepared to enter the U. S. Navy and figured there was nothing to keep him out. But he was turned down because of something he never suspected he had and still doesn't realize any effect from it—a perforated ear drum which, he learned, is bad if you have to sleep on the ground. Frankie had his mind set for sleeping on ships, in the Navy, but the Navy medics said "No."

However, he wasn't in as bad a shape as another young fellow who was turned away for the same reason. This man was so set on getting in the Navy that he had sold all his possessions, including every shred of clothing except what he had on his back to get to the enlisting office. He didn't even have on a pair of socks! And he was turned down.

## THE Public Speaking

To the Editor:

In the last issue (August 28) of your weekly paper, which I subscribe to, I read an article entitled "A Time to Speak" on page 2, column 1, which I thought was a masterful explanation of our present condition. I have mailed it to one of my friends and would like to have a copy for myself. Am herewith, enclosing ten cents to cover cost of same.

—NORWOOD JOHNSTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## SOLDIERS RENDER MUSIC FOR BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE

Sgt. Samuel Scales of New Jersey and Corporal Harold Stover of Philadelphia, Pa., both stationed at Fort Bragg, were guests of the Baptist Training Union last Sunday evening and rendered special music in songs and gave talks to the young people. Following the regular meeting, the soldiers led the members in group singing of hymns.

## Young Bailey Decides that the Sandhills Have It All Over Highly Rated California

Letter from Southern Pines Boy Describes Ironically Conditions in Far West

Douglas Keith Bailey, 18-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bailey of Southern Pines, has been in religious work in California for about a year, after graduating from Southern Pines High School a few years ago.

The following letter from young Bailey was received by THE PILOT this week and should be of interest to the folks in the Sandhills: To The Pilot:

Being as I am by birth a Tar-heel I should very much like to tell you a bit about a very beautiful land . . . a rather queer land where I now reside . . . namely, California, and more particularly southern California. I will admit that this will be very annoying to the Chamber of Commerce(!), though the beauty of North Carolina, or shall I say Southern Pines, is such a very different beauty than the deserts and mountains of southern California.

I came here with the same spirit I believe that most come here with. Yes, I really saw a cowboy (the emphasis there is on the "a") but I wasn't thrilled much. Their horses, or to be consistent, his horse was of a more modern type . . . chrome and with those scarce shoes; by the way they haven't rationed "hay" out here as yet. Shortly after my disappointment of Buffalo Bill's ancestors, I began to look for the stars. I should have known that they were all in the sky. Nowhere could I find Hedy; nowhere could I find Myrna; even Garbo was in Brooklyn.

### Los Angeles—City Limits

Don't believe them when they tell you that San Francisco is the most lively, most fantastic city on the West Coast. The unvarnished truth is that Los Angeles holds that spot. Why? The majority of the people that ever come to this fair state arrive first in Los Angeles. To allow the agent to route you otherwise would be an aberration unforgivable. I am told that this great city is over forty square miles in size. It takes in every cow pasture and neglected filling-station. An American sailor tells me that on a recent stop in Shanghai he was attracted by a small sign on the outskirts of the city which he thought read "Los Angeles—sure 'nuf, it was the words; but upon a more careful examination he made out the words "City Limits" beneath.

I have been out here long enough to be able to subsist for over a week on a pure fruit diet. There is an endless variety to choose from. There is a great number of fruits here on the markets that I had never heard of till arriving. But I will say that the east has the west beat by far when farming is concerned. Eastern farming is much easier. One of my first mistakes after arriving here was trying to apply to the soil my knowledge of farming that I had gathered in the east. Every thing must be irrigated, and water here in Santa Barbara isn't very cheap.

### Difference in Grass

Grass is plentiful, both the cultivated and irritable. Grass lawns are pretty but there is something that one recalls with interest on being able to see the spring here and there. One misses that certain resurrection of nature from beneath the white, that is that part of nature including the beautiful eastern grass; it appears much greener. Here it is the same old story year after year and one really has to love California to stay here—at least as long as there are places on the map such as Southern Pines and elsewhere. The desert and sage and whatnot is the spine of interest in beauty in California. Truly there is nothing quite so delectable and awe inspiring.

As most know, southern California is busy with defense work. And over every such section of place where work of national importance is progressing, one sees, with memoirs of London running through his mind, a great many balloons hoisted in advantageous spots near-by the plants and places of activity.

### Freak Religions

To cover the field of religion I can say unsectarianly (if there is such a word) that I never expect to see a better breeding ground for so many freakish religions. The town where I stay has a Buddah temple. Beside the conventional popular religions, we have the numerous sects which seem to have a large following. Recently appearing in the local news sheet was an item to the effect that if Rev. So-and-So didn't receive \$500 soon he would walk out on his

## JUTTING STEEL BEAM STRIKES VASS BRIDGE

Three Poles Snapped By Impact from Freight

The upper railroad bridge in Vass was badly wrecked last Wednesday night when a piece of steel on a flat car became dislodged and extended far enough to strike the bridge framework.

Three large supporting poles were knocked down, two of them snapped like reeds, although they were around 12 inches in diameter. One of the wide steel braces was badly bent, and the north side of the bridge sagged considerably.

The crew of the passing train did not know of the damage wrought until they reached Hamlet, but the night policeman and others heard the wreck and barricaded the bridge.

A railroad crew was on the job early Thursday morning, but it will probably be the last of this week before the bridge will be open to any traffic except pedestrian.

own following.

While there are jivers out here as well as elsewhere, there is a better hope for the survival of the endearing classics. The recent western production of "Fantasia" well illustrates the extreme that the Monksies and Torstinkies have gone in gracious effort to bring the public around to the fact that classic music is just a bit better than any "One Dozen Roses" or any "Shoot the Girdle to me, Myrtle."

"I could rave on with more, perhaps I should have said less. Any way if you have read this far it is your own fault, and more than that if you aren't wise enough to stay in Southern Pines then that also is your own undoing. Really, come out here for a while, at least; see for yourself if Clark Gable's mustache is real, see if there really is a "Hollywood," see if there is a lemon tree in each back yard . . . I haven't.

Yours for a better America,  
 —DOUGLAS KEITH BAILEY,  
 1617 Castillo Street,  
 Santa Barbara, California.

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

# That Extra Something!

## ... You can spot it every time

LIKE "winning a letter", keeping out in front of the others takes an extra something. Coca-Cola has it, —in taste . . . in quality . . . in refreshment.

The finished art that comes from 57 years of practice goes into the making of Coca-Cola. A special blend of flavor-essences merges all the ingredients of Coca-Cola into a unique, original taste of its own.

Everybody recognizes this clean, exciting quality taste in Coca-Cola. There are many ways to quench your thirst, but only Coca-Cola refreshes like Coca-Cola. Contentment comes when you connect with a Coke.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing . . . the real thing . . . "a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community".



The best is always the better buy!

With war, there's less Coca-Cola. So Coca-Cola, first choice, sells out first—sometimes may not be in the red cooler. Worth waiting for . . . those times when "The 'Coke's' in".

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 COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO., ABERDEEN, N. C.