

THE PILOT

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A JOB FOR COLORED AND WHITE

Since the establishment of Camp Mackall the Negro community of West Southern Pines has been swamped each weekend by colored soldiers. Their presence is a compliment to that part of town. West Southern Pines is distinguished by its good location and by its neat attractive appearance and the troops seem to prefer it to the colored section of any other towns in the area.

But the situation has its problems. One near riot has occurred and one murder has been committed. Stricter policing will help but that is not the whole answer.

The Negroes who are coming into town are for by far the most part decent well-disciplined and well-behaved: they are soldiers of the United States who may be called on to give their lives for their country as many Negroes have done in our other wars; they deserve a decent attractive place where they can find a little recreation on their brief leaves.

We would like to see the people of West Southern Pines initiate a movement to take care of this problem. If they would do so they would receive immediate and substantial support from the white people.

The small town of Southern Pines has been faced with many big war problems and has handled them with outstanding success. It should be a matter of pride to handle this one.

TEMPUS FUGIT

An army of soldiers that is not tied in with the War department in any form and does not come under government surveillance is that powerful force that is only occasionally noticed, that youthful aggregation on back-lots, the small boy.

There are few adult witnesses. No AP correspondents chronicle daily affrays on deadly battle fronts. Uniforms and equipment are nothing like standard. There will be no historical records chronologically arranged. There will be none seriously wounded. No casualties. But most important of all, inherent in the small boy are the same vital principles permanently united in his elders, desire for victory and defeat of the enemy. Hard-won achievements take place among the small folks. Strategic effect and intelligent maneuvering mark many a grave situation. Patton units drive nearer Gafsa in heavily two-pronged columns. The Eighth Army slugs forward on a seven-mile front. Backyard headlines continue to unfold, although they never reach print.

When Timmie Hyde, son of the former editor of THE PILOT, was a recent visitor, one interested bystander observed war tactics carried on over a back fence and voted them strictly modern to the last sense, heard names and places slip off juvenile tongues that made the spectator dizzy. The observer recorded that when one of Timmie's soldiers fell, complaint was made to the battery commander who in true military style responded with a bit of fiery verbiage asking if the blankety blankety blank blank couldn't see the prostrate man had a bad case of malaria. Little escapes the discerning youngsters.

Small boys now are as small boys have always been. Imitators of their elders and all their many inventions. Not many years ago he was a laboring steam-boat with arms revolving in paddle wheel fashion, accompanied by deep toned whistles. Then came the day when he converted himself into a model T, the magic gas buggy that coughed and chugged in the drive. Today he flies through an imaginary blue, emitting thunderous and screeching sounds. He is a flying fortress, arms and body indicating intricate spins and dives.

What the next crop of him will be, none of us can guess. But he will be here as he has always

GRAINS OF SAND

The telephone triumvirate, Shenk, Miner and Thompson (Jackson)—blithely skipping hither and yon Friday morning in search of breakfast gave us pause. Alas! There was not any breakfast to be found. Neither for them nor for many irate visitors bawling their hungry state and vocalizing disgust in their extremity.

Members of the fraternity of modelers and constructors of miniature engines, trains and other railroad equipment and all other fellow fans in model designing would be delighted with the skilled work of Frank Kaylor.

Frank is just putting the decorative touches to a working model of Seaboard engine No. 484. Built to a scale of one half inch to the foot this Mikado type engine is 27 inches long and 9 inches high and as in the monster original burns coal; the tender is the same height and 17 inches long. This model generates 60 pounds of steam which powers the 3-inch drivers, air and water pumps, air brakes and whistle. Complete in every detail of glistening brass, shifting copper and dull finished iron, this handsome engine runs on 60 feet of track also as complete in detail as its burden.

On the Y track is Frank's first effort, a copy of the Seaboard's Pacific type No. 452, as complete in every detail as 484, but an oil burner and a few inches shorter and not quite so tall as No. 484. Both models are beautiful examples of skilled handcraft and patient workmanship.

"I'm just a newspaper man," announced a friendly caller who stopped at THE PILOT office Friday morning for an informal chat. He is James D. Haggerty, editor and publisher of the Woburn Daily Times, Woburn, Mass., and has been running a newspaper for 42 years. Mr. Haggerty, a seasonal visitor to the Sandhills over a long period, is enjoying a rest prior to the Army's calling members of his staff.

THE Public Speaking

To the Editor,

On Sunday evening, March 14th, my wife was taken seriously ill in the bus coming from Pinehurst to Southern Pines.

To all those kind people who assisted me on the station platform, to the young lady who got my wife a chair and a glass of water and to the two gentlemen who offered their cars to take my wife to the hospital, may I express my sincere thanks.

To Doctor McLeod of Southern Pines and to Doctor Pishko, Doctor Monroe and the good nurses of Moore County Hospital, we humbly say, "thank you."

"When a feller needs a friend," was met with Southern Hospitality and a friendly interest that I shall admire as long as I live.

Sincerely,
—S. STACEY.

313 Walsh Court,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Jim Boyd,
Southern Pines, N. C.
Dear Mr. Boyd:

I have been a patient in the Moore County Hospital three or four times for the past six years and I notice they pass your paper around, The Pilot, for us to read which we do enjoy so much and I take the pleasure at this time to express my appreciation to you and to the medical staff there at the Moore County Hospital for being so nice to everybody there. Moore County really does have a lot to be proud of.

Yours sincerely,
—GEORGE B. WELLS.
Hemp, N. C.

THREE COUNTY GIRLS ON W. C. DEAN'S LIST

Greensboro—(Special) — Making the Dean's list this year at Woman's College of the University of North Carolina are 236 members of the junior and senior classes. This honor entitles students to unlimited cuts and special academic and social privileges for the coming term.

Among those listed are the following from Moore County: Miss Helen Hilderman and Miss Rebecca Neal of Southern Pines, and Miss Juanita Maness of Carthage.

been and always will be. The small boy who will eternally fight for peaceable and friendly relations.

May the Lord of Peace, have mercy upon him, the small boy, the Nation's new crop of soldiers, for he needs much, now—and throughout the ages. —H.K.B.

Edward Buchan of Kinston with the help of his partner H. P. Edwards of Sanford, done something novel in railroading. About four years ago the pair took over the venerable 89 year old "Mullet" road, the State controlled Atlantic and North Carolina railroad that reached from Goldsboro to the coast.

The road was head over heels in debt, in fact it was so hopelessly involved that their friends thought them mentally off balance when they attached themselves to such an undesirable piece of railroad property. The story of their flowery progress reads today as lively fiction. Along with much new equipment on ground and rolling stock, shop machinery, five steam locomotives, erased debt, satisfactory earnings and thirteen new industries located along their road the story is an interesting one.

Ed Buchan, better known as "Buck" in the Sandhills was raised in Manly, the son of Johnathon and Belle Buchan. John Buchan prominent in affairs in his section was one of the really big farmers in Moore and Hoke counties.

An eminent citizen of Southern Pines strolled into the office with a twinkle in his eyes as he asked us:

"Have you ever seen a pack rat? Have you any ideas as to their actual appearance?"

Our answer was "No."

"Well then, have you not looked upon that poster in the postoffice?"

"Again, "No. Why?"

Disinterring the dictionary from the hiding place selected by Mary Baxter we read:

"A bushy-tailed wood rat, *Neotoma cinerea*, of Western North America, noted for carrying off articles; mountain rat."

Then we hustled down to the post-office and gazed upon the picture of a rodent sporting a naked tail of extreme length.

It may be that he lost his hair coming East. We don't know.

JACKSON SPRINGS

L. G. Melvin, Jr., and friend, Lewis Raynor, from Wake Forest College spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Melvin.

Mrs. L. B. Henson and children, Bobby and Gail, Miss Florence Henson and Mrs. Mary Ray spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Henson of Reidsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Smith and daughters, Patricia, of Rockingham were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Poole through the week-end.

Pvt. R. Earl Gaddy has been spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Gaddy, and Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Poole. Earl has been stationed in Camp McCoy, Wis., during the winter.

Sgt. and Mrs. Sam Sneed of Raeford spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stubbs, Sgt. Sneed is stationed in Curacao, N. West Indies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tucker of High Point spent Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Thomas and little daughter, Jean, of Charlotte spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. McCullough of Albemarle were guests of Miss Janie Thomas Sunday.

William Richardson, Raymond McInnis, Richard Hurley and Vardell Brown left for Fort Bragg Friday and Saturday.

Young Peoples League

The Young Peoples' League has elected officers for the new year as follows: Oscar Richardson, Jr., president; Waylon Blake, first vice-president; Miss Blanche Brooks, second vice-president; Miss Juanita Henderson, secretary-treasurer; Miss Florence Henson, adult advisor, and Sam Dilling, assistant advisor.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bruton had several of their children home for the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bruton of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Causey and children of Rockingham and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Crawley of Raleigh. Mr. Crawley is now with the U. S. Navy.

Box Party and Dance

Saturday night, April 3, there will be a box party and a square dance at the Community Hall. The proceeds of this party will be used to purchase an electric victrola for the Community Hall. Everyone is invited to come.

Correction: Miss Vysta Markham holds a position with the Cumberland County Health Department instead of the Welfare Department as stated, last week.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE PILOT

Speaking Personally

LET'S BE MODERATE

It would seem that the spring campaign against cats is on.

Recently a sack containing seven of these unhappy creatures was hurled from a speeding car near the home of some members of our family.

The thick-skinned brutality of such an act is discouraging. It is too like the deeds of our enemies over which we are wont to shudder.

You can not rise up and kill because you dislike.

Most of us have members of our families in uniform who are demonstrating this law of humanity, for us and for generations to come.

Personally I am not wild about cats. I don't feel about them as I do about dogs, that home is incomplete without one.

Cats? I can take them or leave them.

But to anyone who admires pluck, the way in which one of these unfortunate cats, a tiny chap with a cruel gash in his neck (due no doubt to his impact with Highway No. 1), the way in which this little chap, who had been a wounded stray on Monday, had become the family pet with his special place on the hearth by Wednesday, was something to appeal to one's sporting instincts.

I am wild about birds!

To one who has spent many years in deforested and therefore birdless countries, the birdsong in this peaceful spot is an endless delight.

I remember one day being shocked and outraged at seeing a neighborhood cat devouring a young mockingbird whose upbringing and growth had become to us a personal affair. I was so upset that I could hardly eat my lunch of fried chicken.

True, the chicken never could have filled the air with cascades of music, but its life was, presumably, in its eyes as valuable as was the life of my young mockingbird.

No doubt, my attitude towards the matter was one of those inconsistencies which make us humans so charming—or do they?

A Word of Warning

I have lived in Oriental cities where at times the humble cat was one's most valuable possessions, a

prize above rubies. Why? Because there were epidemics of bubonic plague. Plague is carried by rats and the communities were saved by the rat-eating cats.

One of the more recent medical theories is that infantile paralysis is carried by mice. I quote from Time magazine: "Two New York doctors were pretty sure last week that grey house mice can carry infantile paralysis and said so, pretty clearly."

"We all love our lovely songbirds

but most of us love our children more.

It is unethical to rise up and kill because of dislike. And those who are wise will think twice before they upset the balance of nature, who seems a cruel lady at times, but who has been at the job by trial and error long before we attempted to take over.

So, not only for the sake of the cat-family, but also for the sake of our good wholesome minds, let's be moderate.

—H. MOLLAND JERNIGAN.

For Spring

WE HAVE JACKET DRESSES IN
PLAIN and PRINTS—DARK and LIGHT

TOP COATS
TAILORED SUITS
HATS

To Complement Any Selection

COTTONS

KAY DUNHILL TERRY ROGERS
McMULLEN CLASSICS

MARION CAROL, NELLY DONS

and many other makes,
sizes 9 to 44

Bags and Accessories

We anticipate your visit with pleasure

Mrs. Hayes' Shop

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

FOR SALE

I have a few very comfortable, well built
and conveniently located dwellings for sale.

They are in different sections of Town and some

are priced at about one-half cost or replacement

value. Excellent homes in which to live well, or

ideal houses for safe investment of funds. Come

in and let me tell you the details.

Eugene C. Stevens

Telephone
5121

Southern Pines
North Carolina