

THE PILOT

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DISCOVERIES

Human beings are funny creatures. We demand queer things from our storekeepers. We send prices soaring over articles we think we have to have because some one else has acquired a novelty we have never seen and immediately want. The demand of commodities is geared to move in a funny arrangement. We cause prices to rise and fall in stormy fashion through desire and lack of desire.

Today we want more gas so we can go tearing around over the country in pursuit of goodness knows what. And because we can't get all the gas we want we find we will have to turn to something else, as human nature won't sit still. Compelled to stay closer to the home front we have had time for a survey of that home front and a number of us have made some discoveries that are a credit to us. Bookcases within those home boundary lines have books under the dust that are worth three of many of the newest publications. We see the piano in a new light and the neglected instrument is coming back into its own. The forgotten tuner is in demand, and once more is a popular person in community life.

Life may even stretch away into a longer period with the percussion instrument than with the four wheeled gas buggy. At least we are sure of one thing, smash hits with the former ace are less likely to send us to the hospital or cemetery than the latter.

-H.K.B.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

Just as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so is the worth of any agency determined by the results which it produces.

With the Farm Security Administration being made the target of sharp criticism, it is well to consider some of the results which this agency, created for the low-income or "little" farmer, has been able to achieve.

Thirty thousand of this low-income group of soil-tillers have through the FSA been enabled to feel the security and be endowed with the new hope that home ownership brings.

This same 30,000, unexperienced in managership, have not been handed the money and told to do the best they could with it, but through the supervision and instruction of FSA farm and home supervisors, they have been aided in planning their farm budgets, required to own cows, pigs and chickens, encouraged to produce and conserve more food and to make those improvements in home sanitation necessary for the protection of the health of their families. Gradually, through FSA, group medical care is being made available to them.

With the increased call for food brought about by war conditions, FSA supervisors have lined-up their small farmers to do their utmost to meet the emergency, with telling results. Although FSA borrowers represent but 7.6 of the nation's farms, according to figures released recently they produced more than a third of the country's milk increase in 1942; ten per cent of the increase in chickens and nine per cent of the pork increase. From 1941 to 1942, the women of FSA homes in North Carolina increased their canning by almost 70 per cent.

These results, together with those brought about by loans to farmers who would be unable to obtain credit elsewhere, would seem to indicate that the pudding is both tasty and nutritious and that the recipe is well-worth holding on to.

GRAINS OF SAND

We met "Bea" Sadler conveying a cake—a small but luscious cake—decorated with one candle, and only desisted in our efforts to steal same when informed that it was for her grandson, Charles James Forsyth's first birthday.

Nell Battle Lewis in her column, "Incidentally," in Sunday's News and Observer, gives considerable space in an appreciation of her introduction to the wit and wisdom of Hugh Dave MacWhirr, quoting in full his parable of the brush fire at Possum Hollow.

Firmly ingrained is our habit of a glance into the expressive face of Chan Page's electric clock as we saunter by on our way to the office to see if, by any mischance, we are too early. For many days last week our old friend was mute with hands up in the air as if in disconsolate protest at inactivity and we had to fare further and peer over our right shoulder into Red Overton's establishment before we could really get oriented. Much to our relief Friday noon saw our old friend restored to active duty.

Old letters and papers have a fashion of turning up once in a while in a newspaper household when an avalanche of something goes skidding off the top of the pile. In a recent shuffle of things a letter sifts out that ties in with Charlie Pique's last moving picture, "Tennessee Johnson." The author of the letter was Andrew Johnson Patterson, of Greenville, Tenn. Mr. Patterson wrote to the editor of THE PILOT thanking him for an article in the February issue of the paper of 1925 concerning the unveiling of a monument in Carthage to Andrew Johnson, his grandfather, the 17th president of the United States.

The moving picture was one of those rare things where the story suffered little tampering with and where temperate thinking was in evidence throughout the stirring political drama, resulting in a product that was without prejudice or partiality on either side. "Tennessee Johnson" was a picture for North or South regardless of partisan feelings. And for those who were familiar with the scenes of his Fayetteville birthplace in Raleigh and

memorials in Greenville, the narrative of the North Carolina president from tailor shop to White House proved mighty pleasant entertainment.

Colored Aunt Joe Gibson never indulged very much in the free play of the imagining powers, although she had a dream last week that proved to her that dreams do come true. Friday night she dreamed she lost her barn and all its contents along with a flock of chickens she was depending on for a meat and egg supply. Saturday morning a forest fire swept down upon her home on Young's road and took in its wake just about what she had visioned in her dream. Help from the county wardens and volunteer fire fighters saved her house and held the fire under control and from doing further damage in the community.

On May 1, Pathe News company will release a sport feature filmed in Pinehurst. The short will have for its subject golf. It will also show how the famous resort can move about on conveyances that are not operated by gasoline. The picture will probably cause a nostalgic feeling to sweep over the old timer as he sees the years rolled back to the day when the horse and buggy days were something far greater than a worn-out joke. To the modern world of today who are apt to save their respect for high powered gas machines only, the old fashioned surry, the buggy, cart, tallyho wagon and other forms of rolling stock, strictly horse or mule drawn may be amusing. But there was a day when supreme satisfaction was found in the swift flight of a spanking team of well matched bays and the shining trappings that harnessed them to low hung phaetons; when a single horse, or a team and wagon meant luxury.

Reverting to horse and buggy days through sheer patriotism may prove a backfire to some of us, as we may get out of the old method of transportation far more than we suspected. Sacrificial giving has occasionally turned the tables on us. Giving up grudgingly has frequently been the big end of receiving.

CARTHAGE

The Fight That Failed

(Continued from Page 1)
for support of Republican Spain when Hitler and Mussolini sent their troops into Spain under the guise of Civil war, there to test their war-making methods and there to set up the fascist puppet, Franco. They urged activation of Roosevelt's hollow promise to "quarantine the aggressors." They were unable to stop the United States' tacit acceptance of Chamberlain's Munich pact with Hitler. They were tolerant of a growing isolationist movement in this country, linked not only with arms of foreign fascism but with native fascists as well.

But the wave of past and present reaction gained too much momentum. Today, that college generation of a decade ago is massing with a newer crop of youth to halt that wave and is plunging actively into the very war that they had opposed—in vain.

No single person, no single nation can be blamed for this war today. The lust for worldly power and the greed for worldly wealth on the part of an already powerful few throughout the world trained and armed the monster; and the uncertainty and complacency of the world's people allowed the monster to grow until he shed his disguise and smashed out into the world as WAR! The lust must be destroyed. Our complacency has already been jolted; but not yet enough. And the people throughout the world are now becoming, at last, certain—certain that they are the people, the people of nations and the people of the world.

This started out to be an adieu to all those in the Sandhills and Moore County with whom I have been associated since becoming editor of THE PILOT. There are many others who deserve this space far more than I do. But I happen to have this last chance to say something as a civilian, something that worries me every time that picture of the youth of a decade ago comes before me. It may sound as if I thought I personally could have done more than I am capable of doing. But, instead, I feel as if I have not done even what little I was able to do. Nor have others, most others, whom I know. We still do not do what we can and should. We still grumble over minor hardships. We still fail to do our full part as civilians in the war. And so I have said what I wanted to say—that I think I failed to do all I

Senator W. H. Currie and family, Miss Mary Currie and Mrs. A. E. Woltz spent Thursday and Friday in Charlotte visiting Mrs. W. H. Currie.

Among those attending teachers meeting in Raleigh Thursday and Friday were Misses Mattie Kate Shaw, Eula May Blue, Mary Hamilton, Evelyn Breedlove, Hilda Blue, Betty Kennison, Leah Price, Katherine Bryant and Mesdames La Verne Womack, Helen Pope, S. F. Watts Hough, Chas. Barringer and Lucian P. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Poe, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Adams, Mrs. E. H. Doshier, Miss Flora McDonald and Supt. H. Lee Thomas.

Misses Claire and Mary Gee Wilcox and Miss Betty Barringer of Flora Macdonald College spent the week-end with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin G. Spencer and John Spencer spent Thursday in Raleigh.

Mrs. Jerry Nowell of Raleigh spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barringer.

H. Lee Thomas, Jr., of Duke University spent the week-end with Mrs. D. C. Lawrence.

Mrs. Mamie Shields returned from Augusta, Ga., after spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Schler.

Mr and Mrs. Henry Graves of Charlotte and Miss Carol Graves of Greensboro and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Page of Aberdeen were week-end guests of Dr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Grier.

could; that many of us failed because we, who are the people, could have stopped this war if we had known how to fight for peace; and this we must learn.

We all, who go into the service, hope to come back—and soon. I know I hope so. But I hope that first we'll learn how to fight before we come back, to fight for the rights of all of us, for all people of the world.

Because when I come back I want to be able to fight for a peace, solidly based on the will and welfare of the people of all nations, of so-called colonies, and of world cooperation among these people. I want to pick up from a decade ago—but knowing now how to fight. And then, with all the others, I want to fight against war—not talk against it; to fight against all fascism—not to argue about it; to fight for peoples' democracy and peoples' freedom—not to hope for it!

THE Public Speaking

I miss the Niagara news in your paper, having lived there several years and still own a home there.

Please try and give us some news from there in your interesting paper. Would be there now except for illness in family.

Sincerely,
A. L. PAUL.

Reading, Mass.

JACKSON SPRINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tucker and Mrs. Roy Stanford of High Point and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mauney and son Gary Lee of Charlotte were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Richardson, Mrs. Mauney and son remained over for the week.

Mrs. Sam McDuffie and son Leo of Rocky Mount and Clark McAskill of Davidson College were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McAskill for the week-end.

Mrs. Lula McDuffie has returned to her home here after having spent the winter months with relatives in Carthage and Laurinburg.

Mrs. C. B. Garrett spent Sunday night with her sister Mrs. F. T. Currie in Pinehurst.

Mrs. D. M. Poore and daughter Peggy of Conder are spending a while with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mrs. B. L. Henderson and Juanita were shoppers in Sanford Saturday.

Miss Blanche Brooks is visiting relatives in Hamlet this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Markham and son of Fayetteville arrived Monday to spend a few days with Mrs. Ada Markham.

Miss Grace Eifort of West End spent the week-end with Barbara Ruth Carter.

Mrs. L. B. Hinson returned home from the Moore County Hospital on Monday where she has been quite sick with a throat trouble.

Pfc. L. J. Henson of an army camp in Massachusetts spent the week-end with the L. B. Hensons. Also Mrs. Mary Ray of Pinebluff spent Monday with them.

Mrs. Jennie Teeter, who is nursing Mrs. Cal. Ewing in Cander spent the week-end at home.

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AN APPRECIATION

WE HAVE LEASED OUR TAVERN TO MR. KARL ANDREWS, OF PINEHURST, AND WISH TO TAKE THIS MEANS OF THANKING OUR MANY FRIENDS FOR THEIR PATRONAGE FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO LEAVE OUR PLACE IN THE HANDS OF A MAN OF MR. ANDREWS' ABILITY, AS HE HAS SERVED THE PUBLIC WELL FOR YEARS IN THIS TYPE OF WORK, AND WE KNOW HE WILL GIVE THE SERVICE THAT THE PUBLIC DESIRES.

MYRL and ALTON SCOTT

of

SCOTTIE'S

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