

**January Weather**

Following the trend of the first month of 1942, and of 1943, our opening month this year gave us exactly the same normal maximum, minimum and average temperatures; maximum 55 degrees, minimum 33 degrees, average 44 degrees.

But the figures are deceiving as all of us know who remember the first weeks of the past January with its raw, cloudy and cold days; touching a low of 15 degrees on the 10th, and 18 degrees on the 16th, with an average of 29.5 degrees on the 9th, and 35.5 degrees on the 15th; temperatures actually lower than those recorded in many Northern states.

These low readings were offset and the general average heightened by the high temperatures prevalent during the last of the month, reaching a high of 78 degrees on the 28th. The ten days elapsing from the 21st to the 31st were bright and clear with maximum temperature ranging from 60 to 78 degrees.

Flights of cedar waxwings appeared on the 15th, and the once frozen winter jasmine and Christmas honeysuckle blossomed again soon followed by budding daffodils. Seventeen days were all clear, six days partly cloudy, eight days cloudy and three days with rain, 2.05 inches falling on the night of the 14th and following day. Two inches of snow fell on the 9th.

Total precipitation for the month was 4.57 inches, 1.15 inches more than the normal expectation. Raleigh reports an excess of .60 inches. New Year's Day was clear, highest temperature 45 degrees, lowest 30 degrees, average 37.1.

Long time average	Max.	Min.	Aver.
1943	54.6	33	44
1944	51.2	28.1	44.06
1944	55.1	33	44

**MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.**

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County to the following: Theodore J. Dome of Camp Mackall and Edith Marie Baumeister of Sayville, L. I.; Cpl. Gerald Elwood Herr of Camp Mackall and Mrs. Jane Holt of Southern Pines; Lawrence J. Ferricher of Camp Mackall and Myrtle Shockley of Trammel, Ky.

**PAINTING AND PAPERING**  
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**THE Sand Box**  
 Being Filled Weekly  
 BY WALLACE IRWIN

When we were very young our Puritans used to say of the Dancing Set, "Their brains are in their heels". Maybe they danced on their heels in those days. I can't remember. The testimony of the sages denies the Puritan's narrow prejudice. Wasn't it Isaac Walton who discovered the missing link between foot-power and brainpower? Didn't Charles Darwin go hiking cross country while he worked out a theory so vast that only William Jennings Bryan dared spit in its eye? Yes, indeed. And there was old Man Weston. Remember him? He was champion pedestrian of the world, which he walked around—except for the wet spots—a half dozen times. Pop Weston died on somebody's doorstep at the age of 97 with the appropriate speech, "The last hundred miles, boys!" The doctors called it exhaustion. I don't believe it.

Such cosmic thoughts, and many, many more, flood the old bean as I push jaded shoeleather along the cross cut behind Mr. O'Callaghan's store. Brother O'Callaghan has a public spirit, which I laud. When you ask if you intrude he and his assistants say cheerily, "Not at all", as they wave you on toward Claude Hayes', where you are determined to spend 15c on a copy of Newsweek. Quite different is the O'Callaghan attitude from that of some I know, stingy anonymi who bar off perfectly useless lots with the sign "Private Property". Signs like that are enough to turn a Back Bay Republican into a blazing Communist.

But back to my marching thoughts. Not that they're very consecutive, but who cares? They march along like this:

Walk and the world walks with you, sit and you sit alone. . . Wonder how we're going to settle the Polish Question? They seem to be divided into three factions; the North Poles, the South Poles and the May Poles. Don't fight among yourselves, boys. Look at how harmoniously our Congress gets along. . . Some of the newspapers still call Congressmen "Solons". I always hated that word. It's like calling a dog a canine, whether he's a blooded terrier or a mutt. 'Tis dogs' delight to bark and bite. But sometimes Congressmen agree; so do the hot dogs we call Senators. For instance, when they ganged up on food subsidies—and if they're allowed to finish the orgy there won't be any subsidies. Or any food. . . How about the Soldier Vote? Isn't it wonderful how a lot of Capitol Hillers re-discover States Rights, at the very moment when they're such rarin' Nationalists that they're hardly speaking to our Allies! . . . Never mind the war, big boys. Keep pulling the wires in the old home district. Keep the home wires burning. . .

. . . But what am I grousing about? Possibly, by the time the Sand Box is off the press, the Senate will have taken the Soldier Vote out of the moth bag for a nice dry cleaning. . . Possibly. . . But I wonder if the home folks are so keen about handing funny state ballots to their boys overseas? Farmer Dan Diggs, for instance. Is he puzzled because, according to Congress, the uniform has turned his son into a political idiot? Well, not an idiot exactly. The boy's got to be pretty smart if he ever gets hold of one of those six pound ballots Mr. Rankin is all geared up to publish. How'll we ever ship that tonnage overseas? Will 48 sovereign states load the ships with 4,800 trucks; and 48,000 local politicians to distribute the official flypaper and explain what it means? Gosh, thinks Mr. Diggs, I ain't no sailor. But you can't put ten tons of hay on a two ton wagon. How much space have we got on those convoys, anyhow? Let's stop the war and educate the soldiers in the Great Rankin Plan. . .

. . . Don't worry, Mr. Diggs. Washington's state ballot group don't expect that bulging cargo to get to the fighting front. The object of the game is to keep our armed forces from voting. . . But let's admit that statesmanlike reasoning often gets into the fourth dimension, far beyond humble thinkers like you and me. What's Congress afraid of now? Does a man get to be a New Dealer the minute he puts on Uncle Sam's uniform? Doesn't look like it. I've talked with soldiers who think that Dewey, or even Taft, might be all right in the White House. And, oh horrors, horrors! There are quite a few who slyly confess that they'd like to see Mr. Wilkie take over the works. . .

. . . Well, I've walked almost as far as Hayes' Bookshop, but I've had time to tinker with the follow-

ing unfinished symphony: The Yankee soldier is allowed To storm the surf and ride the cloud, While we sit back a-looking proud, And gloat. We let him rattle death to bring Back the fat scalp of Kesselring, We let him do most anything, But vote.

I trust that the Representatives and Senators who have labored earnestly to keep the soldier ballot clean won't get sensitive and resign after reading the above remarks. To them I apologize. To the others, thumbs up. But not all the way. To Old Fashioned Lady who writes me, "Why don't you revive your 'Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy?'" I reply, "Lady, I don't like to be lynched." We used to think that the Jap was a quaint little doll. Need I tell you why we've changed our minds? However, my hat's off to the Americans of Japanese blood who have been fighting courageously in our Army. They were born in U. S. A. Reborn might be a better word for it.

**ABERDEEN**

**Home and Garden Club**

Members of the Aberdeen Home and Garden Club did an hour's work at the Red Cross Rooms before going to the home of Mrs. H. A. Page, Jr., for their regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 1st. Mrs. E. M. Medlin, president, was in charge of the business meeting. A short program was then given with Mrs. E. L. Pleasants presenting an article on Conservation. During the social hour the hostess served a tempting course of refreshments.

**Hostess at Bridge**

Mrs. Reid Page entertained her bridge club Friday afternoon at her home. Mrs. Edwin McKeithen was high scorer and was presented a prize. Mrs. Page served a congealed salad with sandwiches and coffee.

**Personals**

Misses Rebecca Doub and Jeanne Batchelor left Monday for Washington, D. C., after a brief visit with relatives here.

Miss Sarah Smith left last week for Keesler Field, Miss., where she has accepted a position.

Miss Mary Page, student at Salem College, spent the past weekend at her home here.

Lt. W. F. Bowman returned to Cincinnati Sunday night after spending a few days with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Bowman.

Mrs. R. S. Gwyn returned Monday from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Sumter, S. C.

Mrs. G. C. Seymour is spending this week with friends in Greenville.

Mrs. J. L. Rhyne spent several days last week with her sister in Stanley.

Col. and Mrs. Smith, who have occupied the McGraw home near Aberdeen for the past few months, have gone to Columbus, Ga. Col. Smith has been transferred to Ft. Benning.

Mrs. Belle Pleasants, who has been sick at her home here for two weeks, is improving.

Forrest Lockey, Jr., student at the University of North Carolina, spent last week here.

Russell Batchelor is spending a few days here on his way to Washington, D. C., for further training.



"Where will I find the fat donors' bank?"  
**WHY FATNERS ARE SCARCE**

Japanese control of Pacific areas which normally produce and export many glycerine containing fats and oils, has cut the United States off from an important source of supply, and until these areas are freed and our normal imports are resumed, it is imperative to collect and turn in for re-use every pound of used fat that can be saved.

It is only by this means that glycerine production for war uses can be maintained, and that our total domestic supplies of both inedible and edible fats can be conserved for our home and army needs and for the expected needs of United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation.

ADVERTISE IN THE PILOT

**LICENSE REVOKED**

At a meeting of the County Commissioners held January 21, it was ordered that the beer and wine license previously issued to W. G. Smith of near Aberdeen be revoked, his place of business being found to be a nuisance.

**TORSO AND HEAD MODEL**

A dissectible torso and head model for use in science lectures has been purchased by the county. This model, which will be of great value in the work, will be carried from school to school.



**LEGAL NOTICES**

**NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXECUTION**

Under and by virtue of an exe-

cution directed to the undersigned by Hon. John Willcox, Clerk of the Superior Court in the action or judgement entitled R. W. Brown et als and Marvin Cavines vs W. W. Olive, being J. P. Judgements No. 1508 & 1583 the undersigned will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Courthouse door in Carthage,

**MONDAY MARCH 6TH 1944**

The following described real estate and personal property to wit: Known as a ninety acre tract in McNeill's Township, Moore County, and for complete description by metes and bounds see deed book No. 128 page 565, Register of Deeds office of Moore County, N. C. Said 90 acres being located the waters of James Creek and known as the Olive dairy tract;

TOGETHER WITH, All the cows, equipment, farming tools and other articles or personal property too numerous to mention, meaning to sell all of said personal property used in connection with said dairy business, including trucks, tractors, etc.

Excepted from the above as HOMESTEAD EXEMPTIONS is the following: The Dwelling House and 25 feet from the eaves of the house in all directions.

The personal property house hold & kitchen furniture used

in the house & located therein. This February 1st, 1944.

C. J. McDONALD  
 Sheriff of Moore County,  
 Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25

**Can you Drive a Car?**

When YOU were a kid, did you always pester to "go along" on every ride? And now, do you get a kick out of handling the wheel like a man?

Women with mechanical ability are needed in the WAC at once. Other skills are needed too. And untrained women can learn skills that will be useful all their lives. 239 types of Army jobs need Wacs to fill them.

Get full details at the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station (your local post office will give you the address). Or write: The Adjutant General, Room 4415, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.



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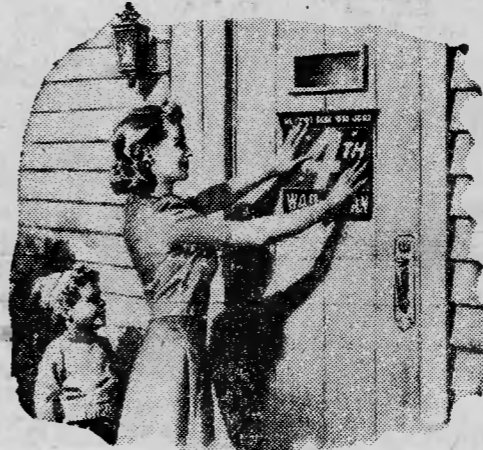
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Every patriotic American will want to display this emblem at home—on his front door or in his window. It is the red, white and blue sticker that says you have done your part in the 4th War Loan.



Display your colors now!

DURING this 4th War Loan Drive you are again asked to do something extra to help smash the Axis. Your part is to invest in at least one extra hundred dollar Bond. But don't stop there if you can do more. For remember—no matter how many Bonds you buy—no matter what denominations they are—you get back on maturity \$4 for every \$3 you invest. And that's on the word of Uncle Sam, creator of the

safest investment the world has ever known. So before you look into your wallet—LOOK INTO YOUR HEART. Your company, the place where you work, has been given a quota to meet in this 4th War Loan Drive. Do your part to help meet this quota. And remember, millions of America's fighters are waiting for your answer, your pledge that you are backing them to the limit.

**Let's All BACK THE ATTACK!**

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WEST END, N. C.