

THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."
—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

New Year's Day

New Year's Day, the time of traditional gaiety, strikes our nation, this year, with a weight of heavy responsibility. In fact, as we look back upon the past year, it is more as something that we got through by the skin of our teeth, rather than as something to be thankful for. It is a fair guess that that is the way a good many people are looking at the year of 1952 that now approaches. Are we going to squeak by again or will the event we dread, the outbreak of an overall war, strike?

The danger is clear: we cannot blink the fact. Therefore, perhaps, it would be as well to face it, with all the calm we can muster and all the good sense, and then to put it firmly behind us and go on to the business of living. Through the UN, through our own government, with its armed services and far-reaching web of hard-working officials, the earnest men in government employ and out, perhaps all is being done that can be done to work for peace. As citizens, during the next year, we must back up those efforts with every ounce of our strength. That is our duty and all our duty. But what else?

There is a challenge in this future as great as any that ever faced us. Many so-called institutions of our civilization are menaced by economic and also by spiritual forces that seem, at first glance, new to us. The growth of the state, for instance, with the need for intelligent planning in the face of world-wide movements of peoples and economic scarcity, presents a clear threat to individual liberty. How can we even here in America have the planning necessary to solve the food problem, the flood problem, the population problem, the labor problem, to say nothing of a dozen others, and still keep our individual liberty? How can we have the high taxes needed to run the country and support our armed services, and still preserve individual initiative? When, due to such high taxation, it becomes impossible for men to make large fortunes, or even small ones, what will be the incentive to urge them on to their highest efforts? Will the challenging word "success", then take on another meaning, to indicate, perhaps, spiritual instead of material achievement?

This brings us sharply back to the individual challenge inherent in the beginning of another year. Can we live it better than the one that has just passed? Can we be more effective and intelligent citizens? Can we be better people?

These are a few of the things that face us as we stride across the line between the old year and the new. If we could believe that 1952 would bring us the answer even to one of them, it will be a year to look forward to with eagerness and hope.

Carolina Survey

Tarheels have begun to feel a little uneasy when they open the morning paper. What with Lamar Caudle and a few others, it's a question, when the word "Carolina" stands out of a news-story, whether to take a closer look or hastily turn the page. However there is a recent Carolina story that no one need fear reading; it deserves, in fact, careful, and prideful scrutiny. This is the news about the survey to be made in this state on the expense of hospital care.

This is a problem of the first importance, directly to a good many people, and indirectly to almost everybody. Because, even if you are one of the lucky ones who manages to stay well and whose family, too, keeps clear of germs and surgery, your conscience and your pocketbook are not going to be immune. The recent appeal from the Moore County Hospital stresses this point: that hospital costs, already fantastically high, are likely to keep on rising, and that the free work done by a hospital is a constant drain on its resources which the public will have to carry. The local institution's situation is duplicated in almost every hospital in the country.

Right away the question comes up: why was North Carolina chosen for this important project? The answer is one to bring satisfaction to all and especially to those who doggedly hold that if enough people get roused up about a thing and refuse to be downed, something is bound to happen. This state was chosen, apparently, largely because of the impressive accomplishments of the Medical Care Commission, that citizens organization which brought about the remarkable change in our hospital picture, bringing the bed count from a low of 9,635 in 1947 to close to 15,000 today with 30 more hospitals in process of construction and eight more planned, not to mention new health centers erected. Seeing this picture, the National Hospital Association looking around for the right place to start their survey, said: this is a state where the people are really interested in health matters and will go to bat for something they believe in: this is the place to start.

The survey will begin with a complete inventory of all hospital personnel and other steps will follow. When completed the North Carolina survey will act as a guide for the national program.

All this seems very satisfying. As we think of the work of the state Medical Care Commission, of the state survey of its public schools, of the recent study of our penal institutions, made by the outstanding penologist of the nation, and now, of this new project to be undertaken, we can't help but feel a good deal more confident as we search for the good words: "North Carolina," in the daily news.

John McQueen Unwritten Tribute

We didn't take the paved road to John McQueen's funeral. We drove to old Union Church by back ways. Somehow it seemed right to take the country roads, to go through the quiet pine-woods, along the soft sandy track to the service for this good man of Moore County.

The road crested a rise and ahead, on the opposite hill, gleamed the white church, old Union, the church where his father preached and where he worshipped all his life. There it stood, tall and stately, a living symbol of the county's past, of the Scots who built it and worshipped there, and the good man who came home to that final resting place.

Over the winding road the pines met in a green arch, tall tops standing still and steadfast, but where the road turned a felled tree was lying. The top was still green and fresh, the trunk heavy and strong, with its rough old bark dark against the white sand. It had drawn its strength from that sandy soil, suffered in droughts and heavy rains, grown straight and fair in the warm summer sun. It had turned its strength back into the soil and spread its shade over the young trees, coming up in great numbers in green waving plumes about the place.

The white church on the hill, the great tree lying so quiet, so strong, so gleaming in its tender green beauty; and ahead, leading up the hill, the sandy road, rutted with the tracks of Moore County's people, the sharp gash of a mule-drawn plow, along one shoulder, the tiremarks of cars, big and small, making their way to the church on the hill to the service for Moore County's good man. It was a good way to go to John McQueen's funeral.

And at the service, so simple, so sincere, so deeply devout, the words came again and again, words everyone was thinking: "he was honest; he was faithful; he was generous and kind; he was so good. . . Well done. good and faithful servant."

Afterwards three people said: "You going to write about Mr. McQueen? I've known him all my life; you couldn't. . . nobody could ever write enough good about him."

And that is right.

Sandprints

In the snow country, it is fascinating to go out after a fresh snowfall and look for footprints. Everywhere, across the still white fields, you find a delicate lacy web of tracks. Little dotted lines, circling dizzily in and out, show where field mice have been out on their early morning rounds. The long thin claw-like prints, with scratches at the toe-nails, were made by a skunk investigating the bank for buried roots. Here, where another track crosses it, the pads smaller, and a bit more rounded, is the mark of a fox: you come to a brushy place, where, clearly, he sat down and thought, or scratched, or wondered about the best way to creep across the open stretch to where that movement in the bushes might be something he could eat for breakfast.

Outside this maze, and lolloping here and there across it in a footless sort of way, go the great triangular sets of pads of a big hare. Molly-cotton-tails are easy to distinguish from it. The triangle is much smaller and there is often the faint brushmark of their powder-puff tails.

This is what you see after a new snow-fall up north. It will surprise some to hear that you can see almost as much in the Sandhills without any snow at all, if you keep your eyes open when crossing a soft, sandy patch of ground. And that's in a good many places.

Crossing the Shaw Field, that last cold Sunday evening, we found the ground frozen so hard that the tracks of the last few days were set as if in concrete. It isn't often we get it as cold as that Sunday: you could walk right across the prints without affecting their outline. There were all the ones described above except the hare: he is scarce in these parts though there used to be a good many ten or twelve years ago. But to make up for no hare there were several deer tracks and the huge pads of some big old hounds who had been running the deer. The little sharp deer prints were dug in deep at the toes and, when they reached the woods, you could see where they'd made big leaps in over the brush.

There were many tracks of one animal you wouldn't see so often in the snow country. This is the possum. They stick to the swamps, as a rule, up north, but around here they seem to go everywhere. Pilot readers will recall the tale . . . true tale. . . of the little possum who made a nest in Al Yeomans' shoe, inside his closet, inside his house. You can't keep a possum down, or out, either, apparently.

There were plenty of possums in the crowd of animals that seems to have been wandering in and out about the Shaw Field last week. In fact the old field was as full of tracks as if it had been an animal Broad Street, with everybody out to do his Christmas shopping. Only there were no Christmas lights out there, and no fuss about parking: just the starlight overhead and the wide sandy old field to roam in.

One thing we did miss and it raises a question: there were no bird prints. Generally you see their little three-toed scratches everywhere, but the field was blank of bird marks. Why was that? Have the birds abandoned us? Scared away by all these rumors of industry and change around their favorite haunts? That's a change we wouldn't like. It is happier to think that, while the animals were out, watching for Christmas to come, the birds took to the air and were flying to meet Christmas on the way.

They Look to You for Help



Geraldine Czarnecki visits Saul Morse during recess from schoolroom classes in polio ward of New York hospital. These two young patients and tens of thousands of others in all parts of the country look to the March of Dimes for help when polio strikes. Tripled polio incidence of the past four years has taxed the March of Dimes so severely that the 1952 drive period has been doubled to include all of January.

Grains of Sand

We don't know why but it failed to see it on our tour. . . . Seemed to us, riding about town sibly there are others, to make a Christmas night, that there were Christmas decorations than town especially rewarding.

Among the many acts of quiet kindness for the less fortunate here this year, none rate higher than those for little children. . . Mrs. W. S. Jonker, who keeps a boarding home for children under auspices of the welfare department, had just one youngster with her this Christmas, as parents of the other children took them away for the holiday, to make a Christmas of some sort for them at home. . . The seven-year-old lad who remained had the "best Christmas in the world," she said.

We saw many doorways charmingly framed in lights. . . . And glimpsed the colorful sparkle of Christmas trees through wreathed and candle-lit windows. . . . Some householders had draped an outside tree with bright strands of lights.

The J. S. Millikens' house presented a marvelous expanse of Christmas-lit shrubbery. . . . The Morris B. Arnolds' on Bennett street at Pennsylvania has one of the prettiest entrances, with shrubbery and door a-gleam. . . . One of the prettiest doorways is on a side street just off North Ridge, we don't know whose—painted rosy red, framed in greens and snowflakes, with a big candy cane in the center.

Out on North May street a new brick bungalow with big picture window sparkles with light under the eaves from one side of the house to the other. . . . And another home has two big glowing candles on the front porch.

The Southland hotel is one of the prettiest of Christmas sights. . . . Its sidewalk awning is framed in lights. . . . And two of its big windows are really pictures. . . . They are thickly framed in evergreens. . . . In one is the sparkling Christmas tree with an almost-life-size Santa. . . . In the other a beautiful snow scene against thick pine needles, with icicles ranged across the top.

Across the street the Jefferson Inn doorway, trimmed in red ribbon with colorful spray, has a cheery look. . . . And in one window a huge red candle gleams.

The fire station has a tree trimmed with blue lights. . . . And more blue lights gleam in a row across the front of the building. . . . And there were several things, or was that a rubicund Santa face peering out of the postmaster's office window, at the post office?

Highland Pines Inn, home of the U. S. Air Force Air-Ground Operations school, is a-gleam and a-glow. . . . With its big Christmas tree outside covered with lights, another gleaming from the inside through a window, and a star of blue lights shining from a balcony.

There are many others. . . . We hope the lights will be turned on every evening this week, and that many will take the opportunity to ride about town enjoying the festive sights so lovingly prepared.

Nature has done well by Southern Pines for Christmas this and every year, with the beautiful pines, hollies and other evergreens which seem to grow more handsomely here than anywhere else we have been.

The holly tree on the library lawn is said to be the tallest. . . . And that in front of the post office, floodlit at night, is the most famous for its beauty. . . . But there are many other fine hollies on private lawns and they are especially handsome this year.

There is a beauty on the lawn of the Church of Wide Fellowship rectory, at Bennett street and Pennsylvania avenue, and Dr. and Mrs. R. L. House have put a floodlight on it this year. . . . We hear that another is lit on New Hampshire avenue, though we

thanks to a number of generous Southern Pines friends.

Orren has been with the Jonkers about 15 months. . . . He had many handicaps when he came but is gradually overcoming them, is going to school and doing well. . . . His parents took his little sister Louise home for Christmas, leaving Orren. . . . Christmas morning, happiness was his in unbounded measure. . . . There beneath the tree were all sorts of wonderful toys. . . . With eyes sparkling like the Christmas lights he cried in joy, "Grandma, Grandma, Santa emptied his pack right here!"

A wonderful picture appeared in the New York Sunday Mirror for December 23. . . . A color photograph of the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on the occasion of its opening. . . . Such a picture had never before been made, and it was a major engineering project. . . . Involved mathematical calculations were necessary to achieve the proper lighting, for which work had to be begun five days in advance. . . . Special reflectors had to be installed along more than 1,000 feet of wire. . . . Split-second timing was necessary, as the picture was to be made just before the curtain went up for the second act. . . . And if anything went

wrong, there was no chance for re-take. The picture came out magnificently, showing the famous "Horseshoe" of boxes and balconies curving above. . . . great circular ceiling with ornate trimmings of gold, the audience "the pit" so clearly delineated you could recognize your friend if they happened to be there that night. And we are proud to note that a friend of ours was there though not in the picture. . . . One of staff photographers assisting Costa, color photographer, was the picture was John Hemmer, Son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hemmer of Pinehurst. . . . A great photographer by inheritance and in his own right.

Meat production under Federal inspection for the week ending August 27 totaled 290 million pounds.

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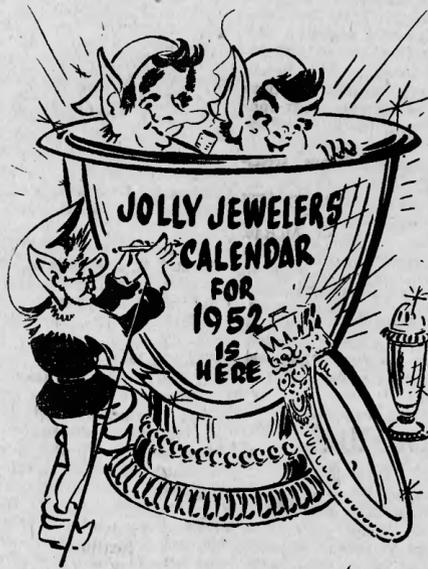
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The Public Speaking

To the Pilot I must express my appreciation of your interesting special issue in which you picture your communities so clearly, and I especially appreciate the article on Pinebluff.

As a salute to Pinebluff, I enclose some lines, written several years ago by my sister Helen M. Jackson to our sister Edna W. Jackson, which recall an incident which occurred in Pinebluff in the year 1900. It concerns a mockingbird whose kind, although not listed in your article on Pinebluff as belonging to its present municipal population, seems to have been among it in the year 1900.

Throughout these 50 years my sisters, Edna and Helen Jackson, kept an unflinching enthusiasm for your section of our country, even though they never had the opportunity of revisiting it as they greatly desired to do. I was interested that much of the data for the Pinebluff article was furnished by Mr. Levi Packard for I remember my sisters' frequently speaking of him and others of his family.

I have some 50 pages of pressed flowers which were gathered by my sister, Helen M. Jackson, in the fall, winter, and spring of 1900-1901 from along the "branches" in Pinebluff. These frail flowers remain with me, their colors yet quite bright. But my two sisters are gone. Helen died in 1949, and Edna W. Jackson's death occurred in July of this year.

Yours very sincerely,
DOROTHY N. JACKSON
492 Logan Ave.
Sharon, Penn.

(Enclosure)
To E. W. J. (Edna W. Jackson, Pinebluff Cottage, in 1900)

Sitting on the cottage steps In the bright sunshine Whistling back to the mockingbird High up in the longleaf pine, Blue were your eyes as the Southern sky, Clear above you, Sister mine.

The gray bird had mimicked his feathered friends, As upward he rose from limb to limb, Carried high by the rush of his song, When you from our cottage whistled to him.

The bird in the tree top paused in his lay, For true were your notes to his song we had heard, So he stopped to listen, then answered you back When you whistled and mimicked the mockingbird.
HELEN M. JACKSON