

THE PILOT

Published Each Friday by THE PILOT, INCORPORATED Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD, Publisher—1944

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Subscription Rates: One Year \$4.00 6 Months \$2.00 3 Months \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C. as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and N. C. Press Association

"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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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 came 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 from 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

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

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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.

JOLLY JEWELERS' CALENDAR FOR 1952 IS HERE With justifiable pride, we say that the Jolly Jeweler Calendar that we selected and set aside for your 1952 use is the finest calendar of its kind that we have ever seen. Once again it depicts the romance of rare sparkling jewels and gleaming precious metals featured by the famous Busy Buddies in their most colorful and entertaining roles.

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