

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.

Our Air Force

As Southern Pines counts its blessings of the past year, prominent among them is what we proudly call Our Air Force. This doesn't mean The Air Force, that great branch of the service that stands first in every estimate of U. S. military might, though we're proud of that, too. No, what we are talking about is Our Air Force. It goes by the name of USAFAGOS and it lives in the Highland Pines Inn.

As everyone knows USAFAGOS is the Air Force school devoted to the subject of Air-Ground operations. Here are studied the latest developments in the reinforcement of ground troops by all types of air support: low-flying planes with fire directed at attacking infantry, longer missions to prepare the way for ground attack, the advance destruction of an enemy build-up, the bombing of supplies behind the lines, or the systematic sealing-off of feedlines of enemy supply routes, as was done by the Air Force in support of General Patton's tanks across France and was a main factor in the success of that brilliant campaign. These are among the many phases of air-ground tactics taught at USAFAGOS in its Highland Pines Inn quarters.

Since the school opened last July, more than 3,000 men have taken the course. Besides these our town has been host to the permanent staff, thirty officers and 70-some non-coms and all their families, who have made their homes here. The relationship between this group and the town has been extraordinarily pleasant. Living here for more than six months, they have fitted into our community as if they had always been part of it. They tell us that they like us and there isn't a doubt in the world that we like them.

That, it strikes us, is a very nice blessing to think about as we take stock of the past year. It is good news that we may look forward to having these Air Force friends with us for a while longer and if that "while" turned out to be "for keeps" nothing would suit this community better. While it is said that technical reasons make a permanent school here doubtful, we are enjoying this blessing while we have it and, as to the future, Southern Pines will keep its fingers crossed, hoping that no mere technical reason will come between us and our good USAFAGOS friends.

Which Way For Britain?

As Winston Churchill stepped into the front pages of our daily papers Sunday, eyes twinkling, John Bull chin jutting forward, he brought a lift to the hearts of most of us. He may be old, difficult, too set in his hard-headed ways, but he's a great man and we are proud and glad to welcome him once more to our shores.

As soon as Churchill was elected Prime Minister, he said that the first thing he was going to do was come to the United States for a talk. His purpose, clearly, was not so much to decide issues as to lay a ground of understanding and friendship under the delicate negotiations which must be carried on. At that time some of the most difficult points in the relations between our countries and the world had not come to a head, though they must have been in the Prime Minister's farsighted mind. Since then events have marched and decisions have been taken that may well force the talks into certain definite channels.

It seems probable that two courses for Britain will come under consideration. One is the way being urged by our government of closer cooperation between Britain and Europe. Churchill himself was the great champion of European federation with England as a full partner; in fact his dramatic proposal to France of a Franco-British Union, made in the face of the on-sweeping German armies, ranks as one of the most stirring events of the war years. Under the Labor government, however, this idea was repudiated, with Britain going back to the old balance of power set-up, holding aloof herself from direct involvement in European affairs, and Churchill has continued this policy, a complete reversal of his former stand.

The other direction Britain may propose is toward a union of the English-speaking nations. With Canada and ourselves so closely allied, and with our common heritage with Britain and similar way of looking at things, this may seem, at first glance, an easy step, but there appear to be many things against it. It would further divide the world, in opposition to the spirit of the UN; it goes directly against the policy we have been urging in Europe and it would certainly create great dismay among our friends there.

Heroic measures may be needed to keep Britain afloat, but it would seem likely that they lie in the direction of closer ties with Europe with which, she is, geographically, inextricably involved, looking toward the day when a true Federation of Nations may grow out of the present separate blocs.

Christmas Aftermath

It's lucky that holly dries up and the berries start to pop off, otherwise we would never have the heart to take it down after Christmas. Actually Twelfth Night is supposed to mark the final enjoyment of its beauty. In England, where, they say, all this decking of the halls started, they keep it up till then. But here that seems to be impossible. Perhaps our steam-heated houses are responsible, but whatever the reason, suddenly, a week after Christmas, it loses its luster, the leaves shrivel, the berries fall and down it must come from the wall.

That starts the general hullabaloo. Brooms, dustpans, vacuums go into high gear. Holly and mistletoe berries ruck frantically and have to be pursued; they even tuck themselves away under the rugs, as you discover when an unexpected pop and squash as you walk through the room reveals their presence. As each spray is carefully lifted down from its niche over the mirror, from behind light fixtures and pictures, you think back to the joy of arranging its beauty there, two short weeks ago: how the leaves shone and the crimson berries gleamed against the woodwork, how, suddenly, the whole house was transformed into a magic place.

This year our mistletoe gathering was a proud and exciting event: it came right off our own tree. For several seasons, as the bunches in the pineak by the garden grew bigger and bigger, we looked up at them silhouetted against the sky, wondering how ever on earth we could get them down. They looked druidical and lovely up there, but there was no doubt in our minds of their greater fascination hanging in our doorway. This year we had an inspiration. We passed the word around that if one of the hollysellers by the post office would come up and get the mistletoe down, he could have half of what he gathered. A tall, stalwart youth arrived in due time. His eyes gleamed at the size of the bunches. Up he went, duly cautioned from below by our squeaks of apprehension and Hilton's authoritative tones. We were torn by the fear that he would fall into our boxbush, directly underneath, and mash it to the ground, and the companion fear that he wouldn't hit the bush and would mash himself. Neither of these grisly events occurred. He was a mighty and a skillful climber and he knew all about getting mistletoe down without either mashing himself or its precious waxy berries. In due course he descended, laden with the crisp greens. He handed six great bunches down, as well as a handful of special twigs. Two meticulous portions were assembled, and then we separated, he garlanded like Birnham Woods, striding triumphantly down to his post in town and we, even more proudly, to the job of finishing the house decorations with the precious bunch anchored on its heavy oaken branch.

It's joined the holly now, in the heap of dry greens waiting to be carted off. But up there against the sky other soft green bunches cluster and our holly hedge gleams with prickly beauty, waiting for another Christmas.

They're Saying:

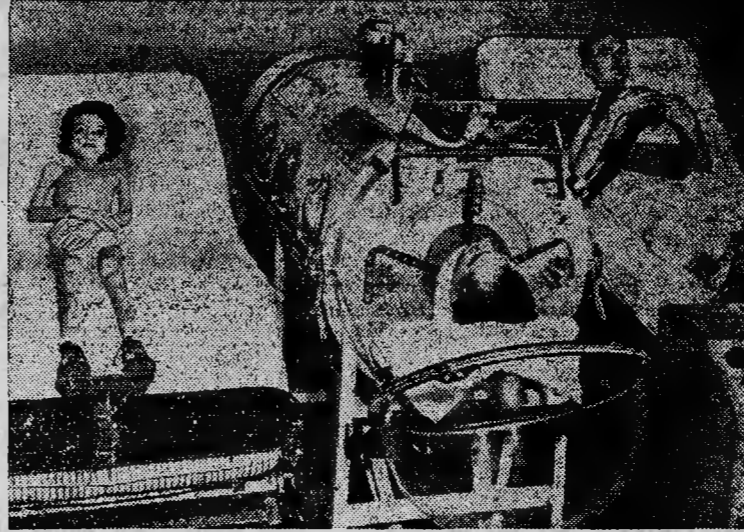
An indication of the suspicion in which American power is held by even our friendliest allies is the increasing fear of European nations that we might use atomic weapons without consulting them. It is rumored that one of the primary purposes of Winston Churchill's current visit to this country is to exact a promise from us that we will not use our air bases in Britain without full agreement with the British Government about the purposes of any missions from them.

Another straw in the wind is the apprehension created in Europe by views expressed by the chairman of our Atomic Energy Commission, Mr. Dean. He declared in effect, that if the Chinese communists did not soon agree to an armistice in Korea we might be forced to use tactical atomic weapons against them. These views gained little attention in this country but have aroused some very violent reactions in Europe. Mr. Dean is not exactly an authoritative spokesman for us; but European friends and critics have a right to assume that the words of so important an official must mirror some influential Washington opinion.

The apprehensive reactions in Europe to this particular statement are significant because they prove that our allies are not at all happy about our monopoly in atomic weapons because they are still not certain that we may not be more anxious to win a war than to avoid it. Hence they fear that we might be tempted to throw bombs prematurely. They are also afraid that recent tests of so-called "tactical" atomic weapons in Nevada means that we may use these less destructive types of atomic weapons in present military operations and thus wipe out the last possibility of avoiding atomic weapons in future wars. It is indeed a source of real concern that our "experts" should make so much of the fact that "tactical" atomic weapons are not very different from other modern weapons. Thereby they obscure the importance of the psychological and moral distinction between atomic and other weapons. Obviously the first use of tactical atomic weapons practically invites the counteruse of any kind of atomic weapon.

The mistrust of our policy among Europeans and Asians has been accentuated by this particular issue. But it is also indicative of our general position in the world today. We are more feared than admired for our technical skills particularly because it is believed that we are inclined to give technocratic answers to profound perplexities and to subordinate moral and political considerations to purely military strategy. Let us take note of these fears of our friends. Perhaps they will help us to achieve a more balanced wisdom.
—Christianity and Crisis

Three Ways to Breathe



Here are three different breathing mechanisms—all provided with March of Dimes funds—which assist polio patients at the Southwestern Poliomylitis Respiratory Center in Houston, Texas. Nine-year-old Charlotte Sward (left), of Houston, is on the rocking bed. Dr. Joseph H. Nelson (center), young Berger, Texas, physician, is in the large iron lung equipped with plastic oxygen dome. Steve Spearman, 20, of Hot Springs, Ark., breathes with aid of a chest respirator. This year's March of Dimes is being conducted during all of January.

Grains of Sand

You'd think after all these and six inches in girth. years we'd get used to January's Mr. Monroe showed us the egg, being a peculiar month, but each so we know it's so. . . It looks as year it comes as a fresh surprise though it has three or four yolks . . . We've heard that this first inside.

The first week took us through spring and right into summer with that record-breaking Wednesday of last week which saw the thermometer go right up to 80 degrees and stay there for a while. . . Then Thursday she started to skid downward again, and the weekend brought freezing weather and the first brief snow, or sleet, or whatever that was which fell so furiously, though it didn't stick, Sunday afternoon.

And now today (Monday) here's the sun again—without real warmth but with an early-spring look and feel.

Along about this time of year, when winter seems to stretch ahead endlessly, we are encouraged by the definite lengthening of the days, a gradual natural process which has been going on now for about three weeks. . . Proving that if winter comes, spring is not only not far behind but treading on its heels.

Capt. Kurt Carlsen, riding his tittilted craft to problematical safe harbor through stormy seas this week, may well have spared some thoughts for Southern Pines in those hazardous hours of cold and uncertainty. . . He knows about us through conversation of many months with a friend of the airwaves, none other than our local radio "ham" Col. C. H. Burkhead.

Colonel Burkhead, as we all know, converses daily with friends all over the world and also, we now discover, on ships at sea. . . Captain Carlsen on the Flying Enterprise has come in many a time over W4GTH, the Colonel's station. . . The last time, several weeks ago, when the freighter was sailing South American waters.

Colonel Burkhead is an inveterate booster of his chosen home town, and Chamber of Commerce speeches go out from his radio to listeners everywhere. . . Captain Carlsen has received the full benefit of these, with much apparent interest.

They have conversed on many subjects, including the raising of children, the Colonel being a grandfather, the Captain a bachelor (and perhaps Mrs. Constance Foster of Pinebluff should have listened in on that—She would no doubt have gathered some astonishing material for her child-training books!)

Colonel Burkhead wasn't able to talk to his friend during his recent stormy adventure, when the whole world followed via AP news dispatches the course of the battered, tittilted freighter and her dauntless captain, who refused to desert his ship. . . The Flying Enterprise's weakening radio battery had to be saved for immediate emergency use, rather than discussions of the charms of Southern Pines and how to bring up children.

A. O. Monroe, of Manly, has a champion egg-layer in his flock but he doesn't know which of about 20 young hens she is. . . He raises broilers and fryers, and has about 11,000, but these 20 hatched last June are the only ones saved to lay and they've been producing eggs about three months.

Every other day one of them lays a double-yolked egg and this week she outdid herself, producing a mammoth egg measuring eight inches around the long way,

Farmers who harvest and shell high-moisture corn should use ventilation systems that fit the heated, forced air to dry it to a needs of the animals housed in safe moisture content for storage such structures, say engineers of or market, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The U. S. Department of Agriculture.



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The Public Speaking

PEN PALS WANTED
To the Pilot.

I came across your name in the book called Publishers and Editors so I said I may write you to assist me to publish me in the best part of your newspaper that I want pals to write me in all parts of America.

I want pen pals in boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, men and women that we will exchange gifts ourselves. I may like anybody to send me anything that he or she has and I will send the person the best African goods.

I am a boy of 16 years still attending school in Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, seat of Governor and Mayor, chief center of trading. Help me and God will help you. I am awaiting for plenty pals by next coming of air and ordinary mail.

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
MORUFU KUDAISI

2 Eurimi Lane
Lagos, Nigeria,
British West Africa.

School Cafeteria MENUS FOR WEEK

MONDAY
Baked Macaroni and Cheese
Buttered English Peas
Stewed Prunes
Brown Bread, Margarine,
Applebutter
Salted Peanuts
Milk

TUESDAY
Orange Juice
Bologna Sandwich,
Mustard and Catsup
Potato Salad
Buttered Spinach
Milk

WEDNESDAY
Chili Con Carne, Crackers
Tossed Green Salad
Raisin Spice Cake
Chocolate Pudding
Corn Bread, Margarine
Milk

THURSDAY
Creamed Turkey
Buttered Rice
Green Beans
Raw Carrot Sticks
Pa-Rolls, Margarine, Honey
Milk

FRIDAY
Chicken Vegetable Soup, Crackers
Peanut Butter Sandwich
Deviled Egg Half
Marshmallow Krunch Cake
Milk

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NEWS WEEKLY.

Drs. Neal and McLean
VETERINARIANS
Southern Pines, N. C.