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.

"The Art of Getting Along"

Almost everyone makes New Year's resolutions, and that's good. Without at least the intention, not much good would ever be done.

Hardly anyone keeps his New Year's resolutions very long, and that's bad. It's understandable, though—most people make such hard ones, drastically upsetting habits of long standing, then when they cannot live up to the letter drop even the spirit of the thing.

The answer might lie in making resolutions which are natural and happy ones, not too difficult nor too opposed to former ways—placing greater emphasis, perhaps, on the things we know are good and to which we try to adhere most of the time, and succeed some of the time.

The general tenor of such resolutions might be getting along better with other people, which not only helps the individual making the resolutions, but makes it easier for other people to keep theirs too.

In a recent trade magazine appeared a list of rules by a writer who called himself only "An Old Timer." The list was titled "The Art of Getting Along." They refer principally to getting along in business but most are applicable to all phases of life.

Whether these coincide with your resolutions or not, or whether you make any at all, these offer food for serious contemplation as a new year begins:

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that business life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul—that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses.

He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then, and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch too seriously.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others.

He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the business as a whole shows a profit.

He comes to realize that the business could run along perfectly well without him.

He learns that it doesn't do any harm to smile and say "Good morning," even if it is raining.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains that are as good or better and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success.

He learns to sympathize with the youngster coming into the business because he remembers how bewildered he was when he first started out.

He learns not to worry when he makes a mistake because experience has shown that if he always gives his best his average will break pretty well.

He learns that bosses are not monsters trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually pretty fine folks, who have succeeded through hard work and who want to do the right thing.

He learns that the gang is not any harder to ...ng with in one place than another and ...ing along" depends about 98 per cent

The county was cut in two by the post land. Hoke is now being asked to relinquish 50,000 more of its precious acreage, so much territory that it will come pretty close to disappearing entirely and can hardly continue as a self-supporting unit of government.

Furthermore, plunk in the center of the suggested "corridor" which is to connect Mackall and Fort Bragg if the move goes through, lies the State Tuberculosis Sanatorium at McCain. Apparently, according to various vague statements, the army contemplates leaving the sanatorium where it is, assuring the state that it will be "protected from artillery fire and low flying planes." The idea is, of course, fantastic. Tuberculosis is an illness that requires, above all, quiet and rest in as pleasant surroundings as can be obtained. Residents, living as far from the present firing range as are many homes in this town, will testify to the annoyance and nervous shock of constant firing. Windows have been broken and pictures go tumbling from the walls when prolonged maneuvers are going on. We cannot imagine that the state would attempt to maintain the sanatorium if the army took over the land around it. At the same time, in view of the tremendous building program now being contemplated there, it is almost inconceivable that such an establishment could be moved. The plant would have to be purchased by the army at a figure that would enable the state to rebuild it elsewhere; we can think of no other solution.

It may be that the army move to acquire this extra territory is an absolute "Must" in the defense program. If so, it will have to go through. The civilian population of Hoke and, all others who regret it, will have to accept it as one of the disagreeable things to which we must submit in a war economy. But surely such a move should not be undertaken without the clearest demonstration that it is, in fact, vitally necessary..

The Dread Bezoar

Some of our readers may recall The Pilot's description of the young possum found dead in the rose garden, early one morning. Pondering on a cause of death, which had left no mark on the fluffy little body, we hit on the idea that a nearby persimmon tree might have been responsible for the animal coming this way.

It seems our guess was wiser than we knew. Bill Sharpe, editor of The State magazine, whose eye, sharp, naturally, never seems to miss a trick, saw The Pilot's editorial nature query and then went on and found the answer to it in an editorial by another friend of this newspaper, Pete Ivey, in the Winston-Salem Journal a while later. We print below what must surely be the sad answer to the little possum's untimely end. Also Mr. Ivey's more cheerful finale.

GOOD AND BAD ABOUT PERSIMMONS

THE BAD

The tendency of green persimmons to cause the unwary taster to purse his lips was the reaction which caused a hillbilly composer once to entitle a song, "When It's Persimmon Plucking Time in the Piedmont, I'll Come Puckering Up to You."

But devotees of the ripe persimmon need fear no puckering effects of the astringent fruit. The good persimmon is tangy and luscious, and no morsel provides a more delicous experience than the exotic thrill which the persimmon bequeaths to the human taste buds.

The possum, too, is fond of persimmons, but since animals lack the reasoning power of human beings, a possum does not know when to stop when he starts eating persimmons, and he gobbles them up as fast as he can, eating green as well as ripe, not caring whether the powerful and pungent juices of the green persimmon will cause him later misery. Poor Pogo Possum, not knowing the right persimmon from the wrong persimmon. It's bad enough for a human to eat green persimmons; he gets a stomach ache. But it's sometimes fatal to the possum. Eating the green stuff and then licking the fur causes hair balls to form, congeal and grow larger in the possum's stomach. This is a disease called the bezoar. A poet-scientist once wrote:

Not for him the bugles call,
Not for him the cannons roar!
His diet was persimmons
And he died of the dread bezoar.

AND THE GOOD

...e ripe right now in Piedmont
...me trees are bearing the rus-

...time, October the right
...most magnificent of
...mon pudding.
...t much of the fun
...persimmons, picking
... fruit where it has
... collecting about a
...y one, carefully, to
...ring the ingredi-
...is fun, too. The
...ough a colander,
...milk, flour, butter,
...er, salt, cinnamon.
...ven the pudding is

...ng with whipped
... the trouble of gath-
...rsim... pudding is
...h... persim-
...es the
...ent
...o have kept the Christ-

No. 37 — Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines ?

This old cut is, we believe, a companion piece to one we ran some time ago and which was identified as Southern Pines' first Armistice Day parade, put on in 1921 or 1922 by the newborn Sandhills post, American Legion.

Above we see what is very likely the first participation of the local Red Cross in a public event—the beginning from which has sprung the big, active chapter with which Moore county is now blessed.

It was just a beginning then—no more, for many years. A local committee conducted the Southern Pines "Roll Call" campaign in the years between wars but it was not until World War 2 that the chapter became fully organized and active. Now we don't know what we'd do without it.

Who can tell us the names of those pioneer Red Cross ladies bravely enduring the rough ride in the Model T truck?

Grains of Sand

We are one of those people who decide every year not to send Christmas cards, it's so much trouble, and what does it mean anyway, not much, so we don't, then a few start dribbling in and they look so pretty and we think well, we ought to send a few, then in the process a sort of ferment gets to working, Christmas spirit or something, and we send out more and more, and every mail brings in another shipment and we can hardly wait to open them up and see who, and here comes a card from our old friend we haven't seen in 30 years, and one from our fellow worker we just left 30 minutes ago, and both are fun, and in between opening envelopes we are signing and sealing like mad and the Christmas deadline catches us in full steam enjoying every minute but with dozens yet to go.

Maybe Christmas cards are silly. Some people say they are, and in lucid moments between Christmases they seem kind of that way. If examined in the cold light of reason, however, most of life's nicest things would look sort of silly, maybe even Christmas itself. We prefer not to, thanks!

Some cards stand out, because they are fun, because they are original, because they are very beautiful or because they bring us news of old friends.

Picking at random from our precious pile, we come up with the one that gave us the biggest laugh:

"Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine. . . The summer land where the sun doth shine. . . Where the weak grow strong And the strong grow great. . . Here's to down . . . WHOOPS! Wrong poem! Well, I'll try it again. . .

"Way down yonder in de land of cotton, Old times there are not for. . . SHUCKS! Sorry, folks, that ain't it either! What I am really trying to do is to wish you A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. **Preston Matthews,** Box 1660,, Anchorage, Alaska. Br-r-r-r-r-r!!"

Here's a charming Grandma Moses card, and it's for all you good readers—a lot of them anyway: "To the Pilot, and all my dear friends in Southern Pines and scattered about. **Anna B. Prizer,** Brookline, N. H."

We love the cards of the **Rev. and Mrs. C. V. Covell** and **Dr. and Mrs. Robert Lee House,** each bearing a picture of their church beautifully drawn by Ruth Doris Swett. . . The international cards—one from a French friend, one from a German friend and one from **Tom and Neva Wicker** in Yokosuka, Japan, bearing the smug query, "Why don't you come to see us sometime?" . . . The gay handpainted greeting showing a mailbox (flag up) from the **Stanley Austins,** done by that talented Georgeanne. . . The stylized design of tree and star, either very ancient or very modern, we don't know which from **Nan and E. J. Austin.**

From **Ginny** and **Ozelle Moss**—there they are in bed, with a fox snuggled cozily between! Of all things—what's it say? . . . "Here we are three a-bed. . . A blonde, a red, a curly black head . . . To wish you lots of Christmas Cheer . . . and Happy Hunting all the year!" We bet that fox knows that on a Christmas card is ... only time it's safe to get that ... those two.

...mas cards of **John** and **Hilda Ruggles** for the past five years have an interesting record of their family growth and changes—even to the two pet cats. We've seen **Jack** and **Tommy** grow up on these cards, and the cats get fatter and fatter. This year we see a new house front, The Woodworth, where they moved this fall. The cats are there, on their laps, hardly visible. Jack's absence from the picture this year records a big event, his marriage, and a new household set up.

During Exercise Swarmer we made friends with that dashing character **Lieut. Col. Barney Oldfield.** Air Force public relations officer, found ourselves on his Christmas card list thereafter and hope we never get off. . . We can never send him one, though, as we never know where he is. . . The cards from Barney and Vada, bring us an exhilarating breath from the world's wide airways with hints of a way of life almost too exciting.

Last year the card had a map which showed about 15 flights back and forth from Korea and thereabouts. . . This year there's a memorandum pad, with "Things to Do, 1952" and all these checked off:

"Escort Jet Ace Jabara through 14 countries. . . Schedule for the Skyblazers. . . Plan for three air maneuvers. . . Get a house in shape to live in. . . Get up a budget. . . Move office seven times. . . Vote for Eisenhower. . . Take vacation in Majorca. . . Buy new shoulder eagles. . . Go to Olympics, Helsinki. . . Help with first NATO air show, Brussels. . . Set up new headquarters in Turkey . . . Witness Norstad's four-star oath. . . Argue for budget. . . Do Christmas shopping in Spain, Portugal and Finland. . . Welcome New Year at St. Moritz!

"All this was done but there's another thing too. . . Last but not least. . . Our season's greetings to you!"

Thanks . . . and congratulations. COLONEL Oldfield!

We like this, which we lift from Bill Sharpe's "Turpentine Drippings," for which he lifted it from our old friend the Salisbury Post:

Composite Sunday

Somebody died in Salisbury yesterday.

Somebody was lying in a hospital bed waiting to die.

Somebody was sitting in a straight-backed chair waiting to die.

Somebody lied . . . Somebody stole . . . Somebody cheated . . . Somebody bore false witness . . . Somebody—oh! Any number of people did any number of things yesterday.

Somebody visited the sick, somebody helped the poor, somebody sacrificed personal interest, somebody repented of a sin, somebody went into his closet and prayer.

Oh! . . . Any number of people did any number of things yesterday in Salisbury.

In agony some gained relief thinking of a precious moment. In a fury of exhilaration some paused a bit to dwell upon a solemn responsibility.

Man has but two eyes, and it has been said they see through a glass but darkly.

But God's part of yesterday was as beautiful a thing as man would care to see. The sun, the clouds, the still damp earth, the trees mostly green but partly sere, the blue sky, the mossing barks, the sense of calm, the persistent birds, the long-lived crickets of dusk—yesterday was a lovely thing.

The Public Speaking

LIKES CIVIC CLUB PROGRAMS

To the Pilot.

It is very generous of the South ern Pines Civic club to includ visitors to the town in their audi ences.

The recent programs are very interesting to winter visitors as well as to the townspeople.

I enjoy them not only because of the programs themselves, but also because they show the character of the town which is obviously a fine one.

This is also true of the programs of the smaller groups.

VISITOR

FOR RESULTS USE THE PILOT'S CLASSIFIED COLUMN.