

**"THOSE BOYS WERE REAL NICE"**

**Aggressor Force Wins War Games On Points Not To Mention Hearts Of Local Citizens**

So the Aggressors won the War of the Sandhills.

That's the final verdict of the judges. They won it on points, we are told, but it will be hard to persuade Southern Pines people of that fact. Having been captured by these desperados, we are now firmly convinced that they won through their own vim and valor: battle-skill, hardihood, derring-do. (Only we always spell it "Daring-do", and why not?) and that they could go on and win just about anything else they had a mind to, points or no points.

The story is that the Aggressor Force won because of the weather the last two nights which prevented the planned drop of the three battlegroups banded together against them, forming the "Mountainian" army.

"Eyewash!" is the comment hereabouts; or even less complimentary washes. They won. Period. Anyway it would be only one among many great victories in which the weather had picked the best team and given it an assist; from the storm that hit the Armada off Plymouth Hoe to the snows that hunted Napoleon back from Moscow with the frozen men falling behind him like icicles.

And who knows? Supposing it had been clear those two nights and the three battlegroups from the 82nd had come swinging down from the stars—wouldn't

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the 2501 and 2503 have been waiting for them; their bayonets upsticking like lacrosse players with their crosses raised, waiting for the ball to come in range? Do you really think anybody could have gotten by them?

**Down They Come!**

We thought of what it would have been like, watching the drop Friday morning that signaled the end of the maneuvers. It was on Sicily dropzone and we could see it well from the high hill where the observers were stationed. Nine planes came over at a time in rows of threes and when the first chutes blossomed out and you saw the tiny figures dangling your heart was in your mouth. Down they floated, outlined against the sky, chutes drifting in the clear air, as big flower jellyfish drift through the sea. You could see the jumpers guiding them, or trying to, by tugging on the windward or leeward ropes. We were too far to feel the jolting bruising impact when they landed but many were skidded for yards along the hard dusty field before they could get their chutes deflated. And, standing there on the hill watching the jumps, we were told how a man had been killed in the early morning jump when his chute had failed to open and others had been badly hurt.

And then, in the second flight, in one of the first planes, a man—we could see him clearly—was caught and held suspended only a few feet below the plane when—as we were later told—the cord of his chute had gotten between his canteen and his belt buckle. You could see the men working desperately to pull him back in but the windstream was too strong. He hung there helpless as the plane flew on and on. It seemed like hours till suddenly, with a lurch of the plane, the cord slipped loose and he dropped. And then the chute came out after him and opened and all was well.

**"Kind of Nervous"**

"Was he hurt?" we asked the men who had gone out to get him. "No, not a bit," they said. But one added. "He was kind of nervous, though."

Talking around to some of the officers after the maneuvers were over, we learned that they

considered these a great success. "Not so much," one of them explained modestly, "because everything went so well, but because we learned a lot from some of the mistakes."

A noble spirit, and not always to be found among the military. For our part we can only say that their aim was not at all well achieved in these parts. (One moment, sir! Don't shoot!)

As we understand it, the aim was to be realistic and to carry this attitude into every aspect of the local war. It comes as a shock, then, to discover that their efforts achieved in Southern Pines just the opposite of what was intended. Instead of despising their captors local citizens just loved them.

**They Looked Scarey, but . . .**

Oh, they looked sinister enough as they skulked in, half crouched, firing over the heads of the crowd; they looked mighty scarey, but that was the end of it. They marched past shouting, reviewed by Br'er Desperato heiling the heart out of himself; they downed Old Glory and hoisted up their own filthy rag; they made resounding speeches, full of sounds all too hatefully familiar; they marched some of you good folks to jail—"and you bad ones, too" as archly coos WEBB each morning—they tacked up horrible posters and made horrible threats—and the folks chuckled and grinned and loved every minute of it.

Occasionally somebody would say: "You know this might be REALLY happening, huh?" and a chorus would answer: "Yeah. Sure. But aren't they swell!"

So, for this town, the main result of the experience was that everyone is firmly convinced that it's wonderful to be invaded and that Aggressors are beguiling people, the salt of the earth.

"Cooperative; extremely thoughtful and considerate," is heard from the lips of town officials, "it was interesting as could be; and no trouble; nothing disagreeable."

And one lady said, as she stood around after the march past on Invasion Day: "I kind of didn't like to see the flag come down—and what kind of outlandish music was that? But you know those boys were REAL nice."

—KLB

**JACKSON SPRINGS NEWS**

Miss Susan Currie, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Ollie Currie, honored Miss Elizabeth Clark with a floating shower at her home Tuesday evening. The guests were the hostess' honoree, Mrs. Harris Clark and Mrs. Charles Baringer. The dining table was covered with white lace over pink and centered with an arrangement of pink glads, white snapdragons and pink tapers. Miss Loretta Thomas presided at the punch bowl with Misses Marie Clark, Lois and Phyllis Jean Godfrey assisting in serving cookies and nuts. The gifts were displayed in the living room where an arrangement of yellow and white snapdragons and shaster daisies were used. Miss Clark was presented a corsage of pink glads.

The popular bride-elect was honored Thursday evening at a bridge party with Mrs. Gaither Edwards and Mrs. Stowe Cole of Carthage as hostesses. The honoree was presented a corsage and the guests showered her with gifts of linen. On Friday afternoon, Miss Clark shared honores at a tea at the home of Mrs. Joe Allen in Carthage with Mrs. Bob Hyman, and Mrs. Robert Cagle as hostesses. Misses Shirely McArthur and Barbara Brown were hostesses Friday evening at the Wilton Brown home at a lingerie shower honoring Miss Clark. Anette Thompson attended Senior High Fellowship Camp at Camp Monroe last week. Miss Agnes Graham is home after spending some time at the Pinehurst Convalescent Home. Mrs. Sallie Clark, who has been ill at the Hamlet Hospital, is recuperating at the home of her son, J. M. Clark of Hamlet.

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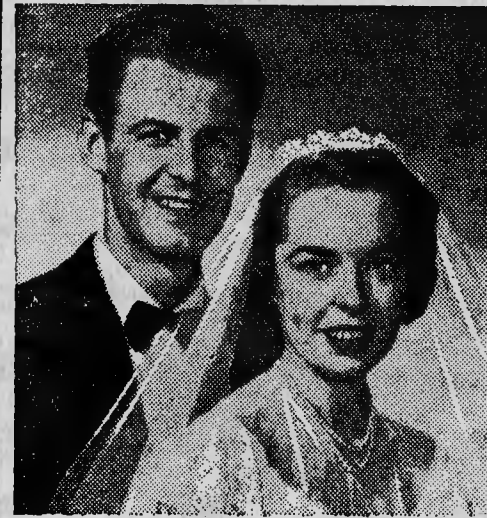
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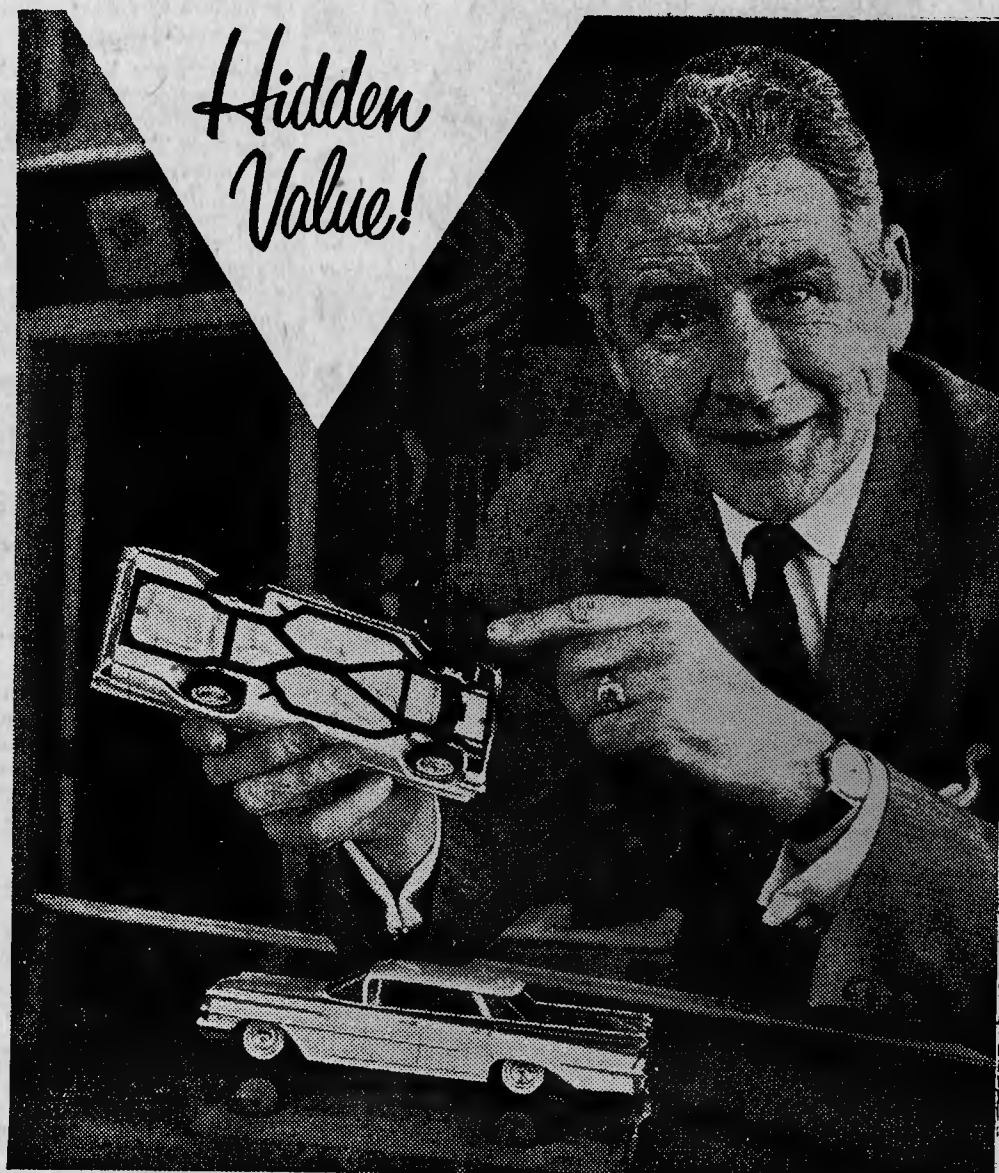
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