

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"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. Wherever 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.

Past Year Points To Good Year Ahead

Business, industrial, civic and educational development in Moore County, especially in the Southern Pines area, during the past year has been impressive, as one looks back over the headlines of 1962, at the year's end.

The picture, never fully seen from day to day or week to week, points to a good year ahead. Indeed, many of the outstanding developments of 1962 were only beginnings: their fruition and their major significance to the community lie ahead.

So it is with the community's biggest and best New Year's present: start of operations, scheduled for this week, at the Proctor-Silex Corporation electric iron manufacturing plant just completed here. Here is an industry that expects to build up gradually during the coming year to a payroll of up to 500—the largest this community has ever known. This is certain to provide an important economic impact on the area.

Also in the realm of "beginnings" is the extremely ambitious country club-residential development on the former Watson property and adjoining tracts, between Southern Pines and Pinehurst—a project which involves some of the state's outstanding men and their families. We can think of no more suitable purpose to which this magnificent tract of land could be put and are certain that the developers will receive a warm welcome from the Sandhills community.

Still another country club-residential development, also between Southern Pines and Pinehurst, north of Midland Road, is in the planning stage, with few details revealed as yet, but adding to the brightness of the future of resort facilities.

Beginning also this year, and now moving toward completion, is the motel-restaurant-golf project off No. 1 highway north of Southern Pines, being built by the owners of the still rapidly growing Whispering Pines residential and Country Club development. Whispering Pines itself made new starts, too: opening of its golf course and country club and construction of a third lake and other expansion activity.

There are new developments in other fields—start of construction of the county's first million-dollar consolidated high school, located between Carthage and Vass, the first of two or more such schools to be built by the county school system; an extensive program of municipal improvements in Southern Pines, financed by bond issues, in the sewage and water systems, as well as an addition to the library and a municipal swimming pool in West Southern Pines. The effects of all these projects have yet to be felt in the community. Work on the Episcopal Home for the Ageing here is just beginning, also.

A new church (Our Saviour Lutheran) and a new bank (a branch of the Southern National of Lumberton) have become fully organized here during the past year—marks of growth and economic health in any town. And a branch bank was opened in a new building by The Citizens Bank and Trust Company.

Existing enterprises, in both the resort and business fields, have expanded during

the past year. Fletcher Southern, manufacturers of textile machinery parts, took over the Watson-Williams Company of Pinebluff and set up a new operation, Fletcher Shuttles, here, also expanding the plant's building on the Carthage road.

New this year, too, was Pinehurst's first year-around operation: opening of the Holly Inn, with a new swimming pool and full air-conditioning, for summer guests. This and other signs point to increasing significance of the Sandhills as an all-year resort area.

Both of Southern Pines's two major resort facilities—the Mid Pines Club and the Pine Needles Country Club and Lodges—made improvements and expansions during the past year: a convention hall-dining room and additional guest rooms at Mid Pines, and an "indoor-outdoor" swimming pool at Pine Needles.

Dedicated during the past year was the final phase of the big Southern Pines High School construction program, bringing to completion this handsome building project, to meet the needs of a continually expanding local school system. A start was made during the year also on a new high school building for West Southern Pines.

New post offices were dedicated during the past year at Aberdeen, Pinebluff, Carthage and Robbins. In upper Moore County, an automated, modern feed mill at Spies was put into operation.

The past year saw a fund-raising campaign for Moore Memorial Hospital that, added to special gifts and matching government funds, launched a \$2 million wing construction project for that institution, now in the planning stage.

Other new projects in this area which have gone into operation during the past year, involving new construction work or remodeling, are Christy's Restaurant just south of town; the Montgomery Dairies building and the Pinehurst Motor Lodge, between Southern Pines and Aberdeen; and the Horne's Restaurant at Aberdeen.

New house construction has flourished in and around Southern Pines during 1962. New industries have brought several families to the community and retired persons have continued to choose the Sandhills for their home.

The big motel and restaurant project on No. 1 highway south of Southern Pines, after long delays involving its sale while still unfinished and other matters, seems about to get squared away under new ownership to proceed toward completion.

All these items that come to mind—only the highlights of a year full of encouraging activity—reinforce our confidence in Moore County, the Sandhills and Southern Pines—a confidence that we hear more and more expressed by persons who are concerned about the future of the area.

This list of 1962 accomplishments, many of which will see their full flowering in the future, offers ample justification for the prediction of a prosperous and happy New Year ahead.

Feed The Birds!

Annually, or maybe more often, the Pilot issues a call to FEED THE BIRDS. Considering the severe weather we've been having, it seemed a pretty good time to send out a clarion call this week. As the freeze shut down last week, with the sound of trees snapping like pistol shots, and boughs crashing down, the thought uppermost in many minds must have been: what a terrible time for the birds! Not only their little toes getting

Unforgettable Christmas

As expressed by writers of letters published in last week's Pilot, this area is deeply grateful to the utility company officials and workers who gave up their Christmas holiday last week to restore and maintain electric power and telephone service during a severe ice storm. This incredible capacity for unselfish community service is one of this nation's noblest characteristics, a heritage that embodies all that is best in the American character: endurance, hard work and determination against odds.

Inspiring to see it in action here. That's why we'll not soon forget Christmas Day.

frozen and their poor wet feathers plastered into cakes of ice, but their homes and refuges crashing about their ears. It must have seemed as if the world was coming to an end.

Birds are very tender creatures, it seems, with pitifully small bodies under all those feathers. Their circulatory systems are so delicate, so fragile, that it is necessary for them to feed constantly in order to replenish their energy. They aren't eating so gluttonously because they're greedy but because they have to, actually, to keep alive. A bird is supposed to use up all his life juices while he sleeps huddled on his roost at night, keeping him warm. So, the next day, he gets up as early as he can and eats pretty nearly through till night again. Bird-people claim he has to eat one and a half times his weight in a day in order to survive the night and get going again the next morning. The main reason, they say, why so many little bird bodies are found after a big freeze isn't because they were frozen but because they weren't able to find the necessary food the day before to keep them alive through the night.

So—working up to the point at that's why we'll not soon forget Christmas Day.

OVER A PLACE OF DRY BONES

Birds--And The Miracle Of Life

Loren C. Eiseley, author of the following, is chairman of the department of anthropology in the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of articles on evolution and of a wonderful book, "The Immense Journey," based on exploration in the Badlands, here-in described. This excerpt was taken from "Judgment of The Birds," an article published in the Spring, 1956, issue of The American Scholar. (The whole article is equally fine and The Pilot will gladly lend it to anyone who will promise to bring it back. Ed.)

On the maps of old voyagers it is called Mauvais Terres, the "evil lands," and, slurred a little with the passage through many minds, it has come down to us anglicized as the "Badlands." The soft rustling of moccasins has passed through its canyons on the grim business of war and flight, but the last of those slight disturbances of immemorial silences died out almost a century ago. The land, if one can call it a land, is a waste as lifeless as that valley in which lie the kings of Egypt. Like the Valley of the Kings, it is a mausoleum, a place of dry bones in what once was a place of life. Now it has silences as tangible as those in the moon's airless chasms.

Nothing Grows

Nothing grows among its pinnacles; there is no shade except under great toadstools of sandstone whose bases have been eaten to the shape of wine glasses by the wind. Everything is flaking, cracking, disintegrating, wearing away in the long, imperceptible weather of time. The ash of ancient volcanic outbursts still sterilizes its soil, and the colors in that waste are the colors that flame in the lonely sunsets on dead planets. Men come there but rarely, and for one purpose only, the collection of bones.

It was a late hour on a cold, wind-bitten autumn day when I climbed a great hill spined like a dinosaur's back and tried to take my bearings. The tumbled waste fell away in waves in all directions. Blue air was darkening into purple along the bases of the hills. I shifted my knapsack, heavy with the petrified bones of long-vanished creatures, and studied my compass. I wanted to be out of there by nightfall, and already the sun was going sullenly down in the west.

Living Bullets

It was then that I saw the flight coming on. It was moving like a little close-knit body of black specks that danced and darted and closed again. It was pouring from the north and heading toward me with the undeviating relentlessness of a compass needle. It streamed through the shadows rising out of monstrous gorges. It rushed over towering pinnacles in the red light of the sun, or momentarily sank from sight within their shade. Across that desert of eroding clay and wind-worn stone they came with a faint, wild twit-



Winter Cardinal—He's Hungry These Days

(Woodcut by Glen Rounds of Southern Pines)

tering that filled all the air about me as those tiny, living bullets hurtled past into the night.

It may not strike you as a marvel. It would not, perhaps, unless you stood in the middle of a dead world at sunset, but that was where I stood. Fifty million years lay under my feet, fifty million years of bellowing monsters moving in a green world now gone so utterly that its very light was traveling on the farther edge of space. The chemicals of all that vanished age lay about me in the ground. Around me still lay the sheering molars of dead titanosaurs, the delicate sabers of soft-stepping cats, the hollow sockets that had held the eyes of many a strange, outmoded beast. Those eyes had looked out upon a world as real as ours; dark, savage trains had roamed and roared their challenges into the steaming night.

Ebbing Moments

Now they were still here or, put it as you will, the chemicals that made them were here about me in the ground. The carbon that had driven them ran blackly in the eroding stone. The stain of iron was in the clays. The iron did not remember the blood it had once moved within, the phosphorus had forgotten the savage brain. The little individual moment had ebbed from all those strange combinations of chemicals as it would ebb from our living bodies into the sinks and runnels of oncoming time. I had lifted up a fistful

of that ground. I held it while that wild flight of southbound warblers hurtled over me into the oncoming dark. There went phosphorus, there went iron, there went carbon, there beat the calcium in those hurrying wings. Alone on a dead planet, I watched that incredible miracle speeding past. It ran by some true compass over field and wasteland. It cried its individual ecstasies into the air until the gullies rang. It swerved like a single body; it knew itself and, lonely, it bunched close in the racing darkness, its individual entities feeling about them the rising night. And so, crying to each other their identity, they passed away out of my sight.

Not Mocked

I dropped my fistful of earth. I heard it roll, inanimate, back into the gully at the base of the hill: iron, carbon, the chemicals of life. Like men from those wild tribes who had haunted these hills before me seeking visions, I made my sign to the great darkness. It was not a mocking sign, and I was not mocked. As I walked into my camp late that night, one man, rousing from his blankets beside the fire, asked sleepily, "What did you see?"

"I think, a miracle," I said softly, but I said it to myself. Behind me that vast waste began to glow under the rising moon.

The Cheerful Chickadee

From "Nature Rambles—An Introduction to Country Lore," by Oliver P. Medsger.

There are several little birds chirping among the trees. If we are quiet they may come nearer. There is one hanging by his feet examining the twigs of a pine tree. It is a chickadee. You can tell him by his black cap and dark throat, gray back and dark gray wings and tail. He is always friendly, yet always minds his own business and is apparently happy no matter what the weather. His soft fluffy feathers afford a good protection against the cold. I now recall a very disagreeable winter day—one of the worst I had seen in years. I wondered if any birds could be abroad, and acting on the thought I dressed warmly, adding rubber boots and raincoat, then started out in a driving storm of rain and sleet, wading through eight inches of soft snow and slush. Apparently the birds had all taken to cover, for after walking two or three miles on both high and low ground, I came back home without seeing one.

Just as I was about to enter the house I saw the cheerful chickadee perched on a pine branch. He was looking at me as if to say, "I'm here, I'm here, I'm here." I was glad to see him, for he was the only bird I had seen that day.

Grains of Sand

Song At Dawning
Waking early the morning after the ice storm from a sleep troubled by the tragic sounds of snapping trees and boughs crashing to earth, we looked out as dawn was coming.

The pines were a curtain of white ice. Everything was very still. The whole world was frozen, cold, dead. As the first rays struck the icy woods, turning them into iridescent shimmering lights, a sound stole into the air. It was the high, clear notes of a white-throat, singing his welcome to the new day.

Hi, Stranger!

A secret lure towards the sport and delight of bird-watching is the hope—perfectly unreasonable but never-failing—that some day you're going to see a bird never seen before. Some day a fabulous creature will drop down on your feeder. You will snatch up your binoculars, take one wild look and rush to the telephone to call Miss Mary Winteny, bird-watcher for the Audubon Society, and tell her to come quick.

Well, some families have almost had that experience lately. Almost but not quite.

The George Leonards thought they might be 19th century Audubons discovering that prothonotary warbler for just a moment some three weeks ago. There on their feeder, mixing in with the other birds, was a bright green something-or-other. But they didn't run to the phone. A second glance told them the truth. Impossible as it seemed, it was a green parakeet out there pecking away at the seeds. He was fat and sassy and, as they gazed, he gave a flip of his olive-colored wings and sailed way up high to the top of a big pine.

This was some weeks before the big freeze. From then on, he came to the feeder regularly along with the rest and they watched anxiously after the cold weather to see if he had made it through the ice-storm. Sure enough, the day after he was back, flaunting his bright green feathers and, gay, running off the little seeds in fine parakeet style. Towards think he must have been at in the open for a good while, probably since last spring, in order to become so well-plumaged that he could survive a recent rough weather.

But he's not the only one. Last fall Mrs. Vera Willis lost a fine parakeet. She thought he never saw him again and, yes, she hasn't but others in his neighborhood. He has been at Ethel Jones's feeder quite a while, also "a disreputable green parakeet," she says, not POSSIBLY the smart and sassy green linnet the Leonards claim so proudly!

The blue one goes to the Park-view quite often and Mrs. Willis has put his old cage up there hoping he might be tempted to let himself be caught. But: no soap. He turns up his turned-down beak at it: "That's for the birds!" he seems to say.

GRAINS asked his former owner if he ever said anything. "Only 'miaou,'" she said. " 'Miaou?' Why does he say 'Miaou?'" Mrs. Willis explained that the parakeet used to play with a little kitten. Clearly a fabulous bird in more ways than one. We hope he makes out through the winter as well as the Leonards' friend and that other green tramp.

Good News

The bluebirds are coming back! Folks report seeing strings of them sitting as usual along the wires.

Everybody can breathe again: the Happiness Birds are still with us!

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