



"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.

A New Church Is A Great Event

Formation of a new church congregation and construction of a new church building is, to our mind, a great event for any community.

We have noted with interest and will follow with attention the plans for a Methodist congregation, church and educational building here. The Pilot joins the entire community in welcoming the Rev. E. E. Whitley and his family to Southern Pines. His is a task that would, it appears, be a welcome challenge to any minister. Speaking from outside the ministry, we would judge this to be a unique privilege, from a professional point of view, certainly a somewhat rare privilege in these days, especially in a community the size of Southern Pines, and with a church of a major denomination.

Most towns comparable to Southern Pines have long-established churches of the major denominations. No one seems to know just why Southern Pines has never had a Methodist Church. Regardless of the reason, this very welcome development is now rapidly becoming a reality.

Most of us had fathers, grandfathers and even more remote ancestors who had the rare privilege of being charter members of a new church organization and builders of a new church structure. This privilege is something that was enjoyed by countless men and women for 300 years during the settling and development of the United States. There is in this a thrill that is part of the fascination with which we look back on that mighty struggle across the face of the nation. Most of us, therefore, have been denied participation in the actual founding of a church because our ancestors did such a good job of church building in former days.

But the Methodists of Southern Pines and nearby area can now assume the welcome task of becoming founders and builders. Our best wishes go with them in their efforts.

Best Traffic Safety Program Yet

Southern Pines and other Sandhills towns are preparing to launch the most intensive period of the "Operation Impact" traffic safety program—starting Saturday and running through the July 4-5 holidays.

Proclamations are being signed and published by the mayors of Sandhills towns; the sponsoring organizations in each community—here, its the VFW and Auxiliary—are passing out windshield stars to safe driving pledge signers; and the USAF Air-Ground school continues to provide the spark of enthusiasm that is carrying Operation Impact through an even more successful campaign this year than it had last summer.

This is the way to get at the traffic accident problem—at the local level where personal participation and personal pride can be invoked in the cause of accident prevention.

At the White House Conference on Highway

Safety, held in Washington last February, with a local man, Jack Younts, as one of the delegates from over the nation, President Eisenhower emphasized that traffic accidents have been taking 38,000 American lives annually. This, he said, is "a national problem of first importance."

Purpose of the Washington conference was not primarily to get the delegates to Washington, but to get them to go back home and make "an effort to mobilize public support at the community level."

"Operation Impact" is the most successful effort we have seen so far for this "community level" action.

We urge readers to investigate Operation Impact, get their star and sign their pledge at the VFW post home or the Air Ground School—and then go out on the streets and highways as a conscientious member of this great safety effort.

Gifts At Work Before Our Eyes

People who like to see the funds they contribute to charitable organizations go to work before their eyes can look toward West End where the annual Speech Improvement School of the Moore County Society for Crippled Children began this week.

If you bought Easter Seals last Spring, you are helping the boys and girls from throughout Moore County who are going daily to West End for assistance with their speech difficulties. And, incidentally, that assistance is being given by two Moore County teachers who live here the year around. The Society didn't have to go outside the county to pull in "experts." But these capable persons in the county have taken special training and are, we feel sure, doing as good a job or better as if visiting teachers had

been employed. To be a child and not be able to speak so that others can understand you or not be able to say clearly what you want to say must be a hard row to hoe. It doesn't take a textbook on psychology to tell us that this predicament can have a most unfortunate influence on such a child's attitude toward living and on his chances for happiness in this world where so much depends on our ability to communicate with each other.

We commend the Speech School project and its devoted teachers, Mrs. Shields Cameron of Southern Pines and Miss Blanche Monroe of West End. The school will flourish so long as people of the county keep on buying enough Easter Seals.

Solidity of Relationship With Britain

This seems to be a time, one of those periodic times, when friction flares up between Britain and this country. That there is cause for it, on both sides, is a fact; no use denying it. But the far greater fact of the need for harmony, of the utter impossibility of either country getting along without the other, and of the fundamental solidity of the relationship between the two outweighs, by a million times, their current or past differences.

A recent statement and another, of almost ten years ago, emphasize this fact. The first is a restrained and reasoned editorial, entitled "The Americans," that appeared in the Manchester Guardian, leading British weekly, on May 1. We print two excerpts therefrom:

"If one thinks in broad terms of the role played by the United States in world affairs since the war, three things stand out. First, the United States has done more than any other country to guarantee peace in the world. Secondly, America remains the foremost country in the world whose ideal, in the words of its own Constitution, is to "promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Thirdly, the United States has done more than any other country in the world to help others and secure their health, prosperity and welfare.

"Proof of the first point lies in American help which saved Greece from falling to rebellion, in the swift reaction to the Berlin blockade and the saving of that city from being strangled by Communist pressure, in the guarantee given through the North Atlantic Pact to Western Europe and the backing of the guarantee by troops and aircraft now stationed in Europe, and in the American resistance to Aggression in Korea. . .

"There are many valid grounds for criticizing American policy and methods. . . and for alarm over the apparent tarnishing of America's own ideals. But the broad soundness of purpose, and worth of the role America has been playing in world affairs ought not to be in doubt."

To that current statement we would add an

excerpt from the famous Guildhall Speech of President Eisenhower when, in 1945, he was presented the Freedom of London.

"We should turn to those inner things, call them what you will—I mean those intangibles that are the real treasures free men possess. To preserve his freedom of worship, his equality before the law, his liberty to speak and act as he sees fit, subject only to the provision that he trespass not upon similar rights of others—the Londoner will fight; so will the citizen of Abilene.

"No petty differences in the world of trade, national traditions, and pride should ever blind us to identities in priceless values. If we keep our eyes on this guide-post, then no difficulties on our road of mutual co-operation can ever be insurmountable."

Above the Average

Residents of Southern Pines have been chosen recently to head state-wide or large organizations of which they are members.

It is unusual in a town of this size to have two citizens elected president of state-wide groups within two weeks, but that's what happened.

Week before last Garland A. Pierce was chosen president of the North Carolina Chapter, National Postmasters Association. Last week, Russell J. Lorensen was elected president of the North Carolina Society of Accountants.

Also, last week, Harold B. Fowler, chief of the local volunteer fire department, was re-elected president of the Sandhill Firemen's Association, an organization of over 40 fire departments in central and Eastern North Carolina.

These honors reflect credit not only on the individuals but on the community. The appointments bring the name of Southern Pines into the news and must lead observers to conclude that this town is above the average in its quota of outstanding citizens—a conclusion we would vigorously affirm as correct.



PORTION OF A BEAVER DAM at Powell's Pond on the Bethesda Road, not far out of Southern Pines, is pictured here, showing at right the mass of sticks and branches that covers the face of the dam and the mud-plastered water-line that extends from left of photo diagonally upward in the picture, with the water of the pond visible through the leaves at upper left. In the "Grains of Sand" column below, a Pilot representative tells of an expedition in search of beavers that are working at the head of the Pinebluff municipal lake. Also see item and photo on front page. (Pilot Staff Photo)

Grains of Sand

Beavers and Green Heron

"Come down to the lake early some morning," said a Certain Character, "and I'll show you something."

So we did. And he did. Really something, too.

First we got in a two-ended canvas boat, that draws practically no water and headed for the upper end of the lake. The water was so still, every tiniest leaf was reflected in the mirror surface. Ahead the swamp bays, water oaks, bog myrtle, magnolia and gums stood deep in the lake, forming a close stand, almost like a hedge across the water, with just one long narrow channel showing.

As we reached the opening, a big long-legged bird came sailing low overhead: A dull grey-green with a white patch under its throat: a green heron.

Gradually the trees came closer and closer together, till there was just space for the boat to pass. We pulled ourselves along by the branches, that shut down in a cool green tunnel. The reflections were so intense, so perfect; it was a magic world: everything jeweled in clarity of color and form. Everything still, with an expectant quiver.

The water was dark amber, clear and luminous; everywhere clumps of narrow dark green leaves sprang lance-like, from the surface; the gleam of felled tree-trunks, under water, whitened by the years, showed where not to go.

We threaded our way from one channel to another, sometimes having to back the boat out, when there was no room to turn, a handy process with the two-ended craft.

From ahead came a harsh, breathy croak. Then we saw him, standing up on top of a dead tree. His big grey-green shoulders were humped, his long sharp beak thrusting this way and that, as he surveyed his fishing grounds. Every now and then it opened: "Kwaak!"

A young heron blundered off through the scrub and then we saw the nest. It was cleverly hidden, back from the channel, in a low oak standing in the water, as all the trees do. It was like a big collection of twigs dumped together and at the top was the narrow sharp head, white throat patch just showing. She sat still as if frozen. Even when we rattled the oar against the branches, she didn't move. The Character said when he first went out there she would hop up on the edge of the nest and fly off a few feet, but now she was used to his carryings-on and paid him no mind. Part of her strange green world, he was.

Beyond the heron's tree, the channel narrowed again in the path the beavers had cut up to their house. We passed the boat along from tree to tree, just squeezing through in places. Then there was a sound, a quiet little splash, and down the channel toward us came a little row of bubbles. We looked over the side but the water was too dark or—no, he went another way! Suddenly we saw his flat wide head break water. His fur was dark reddish brown, little flat ears laid back, broad muzzle just showing black. You could follow the line of his back and he looked enormous, as big as an air-dale. He puffed along like an old scow, leaving a wake behind him, and we watched him take a few slow turns this way and that, and then, sloop!—down he went, his flat hairless tail, like an extra paddle, just showing as he slid into the cool, dark depths.

And then, there ahead of us was the house, or lodge as the Indians call them. It was a big mound of sticks piled together. Architecturally we'd say it was in Eskimo style, or perhaps Navajo hogan: tent-shaped but no doors or windows. The entrances are all under water and, as we edged up close, there was a sharp movement inside and a rushing noise of water and then the telltale line of bubbles showed that Ma Beaver, or maybe a child or two, had slipped out and was heading downstream. Later, as we came out into the lake again on the way to shore we saw one of the family swimming along the farther bank.

Poking around in one channel after another we came on signs of beaver work. Little newly trimmed branches were everywhere, and sizeable raw stumps showed the blademarks of their wide teeth. Beavers have massive equipment for handling timber, broad wedges for teeth and heavy jaws that shut with the clamp of a bulldozer. Their muscular shoulders wedge and tug as they squander on their solid behinds and hold the trunks with their forepaws, nibbling them round and round. They are expert lumbermen, gauging with accuracy the fall of a tree, slanting their cuts to make it go where they can get at it to haul it down to the water. As for dam-building, they rival the TVA in engineering skill. So 'his said. And not a thing about creeping socialism, either. Just good solid beaver work, even if it is done as a tribe and one for all, for one. Or does that attitude make them suspect? Could be.

But the beavers weren't thinking about socialism, creeping or otherwise, or even about work. Only about water, and swimming way out and feeling it between their toes and behind their ears and all the fresh, pungent coolness of it. And aren't we all, these days?

No Way To Do Some folks were driving through Georgia a while ago and stopped at a little town where they'd been a year before at election-time. Things had been very hot then, with the vote finally going to a certain man because of his influence over the highway commissioner. "If you want roads," said his supporters, "you vote for John Jones." So they voted for Jones.

When these folks got there they expected to find everybody happy but this was not the case. "What's the matter?" they asked. "Didn't Jones get elected after all?" "Oh sure. He got elected all right," was the answer. "But we voted for the wrong man. We haven't gotten a single road out of Jones."

A few of that sort of arguments were going round at this last elec-

The Public Speaking

Facing Present Realities

To The Editor: Since the Supreme Court outlawed segregation in public schools, the people in the Southern Pines area have refrained from publicly expressing a lot of threadbare racial theories that do not in any way help solve the problem involved.

However, the June 18th issue of The Pilot contains a letter to the editor which quotes the Bible in support of racial segregation. The writer quotes Acts 17:26—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation."

If God fixed the limits of habitation for each race the place of the African would logically be in Africa, and the place of the European would be in Europe, and so on. Did the Africans voluntarily come to America, and thus deliberately violate the limits set by divine edict? They did not.

White men, the ancestors of those who are presently crying to high heaven for the observance of God's racial limits, deliberately forced the Africans to leave their native home and endure many years of cruel slavery in this land of the free and home of the brave.

But maybe the slave traders didn't know that God had fixed the limits of habitation for the races of men, and maybe the language of Acts 17:26 was put into the Bible after 1619. Maybe!

The writer further notes that "black birds don't mix with red birds, etc.," meaning, I presume, with white birds, either. True, but I do not find any evidence that male white birds ever took advantage of enslaved female black birds to produce a race of speckled birds.

The millions of mulattoes in America are eloquent testimony to the fact that somebody waited too late to separate the races. There are far more Negroes in America today with white blood than there are Negroes of pure breed, through no fault of the Negro.

Shedding tears over what might have been will never solve the realities that all of us face in the mighty present. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," Ezekiel 18:2. A careful, prayerful human approach, tempered with justice and righteousness, is probably the only way to master the present situation for the best interest of all concerned.

J. R. FUNDERBURK Southern Pines

A Look At McCarthy

(From The New Yorker)

The Senate, by a simple majority vote, can remove a committee member from the chairmanship of his committee. We think the Senate, when the proper moment comes, should take a vote on Senator McCarthy.

We don't know whether he ought to be removed for malpractice, but he certainly ought to be fired for incompetence. His conduct of hearings, as chairman of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, has succeeded only in making the country less secure, and his concept of internal security has kept America in an uproar just when it should have a firm grip on itself. He has tried, with some success, to change the nature and function of Congressional investigation, giving it almost judicial significance and almost executive force. He has become a one-man FBI, with his own sources of information, his own stable of informers, his own set of rules governing what a senator is entitled to have in his possession in the way of documents. He is by temperament a sleuth, not a legislator, and he should join a private-eye squad and leave law-making to men of thoughtful

men. Whether the Army resorted to blackmail, whether McCarthy and Cohn used improper pressure, are questions that interest everybody. But one thing is quite clear: this is no "squabble" (as it is often called) between the Army and McCarthy. This is the showdown on the country's top problem in internal security. It involves the infiltration of Communists into places where nobody wants them to be, and it involves the infiltration of Senator McCarthy into the institutions that he doesn't approve of and would like to rearrange: the Constitution, the White House, the Army, and the Department of Justice; the press and other forms of "extreme Left Wing" dissent; the two-party system (in which you can call the other side anything you want to except "traitor"); the delicate balance between the three main branches of government; due process; and the nice old idea that a citizen isn't guilty of anything just because someone "names" him as guilty.

The hearings in Washington are structurally bizarre. The committee sits in solemn style, investigating itself, like a monkey looking for fleas. The members sometimes listen thoughtfully to the testimony. At other times, one of them takes the stand, adds to the testimony, then returns to his seat and broods silently on what he has sworn to. Senator Mundt, presumably a conscientious moderator, has a political stake in the hearings. As far as that goes, every senator on the committee does. The Democratic senators, obviously intoxicated by so gaudy a display of Republican embar-

assment, have recently been challenged on the score of bias, and Symington has been asked to disqualify himself—as though there had ever been a remote possibility that a committee consisting of Democrats and Republicans could investigate itself dispassionately. Perhaps something useful will emerge from this harlequinade, but if it does, it simply means that this country is, as usual, sort of lucky.

Although everyone is interested in the specific charges, Army vs. McCarthy, it seems to us that people are even more deeply concerned with finding the answer to the permanent question about the permanent chairman of that permanent subcommittee: namely, must the country continue to be torn to pieces, day by day, week by week, merely because one quick-witted senator has discovered a way to do it and a reason for doing it? That's what America wants to find out, and only the Senate can come up with the answer.

If McCarthy were a medium-sized threat to internal security, if he were a bush-league demagogue, if he had done three or four naughty deeds, involving three or four innocent people, perhaps the Senate would be justified in keeping him on in the job. But the senator's score is imposing and he is not medium-sized—as he well knows.

The twenty-years - of-treason junket, the use of the word "guilt" in hearing rooms where nobody is on trial and where no judge sits, the Zwicker inquisition, the willingness to shatter an army to locate a dentist, the sly substitution of the name "Alger" for the name "Adlai", the labeling of the majority of the press as "extreme Left Wing", the distortion of facts and figures, the challenge of the power of the White House, the use of the grand elision in the phrase "Fifth Amendment Communist," the queer notion that he, and he alone, is entitled to receive raw information that it is illegal for others to have in their possession, the steady attack on national confidence and national faith, as though confidence were evil and suspicion were good—the score is familiar and need not be recited in its long detail.

Whatever else can be said for and against the senator, it has become obvious that he dislikes a great many things about our form of government. To disapprove of these well-loved principles and rules is not a crime, but neither is it a help in performing the duties of a committee chairman in the United States Senate.

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