

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. 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 Challenge From The Past

From time to time, The Pilot publishes comments on the principles and meaning of journalism, such as the code adopted last winter by the North Carolina Press Association.

Such publication has a two-fold purpose. It helps our readers understand why newspapers do or do not do certain things; and it sets a goal for ourselves—a goal that we may be more strongly impelled to try to reach if we make public our aim and then know we are being watched to see how we measure up in achievement.

It is remarkable that many of the best statements about what a newspaper is or should be originated with editors who began their work in the 19th century.

The press of the United States has matured greatly in the 20th century and the non-daily press, in the past 20 years, has attained a status that rivals the dailies in competence of news treatment and editorial comment.

Yet some of the strong voices from the past are still heard; and what they have to say is as true as it ever was.

Such a voice is that of C. P. Scott, who was editor of England's great Manchester Guardian from 1872 to 1929.

In 1921 he wrote as follows on what makes a good newspaper.

"In all living things there must be a certain unity, a principle of vitality and growth. It is so with a newspaper, and the more complete and clear this unity the more vigorous and fruitful the growth. I ask myself what the paper stood for when first I knew it, what it has stood for since and stands for now. A newspaper has two sides to it. It is a business, like any other, and has to pay in the material sense in order to live. But it is much more than a business; it is an institution; it reflects and

it influences the life of a whole community; it may affect even wider destinies. It is, in its way, an instrument of government. It plays on the minds and consciences of men. It may educate, stimulate, assist, or it may do the opposite. It has, therefore, a moral as well as a material existence, and its character and influence are in the main determined by the balance of these two forces.

"A newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly, and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. 'Propaganda,' so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents no less than that of friends has a right to be heard. Comment also is justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank; it is even better to be fair. This is an ideal. Achievement in such matters is hardly given to man. We can but try, ask pardon for shortcomings, and there leave the matter."

Editor Scott's comments are being published in connection with the Guardian's celebration of its 100th anniversary.

When he wrote these words, in England more than 30 years ago, could he have guessed that they would attain recognition and exert influence on a weekly newspaper in North Carolina?

Supposedly cynical and heartless, journalism is actually one of the most idealistic and aspiring fields of public endeavor. We invite readers to recognize our goals and our problems and to comment, pro and con, on how adequately we are meeting the challenge of our profession.

Into A Crisis Unprepared

Piling up a new 200 million pound flue-cured tobacco surplus this year, in a time of decreasing tobacco consumption, makes it obvious that a big cut will have to be made in acreage allotments next year—a cut so big that even with possibly better tobacco prices the return to the farmer of this area from his main cash crop is likely to be drastically reduced.

Therefore, the outlook is for an acute tobacco crisis; and old admonitions about diversification are being heard on all sides.

Moore County, incidentally, is heading into a crisis singularly unprepared. The county commissioners this year, despite the pleas of farmers, refused to appropriate the \$90 per month that would be the county's share, as we understand it, of the salary of an assistant farm agent to replace an assistant agent who resigned this Spring.

The agent who resigned was a livestock specialist whose services in this field are needed in this county. Moreover, he had charge of the 4-H Club work which is an integral part of the Extension Service and in this county involves 523 boys.

The remaining assistant farm agent, a poultry expert, is therefore taking over the 4-H Club task, which is no small assignment, leaving him

precious little time to work with poultrymen who are carrying on one of the largest and most promising diversifications in the farm program. Broilers are big business in Moore and bring in a farm income that is a valuable part of the county's economy.

The State and Federal funds that had hitherto been assigned to Moore County for the second assistant agent have been withdrawn and presumably have been given to another county that is willing to put up the required local funds.

In deciding to dispense with a second assistant farm agent, the commissioners probably did not anticipate a coming agricultural crisis when landowners of the county would more than ever need expert advice on how to manage their operations. They did, however, have before them the strongest kind of pleas from the Farm Bureau and individual farmers to fill the vacancy left when the second assistant agent resigned.

There are 2,250 white and 173 Negro landowner farm families in Moore County. Most of these will be faced with crucial decisions if a drastic tobacco acreage cut is effected next year. They will need all the good advice they can get. It appears that the county's farm program will suffer because of a shortage of Extension Service personnel.

The Books of The South

What does the South look like to outsiders? Life Magazine once suggested a list of books about the United States that would give foreigners a clear idea of what life in America is really like.

If you wanted to recommend a list of books about the South that give a true picture of the area, what would you suggest?

Erskine Caldwell, whose books on the South are sold by millions in the paperbacks? William Faulkner, who has won the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award?

But the South is not really Caldwell's "Tobacco Road," with the Lester family chewing raw turnips, spitting profanity and lolling in sex. Neither is the South Mr. Faulkner's "Sanctuary," with its violence, degeneracy and promiscuity. And the South is not Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire" or "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof," his latest Broadway dramatic success.

Nor can we look for a realistic portrait of the South in such romantic novels as Stark Young's "So Red the Rose" and Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With The Wind." They are charming books to read and they remind us nostalgically of the Old South, but they do not depict the South of today.

Where are the books that tell the truth about the South? There are many that go to make up a composite picture, but more are to be found in the realm of nonfiction than in fiction.

Mississippi-born James Street wrote affectionately and vividly about the South in his novels and in his numerous magazine articles. Recently his son, James Street, Jr., brought together a collection called "James Street's South" and in it you'll find some first-rate reporting on the South today.

"Folks can't agree," says Author Street, "if ours is a land of moonlight or moonshine, Tobacco Road or tobacco factories, Texas Cadillacs or oxcarts, Uncle Remus or George Washington Carver, hydrogen plants or hot air, hospitality or hostility, fagots or fish fries."

If you want to meet the South in fiction, read Hamilton Basso's "The View From Pompey's Head" or Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" or the short stories of Eudora Welty, Frances Gray Patton or Shirley Ann Gray. Read the books of Robert Tallant and Harnett Kane and "The Plantation" by Ovid Pierce.

For one of the earliest frank appraisals of the South, read W. J. Cash's "The Mind of the South." And for the most recent appraisal that is both wise and witty, read William T. Polk's "Southern Accent—From Uncle Remus to Oak Ridge."

It is Mr. Polk who cogently points out that there are two Souths today—not the Old South and the New South, but the Surviving South and the Industrialized South.

And the great question, he says, is "what will happen when the almost irresistible force of industrialization meets the not quite immovable object of the Southern way of life."

These books neither caricature nor sentimentalize the South. They report, objectively yet artistically, what the South is like. And in most instances they also show why the South is like it is.

They would provide an excellent introduction to the real South for any outsider looking in—or for any insider desiring a more penetrating look.—An editorial by Walter Spearman, professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, who is working this summer as an editorial writer for The New Orleans Item.



SCOTT IN A PHILOSOPHICAL VEIN

'Don't Park' Is Senator's Advice

U. S. Senator W. Kerr Scott, former Governor of North Carolina, is noted for his outspoken and hard-hitting political action and comments. Speaking at a breakfast meeting of senators in Washington this summer, the "Squire of Haw River" spoke in a philosophical vein that so impressed one of the senators attending that he had the talk printed and distributed.

For readers who may be interested in this facet of Senator Scott's thinking, a condensation of the breakfast talk is given here.

Many years ago, an inspired poet wrote the immortal lines: "Heaven is not reached at a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies. And we mount to its summit round by round."

On The Lookout

And as we consider the words of the poet we should also recognize that it seems to be a trait of human nature to be eternally on the lookout for a place to park—not only one's automobile but one's self. As we ride through the streets of our cities today we repeatedly face the words "don't park here."

Restrictions, admonitions and exhortations are to be seen and heard on every side touching every facet of life.

"It is well that we should thus be warned," for as the German proverb runs: "If we rest, we rust."

And remember, if water rests, it stagnates; if a tree rests, it dies; if our lungs rest, we cease to breathe, and if our hearts rest, we die.

Frequently Tempted

As we read in Pilgrim's Progress, Christian on his way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City was frequently tempted to turn aside and park awhile, especially in the Town of Vanity. Fair, Christian resisted the temptation and successfully reached his journey's end. This cannot be said of all, and, as a consequence, we find today that men and women too often are parked at various places along the journey of life.

Some men and women park beside their failures. Some youths study hard in school. Examinations come and they fail. They accuse the teacher of dishonesty and prejudice to cover their own failures, quit

studying, quit school, and park idly beside the highway of intellectuality.

Facing A Problem

In early January of this year I had one of my dairy barns, which housed 100 head of cattle, burn to the ground. This building had been used successfully for 35 years and I had gotten my money out of it insofar as use was concerned.

I was confronted with making the decision of whether to build a new barn or sell the cows.

My family, because of my age, urged me to sell the cattle and start restricting my activities and take it easy.

I felt that my knowledge in this field and that handed down by my forebears for five generations who had lived on this same land justified, yes, demanded, that I pass on to my sons those things which I had gained through experience and frugal living.

No Right To Coast

I became convinced that I had no right to coast out the balance of my life and that I had no right to park but that I should go ahead and build back the barn even though I might never receive material benefit from what it would cost to rebuild it.

Then there are those who park beside their successes.

Such people study hard; become the honor men of their class; become captain of the football team or the star of the basketball team; deliver the valedictory, and full of pride, finish school to rest beside past glories.

Then They Sit Back

Others may park after wooing and winning, becoming happily married, having a lovely home, beautiful children, and then sit back and let the rest of the world go by in the belief that they have done their bit for society.

Others establish businesses, outstrip their competitors, become wealthy, and then contentedly pat themselves on the back and proceed to park beside their successes.

But of all the parking, there is none more devastating in the lives of men than the parking beside the successes and failures of a man's spiritual life.

Paul Pressed On

If ever a man had justification to park beside either success or failure, the Apostle Paul did. But standing steadfast, Paul said:

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended—but this one thing I do. Forgetting those things which are behind I press on toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES

'Leaves of Grass'—After 100 Years

When "Leaves of Grass" was first published a hundred years ago it was, to those who read it, a strange and striking book. For both in form and content it offended all poetic conventions of its time. And the succeeding editions, which cause the book to grow eightfold, only deepened the sense of novelty and even of contradiction.

Here was a poet who passionately exalted the individual and yet spoke of the mystic bond between men. A defiant defender of America, its ways, its very names, he still claimed all mankind for his subject. He emphasized the spiritual core of our being, the divinity that resides in all of us, but he also extolled the body in lyrical cadences as the receptacle of these divine manifestations. All this was done in verse that shunned the traditional devices of meter and rhyme and familiar verse forms.

No wonder that Whittier destroyed his copy, that Lowell shook his head over it, that Howells even denied that Whitman was a poet at all. It wasn't merely that Whitman's ideas were so

new. Emerson and Thoreau, among others, had been saying similar things. What made Whitman so disturbing was his brash tone and the fervor of his speech. To the genteel reader of his day Whitman's egotism, his undiluted optimism, his passionate democracy had all the rawness of the frontier.

Today it is easier to see "Leaves of Grass" as a singularly American document and to assess the poet's high idealism. When so much modern verse is experimental and complex Whitman's technique only intrigues us. And we can understand that a man can be both an individualist and an internationalist; that to love America is not to denigrate any other land; that a strong faith in the future need not blind us to the concerns of the present. Whitman would be at home with us. He would exult in the proliferation of American life. He would glory in such an institution as the United Nations, for in his world there were no outcasts. His democratic allegiance would be as steadfast as the Rockies. Perhaps that is why both the poet and his book seem so contemporary.

Grains of Sand

In Summer Skies
The summer skies are filled with phenomena both beautiful and interesting, which too few of us see because we seldom lift our eyes to watch the stars. The Dick Kobleuers are one young couple who do notice things in the sky, and not long ago were the only ones to report a particularly brilliant star of definitely reddish hue, hanging low in the western sky and sparkling in so lively a fashion it appeared to be actually dancing there.

We believe this was the planet Mars, which appears in this form from time to time, and was named for the God of War because of its size and reddish color.

Cissy Kobleur was the one who saw the "flying saucer" in the night sky three or four years back. She wasn't the only one—her husband and parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Patch, also saw this strange light, but grew tired of watching after so long a time and went to sleep. Cissy lay awake and watched it for hours as it spun high and low, changing color and shape outside her bedroom window. We never found any logical explanation for that.

How's That, Judge?

The heat and gnats combined to get Judge J. Vance Rowe to do a very unusual thing the other day. In writing in his big book in recorders court the penalties in cases involving whiskey illegally possessed or transported, he always adds, "The half-gallon (or half-pint, or however much it is) of whiskey to be destroyed by the sheriff." The other day he wrote after the name of a defendant he found guilty, "\$10 and costs, the costs to be destroyed by the sheriff." This was corrected before the day was over or the sheriff would have had a most unusual chore to perform.

Adios Harry

We talked recently with a race fan who saw Adios Harry set his 1:55 mile world record for pacers at Vernon Downs, Vernon, N. Y., July 16, in the \$26,000 American Pacing Derby.

This spectator said that Luther Lyons, driver and son of owner J. Howard Lyons of Harrington, Del., didn't touch a whip to the pacer throughout the race. A photo of the finish shows young Mr. Lyons sitting back relaxed with a kind of dreamy expression on his face.

According to the story we heard, the driver didn't have his watch going properly and didn't know he was setting a new record for the mile pace. The 1:55 time ties a time trial record set by Billy Direct at Lexington, Ky., in 1938. Other drivers were quoted as saying that if Lyons had touched Harry with the whip, a time better than 1:55 would have been set.

Adios Harry is not a Sandhills-trained horse, but his local connection is that he is the son of Adios who is owned by Del Miller, a Sandhills trainer of some years ago.

New Postmaster

1st Lt. John S. (Jack) Ruggles, Jr., son of John S. Ruggles of Southern Pines has been named postmaster at Camp Wood, Kyushu, Japan, he writes home. Jack was in the news a few weeks ago when he was one of the paratroopers flown to Japan in giant C124's that turned around and brought 3,000 more paratroopers back to the United States and landed at nearby Camp Mackall, in the biggest airlift of troops ever undertaken.

Jack writes that he and his wife, the former Lou Cheatham of Southern Pines and their little daughter, Stephanie, are living in four rooms of a 22-room house. Cigarettes cost 10 cents a pack, beer 15 cents a can and T-bone steak 55 cents a pound. It rains a good deal where they are, he reports, and he anticipates not too cold a winter because there are palm trees growing there.

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