

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.

Thanksgiving Then, Now, and Always

It has always seemed to us possible that when Voltaire said: "If there were no God, it would have been necessary to invent him," he was thinking of Thanksgiving. Not, of course, of the American festival, of which he could know nothing, but of giving thanks. There is a fundamental gratitude in men's hearts that, at certain times, wells up and makes it necessary, absolutely necessary, to say thank you.

To most, we believe, the experience comes when—in that lovely phrase, so deep with meaning—"communing with nature."

"The world is too much with us; Late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." So spake Wordsworth, apostle of nature, voicing his inner need. Through the ages, it has been to nature that men have turned for inspiration, for sustenance and help in darkest hour. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," sang the psalmist. It has been through nature that men have sought, and sometimes found, truth and light. Sometimes they have sought deliberately, leaving the busy world to go into the wilderness; sometimes what they have found has come without conscious effort, when alone, close to the earth, under the wide sky; has come in a strange awakening, bringing strength and peace and hope. And after has come the need to express, somehow, to someone, the sense of humble gratitude.

When the first Americans rowed their long-boats along the quiet sand-dunes of Cape Cod, they gave thanks for having found a safe haven. After surviving the first grim winter, they saw the bounteous harvest from their meager plantings of seeds and the corn the frightened Indians had left behind and they knew that starvation no longer threatened. "The face of things was changed," wrote Governor Bradford, and they fell on their knees and gave thanks.

It is a curious phrase. Was Bradford referring to the material "face of things," and only to that? The words suggest a sudden awaken-

ing, a looking around, as they rested that day, on the wonder and beauty of the fair land about them.

There will always be individual thanksgiving; for the safe voyage, for release from illness, storm and trial. There will be the man-made gifts, created by the extraordinary imaginative and inventive powers of human beings, over which to wonder and give praise; there will be heartfelt gratitude for things unseen: for courage and kindness, love, and friends. But when we say, with Voltaire, that God would have had to be invented, we are thinking of a gratitude that is simpler, yet perhaps more profound, perhaps, too, more primitive and universal.

Poets know it. When Browning captured the unearthly quality of early morning as his Pippa sang: "The year's at the spring; The day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hillside's dew-pearled"; the climax followed inevitably; "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world."

In this soft countryside of Carolina, when does this incomprehensible thing come, this strange awakening? It may come any time. With the sight of the dark, strong limb of a pine curving against a lemon sky; it may come as eyes are lifted to the green tops, shining like silver in the morning sun. Or it may not be the pines, the glory of our Sandhills, but instead those misjudged gnomes, the scrub-oaks, marching in fall in their bronze armor across a hillside, with banners flying. It may be the tender green spears of the first daffodils, striking up through the dark moist earth, that catch the breath with their promise, and the feel and the smell of that spring ground under foot. Or it may be the down-dropping call of the woodthrush in the dogwood tree.

Says the old hymn:
"All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above.
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love."

No Cause For Alarm

It is reported by persons working with the effort to obtain pledges for the Presbyterian College endowment fund that some residents of Southern Pines think that (1) the town will be asked to furnish financial support or contributions to the college from its treasury and (2) if the college locates here, taxes will be raised and possibly water and sewer service rates will be increased.

Both of these beliefs or allegations must be classed in the category of unfounded rumor.

In the first place there is no legal sanction for the town to give away the citizens' tax money to a college or anything else.

The Weymouth Heights site proposed for the college very nearly adjoins the location of the town water tanks—so that running a main to the edge of the campus would be no great undertaking. Sewer lines also are readily available to serve the property. And the college, like the town at large, would benefit from water system and sewer system improvements that are envisaged in bond issues on which the people are expected to vote early next year. These improvements are needed and expected regardless of whether the college comes here.

The town would not be expected to furnish water and sewer service, except to the edge of the campus. Once connected to the water and sewer systems, the college would be a revenue-producer for those departments.

Such a large water user as the college prob-

ably could be given a rate lower than any now existing in Southern Pines. And it is quite possible that this rate would be reflected across all the other rates for local users of various amounts of water—thus making possible a downward revision of everyone's water bills and sewer-service charges. The city manager sees such a development as likely and, in any case, says that he doesn't see how the college could result in anything but at least a break-even proposition for the town in provision of essential services.

A business-like administration in town hall is the key to all such problems. No industry or college or other activity coming to a town will ever adversely affect basic tax, sewer or water rates if the people see to it that a business-like approach is taken to the growth of the town. If a town opens up new streets without curb and gutter, lays sub-standard water mains, starts new projects without means of financing them and speculates by installing water mains to undeveloped property on which there is no prospect of water revenue—then, if these and other things are done at town hall, there is reason for taxpayers to worry. The present administration has prohibited these and other financial hazardous municipal policies and therefore we are confident that the municipal service needs of the college could be met without hardship, and very likely with benefit, to the pocketbook of the local taxpayer.

A Great Occasion

It will be a great occasion in the realm of high school sports when the Southern Pines Blue Knights meet Western North Carolina's Clemmons High School of Winston-Salem here Thanksgiving night for the State six-man football championship.

Participation in the State six-man finals is a well-deserved honor for the local boys. They are a great team—perhaps the finest six-man aggregation ever produced in the history of the sport in this state.

In winning the Eastern championship last Friday night, the Blue Knights bowled over a squad that was said to outweigh them an average of 20 pounds per man and that had averaged 60 points per game throughout an unbeaten season this year. Skill, determination and that extra margin of alertness and persistence that marks champions everywhere brought home the victory for Southern Pines.

The team's top quality is, of course, a reflection of their expert coaching. While they are the most modest of men, Head Coach Irie Leonard and his assistant, W. A. Leonard, deserve, along with the team, recognition for their achievements.

The town is proud of the Blue Knights and we know we are speaking for the town in wishing them all good fortune in their Thanksgiving night game. We are confident they can retain the State Championship title they won at Winston-Salem last year.

Appeal To Common Sense

For the second successive year, motorists of the nation are being asked to give special thought to safe driving on December 1 which again has been designated "S-D Day" by the President's Committee for Traffic Safety.

The purpose is to hold deaths and injuries to the lowest possible level for a 24-hour period. Even good and law-abiding drivers tend to shelve thinking about the nation's traffic accident problem, perhaps because it is such a nightmare. The mythical man from Mars, gazing down at the United States from his rocket platform or what have you, would see 58 million motor vehicles zipping on their chosen courses, piloted at various times by some 72 million drivers. That the chosen courses frequently conflict, smashing up the vehicles and their occupants, seems inevitable. But what the bird's eye view does not take into consideration is that each of the 72 million drivers presumably has a brain that can, if he will use it, keep him and his vehicle from destruction.

That is what S-D Day is about—asking people to "use their heads" about driving all day December 1. And, having done that, to wake up to the lives and property they might save if they similarly used their brains about driving all through the year.

Grains of Sand

Biggest GRAIN

GRAINS takes a big jump right into the middle of the advertising field, this week, to wit:

The Queen's Own Scots Guards military band and pipes are coming to North Carolina, and, Scots wha'hae or wha'haint wi' Wallace bled, don't miss 'em.

This reporter is still slightly hoarse from yelling at the show we saw in New York's Madison Square Garden. And that was several weeks ago, too. We can see that our throat is just about going to be in shape to yell again—and conk out again—by the time they come to these parts.

The dates are: December 1, in Charlotte, and December 2, in Raleigh. Probably, there'll be news of the Charlotte affair in that town's papers soon. All we know now is that Donald McDonald, (soon to be known as The Macdonald), who is a member of the staff of the Charlotte News, got the bands to come. If anyone craves immediate information, suggest they call him. At Raleigh, the show will be at the Coliseum, for details see ad in this issue.

GRAINS hopes and believes there will be a lot of Moore County Scots at one or both those shows, yelling with all the other Scots. Including the dancers who let out the widest yells of all. Yes, there are dancers, too. And perfect wonders.

"White Man Much Crazy"

Last week Don Herring, Pat Stratton's father, sent us a clipping from the Jackson, Miss., paper, which that paper had clipped from an Oklahoma paper, (nobody giving any names). So now, below, a good tale travels still farther:

In the course of a contest on farm conservation, the Oklahoma paper offered a prize for the best caption to a photograph showing a dilapidated, abandoned farmhouse on an eroded hillside. First prize was won by a Cherokee Indian who wrote:

"Picture show white man crazy. Make big tepee, plow high, water wash, wind blow soil, grass all gone. And squaw gone, papoose, too. No grub, no pig, no corn, no hay, no cow, no pony."

"Indian no plow land. Keep grass. Buffalo eat grass. Indian eat buffalo. Indian make tepee, moccasin, too. Indian no make terrace, no make dam. No give dam. All time eat. No hunt job. No hitch hike. No ask relief. Great Spirit make grass. Indian no want anything. White man much crazy."

Embattled Pappy

So Bert Premo wins the not-quite \$64,000 prize for giving the best captions to the series of baby pictures in The Pilot. (You understand, of course, that the only reason he didn't win \$64,000 was because he stopped short at the \$32,000 . . . for tax reasons.)

Bert's captions lead one to think. These captions, are on the military side. Decidedly, we'd say: "Alert! Attack! Engage! Mopup! Withdrawal!"

Is that one of these war hangovers you hear about? Or maybe just the result of contemplating, or even sometimes trying to interfere with, the activities of his new daughter. And deciding not EVER to let her get the jump on him. Keep your guard up, pappy!

The Unlikely Coke

Coca-cola figured oddly in our experience one day last week. And figured twice.

First time was driving through the outskirts of Greensboro. Way up the street we saw approaching a tall dark female figure that we at first took to be an Indian. She seemed to be wearing a feather standing straight up on top of her head. On closer view we were surprised to see that the feather was in reality a coca-cola bottle.

Down the street she came, walking comely along the crowded sidewalk, the filled bottle riding steadily along up there on her head. There was something regal about it; something rather weird, too, in the lack of interest shown by the folks on the street. They took this combination of old and new—the substitution of a coke bottle for the old-timey basket of yams, or the older-timey coconuts—as if they were quite used to it.

Second coke that day was the one the garage man poured into the corroded battery of the old Ford station-wagon of a young friend of ours.

We didn't see it but we trust her . . . because of her delighted excitement when the car "started to run right off" and, "too, because of who she is . . . daughter of beloved Bill Polk, late editor of the Greensboro Daily News. Bill would have a daughter whose car's battery used a coke to get started.

BY GOVERNOR HODGES

Thanksgiving Day Proclaimed

Following is Gov. Luther H. Hodges' Thanksgiving Day proclamation:

WHEREAS, it is one of the best-loved traditions of Americans that we set aside each year in November one day when we pause in our labors and return thanks for all the blessings bestowed upon us; and

WHEREAS, in 1621 Governor Bradford set aside a day of thanksgiving in order that the Pilgrims might thank Almighty Providence for a good harvest; in 1789 George Washington, the first President of the United States, received a joint resolution from both houses of congress requesting that he recommend to the people a day of public thanksgiving and prayer; and in 1863 Abraham Lincoln by proclamation invited his fellow-citizens to set aside the last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving and praise; and

WHEREAS, during this Thanksgiving season, many religious organizations are placing a special emphasis upon a people-to-people sharing of American abundance as a means of evidencing gratitude to God for the many blessings He has bestowed upon our Nation; and thereby demonstrating the traditional friendship and compassion of Americans for those less fortunate than ourselves; and

WHEREAS, "Now is a time of peace.
Now is a time of drawing close.
The crops garnered, the last row ploughed,
The husband stands in the heavy sun
And watches the purple hills
Painted with the quick hand of Indian summer.
Autumn has climbed the mountains
And quilted the still hills with colors --
With Indian-corn colors.
And the great quiet hand of God
Lies on the land.
And we draw close around the restless fire --
In thanksgiving.
I proclaim this a day of Thanksgiving
A day for prayer
A day to acknowledge the blessed rewards
Of a bountiful land.
A day for men to lift their eyes in thanks
And see in the white air the face of God."

THEREFORE, I, Luther H. Hodges, Governor of North Carolina, do hereby proclaim Thursday, November 24, a legal holiday in North Carolina and request all the citizens of our State, with their families and friends, render hearty thanks to Almighty God for all His benefits on Thursday, November 24, 1955. Insofar as possible, where there are services of Thanksgiving in our churches, you are urged to attend these services as an expression of your gratitude.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina to be affixed.
DONE at the City of Raleigh this sixteenth day of November in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-five.

LUTHER H. HODGES, Governor.

ESPECIALLY NOW

Turkeys Now And Then

This is the time to think about turkeys. It's the time to eat them, too. But we take it for granted everybody knows about that part of it. Whereas actually thinking is something else.

Perhaps, in view of what comes after the thinking, too, some people may consider it a morbid occupation. That great big beautiful bird in his fine bronze plumage, gobbling away for dear life. For dear life. An unfortunate phrase. All that strident, urgent, gobbling does him little good except to draw attention to him as the fatal day approaches.

Resolutely, let thoughts be turned in another direction. Way back to the ancestors of the pot-bounded birds of today. In fact, to a time when their destiny was envisioned by one of our greatest men as something altogether different.

Benjamin Franklin said that this nation should never have chosen the bald eagle as its national bird; it should have chosen the turkey.

As you might know, Mr. Franklin had excellent reasons. At least up to a certain point. He said that the turkey was a truly national bird—he was talking about the wild turkey, of course—whereas you could find eagles all over the place, even, he might have added, in the emblems of several other nations. Here's what he wrote someone about the idea in 1784:

"I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. Like those among men who live by Sharping and Robbing, he is generally poor and often very lousy. The turkey is a much more respectable bird and withal a true original Native of America."

Real American

Franklin is, as you would expect, on strong ground when he says the turkey is the true American. He might have gone farther and said that he's the original North American. But that's, of course, what he really meant; North America was the only America the colonists thought much about in those days.

America's native wild turkey lives in North America almost exclusively. That's not the bird we eat, actually, but it was the one Franklin was talking about. The bird that goes on the Thanksgiving Dinner table is a descendant of a small turkey who came originally from Mexico. That Mexican turkey, says our E. B. Sciencebook, was taken to Spain by the returning Conquistadores and from there spread all over Europe going, then, from Europe to England to grace Christmas boards from then on.

We wonder. The British were

never ones to adopt things from "the foreigners" as they called the inhabitants of France, Spain and other continental countries, in rather uppity tones. More likely, it seems to us, that the turkey was brought over to England straight from the original source by Drake, Hawkins, Cavendish and the rest of those great British mariners of old. (Some called them by a different name. Perhaps commandos would cover all.)

Anyway, you can picture Sir Francis swaggering in, puffing his strange tobacco, to dump one of the lovely fat bronze turkey-trophies at the feet of his Queen. (Was it Dr. Johnson who said: "A belch well off the stomach was not considered amiss in the days of Good Queen Bess"? No need to murmur a polite "Pardon me," after turkey and fixings in those days.)

To go on the turkeys we eat now—and praise be—are descended from those Mexican birds who went to England and then came back over here in roundabout immigration. Like the folks who also came from over there, they have multiplied.

Audubon's Beauty
But that's not the turkey Franklin was talking about. He meant the wild one, Audubon's long-legged, high-headed, bronze beauty. And both those gentlemen would have rejoiced in further statistics on the present status of their favorite.

Wild turkeys had been heavily shot and almost decimated before the Government—why do people ALWAYS cuss the Government?—stepped in and took a hand in their preservation. A Wildlife Service Booklet of 1952 says there were about 390,000 wild turkeys in existence at that time, living in 25 different states.

We hope they keep them. Maybe they ought to reconsider that provision of the law allowing hunters to take pot shots at turkeys roosting or on the ground. It's the only bird that is allowed to be shot before it takes to flight. And, being so big and so slow, and so fine—is that fair? "Operation Comeback," is restocking the land, planting feed for the birds, and the bird refuges being pushed by the Audubon Society is increasing the wild turkey population. But slowly. A situation for the conservationists to keep on watching.

Subversive Ben?

As we reread Ben Franklin's words, we feel, for one thing, how extremely lucky it is that he said them when he did. In those revolutionary times, you could doubtless get away with talk like that with safety. But not now—

The Public Speaking

Leave Eggs Alone!

To the Editor:

What's so wrong about eggshells that Cornell can't abide them? A bit unpredictable to be sure, but so is cellophane and also an abomination, I agree, next to baker's bread.

And now eggs! Yes, I'll join Keep Your Shells On, Inc. in reply to your query in "Grains of Sand" last week. I had been getting some small comfort from the assurance that they couldn't ruin eggs. I was sure that eggs were safe because of the shells, you see. I had it all figured out. Eggs don't like air. They get stale if a crack lets some in. And an egg has an unmistakable way of making its staleness known. So—no one would dream of puncturing the shell to inject any little old tenderizer, emulsifier, stabilizer, or enricher.

Mark my words, once you deprive eggs of their coat of armour, they will be an easy prey for all kinds of "progress." As to what will go into them, your guess is as good as mine. There are more'n 200 chemicals concerned with food to choose from knowledge on anyone's part as to how few of them are harmless.

What next? Bacon, beyond any doubt. I recall some lines from one of the late Struthers Burt's poems, "Pack Trip: Suite"—

"One will invent a song some day
Of ivory and emerald mood,
And other men on pipes will play
The smell of bacon in a wood."

No one would enjoy reading another such poem better than I. But I am skeptical that it will be written. In a few years no one will fry bacon anywhere, in the woods or kitchenette. If anyone should have willpower to hunt up such an antique as a frying-pan and power of concentration enough to keep the strips of bacon lying comparatively flat and to turn them at just the right time so they'll be a crisp golden brown, he won't be able to buy any strips of bacon. All he can buy will be cellophane packages of Handy Bite-Size Bits, Pre-Cooked and Pre-Digested. And a capsule will be attached inside, to be pressed so that some chemical or other will be released which will "heat the contents "Instantly." Advertised as "Odorless," there'll be no good old frying bacon smell, nor good old bacon taste either!

Since the originator of Keep Your Shells On, Inc. remains anonymous, I take it for granted that this is to be an underground resistance movement, and therefore sign myself—

KYSO

days. Such talk from a leading statesman, decrying the national bird and actually calling him "lousy!" "Un-American" is the mildest epithet that would be applied to its author.

Come to think of it, we don't know that we would relish the idea of being represented by a creature whose chief virtue, according to Franklin, was that he was "respectable." Who wants to be respectable? Who wants to be "sharping and robbing," either? True enough. But there's that esthetic side: the great swooping, soaring, screeching eagle, bird of the mountain peaks and the thin air, bird no one would even dream of putting into a pot.

There you come back to it: the inevitable, fatal attraction of the gobbler to the pot. Ben, of course, was an eminently practical man: all for the useful. He was the original know-how-er. And in every conceivable direction.

What a man! But this preoccupation with the uses of the turkey may have led him astray.

And there's this awful thought. If the turkey had been made the national bird, how about Thanksgiving Dinner? Wouldn't it have been unpatriotic, if not irreverent, to eat him?

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