

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.

Why Give Up A Good Congressman?

Last week The Pilot printed, for the second time, the "Code of Ethics for Political Campaigns" drawn up and endorsed by the Young Democrats of North Carolina five years ago.

The code lays down principles to be used, as it states, as "a guide for those who desire to conduct themselves properly" in running for office. It is "a simple reminder that principles of religion, honesty, common decency and fair play should govern political campaigns."

There are two things that strike with force in the present campaign for congressman of the Eighth District. There is the fact that C. B. Deane has been an outstanding congressman, that he has worked unceasingly for the betterment of his constituents, that, in the wider affairs of national and international significance, his actions have been wise and his influence strong and progressive. We imagine even Deane's opponents would not deny that he has made a fine congressman and that, indeed, those principles embodied in the YDC Code of Ethics have governed his conduct in office.

But Deane did not sign the Southern Manifesto. What does this mean? Deane has said that it means he thought the Manifesto's effect would be to make a critical situation more critical. He has said that he could not sign something which would do that: make a bad situation worse.

And those who did sign, what of them? The facts are beginning to seep out. Some signed it because they wanted to help Senator George in his fight against Talmadge, some said they were pressured into signing by Senator Byrd, a powerful pressurer. Some said they signed because all the rest were signing. And of course there were some who apparently thought the legal measures the Manifesto proposed could be enforced, though this is not the opinion of the best minds among both signers and non-signers. It looks as if a good many of those who signed have come to the conclusion reached by Deane earlier in the game: that the Manifesto could not be very much good.

Then what? Should Deane have joined the sheeplike ones who went along and signed anyway? We don't think so. What's more, in not signing, Deane showed a trait of the topmost value in a statesman: the courage to hold out, even alone, in the face of political pressure: in the face even of danger to your own chances. It shows courage, it shows an independent mind and it shows that "principles of religion and honesty," are held high in the character of C. B. Deane.

Surely the people of the Eighth District would do well to think hard before they give up a mighty good congressman in being for a mighty uncertain document not in being at all.

Southern Pines As A Resort Town

(First of two editorials)

The suggestion made last week to the town council that Southern Pines resort facilities be expanded and improved and that the town join with hotels and other interested businesses in more effective resort promotion strikes a responsive note in the thinking of many persons here.

Southern Pines is welcoming more and more persons as permanent residents and, as the years pass, is demonstrably becoming less and less a seasonal community. As pointed out at last week's council meeting, this town is being chosen as headquarters and home by a good many persons who don't have to live here. Among these might be listed salesmen who travel a territory that can be reached from Southern Pines; persons who can move the headquarters of their business here and may or may not work elsewhere; persons who work in towns within commuting distance; and, very important to the town's economy, the retired people who, more and more, are making Southern Pines their year-around permanent home.

But, as was also pointed out before the council last week, the reason many of these traveling men, businessmen, commuters and retired persons DO come here is that Southern Pines IS a resort community—that is, a town that provides more than an average quota of entertainment facilities, plus an intangible spirit that is a combination of pleasant surroundings and hospitality.

So, it is clear that the interest of Southern Pines in advancing as a resort involves the whole community and its welfare far more than might at first be apparent. It is clear there can be no separation of what's good for Southern Pines as a resort and what's good for Southern Pines as a year-around business and residential community. For more than a half-century the two have been inextricably bound together, a tradition has been established, a meaningful background has been created. The fact is that only at its peril can Southern Pines neglect its function as a resort—a place where people come and stay for longer or shorter periods, because there are things here they want to do, see and enjoy.

A Great County Agent Steps Down

How can you measure a man's contribution to his community over the span of many years? We all know men of whom it can be said that they haven't contributed a nickel's worth of service in a lifetime. Then there are others whose influence can be summed up only with such a word as "incalculable."

Of this latter group is the man who retired last week after 30 years as Moore County farm agent—E. H. Garrison, Jr., of Carthage.

How many thousands of miles has he ridden over Moore County, taking to all corners of the county the agricultural know-how that has revolutionized farming since he first began his work here?

But county agents are much more than middlemen in an information system. They must be

known and respected and called upon by the farmers. They must be not merely sources of information but friends, partners and fellow-workers. They must love the land. And they must be able to translate what a scientist has found in a test-tube into the daily work schedule and hand-to-plow existence of the humblest farmer in the county. Knowledge is nothing if it cannot be transmitted from one person to another—and then produce results.

The man who retired last week, largely for health reasons, met and more than met all of these qualifications. Mr. Garrison is universally respected, both by the farmers and by his fellow workers in agricultural agencies. We hate to see him step down and we wish for him many long happy years of a rest he has well earned.

Art Waves In The Breeze

Like flags flying, the art work of the children of Aberdeen, Pinehurst and Southern Pines schools waved triumphantly in the breeze from its proud position in front of the Library last weekend.

Cleverly hung on long wires that stretched from tree to tree, with one line bordering the sidewalk, the gay exhibit brought every passer-by to a stop. "What is it? Children's painting? How perfectly delightful!" the exclamations were enthusiastic, with much mention of the teachers, who guide their pupils in such creative ways. Coming in for special praise, was the committee of three, who had the idea and who

were brave enough to try to put it across. We might well add: who were public-spirited and art-spirited enough to do the grueling work which the outdoor exhibit of paintings required— assembling it, hanging it, taking it in each night and putting it up again each day.

It was indeed delightful; it was exciting; it was a wonderful idea. With pride we say: we don't believe there is any small town, the size of ours, that has an outdoor art exhibition. New York has its Greenwich Village show, San Francisco its Union Park art exhibit, and now Southern Pines has its art show. It's always nice to know we are keeping up with the competition.

Valued Friend, Fine Citizen

In the death of Col. C. H. Burkhead this newspaper has lost a valued friend and the community a fine citizen.

Strongly democratic, with that dash of salty common sense that makes the best kind of liberal, Col. Burkhead's views were far-reaching, his wisdom shrewd as well as idealistic.

He was a man to reckon with in an argument; and we enjoyed many a one with him, and generally came off the loser. His facts were always in martial array, his attack direct and hard-hitting. But when he was on the losing side he said so. He was frank, sincere, courageous.

He never said to the editor: "Now, don't quote me!"

He took the trouble and had the kindness to come down and say: "That was a good editorial—more power to you!" Similarly, his criticism was frank but always constructive: he wanted to help and his help was valuable.

It has meant much to this editor to have the friendship and encouragement of a man of Colonel Burkhead's calibre, as it has, we believe, meant much to this town which he chose as his home. The town and The Pilot will miss him greatly.



"Curiouser and Curiouser," Said Alice

DID IT ORIGINATE WITH BUNYAN?

'The Valley Of Humiliation'

By BEATRICE COBB
In The Morganton News-Herald

One of my favorite publications is the "North Carolina Historical Review," issued quarterly by the State Department of Archives and History. When the current issue (April) reached my desk this week I took time out of a busy morning not only to look through it but to read parts of some of the articles which have special appeal for me. I liked particularly the papers which were read at the annual session of the State Literary and Historical Association in Raleigh last December. I wished again, as I have for years, that these annual meetings did not come during the busiest month of the year—certainly one of the busiest for newspaper people. As Dr. Crittenden points out, the last program combined successfully the two fields carried in the name of the association by featuring both literary and historical subjects of interest in North Carolina. The Association is, in my opinion, perhaps the most valuable adjunct the State

Department of Archives and History has.

Different Versions
I look forward to reading all the papers included in the Review for April and to picking up new and interesting information from all of them as I did from the first one in the group, Manly Wade Wellman's "The Valley of Humiliation." At first glance the heading attracted me and I hoped that the article would give the name of the first person who described North Carolina as "the valley of humiliation between two mountains of conceit" (Virginia and South Carolina). Apparently Mr. Wellman had heard a slightly different version of what he calls a joke that has become a cliché: "North Carolina is a valley of humility between two high hills of pride." And he adds: "I venture to believe that almost nobody in Virginia or South Carolina, or yet in North Carolina between them, is aware of the origin of the reference about the quotation he cites from John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'."

"All states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be so let and hindered in his contemplation as in other places he is apt to be. And though Christian had hard hap to meet here with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter, yet I must tell you that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place heard the words of life."

Hard to Believe
I wonder if it could really be that whoever likened North Carolina to "a valley of humiliation (or humility) between two mountains of conceit (or high hills of pride)" could have adapted the description from Bunyan! Maybe so, but it's hard to believe. Incidentally, too, the words, "humility" and "humiliation" are not synonymous. A valley of humiliation would be quite different from one of humility.

The Public Speaking

Save The Park
To The Editor:

In life we so often say: "Oh, if only I had realized, that never would have happened!"

Is there still a chance for us in Southern Pines to save our park, completely as an open square? On second thoughts, don't we want to keep it so, for generations to come?

Why not mark the year 1956 as that exciting year when we safeguarded our park; when our town and council, on second thoughts, were really far-seeing?

We do need a fine town hall and excellent fire and police department buildings. Southern Pines will have these, but more than that we need to have a vision for the future, to keep trust with the past, to keep our Square as a center of beauty, of flowers and trees.

This land belonged to my father, Dr. William P. Swett. It was a dream of his that one day it would be used only as a park. He kept it intact during his lifetime, not selling any of it for buildings.

Pilot readers, why not address a card or put a slip of paper in an envelope with the message: "Save our park for the future," and mail it to our town council, and sign your name.

RUTH DORIS SWETT

Disagrees With Civic Center Plan

To The Editor:

The Pilot recently carried a strong editorial for the retention of the city park in future planning of Southern Pines. Our last election carried a bond issue of \$100,000.00 for the construction of a building unit combining a city administrative

building, police station, jail and fire station. It was recently decided that the city park should be the site for this building unit or units.

This decision disregards the park as desirable, and approves the idea that a single unit at one location is essential. With this decision I heartily disagree for the following reasons:

1. A single unit cannot be constructed for \$100,000.00, but will cost approximately twice that amount.

2. A single large unit or units at one location will destroy the value of the park property as a park, and if we are to have a comparable park in the future, it probably will require an additional outlay of at least \$50,000.

3. The combining of all of the above mentioned functions in one building unit, particularly at the park site, has many undesirable features. An eight-cell jail, for male and female, white and colored lock-ups, does not seem to me to be either desirable or needed. We do need a small lock-up.

4. A single unit at one location entirely disregards the fact that a previous Administration had already planned and paid for plans for the expansion of a fire station in the present location.

Specifically, I recommend:

1. That the idea of a single unit be discontinued.

2. That the present fire station be developed with possibly modified plans that we already have and have paid for.

3. That the administrative building only be placed in the site of the park, utilizing the old building until construction is completed, thus omitting removal

of the police station and administration offices to any temporary site, and the paying of rental for such temporary site.

4. That a new site be selected for the police station, curtailing jail facilities to the absolute minimum of a lock-up.

5. That all of these units be tied together with an intercom system, in addition to phone connections through our own board. An alternate, and perhaps even better plan, than the above recommendation would be to modify the present fire station into a police station and select a site for a new fire station somewhere adjacent to Pennsylvania Avenue and below Bennett Street. (Many others are available.)

The foregoing plans will save the Town of Southern Pines many dollars, now and in the future. It will also avoid the expense of a temporary movement of the police station and administration building during construction. It will also save the park.

My only interest in writing this letter is the Town of Southern Pines. I have the experience of two years as Organizer and President of the original Fort Bragg Planning Board in 1945, and recently as a member for two years of that same board until retired in 1952. Based upon this experience I feel that the present planning disregards many of the basic facts of the problem, and that it attempts to solve the problem academically as though it were entirely new to Southern Pines. Any solution must be a compromise of what we would like to have and what we already have.

PEARSON MENOHER,
Brig. Gen. Ret.
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

Was It Colder Then . . . or What?
We thought this was a pretty cold winter, but when we read an ad from Patch's Store in a long past issue of a paper, we began to wonder.

Here's the first item:
LADIES' ALL WOOL KNICKERS IN GOOD TWEEDS. 5.49

Those tweeds must have been mighty good. And mighty hot. Or was it colder then?

And when was "then"? That's one reason we brought this up: about the knickers in the Patch ad. The date and masthead of the paper was lacking so the only way to guess at when it was would be by some of the other items in the clipping. For instance, here are a few hints: There is an ad of the New England House, minus any big pines, though it claims: "Fine lawn with 18 varieties of trees." There is "The Beverly" (formerly Sundahl) with H. B. Sanford as proprietor. (Who was Sundahl?)

Mrs. W. H. Monroe is running Tara Nook, (we've always been curious about that name). There is an ad of "The Sycamore, P. C. Bridgman, prop.", located mysteriously on Pennsylvania Avenue. (Would that be Nick's place?)

Do any of these ads ring a bell? What year would you say the issue might have been dated?

Not Anything New

It seems that interest in roadside beautification is not new among local citizens. An issue of The Pilot, dated November, 1933, carries the announcement of the appointment of Struthers Eart to head the committee of the Carolina Motor Club on Highway Beautification.

The article says that "the state committee will seek to arouse public sentiment in the work of eliminating eyesores and auto graveyards; in the restrictions of billboards, signs, and shacks, improvements of roadside filling stations;" and that many other roadside beautification projects are being planned.

Let's See Your License
Up in Concord, Mass., they treat all folks alike. And not only folks.

Seems a train stopped across a highway, blocking traffic. The chief of police gave it a ticket. Parking in the wrong place? Well, no: it was on its own track, after all, and couldn't get off it. The law allowed it five minutes. Police gave it ten more and then stepped up and gave it a traffic ticket. Parking over-time.

"Hear The One About . . ."
Overheard in the Pilot office last week:
"What you know about that yarn-spinners meeting over in Pinehurst, Ed?"
"Haven't heard too much, Vance. But I'd sure like to go over. I always enjoy a good story."

Close Call
Mindful of the rule of the medical profession that self-advertising is The Deadly Sin, this newspaper has always been suitably restrained in its treatment of the distinguished gentlemen of the stethoscope and scalpel. However, last week, we nearly went overboard in a big way.

A welcome release came along saying that one of our good doctor friends had received an appointment at a nearby medical school. Legitimate news, clearly, and we printed it with a modest flourish.

And that was all right. But, in making up the page, there was a pesky space below the item and the composing room, as per custom, slipped in one of those filler lines.

So, there was the news item about the doctor and underneath it said: "It Pays To Advertise In The Pilot."

Oh, yes. Somebody spotted it in time. And we still have our good doctor friend.

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