

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.

Public Must Support Industry Committee

Out of last week's meeting of Southern Pines businessmen with representatives of the State Department of Conservation and Development came one firm conclusion: if Southern Pines is to get new industry, it must be clear to inquiring companies that they are wanted here—always assuming of course that such companies have the light, clean type of operation that is suitable for this community.

Because Southern Pines has many residents who are not directly involved in the business life of the community, there may be less understanding than there would be in some towns as to the economic crisis that looms in the near future. Because they do not stand behind a cash register daily, these residents may not realize what it means for a town to lose a payroll—something that has just happened with the departure of J. Bishop and Company's hypodermic needle plant and may happen again on an even larger scale if the USAF Air Ground Operations School does not renew its lease, which expires next May 1, on the Highland Pines Inn.

Business here is now geared to these payrolls. That business will suffer, if replacements are not found for them, is an obvious conclusion. It is a situation that all residents of Southern

Pines, whether or not they are members of the business community, must face with a sense of personal involvement and personal responsibility.

Formation last week of the Southern Pines Development Committee, to work with the Department of Conservation and Development in bringing here a type of industry that is suitable to the community, is the first step in meeting the payroll problem.

We are frankly optimistic about the outlook. The new committee is capable and widely representative. Its relations with the Department of Conservation and Development are close and cordial—and the C & D Department is making a special effort to attract to North Carolina the light, "science type" of industry that would be preferred here.

In itself, Southern Pines provides in abundance those good living conditions that are sought by industry for employees and their families—far more of such facilities than many an otherwise suitable community has to offer.

Full public understanding of the payroll problem and full public acceptance of industrial development of the light, non-offensive type can now give the new committee's efforts the backing that will insure success.

Mobs Are Made By More Than Agitators

The situation symbolized in today's cartoon on this page—the part being played by persons who make a living or at least a hobby out of stirring up racial strife—was brought to national attention recently by Senator Kefauver in a Florida speech.

The senator and vice-presidential candidate said:

"If we permit agitators and seditionists to act without regard for law and order, if we permit them to inflame lawlessness and violence, then lawlessness and violence will soon become ends in themselves.

"We must maintain the peace if we are to steadily progress in the solutions of problems which lie before us."

The ugly violence and threats of violence which have attended some school integration attempts in Texas, Tennessee and Kentucky have been traced in part to the influence of unscrupulous persons who have come in from outside to fan the flames of hate, bigotry and fear.

Fortright action was taken at Clinton, Tenn., where an agitator from Washington was jailed for contempt of federal court because of his rabble-rousing actions in opposing the inte-

gration of a school there. Anywhere that such persons appear to ply their despicable trade, they should be held legally accountable.

Senator Kefauver oversimplified the problem, however, in putting the lion's share of the blame for school integration troubles on "outside" agitators. No one can say, of course, how communities resorting to violence and threats would have reacted if the "outside" visitors had not appeared at trouble spots. But it is still true that the appeal of the agitators apparently fell on sympathetic ears.

It takes more than an agitator to make a mob—a point that all Southern communities will ignore at their peril. No matter how unwilling they are to face the fact and no matter how many legal or quasi-legal schemes are evolved to evade or delay school integration, all Southern communities are potential sites for a school integration controversy, thus making them the potential scene of agitation and violence.

Civic leaders, churches, schools, the press and all mediums of communication now have a great responsibility in fostering everywhere in the South respect for legal procedure and contempt for mob action.

Town Center: Compromise Called For

The services of a Solomon are needed in Southern Pines to resolve the disagreements that have arisen about the architectural design of the proposed municipal center to be located on the park block.

Last week's hearing brought forth a conflict of opinions that are unquestionably sincere and deeply felt by both those who favor and those who oppose a contemporary design.

The disagreement is not simply one between those who look forward with contemporary and those who look backward with traditional. Some of the persons who do not think the center, as designed in contemporary style, is suitable for Southern Pines or for the specific site chosen for it here understand and appreciate modern functional architecture and might well approve the design if it were to be placed in a different setting.

The architect himself acknowledged the beauty of the traditional colonial style, but pointed out that he could give the town a much better building—in the sense of serviceability, efficiency and usefulness—for the money, with a modern rather than a traditional design.

In the background of the discussion that took place at the hearing last week is the realization that we may be at a turning point in the general architectural style and appearance of our town. Therefore, many people seemed to feel, much future development may depend on what is done with this major public building now.

It is quite understandable that persons who have helped to guide the destiny of Southern Pines during the past half century and have seen it change from a bleak and barren sandy village into a town widely known for its charm would hesitate to approve something that they feel clashed with public and business structures already here—buildings which we know have won appreciation and approval from great numbers of visitors and with which we ourselves feel comfortable and at home.

It is the old question of changing horses in the middle of the stream. Those who oppose the contemporary design know that what we have here now in architecture has been well received and has brought to the community continuing appreciation, if not fame. It is no wonder that they hesitate to depart from a style that has proved its appeal and is a major factor in that "atmosphere" which a town

builds up, for better or worse, over the years.

Also understandable is the viewpoint that sees contemporary design not as "clashing" with good architecture of former styles but simply as providing a comfortable, efficient and useful structure through the use of modern building materials and methods. From their viewpoint, good architecture of any period of history is intrinsically good and will be recognized and appreciated as good by all who view the productions of different periods in the light of abiding architectural principles rather than personal taste for a style produced during a certain period. Most old communities, they point out, display "good" architecture from various periods in time—evidence that the community has developed through time to suit the needs and tastes of succeeding generations.

The opposition voiced against a contemporary design for the town center seems to show, then, that the needs and tastes of a number of persons, whose lives prove their devotion to this community, have not changed enough to accept a different architectural style for this important building.

There are others, whose tastes and needs are changing, who feel that we should build for the present and future and that a contemporary design will one day win the same affection and recognition now accorded the traditional buildings.

Our personal taste and preference tend toward the traditional. We hesitate at this stage of the town's development to approve a change that may disrupt an "atmosphere" which has won recognition—a recognition that we see as a solid asset to the town, something that is a known and provable fact.

There will have to be some compromising on all sides if this is to be accomplished. But we refuse to believe a compromise is impossible.

ON CONFORMITY

"Our dangers, as it seems to me, are not from the outrageous but from the conforming; not from those who rarely and under the lurid glare of obloquy upset our moral complaisance, or shock us with unaccustomed conduct, but from those, the mass of us, who take their virtues and their tastes, like their shirts and their furniture, from the limited patterns which the market offers." —Judge Learned Hand

Birth Of A Salesman



MANY FOUND IN SOUTHERN PINES

Gray Squirrels--How They Live

A familiar sight in Southern Pines is the gray squirrel which can be found in most sections of the town, attracted by the many trees, gardens and wooded areas within the city limits. A writer in "Frontiers, A Magazine of Natural History," which is published at Philadelphia, describes interestingly the life and habits of the gray squirrel which, he points out, is "so common that we tend to overlook him in our studies of nature." This article follows, in part:

The gray squirrel is a rodent, which means that he is a gnawing mammal having strong incisor teeth, as do rats, mice, beavers and the like. He needs these incisors to open nuts and to peel bark from saplings.

During the winter months the gray squirrel lives in a hollow of a tree. He does not hibernate, but takes naps during foul weather and wakes up for a stretch and a yawn when the sun shines brightly and the earth is warm. Immediately the weather changes again he scrambles back home.

During these infrequent outings, when there is no snow on the ground, he may hunt for food cached during fall, in hundreds of odd corners in the ground and under tufts of grass. If snow is thick, he satisfies himself with the seeds from hanging pine cones. Then having his fill, or pressed by a threatening storm, he will return to his warm home, not directly but by way of the overhead branches of a neighboring tree. Presumably, this is to keep his home a secret.

Busy Mother

The female bears four or five pink young born in very early spring. The nest may be in an oak, probably twenty-five feet up in a hollow. This position affords the mother a good view of her domain and assists her com-

ings and goings from overhead branches. She is a very busy animal, doing all the chores herself while her mate sits in a fork with his tail curled up behind his back, munching on a delicacy. Her appetite for work never relaxes her caution when she leaves home on a hunting expedition.

I have watched her many times. At first, two beady eyes



glisten from the hole, the head blending with the bark. Then, moving out a few inches, her forefeet resting on the rim, she surveys the scene, possibly for weasels, hawks and owls, foes she would prefer not to meet. Reassured that the area is safe, she runs along a limb to the maple next door with a pause just long enough to chew flowers. Nevertheless, as she moves around, the nest is well guarded; mother being continuously on the alert for danger.

It would seem that the gray squirrel detects danger by sound. His eyesight must be very poor compared with his senses of hearing and smell. Many a time, in the initial stages of forming a friendship, I have thrown a nut in his path where the grass was short. But did he see it? He would hear it drop and hunt in circles first until his nose bumped into it, more by luck than judgment.

Tests His Food

Discriminating between good and bad food is a serious business for the squirrel, yet a delightful one to watch. Very deftly, while sitting on his haunches, he takes the nut between his front paws her domain and assists her com-

squeezing with his incisors at every stop, testing for cracks. If it is in good shape he will bound off out of my sight. In spite of this I have found him scraping away the earth from the roots of grass, placing the nut in a trough, covering it over and thumping the earth back again. This thumping action he does with an arched back, rear legs firm and a few hefty pushes of the forefeet.

As spring advances, the young grow and crowd their hollow tree home and the mother must look for a larger place. This second home is selected with care and near the first; perhaps in a hickory, fifty feet up. Actually, it may be an old summer home left from last year. From the ground it looks like small leafy branches matted together. If it needs repairing mother will spend a couple of hours on this, filling in the cracks and rebuilding a twig roof.

Great Moment

Then the great moment arrives for the removal. But mother first takes a small well earned rest before continuing with the next dangerous task. She must execute this job in the shortest possible time. Returning to the youngsters, she picks up one in her mouth by the loose under-skin and, at high speed, scampers down one tree, across the intervening space and up the tree where the new home waits. She then returns for each child and again follows the lower path to the new home. No doubt she could carry her young by the aerial route but her love for the infants must be greater than her daring. If she slipped at the end of a leap and fell 50 feet, no harm would come to her. She would spread her body, legs and tail flat to the wind and land without a broken bone. With a child in her mouth, the plunge could end up unhappily for both. "Three, four, five and the transfer is complete, except that she takes a last look at the old home to verify that all her children are accounted for.

Curious

With the warm weather, events move fast. Her youngsters are grown and she prepares herself for a second litter in a maple. By the end of the summer her second group are running about and the spring group are building their own nests. By fall they all have one thing in common—storing food for the winter.

It is at this time of year that they are least shy and are certainly one of the most curious of animals. Just try leaving food of any kind, anywhere in the vicinity of a family of squirrels. In short order you will hear a scurrying noise and see a pair of bright eyes looking hungrily at any food you put out.

Grains of Sand

"Here comes Persimmon Tech out of the huddle. They swing into that familiar split-T formation, facing a tight five-four-two defense thrown up by Swishdick U. Gargoyle takes the pass from center, swings wide to his right, fakes a handoff to Salami and cuts over tackle. He moves past the 35, the 40, the 45, and is finally thrown down by Peetzapi on the Persimmon 48 for another first down."

And that, dear friends, is the familiar (to some) and bewildering (to others) chant of the football announcer you will be hearing on just about every Saturday afternoon from now through Thanksgiving. The strange sounds will emanate from radios, television sets and loudspeakers at the games.

Those of us who will be following the play on television those Saturday afternoons will either find the commentator's descriptive dialogs helpful, or as confusing as a calculating machine would be to a Chinese abacus operator.

Here, for the benefit of all, is a glossary of terms which might be helpful and will, if followed carefully, clear away some of the shrouds of confusion that might otherwise prevail:

SINGLE WING—This has nothing to do with wounded birds, crippled airplanes, or three-toed sloths; it's an offensive formation built around a halfback who stations himself four to five yards behind the line and is flanked by the three other members of the backfield. It was popular years ago but lost out to announcers who found that split-T, modified-T, or just plain T was a lot easier to say.

T-FORMATION—Another offensive formation built around the quarterback, who stands directly behind the center and either passes or hands the ball off to one of the other performers who arrange themselves in a horizontal row behind him, thus giving the appearance of a "T". Very good for scoring touchdowns and satisfying die-hard alumni who have been trying to get rid of the "old-fashioned" coach.

STATUE OF LIBERTY—A deceptive, though age-old, play, in which a back or an end takes the ball from another back who has assumed a passing stance. Corny, but it works more often than a lot of losing coaches like to make themselves believe. The next time you get a chance to see the old lady in New York Harbor with her torch aloft you might recall her likeness to a frantic halfback looking for a friendly campaigner who will take the pigskin off his hands before he gets himself smeared by a hard rushing line.

FLAT PASS—A short pass to either side of the field which travels a greater distance laterally than it does beyond the line of scrimmage, at least in many instances. Great play, if you have a receiver with either a big stomach or big hands and an easy-going attitude after being slammed to the ground.

MOUSETRAP—An offensive maneuver in which a defensive tackle or guard is lured across the lines of scrimmage, only to be uprooted from either side by offensive linemen. This gentle touch of humor is probably the most "down-to-earth," literally speaking, of all practical jokes known to man.

Of course, the above will not answer all questions that come to mind during a game. It's a complicated sport and so far has failed to get any simpler.

But, if the glossary doesn't help, there are two other alternatives open to you: give up the game, or ask your 10-year old son to give with the explanations.

He probably can, and will.

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