

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. Wherever 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.

C & D Meeting: Symbol of Faith In Future

As Southern Pines and Moore County welcome Governor Hodges and the North Carolina Board of Conservation and Development for its Fall meeting here in the next few days, we cannot help but look beneath the surface of this occasion for a deeper meaning than the mere hospitality of the occasion.

And, in looking deeper, we are bound to look ahead. For this board, composed of men who are devoted to the development of North Carolina—its industry, its resort and tourist business, its forests, its mineral and water resources, its state parks, commercial fisheries and other resources—is geared to the future: "to conserve and develop the natural resources of North Carolina for the common good of all her people," as the board simply but most adequately describes its own mission.

So, in welcoming this group of men who represent all sections of the state and are concerned with all these varied aspects of Tarheel resources, we at The Pilot take this occasion to reaffirm our confidence in the future of Southern Pines, Moore County and North Carolina.

The C & D board meeting here becomes, in a way, a symbol for this community of faith in the future. As board members in their meetings consider their varied state-wide responsibilities, we on the sidelines in Southern Pines and Moore County may well follow suit in taking stock of our resources (and, when examined, they are impressive) and in gearing our thoughts and work to the future, like the State board, for the common good of all our people. This is the thought, the point behind this special edition of today's Pilot which presents both resources and past achievements and, against this background, our faith in the developments that we are confident lie ahead for this area.

To conserve and develop—that is the whole story of progress. Here in the Sandhills, we have conserved and developed, it seems to us, many good things: natural beauty, for one, and, in the field of intangibles, a native tradition of thrift and industriousness combined with a sense of enjoyment fostered by the outdoor life of sports and recreation, and the other pleasures of a resort area.

We have been blessed with honesty in local government and with more than an average

pride in community appearance and community services. Schools are good and churches play a strong and vital part in all community life. Industry, business and resort interests exist in the Sandhills in mutual respect. Never have the people of Southern Pines and the Sandhills been so united in their aspirations for the future: a well-organized committee is distributing a brochure listing industrial sites over the county and is otherwise working for the industrial future which is bound to be bright in this favored area; resort interests are expanding and improving their facilities for golf and for housing of visitors and, most important, there is a growing realization that a new kind of balanced, hard-working prosperity can be achieved in this area, with dedicated effort by all concerned.

We here in Southern Pines and Moore County are at a turning point. Like the Board of Conservation and Development, who will continue here their planning for the balanced progress and the productive future of the entire state, we in this area must look ahead, building on the remarkable human and natural resources with which we have been endowed.

The YDC Convenes

The state convention of North Carolina Young Democrats, opening in Southern Pines tomorrow, promises to be an interesting affair. The gathering will be honored by the presence of Governor Hodges and other notables and can be expected to produce, as usual, some of the liveliest speaking and thinking in party affairs.

It is a tribute to the Democratic party that the Young Democrats Clubs, formed over the nation in the thirties when the dynamic New Deal program enlisted the enthusiasm and loyalty of youth, have continued to flourish. Further, it is a tribute to North Carolina that the YDC has remained so vigorous in this state and has continued to produce party leaders over the years.

We welcome to Southern Pines everyone attending the convention and salute the Moore County YDC for the extensive preparations they have made for this event.

The Community's Conscience In Action

Public welfare departments are a community's conscience in action.

Welfare workers perform those functions that need to be attempted by relatives, friends and neighbors: helping the needy, sick and aged, taking care of children whose homes are temporarily or permanently broken, helping the blind and other persons so disabled that they can't work for a living—in general trying to ease the human need and misery that seem to be a part of all societies, no matter how prosperous may be the times.

This newspaper, as is well known, has for many years taken a special interest in this welfare work, recognizing first, that humble, needy persons have few spokesmen on their behalf and that a newspaper should speak for them and make their needs and problems known; and, second, that the welfare depart-

ment of this county, as in many other places, has been assigned a big, hard job with resources in funds and number of workers that are never exceptional and sometimes inadequate—and that the members of the welfare department—who deal with human problems that range from heartbreaking to exasperating and are almost never routine or easy—work hard and long to accomplish their many tasks.

These thoughts come to mind as welfare workers from 10 counties of this area prepare to meet here Friday to discuss the old age assistance program. In coming to Southern Pines this group may be pleased to know that they are in a community and a county that has, we believe, more than an average interest in, and an understanding of, what they do.

Preparing For Moore-Upper Hoke Merger

When people of the Little River community of Hoke County entertained Moore County officials recently, the merger of "Upper Hoke" with Moore County—which is scheduled to take place January 1 of next year—was carried along further toward a satisfactory completion.

This hospitality on the part of Little River folks was a fine gesture and the occasion provided the friendliness and good will that make a success of such changes in boundaries and allegiances.

We trust that, come January 1, Upper Hoke residents will be settling down to a long and happy term as citizens of Moore. Because they were cut off by Fort Bragg from their county seat at Raeford and because their ed-

ucational and commercial ties were with Moore County, they asked for the forthcoming change and Moore County, with the approval of the General Assembly, was pleased to comply.

Moore and Hoke were both at one time parts of Cumberland County and both were settled by the same Scots folk who came up the Cape Fear valley to hew out their homesteads from the vast virgin pine forest that covered all this area.

In these days when people so often meet in controversy or argument about what they want or don't want, it is pleasant to hear about such a harmonious gathering as that held last week. We will welcome the day when Upper Hoke becomes a part of Moore County.

Scouts — Boy and Girl — Merit Support

Attention will turn in the near future to those two worthy youth organizations, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. Each of the groups is beginning a program of Fall activities and each is soon to launch its annual fund drive—the Boy Scouts on October 8 and the Girl Scouts a week later, on October 15.

The outlook is bright for both the organizations. The Boy Scouts have a new executive for this county, Joe Woodall, who will work with volunteer adult leaders. The Girl Scouts are now emphasizing the training of adult leaders, who will then be ready to train additional leaders who are needed if the program is to reach all the girls who want to take part.

Successful Scouting programs are not possible without enthusiastic leadership from adults. Here, as in most communities, men and women who are willing to give some portion of their spare time to these great youth organizations are being asked to step forward so that the many boys and girls who want to be Scouts can be given the leadership they need.

In character-building and citizenship training, the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts have proved their effectiveness over many years. These organizations merit the community's financial support in their forthcoming drives—and they merit the adult leadership on which their effectiveness depends.

Casualty Of Little Rock



HAUL, CARRY OR TAKEN LUG?

Word Use Is Fascinating Thing

By KATHARINE BOYD

The use of words, now that's a fascinating thing.

The other evening, gadding for a ride home so we wouldn't have to hire a taxi, we hinted so hard a friend finally said: "Sure, I don't mind hauling you home."

"Haul," he said. Not even "carry." Or maybe he wouldn't have ever said "carry." Not being a born and bred Southern cavalier and therefore polite. Not to say chivalrous.

The West, he comes from. The eastern side of the West where the jackrabbits are so big they loom on the skyline against the hunter's moon and the sagebrush trips your boots and the ghosts of the longhorns low in the valleys. Hard-bitten, that part of the West was. None of your Spanish vaqueros with the over-size hats and clinking spurs a mile long and the soft Texas drawl.

Now there was real chivalry in those boys. They'd not have said "haul" when addressing a dame. Or "dame" either. Except on the right occasions.

Down East, where the 3,000 miles-long coastline reaches out into the cold Atlantic and the seals bark on the ledges—in that county, they say: "lug."

"Yuh want me to lug that there in for you?" they'll say. Only likely they'll put a "take'n" into it. "You want me to take'n lug that there for you?"

Heard a rough, strong Maine woman—a big-voiced, big-boned woman—using that phrase about sheep.

She's quite a woman, she is. Her trade is raising sheep on the rocky sea isles where the surf is like green velvet. She shears her own sheep and once a year'll she'll come and shear your sheep, if you make a deal with her. She has two of her men to help her, but she can throw a sheep and sit on him quicker and easier than any of them.

"You, Jerry!" she'll shout, "You take'n lug that there big old ewe ovah to me! Hurry now, 'foh she gits by yah." And Jerry hurries.

He jumps on the huge, woolly sheep which is rolling her eyes

and baaing stridently in terror. He hauls—or lugs or tugs—her along somehow to where Jenny waits. Jenny reaches down, catches hold of a back leg on one side and foreleg on the other and—flip!—over she goes with Jenny landing astride her in the same deft move.

Clippers in hand, Jenny goes to work, rolling back the heavy, brownish fleece as she cuts and slices. It's a tough job. She grips and pulls, panting as she works. The fleece trimmed off, Jenny springs to her feet, and the pale, trembling ewe slowly, feebly arises, to stare wildly around

then, with a ludicrous spread-eagle leap into the air, like a winged starfish, sails off to join the flock, and:

"You, Jerry!" shouts Jenny. "You take'n lug me that grey 'un, see? Git her quick, now!"

Come to think of it, don't know but what we prefer "haul" to "lug" and even "take'n lug" though the latter has a rather lively, challenging sort of implication that is not unpleasing.

"Carry," of course, would be most appealing. Ho-hum. Looks like we'd have to find us a different hauler, or carrier, if we hope for such refinements.

When Hate Is Unleashed

(Greensboro Daily News)

Any number of thoughtful citizens are concerned about damage done the face of America by the sudden upsurge of racial hatred in the South.

They know that one picture beats a thousand words: No dark man of Indochina, Algeria or Burma needs a caption to explain the photograph from Little Rock showing a youthful national guardsman letting a white student pass and rejecting a Negro.

Unfortunately there are no printed words adequate to explain the picture—or to speak up for the proposition that it does not express the total truth.

Yet, the foreign impression notwithstanding, we are even more concerned about two other aspects of the school opening scene in the South:

1. The damaging inroads of hatred, especially on the faces of white children; and

2. The widespread inclination of the nation to judge the South as some monolithic, prehistoric beast.

David Fitzgerald, a wealthy planter of Augusta, Ark., had a good antidote for both problems. Shocked by a picture of a crowd jeering a Negro girl who tried to enter Little Rock's high school, he reprinted it as an advertisement asking Arkansas to study its evidence of hate on white faces, adding, "When hate is unleashed and bigotry finds a voice, God help us all."

When asked about this adver-

tisement by a Northern newspaper, Fitzgerald said: "I hope the nation doesn't judge the South by the shameful actions of a few of us."

Ralph McGill, writing in the Atlanta Constitution, recalls an old proverb: "Oh, great and wise, be ill at ease when your words please the mob."

And this realization may already be plaguing the conscience of Arkansas Governor Faubus as he surveys the damage wrought by his stirring of racial furries. Of course, much of the South looks on the original villain of the piece, but, as unfortunate as that decision may have been, it could not justify the bombing of a school in Nashville or the castration of an innocent Negro bystander in Birmingham.

The best South must take responsibility for the worst excesses of its mob, but in the process it expects some help from men of good will elsewhere. Fortunately, the very revulsion of the excesses may be reacting in favor of a better climate everywhere. Kasper's foul mouthings have made honest segregationists reluctant to join his ranks. Gov. Frank Clement reports that the Nashville school bombing did much to alarm the city's best leadership and arouse them to support of law and order. In Charlotte a Negro girl's decision to quit Harding High School because of taunts and harassment has produced a twinge of conscience among many of the high school's students now shamed by the conduct of some in their ranks. And the same may be true in Senior High School of Greensboro.

Everywhere — North and South—let it be remembered that the South has a decent, moderate leadership seeking a path of accommodation through racial trials of the hour. If that leadership is repudiated, then the furries will win. There is a heavy responsibility both North and South to avoid the hard-bitten extremes of both directions and find a path of reason and understanding through the middle. North Carolina, it seems to us, has come as near finding that path of moderation as any Southern state.

And for that we are thankful.

Grains of Sand

By WALLACE IRWIN
Guest Columnist

Katharine Boyd, bless her heart, asked me the other day if I'd mind writing a little verse for The Pilot. Had I been inclined to answer in parables, I might have given her this one from real life:

Booth Tarkington was drooping around the Players when John McCormick spat him cheerily and asked, "What makes you so glum, Tark?"

"Since my old father has run away with a schoolgirl," moaned the afflicted, "and since the play I started has just blown up, and since my wife is getting a divorce, from me of all people, and since the doctor has put me on the water wagon for life—won't you sing something?"

I'm no such sorry case as Tarkington was. My spine is less humped than it was, thanks to the combined devotion of Tish and Dr. McMillan, also my appetite is all too good and my boys are being professionally above par.

My afflictions are not personal. They're national. Right now, comic verse wouldn't be comic—it seldom is, of course, but today it would echo like a horse laugh in a crypt. Serious poetry would make demands beyond my strength. Would you ask me to write the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to the tune of "Dixie," or vice versa? Of course, they'd blame the discord on President Eisenhower. No Republican should be allowed to write music, they'd say. And perhaps they're right. From what I hear belched at me from the radio, I'm willing to think that Communism is behind tin pan alley.

1. Now, keeping my feet out of the hydrogen barrel, let me suggest a few reforms which will be printed on my Presidential ticket at the expense, I hope, of our Chamber of Commerce.

2. It will be forbidden by the Supreme Court for newspapers to refer to State Senators as "solons" or call little children "tots," nor shall the headline, "exchange vows," with reference to weddings, be tolerated.

3. Cigarette advertisers must stick to established grammar in endorsing the "tastes good" brands.

4. Boiling in oil is specially recommended for members of the so-called Teamsters Union who insist on making Official Leader of the member who used a blackening brush to clean up his record.

I don't expect to be elected, even if I nominate myself. But the above items, which I have culled from 100 more, should go to show how I stand on important national issues.

Opinions are thirteen to the dozen nowadays. Most of them are inspired by prejudice, for without prejudice what good's an opinion anyhow? In my dotage I've come to the unopinionated opinion that most people take their beliefs as a parrot does, by copying another voice, not knowing what they're talking about. Their faith warms up by friction. Their blood is always boiling over something.

I never cared much for boiled blood, especially when it has to be warmed over. I hope I'm not sounding clammy, for deep down I have an abiding love for my ideals, the best ideals of my country, I hope. But I'm not sufficiently partisan to ask that our national mistakes be set in letters of gold, an inspiration. A naturally cowardly person, I face the main national issues today very privately, behind locked doors, not caring to be kicked in the stomach as a certain investigator (colored) was in Little Rock. So, slyly evading the main issue, let's move to the side-show tent and study those side-show issues which shall be embroiled in my presidential policy.

The PILOT

Published Every Thursday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated
Southern Pines, North Carolina
1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict Associate Editor
Vance Derby News Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Bessie Cameron Smith Society

Composing Room
Lochamy McLean, Dixie B. Ray,
Michael Valen, Jasper Swearingen,
Thomas Mattocks.

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$4. 6 mos. \$2; 3 mos. \$1

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Assn and N. C. Press Assn.