

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.

A Future In Sandhills Horticulture?

Southern Pines has just been favored with the best Garden Club tour in its history. To think about that and to look about the town bursting as it is with the frothy blooming of this Springtime is to be struck with its special suitability for everything horticultural. Not only home gardens and garden clubs and all they bring to this area but the horticultural business itself.

A few weeks ago a trio of professors from the horticultural department of State College came down here. Among other places, they dropped in on Francis Howe at Clarendon Gardens. It appears that the three men from Raleigh, Drs. John Gartner, Kudo, and Conners, had a good deal to say about this area as an ideal one for the business they are teaching: gardening and farming. The four men talked about a two-year course for would-be horticulturists they would like to see started at State, and then back to their original topic: the advantages offered for horticulture in the Sandhills.

They agreed, and many will echo their words, that the business of gardening, landscaping, experimenting with the earth and its fruits, is a natural for this region. It has long been known of course, for the wide variety of evergreens that grow well here, and is nationally noted for its hollies, and now, with progress in development of soil research, fertilizers and so on, it has been found that a far wider range of plants will grow well here than had previously been the case.

The recent visit of the three professors—not by any means the first—is additional evidence

of the importance being given the area from this angle.

This sort of thing has been going on here, of course, for many years—ever since the Deaton Brothers started their nursery up back of Lakeview. Ernest Morell's rich experience at Kew Gardens in England brought his wealth of knowledge to the southern end of the county with the establishment of his Holly Tree Nursery, and for many years there has been a steady nursery-garden payroll in these parts. It has probably increased lately with the growth of the area and the development of Clarendon Gardens, with a payroll of between 25 and 30 employees. To that should be added the payrolls of Hollytree Nursery, Roy Kelly's place, and the smaller establishments or gardening services of a score of individuals. If employees of greenhouses, florists, orchid growers, and related businesses were added, the total might well reach 100 or more.

The establishment here of a new factory or mill with far less employees is welcomed enthusiastically; it is high time that similar recognition be given to the role horticulturists play in the economy of the county and to the possibilities that lie ahead for this industry. As is the case with the tourist trade, the natural beauties and resources of this region are its greatest assets.

In searching for industry it might be a good idea to look for the kind that suits Moore County best. The old maxim generally holds good: it will pay to cultivate your garden; or, make the most of what you have.

The Municipal Election

A slate of 12 candidates for the five town council seats, in the upcoming municipal election, indicates a healthy local interest in civic affairs.

We hope that the interest shown by candidates will be matched by citizens of the town in turning out to vote in both the primary on April 27 and the election on May 5.

For the first time, Southern Pines voters will be choosing a judge and solicitor of the recorder's court established here a few months ago. This adds additional interest to the election and places our voters an important new responsibility; having a voice in the administration of justice. Against a background of state-wide discussion of the lower courts, it is incumbent on Southern Pines voters to assure the best possible court for this town.

The Pilot is attempting to bring readers as much information as possible about all the candidates—for both council and court posts. Elsewhere in today's paper are photos of each candidate, with short articles about them.

The slate of council candidates includes persons who are both experienced and inex-

perienced in town government. The Pilot does not endorse candidates individually in town elections, but we are pleased to see that there are two women on the slate—direct evidence of the unusual interest among women of this community in government and civic responsibility. Likewise, having long thought that the West Southern Pines area deserves an opportunity for direct representation in town government, we are gratified that there is a Negro candidate for the council. All candidates, of course, are subject to voting by the town at large.

Voters are reminded that there is a special set of registration books for the town election. Registration in Southern Pines precinct for general elections does not qualify anyone to vote in the municipal election. Registration will close at 9 p. m. Saturday of this week. Young people who have become qualified by age to vote for the first time are especially urged to register.

We again urge voters to take part in both the primary on April 27—when the slate of 12 council candidates will be reduced to 10—and the election on May 5.

Three Cheers For The Garden Tour!

Everyone who took the tour of homes and gardens conducted in the Sandhills last week was impressed with the skilled organization of the entire affair—as well as with the beauties of houses and gardens which were included on the tour.

Success of the event was chronicled in The Pilot last week—but we would like to add our commendation for the organizations and individuals who were responsible for this success: members of the Garden Club whose chief annual project is the tour; the Historical Association which had charge of the luncheon at the Shaw House; the Junior Woman's Club which supplied additional hostesses for the various stops along the route; and other individuals who helped in various ways.

Surely, no single event of the year can be of more benefit to the Sandhills than this tour which brings hundreds of persons to Southern

Pines, Pinehurst and adjacent areas—all of the visitors coming only to look and enjoy, without the usual convention distractions of business meetings, definite appointments and all the other aspects of a timetable schedule.

The garden tour makes friends for the Sandhills. It makes money for the Garden Club—money which, in turn, is used largely for public beautification work. And it has become a meeting ground on which members of various organizations work well and happily together for the success of a joint project.

It may be years before the garden tour is blessed with quite such perfect weather as prevailed last week. But, whatever the fate of the weather in the future, the tour is soundly established as one of the best-organized and most pleasurable events of the Sandhills season.

Layman's Role In School Development

Institutions grow and develop, it seems, almost with a will of their own. Yet all institutions are composed of and run by human beings and so are the reflections of what human beings want them to be.

This is a point that is becoming more apparent as the curriculum study at the East Southern Pines school continues. Most of the last meeting of the large group of citizens who are taking part in this study was taken up with discussion of how important are various activities and services which the schools have undertaken to provide.

There was evidence at the meeting that some persons thought that non-academic activities are over-emphasized in the schools today, while others said that the schools should be responsible for even more types of education hitherto relegated to the home or the church, such as sex education.

We feel, as noted in the first paragraph, that many persons have not thought much about what the schools should or should not teach or otherwise undertake, aside from basic academic training. Many persons have not asked themselves, it seems to us, why the

schools are what they are or whether they should change.

The big point emerging from the curriculum study here is that parents and other "laymen" MUST give consideration to these matters because it is a fact that they mould the schools—especially in the matter of non-academic activities.

We mean this: it is assumed that school administrators and teachers place their first priority on the academic side of school life. And, we suspect, many administrators and teachers would be pleased to work in a school that had little else but learning to offer. Pupils, however, and parents, too, don't always agree with this point of view. The pressure for non-academic activities does not come from within the school.

It is time, here and everywhere, for parents to decide what they want in their schools. This town is fortunate that laymen have been invited to take part in the curriculum study.

The next few months, as this study progresses to a conclusion, offer a golden opportunity for parents to assume their powerful and rightful role in the determination of what our schools are to be.

'AN UNIMPORTANT HUMAN BEING NEVER LIVED'

To Writer, Each Life Is Unique

Mrs. Doris Betts of Sanford, 26-year-old novelist and short story writer, spoke to the Junior Woman's Club here last week. Her talk was so well received and was of such general interest that we are printing it in full below.

I thought for a little while this evening we might think about the relationship between the writer and his audience—between you and me—and that since this is National Library Week we might think of what a writer and reader bring to any book.

Because each of them depends upon the wisdom of the other. All writers hope to be read, to be understood; they hope to move people and stir them up and make them laugh or cry. And I think most readers bring their own needs to books; they want to escape into some lovelier and more entertaining world, or they want to see their own world through other eyes and perhaps live in it more fully.

It Takes Two

Henry David Thoreau once said: "It takes two to speak truth—one to speak it and one to hear it."

I have chosen Thoreau because I think he is like most serious writers—he was sometimes a very active part of his community; and sometimes all he wanted was for his community to leave him alone so he could get his writing done in peace. He said "it takes two," and he was involved in conflicts about taxation and slavery in his own time; he was interested in the world and in what became of his audience on a practical level; at the same time his best and best-known work, "Walden" was written when he separated himself from his fellows, and did his truth-speaking alone.

It's this combination—this yes-and-no, this wanting in and wanting out—of practical community matters that sometimes makes a writer seem like a snob, seem as if he doesn't really give a darn about serving on the fund drive committee, or writing a play for a Sunday School group. Sometimes it may seem that the writer has very little interest in his own community except when that community is using its library card to read his books.

And this isn't true. More than most people, the writer cares about you—you and you and you—all of you taken one at a time. The writer is not usually very good when it comes to clubs and group action, because it is hard for him to see human beings except one-at-a-time; and often you will hear him saying: "I can't support this cause," or "I won't make any more speeches," because after awhile he begins to feel he'll never get any writing done at all unless he puts a lock on his door and takes the phone off the hook.

His Real Job

This is his REAL job, after all—the setting down onto paper of whatever vision he may have of human beings and the lives they live, as well and as truly as he is capable of seeing it.

And I want to give you two reasons why I think the writer cares for his fellow-man so strongly that it is hard for him to tell it. And I think these two things are very important. Forget all else we talk about tonight—but remember these two things; bear them in mind when next you pick up a book.

For although the writer is LIKE people, like all people, and

feels a kinship; he brings these two feelings to life more strongly than most people bring them.

We might call the first thing: A Certain Intensity. And the second thing we might call: A Different Idea of Time and Death.

Let me tell you first what I mean by that "certain intensity." I look out at you now and I can announce with absolute certainty that our very being here together tonight is MARVELOUS. This moment that we are having together has never happened before in the history of the universe: it will never happen again. Even if we should all get together at eight o'clock tomorrow night, it would not be the same; some of you would have headaches, be less sleepy,



DORIS BETTS

be more sleepy. I would not use the same words in talking to you; they would not strike you the same way. The weather might be different—and most of all, we would have all gone through one more day, 24 hours, of totally different experiences.

Individuality

I repeat: This is marvelous—just this moment, we are having here—for never before in the long, long story of Man has this ever happened in just this way; and never until the last ash sifts on the cold earth, will it happen again.

This is what Thornton Wilder meant when he said, "Every person who has ever lived has lived an unbroken succession of unique occasions." Think about that for a minute. Remember that popular song: "Never in a Million Years will there be another you!" That's right. Think about the intensity of that, the sheer marvelousness. This is REAL individuality; looking out over this audience and seeing you and knowing that there have never been any people quite like any of you, and never will be again.

Now this is a familiar experience to us all in some ways—sometimes when we were very young we thought of this (except then we might have sung the song: "Never in a Million Years will there be another ME"). But people who are writing down the nature of human beings are struck by it on all sides—never another YOU, or you, or you.

You can see how, if you thought of this all the time—whenever you looked at anyone, whenever you met anyone; whenever you passed a stranger on the street—that although you might complain about human nature sometimes, you would not undervalue you. This feeling of "never again" brings to all people a special sense of wonder,

value, uniqueness.

And this same feeling, this "never again" feeling, is a part of the second reaction to life which I think most serious writers have. You remember I said the writer brings to life a Certain Intensity, and we have just talked about why. And I said the second thing was a "Different sense of Time and Death." Let's see why that is.

You see, once you feel the uniqueness of every human being, and of everything that happens to him, it follows logically that you will then be struck with absolute horror that all of this will pass away. Here are human beings who will never be exactly repeated, but they cannot stay with us. A kind, a race may stay—the human race will be here long after all of us—but one-of-a-kind, the individual, he does not stay; he ages, and sickens and dies. Here again, this is a familiar feeling to us all, writers and non-writers—but the writer feels it with a special intensity, almost a rage, a longing to stop and hold time.

Remember William Faulkner's Nobel prize speech—that the aim of a writer was "to uplift the heart of man" and how he said: "When the writer does this, uplifts the human heart, 'in this way he says NO to death.'"

Or William Saroyan put it even more bluntly in the introduction to his new story collection. He told about his father—and that "Art is a way to stop time" . . . and finally "I began writing in order to get even on death."

Writer's Credo

So we have these two things which I hope you will remember next time you pick up a book by one of our serious creative writers—the intensity about the value of human life, and the longing to stop and hold the flow of time: I think these are the special viewpoint which creative people bring to their work. We might sum them up this way:

1. Life is unique; it is marvelous; no life can be duplicated.
2. So, I will stop it from ending as much as I can. I will hold a little of it fast in my hand. I will, if I am lucky, lean forward to put it into your hand, and into other hands which have not yet been even formed, and which will be here long after I am not.

Writers are critical people. In a way, they want everyone to value life as highly as they do—not just their own lives, but the span that is given to every stranger in the world. Sometimes their speeches and their books seem like nothing but one long criticism; seem as if the writer were tremendously impatient with every reader in the world. But the one thought I want to leave with you tonight is this:

Be Patient

Be patient with your artists in all fields, for the artist loves you with what sometimes seems to be a fierce anger, but it is love nonetheless. It is love made furious at the prospect of any waste. He loves you not as a crowd, but one by one, for he knows you are all different and that none of you will ever be exactly repeated in the long, long tale of man. And he loves you because he believes with a passion that we—all different—are also similar and can understand each other. If he sometimes sees the worst, it is because he hopes for the best. Struthers Burt said the artist was, by instinct, "on the side of the angels."

The writing of books is tiresome, tedious, underpaid, and difficult. The writing of books is exciting and satisfying in the same way that parenthood can be exciting. The life of the writer is given over to repeating the little things: this man, this woman, this love affair—this moment on a dawn in April—this little thing is important.

All Important

And every time he puts a human being onto paper, it is his statement to his audience that an unimportant human being never lived. It is his way of saying to you: you are all important. You are more important than my books will ever be, and whatever importance they may attain is dependent on you.

Writing is like having one long love affair with the human race, complete with the quarrels and misunderstandings and hurt feelings and loneliness that go with all love affairs. And complete with the high spots, the satisfactions, and the communion which one always hopes to find.

Grains of Sand

Going In For Diversification

Investigations into this illegitimate babies situation the legislators are so worked up about, carried us into strange places. At one cluster of little shacks, comment was passed on the number of children running around a small house on whose porch sat a placid, rather elderly man.

"My, what a lot of children. How come?"

"How come? Well, they just come; yessm, just come," a pause, then: "You see, we have outside children and inside children."

Settlers

We've received, by way of Richard Tufts of Pinehurst, a photograph of the Resolutions Committee of the Southern States Settlers Association, made when that group was holding a convention here on May 5, 1898. Along with the photograph came a little ribbon which the gentlemen in the photograph—there are five of them—presumably wore at the meeting, undoubtedly by one of the earliest held in these parts.

The ribbon makes these people out to be delegates to the Northern Settlers' Convention and, presumably, that was the correct name. The ribbon we have bears the inscription: "S.A.L." Norfolk, Va. We imagine that was the Seaboard Air Line Railroad.

Beards, mustaches and derby hats were much in evidence; there were three beards, five mustaches, and three derby hats. Men's names were Power, Coffin, Roundy, Collins and Stockbridge. They came from Chicago, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia.

Wonder what they were trying to settle?

Nicely Said

Having written harshly recently about lawyers' choice of words (big ones where small ones would do, etc.), we pay tribute to the graceful phraseology of a defense lawyer in Recorder's Court at Carthage.

Starting to say, "I don't agree . . ." with Solicitor Lamont Brown, he changed his words to "I respectfully disagree . . ."

For people who are trying to beat the tar out of each other—intellectually and emotionally—in the courtroom, lawyers are the politest folks we know. More polite, in fact, than many persons who are only trying to do business with each other or converse on the street.

Blipped Out

TV fans indignantly deny that there is censorship in their pet entertainment medium. But what about the blipping-out that occurred in the drama, "Judgment At Nuremberg," played Thursday night?

Viewers spent several moments of exasperation when the sound went dumb at a critical point: blamed their set or the reception or something.

Turns out: it was deliberate. The reason? Claude Rains, the principal actor, who played the American judge, was delivering some biting lines about the Nazis condemning several million Jews to death in the gas chambers of their concentration camps.

Seems one of the sponsors of the show "Playhouse 90" is a gas company.

How's that for censorship?

Natural Mistake

When some of the younger school children were on their tour of town facilities, they came up to see the water towers on the hill at Weymouth.

Asked one little tike, looking at the two tanks: "Which one is the hot water?"

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C. Benedict Associate Editor
Vance Derby News Editor
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