

# 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.

## Signs Should Be Controlled on Parkway

While this newspaper regrets that the Town Council chose to ignore the large body of public opinion that opposed zoning any part of the No. 1 highway parkway for business use, it is at least encouraging that there seemed to be considerable willingness on the council's part to prevent the erection of billboards and otherwise limit types and uses of signs.

The sign matter is now in the hands of the Planning Board who were asked to bring a recommendation on sign control back to the council. It was the Planning Board, of course, that brought in the original recommendation to put the area between Vermont Ave. and Midland Road, on both sides of the parkway, into a new Business III zone. Let us hope that the sign proposal receives the prompt attention of the Planning Board and that a recommendation with teeth in it can be brought in and approved by the council. The elimination of billboards, even if set back beyond the 50-foot "front yard" requirement in the new business zone, seems to us the most important factor in preserving the pleasant, unmarred vistas which are now the chief factor in the beauty of the landscape along the parkway.

The town manager's suggestion that the Planning Board recommend that signs be limited to those on the grounds of the establishments they would advertise and that these be limited in size is very much in order, it seems to us. Enactment of such a regulation would eliminate the billboard threat.

Our reasoning on this sign matter is the same that is being carried on at many places over the nation: there are certain roads having natural landscape beauties or advantages where it is especially desirable that signs be eliminated or kept at a minimum. Such roads are being created everywhere—and it seems to us that it is particularly fitting that the gateway to this resort community that prides itself on good landscaping and natural beauty should be kept this kind of a highway.

## Traffic Hazards for Pedestrians

The death of a local man, struck down in the street by a passing automobile, points up increasing hazards to pedestrians. There seems hardly room in the world for all the automobiles and all the people to exist without collisions.

The death in Ohio of Reuben B. Robertson, Jr., former Deputy Secretary of Defense—which was headlined a few days after the local accident—again pointed to the pedestrian peril and showed how accidents on streets and highways can happen so swiftly that persons involved hardly know what is happening.

According to the news stories, a car stopped on a highway and a man got out. Mr. Robertson swerved his car, brushed the man in the highway, stopped and was struck and killed as he got out of his own vehicle.

It might have happened to any of us. The excitement and tensions of such moments tend

The only sure way to create such a highway, of course, would be to prohibit business altogether. The council has not seen fit to do that but the Planning Board and the Council now have the opportunity to do the next best thing by rigidly controlling the use of signs on the parkway.

## Blow to Sandhills

The weather of the past month—starting with an ice and sleet storm on February 13 and continuing with six-inch snowfalls, with sleet and freezing rain, on March 2 and March 9—has dealt Sandhills resort interests probably the cruelest blow felt here in the half-century or more of the area's history as a winter resort.

The storms, causing guests to leave and cancellations of reservations, have meant financial losses amounting to many thousands of dollars—losses whose effect is felt or will be felt throughout the area's economy.

It is ironic that the weather's blows should strike just as the golf courses, hotels and motels were anticipating one of the best seasons in the Sandhills' history—a season that seemed to be starting earlier than usual and promised to run later.

This area, of course, has many loyal friends among its visitors and many of them will be here as usual from now on to the end of the season. Our hunch is that we will, from now on, have an especially beautiful spring—in which flowers, shrubs and trees, held back by the cold, will bloom without danger of killing frosts and will be nourished by water put into the ground by snows.

Whatever any of us can do to promote the Sandhills, to bring visitors here and to revive the economy of the area, we should do. It will probably be years before such a blow is felt again.

to lower the normal sense of caution—and before anybody knows what's going on, a tragedy has occurred.

The papers carry almost every day a story about some child's being killed or injured by an automobile, somewhere in the State. The thoughtful motorist drives in constant dread that a child will run unseen from behind a parked automobile or other obstruction that would hide approaching danger.

The prevalence of elderly persons in Southern Pines heightens the pedestrian hazard in this community, calling for more than ordinary caution on the part of drivers along business section and residential streets here.

Pedestrians, like motorists on the highway, cannot afford to assume that drivers will exercise normal caution and consideration. On foot or in an automobile, we must all assume that drivers are as likely to be careless and reckless as that they will be cautious.

## George Maurice

The flag might well be flying at halfmast this week in Moore County. In the death of George Maurice of Eagle Springs the county loses one of its finest citizens, the state and country a man who stood firm and four-square for the principles upon which this nation was founded.

In a great many ways George Maurice typified America. He looked like America: tall, spare, wiry, keen eyes seeing far, kindly, humorous mouth that could laugh loud or clamp shut, with bony stuck-out jaw beneath, when there was a call for toughness. He had the weathered look, the slight forward-looking stoop of the pioneer, the woodsman, scout.

He was the old kind of American in his simplicity and his uncompromising directness; in his modesty and utter scorn of show, of boasting, of cheapness, the shallow and the glib, the shortcuts and the opportunism of today. Though a staunch optimist and profound believer in humanity, the tempo and excitement of present-day life was not for him—though until recently he drove his car himself and with the rare skill—and sometimes speed—of a young race driver.

He was implacable in judgment, generous in action; he was wildly humorous, deeply wise. And he was true to what he thought was right, through and through and through.

Mr. Maurice headed the county ration board during the last war. Every day, though not very well and in his early seventies, he drove the long way from his home to Carthage. He never missed a day and the legend is—and it is undoubtedly one of those legends based on truth—he never made a wrong decision. His strict conduct of the office, with would-be chisellers and pleaders for special privilege getting short shrift and everybody treated exactly the same, brought high credit to the county. It also brought some tough rows, which he handled quickly and with gusto.

His affinity with the American past grew stronger as he grew older, but it was always an affinity with the striving push and vitality

of the past, never a museum piece. Every summer after the crops were in, he would get in his car and set off by himself on his quest: to trace the path of Daniel Boone over the mountains to Kentucky, and, before this aim seized hold of him, to follow, mile after mile, the lines of the great migrations west, the tracks of the covered wagons rolling along the Oregon and the Santa Fe trails, or the steps of Bridger and the trappers into the wilderness of Montana and Wyoming. Here he would often rendezvous himself with a ranchman, or hunting friend, and pack into the wilds of the Rockies and the deserts after antelope, or deer or sheep. He was an avid collector of the memoirs of the early pioneers, but he craved more than that: to walk in their footsteps, to try to see and feel something of what they had seen and felt.

When he came to North Carolina to grow peaches and develop the land and community where he was to make his home, George Maurice ran true to form. He didn't come to "the settlements"—he went out in the country, where there was plenty of land around him to stretch out and do things, and live the way he liked. He was at the forefront of the peach business; in the efforts, later, towards diversified farming, he worked closely with the government men, trying things out, studying, experimenting. He was a leader in the preparedness effort in the first world war, and, soon after that, when plans were started to build the hospital, he was one of the original members of the board, on which he has served ever since. He was one of the founders of the state and county historical associations, only one of the many cultural as well as philanthropic and patriotic efforts to bless his guidance and support.

The flag flies at halfmast today in Moore County's heart in respect for a fine American—in respect and gratitude but not in mourning. There can be no mourning for George Maurice. For a long life, well-lived, in kindness, with humor and tolerance, in dedication to the best, the flag flies high and free.

## "You Sure That Was A March Lion?"



## The Public Speaking

### Historical Groups Owe Much to George Maurice

To the Editor:

The public should know that our beloved friend, George Maurice, was responsible more than any one individual for the formation of the Moore County Historical Association which grew out of the desire of a group of us to save the oldest house in Southern Pines, the Shaw House. That the only landmark of the town should be destroyed shocked Mr. Maurice's sense of history, of the importance of saving the evidence of our early culture and way of life.

Mr. Maurice's keen study of American history led him naturally into the channels that were working to save the past, actually the North Carolina Society for the Preservation of Antiquities. He was the Congressional District Vice President of the Society from its beginning in 1939 to this year. His next intense interest was to buy and preserve the famous House in the Horseshoe. This the Moore County Historical Association did and later sold it to the State of North Carolina. Mr. Maurice's perseverance and knowledge made this work both inexpensive and sound. No weather was too inclement for him to drive up to Deep River to supervise, to inspect, to inspire and befriend those who were at work. And in the final result, he was well satisfied. Almost his last comment to us was that we must rebuild the revolutionary kitchen!

The American frontier, the American Dream, were ever in his mind. His attendance at every directors' meeting of the Histori-

cal Association will ever be remembered by all of us. His cogent comments, his sound advice guided us well. He cared about the past from which this present has grown, he loved the old chimneys crumbling on the site of early homes, he loved Old Moore County.

The Antiquities Society and Moore County Historical Association owe him much, all, in fact, that no one else could give!

ELIZABETH S. IVES  
President, N. C. Society for the Preservation of Antiquities

### 'Pertinax' Tells Why He Doesn't Like Nixon

To the Editor:

Mr. Harrington finds a slight tendency toward monarchism in my suggestion that it behooves voters to appraise those "attributes of character and mind (of presidential candidates) that may properly be termed qualifications (for the office of President)."

I am glad that just one hundred years ago there were enough voters with monarchical tendencies to elect Lincoln, and forty-eight years ago Wilson. I am sorry that, though we had the brains to assume correctly the qualifications of the rivals, there were not enough of us "monarchists" to reverse the "incredible choices" of Harding over Cox, Coolidge over Davis, Hoover over Smith and Eisenhower over Stevenson.

As for Richard Nixon, I don't like the man's face, I simply can't trust him, and I hope that he may never become President of the United States.

In every political contest of his

career Nixon has proved to be the kind of fighter who hits below the belt. He was an active ally of the unspeakable McCarthy, a demagogue equalled only by Thad Stevens and Huey Long in contempt for and disregard of the liberties guaranteed Americans by the Constitution. Nixon is a polished public speaker, who fights to win—at any cost. He is a good enough actor to pick up readily the tawdry tricks taught him by a professional actor or for that mawkish TV performance of the 1952 campaign. He is the kind of speaker who, by implication, and keeping within the letter of the law, can impugn the motives and defame the character of honorable opponents to a degree that the McCarthy could attain only by ranting and name calling, protected by Senatorial privilege.

It is an insult to the American people that a political party should stoop to nominate a man such as Nixon. But nominated he is going to be, on the first ballot, after the usual windy oratory—the pros have seen to this in advance. Thereupon millions, perhaps even persons such as Mr. Harrington, will be seduced into believing that they, the people, acting through their delegates, have chosen a new knight in shining armor; a knight who once again will lead the righteous in a new crusade (a word with tired blood) to clean up something somewhere—surely not a mess in Washington?

Nominated he will be, elected he might be. If so, I repeat: May the Lord have mercy on the United States of America!

PERTINAX

### ADULTS SHOULD TAKE LOOK AT THEMSELVES

## 'Nothing Wrong with Boys and Girls'

On his recent retirement as recreation director of Sanford, James Blakeley looked back over nearly 20 years of guidance and recreation work with boys and girls and summed up his thoughts on young people in a sports column he writes for the Sanford Herald. Mr. Blakeley has been in Sanford for the past two years (and will continue to live there and write his Herald column) and had previously been associated with recreation departments or boys clubs in Greensboro, Columbus, Ga., New York City and other locations, including summer camps. Most commentators on juvenile problems and young people write from far-away places. It is interesting to hear from a man of wide experience who lives in a nearby community and assures us: "There is nothing wrong with our boys and girls." Mr. Blakeley wrote:

One of the questions which this writer has been asked as he prepares to leave the public and pri-

vate recreational field is—"What do you find to be the most significant lack in our young people today?"

The answer might take a whole book. We won't attempt to answer it except to point out certain facts we have found to be true over the years and around which we tried to base our approach to young people.

Boys and girls, from time of birth to adulthood, seek recognition, and affection. We believe that the basic answer to the many problems of youth is a better understanding of those two drives as they affect young people.

We have found, first, that a bit of affection extended a child, boy or girl, along the course of a busy day can many times do more than anything else to make the youngster's day happier. We have found that a little recognition for a job well done, plus the satisfaction that an adult knows it and recognizes it, sometimes makes all the difference in the world to a growing child.

In our experiences with problem children, we came to one bald-faced statement that we toss out for what it is worth and let

the chips fall where they may. "It takes so little to please a child and yet so many parents are incapable or unwilling to do it."

We have come to recognize as the years go by that no program, whether it be the personalized guidance program of a boys' club or YMCA, the programs of public recreation, or the religious programs of the church can do much with a boy or girl toward helping him to a more useful life unless the youngster has the support of both his parents. Programs can alleviate a condition but it cannot correct it. That is fundamentally a job for parents. There were times over these 20 years when we turned objective on the over-all program when we figured that all we were doing was a job of alleviation, trying to help a boy or girl until he or she became too old to participate in the program. The headache, if there was one, was then shifted to somebody else.

There is nothing wrong with our boys and girls. Before we, as adults, become too critical, it might be well for us to turn the burning lamp of criticism on ourselves. We would be surprised at what we find.

## Grains of Sand

### Grosbeak in the Office

Instead of being told by a little bird, this time, the editor told the little bird.

It was this way:

There was a GRAIN in last week's column telling how some grosbeaks had come to Louise—and John Faulk's feeding-tray. First one pair and then, later, another had showed up. We wrote the GRAIN on Saturday and, the following Friday night, the Faulks came to supper. The first thing they asked was: "How did you know we had two pairs of grosbeaks at our feeder?"

"You must have told me."

"We couldn't have. When did you write the piece?"

"Saturday, or maybe Sunday: it was in type Monday."

"But the grosbeaks didn't come to our feeder till Tuesday morning."

"Business of jaw-drop-eyes-pop astonishment. Also a slight sensation of hair-rising, like when you see a ghost."

But, across the table, Lockie Parker, who was there, too, spoke up: "You just got mixed up. The grosbeaks came to my feeder. I must have told you."

"But," said John, "they did come to our feeder, too: and two pairs of them, just as it said, one first and later the other. They came on Tuesday."

"After the story was in type."

"Nice kind birds," said John. "So you wouldn't be called a liar."

"We'd better tell Dr. Rhyne," said Louise.

Gobbledygobang

It will surprise no one to learn that the nuclear age has invented a language to describe itself.

George C. Kirstein writes about it in The Nation. His piece has a bang-up title, "Non-Survivability Plus," and he starts, appropriately, with a bang.

"The way to disarm," he says, "is to arm."

He argues: "A country has to have more arms than its potential enemy in order to negotiate disarmament from a position of strength." Once we have arms superiority, the Russians will presumably be forced to disarm. But," he warns, "one odd thing about this prevailing current doctrine is that it is not expected to work in reverse. If the Russians gain superiority over us we will not begin to disarm; we will 'close the gap.'"

This linguistic expert further points out that when we did have arms superiority, before they got the A-bomb, nobody disarmed. (They closed the gap.)

This spicy and provocative article describes further language mutations—shall we say, some of which are listed below:

"Instant and massive" retaliatory power is called "deterrent capability." If we have enough of it they won't be able to develop a "confidence factor."

Another word for "deterrent capability" is "kill power." If we have more than they have we're sitting moderately pretty, but only moderately, because of the "missile gap." It seems we actually have to have "over-kill" in order for them to have "non-survivability plus." Then we'll be okay.

Mr. Kirstein claims that what we really need is a "crash program" to develop the "Domesday Bomb" or better still a "Domesday Moon Bomb," which could take care of just everything all at once.

"This weapon," he says, "when hitched up to an electronic brain, would destroy the remains of mankind even if no survivors were left in the attacked country to set it off. This super-massive invulnerable retaliatory defense deterrent would really 'finalize' our future."

We'll say.

The name of this nuclear age gobbledygobang international language is "Desperanto."

## The PILOT

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