

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.

Well Organized Industrial Committee

Reorganization of the Southern Pines Industrial Committee, as announced by Mayor Ruggles in making appointments to it last week, indicates that this already active group will become even more effective in the coming year.

Addition of two merchant members of the group, with expectation that they will organize a Merchants Council to operate in cooperation with the committee, is commendable. Merchants have an important stake in increased industrialization, in encouragement of existing industries and in other fields of action in which the Industrial Committee has been engaged.

The naming of Southern Pines industrialists (along with W. P. Saunders, former director of the N. C. Department of Conservation and Development) to an Industrial Advisory Committee was also a good move, as was the decision that the mayor will be an ex-officio member of the full Industrial Committee.

There never has been any expectation that the Industrial Committee, formed for the primary purpose of bringing new industry here, would produce spectacular results in recruiting new firms. It is the general wish of this community that potential new industries be carefully screened and only those compatible with the character of the community and with its resort interests be encouraged.

That has been the line followed during the past several years.

The industries that have come to Southern Pines in recent years have proved that selective industrialization is good for the community and in no way detrimental to its function as a resort or to its standing as a special sort of residential community. Indeed, the "character" of the town has played a part in bringing in this industry and will—we are confident—be thus influential in the future.

Such projects as the secretarial school, sponsored and organized by the Industrial Committee last spring and again this fall, benefit business firms and professional men, as well as industry, in training competent secretarial help. This project and others which are not perhaps generally recognized by the public were cited by the mayor and councilmen last week when they praised the Industrial Committee for its work.

Southern Pines has benefited greatly from such volunteer citizen groups as the Industrial Committee and the Advertising Committee which also reorganized last week, primarily for promotion of resort interests. Both committees should be given full cooperation by merchants and other local business and professional people who benefit, sooner or later, from their efforts.

World Language Proposal Makes Sense

In contrast to more pressing problems, the question of a common language for the world seems relatively unimportant, yet we wonder if there is not a great deal of sense in this proposal.

Certainly, the problem of language differences is now recognized by millions of persons to whom the matter, even 20 years ago, would have been of little or no concern. Broadcasting of speeches in foreign languages (sometimes with an interpreter translating as the speech is being delivered), watching and hearing proceedings at the UN, reading about the fantastic translating problem in that body and at international conferences of heads of state and diplomats—all these have awakened vast numbers of persons to language barriers.

Advocacy of world language has generally been viewed as a somewhat hare-brained and fanatical pursuit, undertaken by long-haired types who have nothing better to do with their time. Yet the proposal is being viewed seriously today by perfectly sensible people who may indeed be on the track of something that would be of untold value in promotion of world peace and unity.

In the forefront of these advocates is

a Columbia University professor, Mario Pei, whose book, "One Language for the World," urges that an international commission of linguists should pick a language that would be taught as a second language throughout the world.

"By the end of the 20th century," wrote the professor in a recent Saturday Review article that repeats the proposal, "the world's language troubles would be at an end."

Each nation's understandable loyalty to its own language could be maintained under such a system, but there would be the common tongue in which to conduct all kinds of international communication.

With English being increasingly taught as a second language in the Soviet Union and even in China, English might well turn out to be the choice for a universal tongue. For the nations to agree on what the commission of linguists decided would, of course, present further difficulties.

Taking a long leap ahead in time, in the imagination, one can foresee the day when people will be amused at the stupidity and backwardness of mankind in those dark days before adoption of an international language.

Letters and Legislators

Letter-writing to Congressmen and senators is now so highly organized by pressure groups that it seems likely to become almost totally ineffective in the aim of apprising the lawmakers in Washington about ideas and opinions at the grassroots.

Sen. Sam Ervin notes in his weekly commentary sent to newspapers that his office receives up to 200 letters per day—all of which must be answered. Though the senator does not say so, this is obviously an impossible task for a legislator and well-nigh impossible even for a corps of secretaries.

An absurdity of modern mass letter-writing is noted in a Ralph McGill column which told how letters poured into Washington denouncing some one named Alexis deTocqueville and demanding that he be brought before the House Un-American Activities Committee for investigation, after Senator Fulbright had quoted deTocqueville (who wrote in the 1830's) in some connection distasteful to the rabble-rousers of the extreme Right.

Many other letters from members of pressure groups of whatever political coloration must go to legislators in a less absurd but equally frustrating guise. The recipient official must be constantly forced to ask himself: Is this the personal, honest, reasoned opinion of a voter to whom I am responsible or am I being bulldozed by an organized group that doesn't give a hoot for me or my total function in Washington, except in the light of its narrow interest?

But presumably some Congressional secretary must compose a polite, non-committal reply to such nonsense as the de Tocqueville letters and others.

The knowledge that this sort of thing is going on—that any letter sent to a lawmaker's office in Washington is buried in mass of trivia and propaganda—must also discourage many thoughtful persons from sending letters of opinion.

If there is an answer to the problem, it is to elect to the House of Representatives and the Senate legislators we can trust to vote on the problems of the day

guided by deep convictions which have been made known to constituents during their campaigns.

We have noted before that legislators—on whatever level of service in county, state or nation—have a responsibility to lead as well as follow their constituents and, if convinced that they are right, to take stands that may be, at the moment, unpopular at the grassroots. Certainly, we should elect men capable of ignoring pressures by mail, some of which may seem, in a far more sensible way than the de Tocqueville absurdity, to express opinions from the grassroots but actually are traceable to groups with extremely selfish goals.

Golf, Golf, Golf!

Those old Scotsmen, centuries ago, who used to bang around a bundle of feathers on the moors didn't know what they were starting. And in the evolution of the game they invented—a game that now is considered by many of its devotees as a preview of heaven on earth—surely the Sandhills must be deemed as at one of the most advanced levels of development.

If you see the Sandhills from the air, you wonder how the people manage to find living space between the golf courses. Is there another town anywhere that, like Southern Pines, has two 18-hole golf courses within its city limits and another 18 (plus nine) just outside of town? Where but at nearby Pinehurst ("Golf-town, U. S. A.") are there five 18-hole courses, all taking off from the same clubhouse and finding their way back again, through vistas of longleaf pine and dogwood? And, a few miles north, another new 18-hole course has blossomed at Whispering Pines, in a landscape once traversed on rutted, sandy lanes by Scots settlers (non-golfers?) taking their corn to be ground into meal at the Thagards Pond mill.

So, hail to golf—pastime, industry, way of life, depending on how you look at it. And thank goodness those old feather-bangers invented the game!

"Thanks, Fellas, But I'd Rather Write Freehand!"



Au Revoir to a Maine Summer

A month on the Maine coast passes quickly. If the place is Sorrento, the small settlement on the point that stretches out into Frenchman's Bay, time goes extra fast. There is so much you want to do, such old friends to get caught up with, so many spots to visit.

They are treasured, these spots; there is a magic about them and you must always visit them every summer if you can. Some are close by, but some need a boat or a car to get there; a few, out along the islands, can only be reached in reasonably fair weather.

Those are the quiet places, the places where you only go alone or with one or two of the closest friends. But there are other spots without the magic quality, but dear familiar spots where you must always spend some time. One of these is the town dock, the small float reached by going down the long ramp, with its fringe of bobbing rowboats and generally a cluttered lobsterboat tied up at one side. A few tenders lie on the float bottomsides - up, making a good place to sit. Children crouch on the edge, frozen to the end of fishing-lines, and people come and go, picking their way among the oars and lines and bait-cans to get out to the sailboats at their moorings. The air is crisp with the flutter of sails and the bang and bustle of gear on the lobstermen and the slow voices. The wind blows, the float rocks, and the little green waves slap into the faces of the fishermen and their inevitable dog companions teetering beside them. It's a fine busy place to be.

Sorrento is a place where moments are precious and time goes fast. Last summer, when so much was happening, or threatening, in the outside world, there seemed a special urgency.

The day of the war scare, the worst one, I drove down to get the papers. I'd been listening to the radio and reading every report and every column. It was impossible to believe this could be the real thing, that once again the horror of war and the unknown horror of this war they talked about, might be on the way.

I drove in around the grass circle of the white clapboard house where the T—s lived. They had closed in the front porch and divided it into two parts and fixed it up with regular boxes and a counter with a grill. It made a good small post office. When you went in you heard A. in the back room, talking to her sister or the little boy trundling around, or the radio. Or if it was at mail time, she and her sister were behind the grill sorting and giving out the mail and the small square space was full of folks waiting.

The post office was the place where you met everybody and heard all the news; who'd got a good haul from his pots yesterday and who'd had his boat a mite stove up comin' in high,

wide and handsome in that last blow. There was the chat about babies and weddings, and tales of little boys and animals, climaxed with how Sally had seen that big moose standing by the corner store in Ellsworth when she went shopping "inland," the biggest tale of the summer. "They figured he come down the stream and didn't know he was walkin' into town."

Talk of animals led to Dot's Taffy who'd had the biggest litter yet: fourteen taffy-pussies; and Mike's pet coon had finally bitten him on the ear the way everybody told him he would. There were always fearful tales of accidents and illnesses and this inevitably brought up the controversial subject of the new East Coast Hospital. There were those who wouldn't go there if it was the last act, and the other bunch who hooted and said it probably would be the last act if they didn't. One day somebody asked Mert where she'd had her successful operation and when she said "the osteopathic hospital up'n Bengah," there was sudden silence. She stood there four-square with her blooming pink cheeks and flashing blue eyes, and looked at them defiantly: "There's a telephone in every room," she said, "an' you can call home any time you want." That had clinched it for Mert.

Dogs are always about the post office and sometimes one of Dot's big cooncats strolls over in a lordly way. If you hear an awful hullabaloo outside it's apt to be a cat-and-dog affair with the dogs running. Those cooncats are tigers. You can hear the gulls squabbling from in there, too. The little narrow back bay comes in close to the back of the post office and they're always carrying on some kind of outlandish fuss. There's nothing like gulls for crazy noises.

The post office stands so close to the water that on foggy days you'd think it was afloat. There's a cold saltiness to it then, a wild

lonely feeling, with the gulls moaning and calling out there in the whiteness. You'd never guess there were little houses close by.

This day I was late getting my mail. Before driving back, I looked at the headlines: "NUCLEAR BOMB ATTACK POSSIBILITY" one of them said.

I sat in the car looking at the black headline in the paper and then at the sign with its U. S. POST OFFICE, SORRENTO, ME. The flowerbed by the door was full of phlox and early asters. The green circle of grass had been newly mowed. You could see a glint of the back bay behind the house, and, on a big grey boulder, nasturtiums were bright. Frank had been hauling some of the racing sloops to put away for the winter and you could see the stern of one through his garage door. Beyond was the little white-fenced corral where they kept the pony that Jimmy had won a prize with in the county fair.

Behind, the door of the carpenter shop swung shut and a man called across the road.

"Go in to the square dance at the town hall, Joe?" he called.

"Ay-yah," said Joe. "You comin', Bob?"

"Uh-uh," said Bob, and you knew that he was grinning. "Baby-settin'," he said.

"Hoo!" said Joe.

There was the headline in the paper and there was that sign there, and there were Joe and Bob and Mert and the rest of us; a small place, not even a store in it, let alone a motel or garage or country club or a movie. Just some families and some dogs and cats, and boats, of course, and the black woods behind stretching to Canada and, in front, the bay and the open sea.

I looked at the sign, at the black letters on the white board, and thought: "U. S. POST OFFICE, SORRENTO, ME., oh please hold on."

—KLB

Autumn Sign: Pears Fall at Night

(W. E. H. in The Sanford Herald)

Another sign of fall approaching is the sound of pears, when you're abed, hitting the ground, ker-plunk!

This hasn't been an especially good season for pears. Somehow or other, most trees have fallen

victim to disease of blight which has put a rotted spot in just about every pear on every tree. You won't see as many local pears on market this year as usual on account of this.

The farm owner who sits on his porch evenings or lies in his bed gets some sort of inside information about fall as he listens to the big pears on his trees turning loose from their parent stems and hitting the ground. They make quite a noise; more than you'd expect. The wind doesn't have to be blowing; pears fall off in a dead calm as readily as in gusts.

What with pears falling, randomness leaves blowing, cockleburrs attaching themselves to your pants legs, and the first discoloration of leaves on the trees, it's easy to see autumn's here.

SUCCESS

Recipe for success: Be polite, prepare yourself for whatever you are asked to do, keep yourself tidy, be cheerful, don't be envious, be honest with yourself so you will be honest with others, be helpful, interest yourself in your job, don't pity yourself, be quick to praise, be loyal to your friends, avoid prejudices, be independent, interest yourself in politics and read the newspapers. —BERNARD BARUCH

Grains of Sand

"It Was Wonderful"

That's what President Kennedy said according to Columnist Reston of the Times: "It was wonderful!"

Well, we knew that long ago, but it's nice to know the president—this one at least—has found it out.

And Reston himself seems to have been touched by the spell. How else account for the burst of good cheer contained in his last paragraph?

Seize:

"The Communists have proved to be wrong in their estimate that Europe would fall apart economically and politically, they have been wrong about Africa, which has largely chosen independence rather than communism. They have not succeeded in the Middle East as they hoped, and their minions are restless in Eastern Europe and in agony in Communist China."

Hooray, for a change!

The Lippman Accolade

Walter Lippmann's Saturday column was a paean of praise for Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who will be running for re-election in Arkansas in the coming election. This is part of what the wisest of columnists says about the man he calls the wisest of statesmen:

"The nation is greatly in his debt. The role he plays in Washington is an indispensable role. There is no one else who is so powerful and also so wise, and if there were any question of removing him from public life, it would be a national calamity. Not only has he been the bravest of advisers, he has also been the most far-seeing and constructive. . . The decision must be made by the voters of Arkansas. But what is at stake is important to the whole nation."

Limited Valor

"For many months Life Magazine's editorial page has been crusading for the resumption of nuclear tests. It has been doing so with a rollicking spirit of daring—almost as if the fellows at Life were sure they knew they had a place to hide.

"Their valor, we are pleased to record, has its limits. In its current issue Life publishes a thoughtful, provocative analysis of the perils of sunburn."

—The New York Post

Speaking of Maine

Our cabin in Maine is on an 8-party telephone line so this item rings a bell. . . and rings and rings.

A native of a small Maine coastal community—which shall be nameless—finally succumbed to the urging of family and friends and got himself a telephone. It was on an 8-party line.

After trying it out for a couple of weeks and never being able to get a line clear of one or more gabbling women, he cut the instrument from the wall and carried it out to his bench in the barn.

A few days later, a telephone repair man showed up. The following conversation ensued:

"Understand your telephone is out of order."

"No, it ain't."

"It was reported out of order."

"Well, it ain't."

"Could I see it?"

"Ayuh."

"Where is it?"

"Out in the barn."

"Out in the barn! Who put it out there?"

"I did. It wa'n't no use to me in the house."

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