

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.

Paul Dana: Good And Faithful Servant

Paul Dana, a quiet, gentle and modest man, gave generously of his services in many ways that made the Sandhills a better place to live. These services were always of the most superior professional quality. His fine training and high standards would allow him to do no less, in the smallest to the largest jobs.

Efficiency over more than 30 years as secretary to the board and treasurer of the corporation did much to get the hospital well established and give it its sound business reputation.

In affairs of the hospital, in the community and religious life of Pinehurst, in business and banking circles and in all the finest phases of Sandhills life and activity, the death of Paul Dana this week means a great loss. He was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and a good and faithful servant who did his work well.

New Lee County Center A Godsend

We are happy to welcome the Lee County Industrial Education Center, the new regional school set up at Sanford to serve Lee, Moore, Chatham, Harnett and Richmond counties, and we hope to see many Moore students registered there.

They told him there was not enough industry here to justify placing the school at Southern Pines.

This is a public school. Courses are offered without charge to high school youths and to adults in draftsmanship, machinist trade, air conditioning and refrigeration mechanics, automotive mechanics and electrician technician.

We would like to have had the school, but the fact that it was placed in a big new modern plant at Sanford, a town of wide industrial diversification, does not mean that all of Moore county can not be helped by it. Our industry is growing, and with a reservoir of trained skilled workers, it will beyond question grow even faster. Sanford is not so far but that many of our people, including those voluntarily or involuntarily leaving the farms, can get there to take the courses which will help their future as well as all of Moore county's.

For youths who cannot or do not care to go to college, who want to develop a skill or trade and start earning a living as soon as possible, such a school could be a godsend.

This program of training or re-training at the grassroots should be a big factor in achieving Governor Sanford's aim of raising the economic level all over the State. It should also serve to keep many of our young men here who now go to Norfolk, Portsmouth and the northern industrial centers to make their livings.

Also for adults who wish to improve themselves or change their line of work, who need re-training in order to fit the modern economic picture, it offers real opportunity.

Classes for high school students start Monday, for out-of-school students September 14. For those already employed, evening courses may be arranged. For information, phone, write or visit the Director, Lee County Industrial Education Center, at Sanford.

We recall some years ago when a technical school for this region was first projected, the late Judge L. T. Avery tried hard to secure it for Southern Pines, and to that end talked to many persons in Raleigh and lined up considerable local support. He offered a building with classroom equipment, the old Notre Dame Academy, and he might have achieved his aim except for one thing: at Raleigh

Newspaperman Into Lawyer

We are proud that, of the 163 new law school graduates taking the recent state bar exam, four were from Moore county, an unusually high percentage from one of the State's smaller counties, with small towns and small high schools.

complexities of the news.

We are proud that, out of only 81 passing what must have been one of the stiffest exams the State Board of Law Examiners ever gave, three were from Moore.

Vance has said that, without the knowledge he gained as a reporter in the Moore County courts, he might not have passed that bar examination either.

All these young men's names have appeared in the news columns with pertinent personal data, and we are going to single out just one for special congratulations, praise and a real welcome—the only one who is returning at this time to Moore to practice his profession.

Vance went to law school at Carolina straight from the editor's chair of the Southern Pines Pilot. While still a young man, from our viewpoint, he was a mature individual, with several years of newspapering and a variety of other jobs behind him. He was, and is, a married man—very much so: his fourth child was born after he entered law school, and he postponed moving his family to Chapel Hill till after that event. All this, if nothing else, made him a rather unusual member of the Class of 1962.

He won't particularly like this, but Vance Derby was never the stuffy sort and we don't believe that three years or 300 in a law school would make him so. Anyhow, we'll take the chance and claim special privilege, since once we were practicing the same profession, frequently together.

We'd like to write about the qualities that made him a good newspaperman, and that we believe will stand him in good stead as a lawyer—his quick incisive mind boring straight to the heart of a matter, his endless resourcefulness, fertile brain and fighting spirit, his innate friendliness and understanding of people on all levels, his deep curiosity and wide-ranging interests—but on second thought, we won't. He's modest, too, and it might embarrass him. And it might violate some of those shiny new legal ethics.

For Vance is a newspaperman turned lawyer, and we can't imagine a happier combination, except maybe a lawyer turned newspaperman. There've been plenty of times we've wished we had had some law training—it would have been mighty useful.

Anyhow, we're proud and happy to welcome Vance, Mitch and all the little Derbies back home, to wish him all the success in the world, and advise our good friends of the Moore County Bar association that something new has been added.

Probation Expansion Needed

Next year's General Assembly is being asked, through the Advisory Budget Commission, for about \$1 million (covering expenses of two years) to double the present number of probation supervisors (now 59) at work in the state.

possible having 10 senior probation officers to work where needed in the State on "problem cases." This, too, is a sensible suggestion, taking off the regular probation supervisors a responsibility in which they could succeed only by giving a few individuals more attention than they can possibly afford, in view of their other commitments.

Anybody who has been around the courts knows that most probation officers have an overwhelming burden of work. And, as with any job that involves conferring, discussion and the influence of personal relations, all the work suffers if there is not time to handle any of the cases thoroughly.

We gather from a news item out of Raleigh that the State Probation Commission is having some difficulty in filling 10 probation officer appointments that have been authorized now, with payment from contingency and emergency funds. The work requires special training, but it could, we would think, prove tremendously satisfying. Few occupations afford opportunity for such a direct influence for good on the lives of others.

Probation can be a most effective force for rehabilitation, especially with young offenders—rehabilitation that takes place before, not after, an offender goes to prison. The records show that this "stitch in time" method is working and persons close to the system believe that, with adequate probation service, it could be made to work much better.

We hope that both the Advisory Budget Commission and the General Assembly will see the justice of the probation expansion request.

The requested funds would also make

"What's Wrong With Leading A Double Life?"



IT USED TO BE MORALS—NOW.

Competency Asked Of Teachers

(Hoke County News-Journal)

Here at the opening of another school year, we thought you'd appreciate a look back into the recent past when teachers labored under a burden of second-class citizenship fully comparable to that of a Negro sharecropper in the Mississippi Delta.

For example, an Idaho teacher in 1923 was paid the munificent sum of \$5 monthly, but only if certain conditions were meticulously observed. The following is verbatim from the contract:

—Don't get married, and don't keep company with men.
—Don't be away from home between the hours of 8 p. m. and 6 a. m.
—Don't loiter in ice cream parlors.
—Don't smoke cigarettes, and don't drink beer, wine or whiskey.
—Don't leave town without permission.
—Don't ride in a carriage or automobile with any man except your father or brother.
—Don't dress in bright colors, dye your hair or use face powder, mascara or lipstick.

Well, what the heck, for \$5 a month a teacher ought to be required to conform to plain, commonsense rules! But note that nowhere in this list of "don'ts" is there any rule that teachers should know a little bit about what they're teaching. Here are some verbatim excerpts from a list of "Rules for Teachers" that was posted by the New York City principal in the 1870s:

—Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
—Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
—Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
—Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
Certainly, we can all rejoice that the era of second-class citizenship for teachers is dead and gone. Indeed, in this state and in many others, the teachers are a powerful political influence, so powerful that they are intensively courted by politicians from the White House to the courthouse.

We have advanced now to the point where the community no longer has any special concern for the "morals" of a teacher that it does not exhibit for the "morals" of anyone else.

But what does the community demand now of a teacher? Is it fair to say that the community de-

mands the teacher know the subject he teaches, to keep up with the literature in his chosen field, to have the God-given ability to stimulate his pupils towards intellectual growth?

And is it fair to say that many teachers fall just as far short of this new community demand as their predecessors fell short of being paragons of virtue?

Yes, we think it's fair to state these obvious things, and we also think that the new demand for competence is far more reasonable than the old demand for virtue.

At the heart of the question of teacher competence is the mechanism (controlled by a handful of administrators) by which men and women are passed through the education schools of the big universities, take the required number of education "courses" and emerge with the precious certificates that are the passports to job security.

Alone among the state's major newspapers, the Raleigh News & Observer has questioned the role of these education schools and the worth of many of their graduates. It would be nice to see the General Assembly conduct a thorough and sober investigation of the certification mechanism in North Carolina, or is the role of the Assembly strictly limited to the appropriation of ever-increasing amounts of educational dollars?

Then, on the other hand—Sandhills Wildlife Management Area, Sandhills Candy Shop, Sandhills Woman's Exchange, Sandhills Bonded Warehouse, Inc., Sandhills Eye Clinic, Sandhills Insurance Agency.

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Grains of Sand

Our old friend Mr. Claude Dutton was the subject of some publicity last week emanating from a place of which, we must admit, we never heard before.

It is Wakefield, Neb., through which, it appears, Mr. Dutton was traveling when he was picked at random as a "typical tourist" and made a guest of the city for the day. He was also made an Honorary Nebraskaland Cowpuncher, with a certificate signed by Governor Frank B. Morrison as Trail Boss, Mayor Harry Wendel as the Horse Wrangler and Chief of Police Lawrence Graffis as The Ramrod.

The publicity doesn't state whether or not Mr. Dutton received the keys to the city, but we bet that at least he received a dinner of good Nebraska beef.

The Nebraskaland Cowpunchers association would like a copy of any publicity published about this event, and we are so impressed by it we are happy to oblige. We just hope that when we see Mr. Dutton again, his head hasn't gotten too big for that 10-gallon hat we are sure he will be wearing. How's this for publicity, Nebraskaland podners? And y'all come to see us sometime. We'll give you a golf putter, elegantly inscribed.

Notes of a Sandhills

Summer Gardener:

You can tell when autumn comes because the petunias and zinnias start looking like bums. Suddenly there comes a day you pull them all up and throw them away. And go to the nurseryman and get some chrysanthemums.

Sandhills vs. Sandhill:

While extending a warm welcome to the Sandhill Regional Library, we will complain—just once, and then shut up—about its name. We don't get for Sandhill, we never have and that's final. We like Sandhills.

We got steered in this direction by a good friend and mentor when we first landed in the Sandhills (not in a Sandhill) 15 and a half years ago. What she said made sense to us and this was it:

"This is the Sandhills. That is the famous and beautiful name of this whole region. What is one Sandhill? Nothing much and not very pretty. It means nothing at all."

We struggled in vain, as a charter member, against the name of the Sandhill Tennis association, and think today Sandhills would sound better and have more meaning.

We learned that the new regional library board studied the matter deeply, searched lists of names all over the three member counties (Moore, Montgomery, Richmond) and found Sandhill more in use than Sandhills.

We denied it vigorously—but then did some list-searching ourselves and are forced to swallow our words. We don't like swallowing them, or admitting we did it, but in our telephone book we find:

Sandhill Telephone Co., Sandhill Music Center, Sandhill Citizen, Sandhill Sunoco Service, Sandhill Oil Co., Sandhill Veterinary Hospital, Sandhill Awning Co., Sandhill Drug Co., Sandhill Garage, Sandhill Lumber Co., Sandhill Properties, Inc., Sandhill Perma-Stone Co.

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INHERITANCE

Our inheritance of well-founded, slowly conceived codes of honor, morals and manners, the passionate convictions which so many hundreds of millions share together of the principles of freedom and justice, are far more precious to us than anything which scientific discoveries could bestow.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL

ROTTEN RAFTERS

Delusions, errors and lies are like huge, gaudy vessels, the rafters of which are rotten and worm-eaten, and those who embark in them are fated to be shipwrecked.

—BUDDHA