

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.

Thanksgiving—And A Grim Anniversary

One of the most devastating aspects of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas, Texas, one year ago, was its sheer fortuitousness. It was an act shrouded in mystery—Lee Harvey Oswald's motive (if, as seems incontrovertibly true, he was the killer) has never been and never will be revealed. And, viewed in retrospect, the President's death seems an act of the wildest chance—that his path and Oswald's should ever have crossed (it was not that Oswald sought him out, to kill him: the President's route happened to pass the building in which Oswald was already working); that Oswald's preparations were not at some point discovered; and that his shots should ever have struck home.

Not least fortuitous and least devastating, in this strangely meshing pattern of evil, is the circumstance that the assassination took place on a date that fell—and through decades and centuries, God willing, will fall—close to Thanksgiving Day.

No American alive, beyond the age of infancy, is likely to forget that.

To no American alive, of any sense or sensitivity or judgment, will Thanksgiving Day ever be the same again.

Last year, buffeted by horror and chilled by the insane ruthlessness of fate, the nation could establish little connection between the two events except to

think: let us be thankful, at least, that this rational, alert, restrained, compassionate, thoughtful man was at our nation's helm for three years, kindling new conceptions of duty, new understandings of responsibility, new fires of enlightened patriotism, in millions of hearts.

The same expression of thankfulness, the same sense of gratitude abides today—strengthened by a realization that the nation has weathered, in the November 3 election, a storm in which all of John F. Kennedy's qualities of mind and spirit, across the board, were unsuccessfully challenged by a totally different concept of American thought and action.

Perhaps, in perspective, the somber shadow of the assassination's anniversary can enrich and deepen—not torment and frustrate—each succeeding year's Thanksgiving Day.

Perhaps, each year, we shall be well reminded that the ease and joy of feasting and relaxing are earned only by the rigor and sadness of working and of suffering.

Perhaps Thanksgiving, with the assassination as its grim neighbor anniversary, will become as much an acceptance of challenges as it is a counting of blessings.

If this occurs, some element of order, some pattern of reason can at last be traced in the aftermath of Lee Harvey Oswald's fiendish shots.

A College Is Born

Recently, in connection with opening of the new Given Memorial public library at Pinehurst, we noted that few persons, in a lifetime, have an opportunity to witness the establishment of a public library. They simply aren't built frequently.

The same point, with added emphasis, applies to a college. As with libraries, we tend to think of colleges as venerable institutions. The closest this area has come, until this week's groundbreaking for the Sandhills Community College on the Pinehurst-Airport road, to witnessing the birth of a college is the setting up of St. Andrews Presbyterian College at Laurinburg. But, while all new itself, St. Andrews was formed by the merger of older institutions.

Now, this week, comes the rare opportunity to see a college "come alive"—to witness the groundbreaking that is the traditional symbol of commitment and initiation in the establishment of any institution.

Saluting The Moore County Hounds

Thanksgiving Day is always given a unique complexion in Southern Pines because of the opening meet of the Moore County Hounds, held on that day. For oldtimers here, who have associations in and around the hunt, this event is as much a part of Thanksgiving as the turkey.

Unless you go looking for them, riders with the Moore County Hounds carry on their vigorous, gallant and formal sport largely out-of-sight, over the thousands of acres of the "hunting country" out Youngs Road way. For that reason, this colorful activity that takes place twice weekly—it has to be a rough day to keep horses, hounds and riders indoors—all through the fall, winter and spring, has not come to be as well known here as it ought to be. Significant to hunting people, though perhaps of less interest to non-riders, is that the Moore County Hounds actually hunts foxes—the live, wily animal—all winter long; one of the few hunts of which this can be claimed.

The drag hunt (such as is being held this Thanksgiving Day) in which a line of scent is laid over a chosen course, is also an aspect of the hunt's activity—and it is these hunts, featuring a route that is known and can be followed in part by spectators, that give interested persons a closer and better glimpse of what goes on.

The Moore County Hounds has attracted to this area not only many visitors who have come to ride and left to spread the word of the Sandhills area's charms, but many other persons who have come to stay, some to live here as seasonal residents, but numerous others to build homes and set up training establishments for horses—their own and not their own.

The Moore County Hounds, in short, is a booming success—in terms of an increasing number of riders, of an influence for the upbuilding of the community, and of the publicity that various horses, shows and races have brought to the Sandhills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Moss, who took over the pack more than 20 years ago, running the many-sided venture of the

The Wednesday afternoon ceremonies at the college site will have taken place by the time these words are read. Governor Sanford and other officials will have made their speeches, recognizing the college as the first to be established under the 1963 State Education Act, reflecting the magnificent support given to the college project by the people of this area, including the voting of a \$1 million county bond issue.

Thus is history made. So did, at one time, all the older colleges—50, 100, 200 years ago—have their beginnings: in the vision, enthusiasm and determination of people thinking not of themselves but of their children and their children's children.

It is good to know that in this Sandhills resort area where so much attention is given (and money spent) in the pursuit of entertainment and pleasure, there is also ample devotion to the bedrock necessities of living, not the least of which is educational opportunity.

Moore County Hounds from their Mile-Away Farm, just outside Southern Pines, should certainly be recognized as key figures in the hunt's success story, as indeed they are recognized, wherever hunting people gather.

We suggest that newcomers to the community become better acquainted with the Moore County Hounds. Persons who hunt here would be happy to serve as mentors and guides. Though many of our readers will not see their Pilots until after Thursday, because of the holiday, we suggest too that a good place to start, as an introduction to the Moore County Hounds, would be the Boyd field, off Connecticut Ave., east of Ridge St., when hounds meet at 10 a.m. for the first hunt of the season, on Thanksgiving Day.

Successful Carousel

Congratulations to the Jaycees for a successful Golf Carousel—biggest and best in the 11-year history of the tournament, with people from 14 states playing, many of them golfers who have returned, year after year.

Too often, events are praised to the skies by their promoters, but little is heard from the persons who are taking part. That wasn't the case with the Golf Carousel. An inquiring reporter found the rank and file of players eager to reveal their enthusiasm for the Carousel and for the Sandhills. We doubt that any single attraction has made more friends for this area, over the past decade, than has the Golf Carousel.

The lesson is this: vigorous promotion, genuine hospitality, efficient management draw and hold friends, in such an endeavor as the Carousel. It is a spirit that, for half a century and more, has drawn visitors to the Sandhills—tempered also by a special something that has also long characterized this area in its relationship to visitors: simplicity, directness, honesty, lack of pretentiousness, no hint of the honky-tonk.

Good work, Jaycees!

"Well, If You Know A Better Hole, Go To It!"



A REPORT FROM JAMES BOYD

Confused Meaning Of UN Charter Clouds Issue Of Soviet Arrears

James Boyd, former local resident, has in recent years been closely associated with various aspects of the United Nations, in New York City. Writing especially for The Pilot, he reports below on a UN problem of wide interest:

In talking to a few friends the other day, I realized that there was considerable confusion in regard to the United Nations arrears crisis.

The first thing to understand is that this is a special financial crisis. Members of the United Nations are assessed dues having to do with the organization as a whole (annual dues) and also dues for special projects (such as peacekeeping operations).

The Soviet Union is well paid up on its annual dues. What it has not paid for are the special dues of the peacekeeping operations of the Congo and the Middle East.

Complex Problem

The problem is more complex than some might like to believe. For one thing, the United Nations Charter is not entirely clear as to which inner UN department is responsible for the assessment and financing of peacekeeping operations. The Soviet Union and France, as well as others, have taken the position that only the Security Council can make assessments for such a purpose. The United States and Great Britain, on the other hand, have taken the position that if the Security Council fails to act, the General Assembly can make assessments for peacekeeping operations.

In the cases of the Congo and the Middle East operations, the Security Council failed to agree and to act on how the operations would be financed, though the Soviet Union did not use the veto in either case. The United States then put the matter before the General Assembly which drew up the assessment regulations, the Soviet Union being assessed approximately \$52 million.

Article 19 Invoked

But it was not until this year that the problem became an actual "crisis." This was brought about by the fact that the United States adopted a policy whereby it would invoke Article 19 against the Soviet Union (for non-payment). Simply put, this Article says that a member of the United Nations which is in arrears for two years will lose its vote in the General Assembly. The Soviet Union is now in this position, provided one agrees that the General Assembly has the right to make assessments for peacekeeping operations. The United States has made this interpretation as well as obtaining a like ruling from the International Court, yet it is clear that not all members of the UN agree with the United States.

There is also something else which should be borne in mind. Up to now it has so happened that all UN peacekeeping operations have been in agreement with adopted US foreign policy. But this situation could easily change. As a matter of fact, it is quite conceivable that a UN peacekeeping operation may be adopted which would oppose US foreign policy. In this case, it is hard to think of Congress agree-

ing to pay for an operation it does not approve.

Real Reason

Yet this is the real reason behind the Soviet thinking. From its own foreign policy standpoints, both the Congo and the Middle East UN peacekeeping operations were wrong. Russia opposed this policy. Therefore they ask the question: why should any member be required to pay for an operation of which it does not approve? It is of particular interest to note that the Soviet Union did not veto either operation in the Security Council. It allowed the wishes of the majority to be followed. It just

did not want to be held responsible for payment of the operations.

This One Time

Looked at in this light and the fact that the Soviet Union has paid all other dues and that there is still a serious difference on interpretation of the UN Charter concerning the operation and financing of peacekeeping operations, it would seem best for the United States and the West to foot the bill this one time in preparation for a better arrangement and understanding for the future.

—JAMES BOYD

A SENSE OF TIME LIES HEAVY

Day Begins On The Crane Marsh

By ALDO LEOPOLD
In "Sand County Almanac"
(Wisconsin)

A dawn wind stirs on the great marsh. With almost imperceptible slowness it rolls a bank of fog across the wide morass. Like the white ghost of a glacier the mists advance, riding over phalanxes of tamaracks, sliding across bog-meadows heavy with dew. A single silence hangs from horizon to horizon.

Out of some far recess of the sky a tinkling of little bells falls soft upon the listening land. Then again silence. Now comes a baying of some sweet-throated hound, soon the clamor of a resounding pack. Then a far, clear blast of hunting horns out of the sky into the fog.

High horns, low horns, silence, and finally a pandemonium of trumpets, rattles, croaks, and cries that almost shakes the bog with its nearness but without yet disclosing whence it comes. At last a glint of sun reveals the approach of a great echelon of birds. On motionless wing they emerge from the lifting mists, sweep a final arc of sky, and set-

tle in clangorous descending spirals to their feeding grounds. A new day has begun on the crane marsh.

A sense of time lies thick and heavy on such a place. Yearly since the ice age it has awakened each spring to the clangor of cranes. The peat layers that comprise the bog are well laid down in the basin of an ancient lake. The cranes stand, as it were, upon the sodden pages of their own history.

These peats are the compressed remains of the mosses that clogged the pools, of the tamaracks that spread over the moss, of the cranes that bugled over the tamaracks, since the retreat of the ice sheet. An endless caravan of generations has built of its own bones this bridge into the future, this habitat where the oncoming host again may live and breed and die.

To what end? Out on the bog a crane, gulping some luckless frog, springs his ungainly bulk into the air and flails the morning sun with mighty wings. The tamaracks re-echo with his bugled certitude. He seems to know.

The Public Speaking

Much Talk About Problems, But Little Is Ever Done

To the Editor: We are told today that our society is sick. Some say that it is due to low morals, others say laziness, but the good "doctors" in Raleigh and Washington have diagnosed it as a simple case of ignorance and poverty, the two being inseparable.

Even the "patient" has gotten wind of the fact that he is being diagnosed and that a cure is being planned for him, although he is somewhat disturbed that these doctors haven't bothered to even ask him how he feels or what he thinks might be done to help him. It is not too unusual to find instances today where wage and hour laws are considered to be detrimental to good business practices and are accordingly ignored or circumvented. The "patient" knows all this only too well, but do the "doctors" know it, and if they do, what do they plan to do about it?

The great teacher (experience) has shown often enough that not one darn thing will be done, other than to add a few more specialists (political hangers-on, of-ficials as not) who will set up of-

fices, draw salaries and, if the patient becomes too troublesome, administer a palliative in the form of a piteous allowance.

One can certainly hope that some of the people who are interested in forming the so-called "Great Society" would go to the places that the theorists tell us stand ready to aid one to break the bonds of ignorance and poverty—for instance, the employment office. But why go? (Read "The Great Manpower Grab" in the October edition of The Reader's Digest.) In case one is handicapped, he might try the State Rehabilitation Office, but here again, if one has had any type of operation, one must wait a year before such aid can be considered.

Well, the list could go on and become dreary. We must be careful to stay away from specific examples and cases. We must talk in glowing terms of the whole Society. Remember, part of the treatment for our patient is to keep him blissfully content in his ignorance and poverty—at least around election time.

—NAME WITHHELD
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

The Rev. Mr. Milne, MFH James Boyd, founder of the Moore County Hounds, had his first taste of hunting in England, starting with the Cambridge University drag. His first fox-hunt was with the Cattistock Hunt down in Dorset, (Will Stratton's country.)

The master and huntsman of the pack was the Rev. Mr. Milne, rector of the local church. He was a redoubtable figure in British hunting circles, and it was with some trepidation that Jim Boyd started out on his first fox-hunt. You may be sure that he was careful to stay far back in the field, but all went well. They put up a fox from the gorse coverts and had a good run. Later, back in his lodgings, Jim was congratulating himself on his performance when a note arrived from the master: would Mr. Boyd please drop in to see him that evening. Jim was appalled, certain that he had committed some horrible blunder.

The Rector-M.F.H. greeted his guest cordially; there seemed to be nothing amiss and the two settled down for a good talk—about, of course, hunting.

"How much hunting have you done, Mr. Boyd?" inquired the host.

Jim replied that he had been out with the University drag a few times but this was his first fox hunt. The rector raised bushy eyebrows in pained surprise, and went on to ask his guest how old he was.

"Twenty-four," was the reply.

Mr. Milne sighed deeply: "My dear sir," he said, "you have wasted fully—" he paused and shut his eyes to think—"fully twelve years of your life."

It was said in Cattistock that Mr. Milne, the famous hunting parson, occasionally got his duties mixed.

This happened once when he was officiating at a big wedding in Cattistock Church. According to custom, the choirboys lined up outside the door with the rector behind them. As the organ burst forth and the choir started its procession, they ran into a traffic jam in the aisle where late-comers were still milling about. The little boys slowed up and Mr. Milne peered over their heads to see what was the trouble. Then the rector raised his voice:

"Come up, m'lads!" he called: "For'ard!" and, to the crowd in clarion tones: "Hounds, gentlemen, please!"

Responding instantly to the familiar warning, the people jumped aside and the rector-huntsman and his little pack swept up the aisle.

In Cattistock for the hunting some ten years later, we were alarmingly involved in one of those double personality incidents.

The beloved rector-huntsman had been given a car by his parishioners and members of the hunt, (over there they are usually the same) and Mr. Milne was very proud of his present. He insisted on taking the American visitors for a ride.

The start was ominous, the car emitting a series of grunts and hiccupps as Mr. Milne tried out various switches until with a final bucketty-buck, off we went. Luckily our driver had not mastered the art of changing gears and for a while we roared along in low. Then we hit a hill, the engine faltered, and our driver reverted to type.

"Come up, you brute!" he shouted and shook the wheel. The car responded by stalling and started to slide backwards.

"Whoa!" roared the Rev. Milne, M.F.H., and then the visiting master leaned over and grabbed the handbrake—and everybody relaxed.

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