

THE PILOT

Published Each Friday by
THE PILOT, INCORPORATED
Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD, Publisher—1944

KATHARINE BOYD Editor
VALERIE NICHOLSON Asst. Editor
DAN S. RAY General Manager
C. G. COUNCIL Advertising

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$3.00 6 Months \$1.50 3 Months 75c
Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C.,
as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and
N. C. Press Association

THE WORD GOES OUT

The Pilot's Resort Issue goes out to its readers today. This latest news of the Sandhills, with its photographs of new homes and familiar scenes, will travel far; to all the states and on across the seas, to subscribers and children of subscribers who want to keep in touch with this part of the world.

The tale itself is a good American one: of a start from small beginnings and a growth, steady for the most part, in the march of progress. Two wars happened during those years, three, if one counts the Spanish War, way back at the start of things, here; we went through a boom and a depression, and now, are trying to settle down with the rest of the country to get along as best we are able, in these rather difficult times.

The record shows that, given the chance, we shall get along. For we may legitimately have the faith that comes from knowledge of accomplishment. During these years many fine things have come to pass: not the least the achievement of the building of a good community.

The vision of the founders has come true and with that coming, another vision takes its place as we look ahead with hope and confidence toward the future; the future of our community, our nation and the world of which we are a part.

TOWN LIMITS

Now that the proposal to extend the town limits is to be put to a vote it behooves us to think seriously about it. This question always faces a growing town: when shall the building that springs up all along the outskirts be considered part of the town and treated as such?

Obviously the density of population figures prominently. A thickly settled district ought to be included in the town, but where the homes are large, with much ground around them, the case may be different.

In Southern Pines and vicinity are people of somewhat opposing tastes: there are the ones who want the trimmings that go with city life, and there are the others who want pine woods and soft roads. Yet both these people want a few basic things, for instance: police and fire protection, and good water. The Town Fathers are continually umpiring a mild running fight between these two groups (and, incidentally, doing a fine fair job), and in this matter of enlarging the town they are at odds, for the pines-and-soft-roads crowd live mostly outside the limits, and the others inside. If the town limits are extended the outside people will catch it in greatly raised taxes. It will work a hardship on many of them and it is important that every precaution be taken to exercise fairness.

It is clear, however, that in return for being brought into the town, these people will receive much: reduction of insurance rates and all town services. Some of these they want very much, but there are others that they don't. They have put in their own water, they have septic tanks, and they bury their garbage in the yard, to the vast improvement of the shrubbery. If they don't want to come in, they ask, why should they?

The ones in town have a grievance, too. They believe that one reason taxes are so high is because those on the outside are taking a free ride. It is not a case of taxation without representation, this time, but the other way round: the representation is there, but the taxes aren't. The people outside town are getting all the advantages of living in a town, without paying for it.

There is another point: it is necessary for a town to control any dense settlement adjacent to it for health and safety reasons. Clearly, here there is need for control also from an esthetic standpoint, especially at the entrances to the town. On the other hand, where the land is comparatively open, it is hard to see any reason for taking it in except that of collecting more taxes. In that case, the whole thing might possibly backfire. If we discourage people from buying large estates, or drive away the ones who are already here, we will lose far more than we gain.

It will be seen that extending the town limits has its complications. Yet we know that some time or other it must be done. The fact that those whose judgment we have trusted with the running of our town believe in this move should be a strong argument in its favor.

DUMP ON THE DUMP

Southern Pines possesses a town dump. It is better than a dump; it is a modern, sanitary trench burying-ground for refuse. There is just one trouble with it; not enough people seem to know about it.

This does not apply, or should not, to those who live in town and whose garbage gets picked up by the town truck, but the people living on the edge of town are not all taking advantage of the town's dump. Instead, some of them are taking advantage of their neighbor's woods. It appears that if the drive into the town dump takes them ten minutes and the drive over the hill to a neighbor's woodlot takes only five, the woodlot it is.

Then there is another character who wears an army uniform or else is a civilian employee out at Fort Bragg. His daily ride takes him through a fine stretch of country, with lots of thick woods along it. So he carries his garbage

and trash along with him and just throws it off into the bushes from his car. He might be seen and caught doing it on the reservation, so he does it on the county road before he gets there.

The third type is the handyman of the man who lives in the country, to whom it is a matter of indifference, presumably, whether he hauls the stuff into town to the dump, or not. If it's handier to go in the other direction and dump it in the woods, he does so. He may not even know whether he is dumping on his employer's land or on someone else's, and his employer doesn't know anything about it and would be horrified if he did.

These three kinds of people have been members of the Sandhills community for as long as The Pilot can recall. He has loosed a broadside in their direction almost yearly. And, though it may do no more good than allowing him and Ozelle Moss and the hunting people, who suffer perhaps more than anyone else from this state of things, a chance to let off steam, still he intends to keep right at it.

Ask anyone who rides and he will say: "The woods are a mess. Garbage dumps, litter of every sort, tin cans and broken glass present a real hazard to horses and hounds," and the horseman's colleague, who just likes to wander over the countryside, looking for birds, perhaps, or hunting arrowheads or just mooning along in pleasant solitude, will tell you that many of his favorite strolls are spoiled by the sight of rotting garbage lying about.

There is no excuse for this state of things. As we said at the start, the town of Southern Pines has a most excellent dump. It cannot add more than five minutes to anyone's drive to haul garbage to it instead of hauling it into the woods. Not to do so is irresponsible, not to say downright mean.

A SENSIBLE MOVE

The town's decision to abolish the fee system by which members of the police department received remuneration for individual arrests and court appearances is surely a wise move. It is in line with practice in the more progressive towns of the country, and it would seem to be in line with general good sense.

In fact, in considering the fee system itself, it is hard to find anything much to say in its favor. Its only excuse for being seemed to be in its incentive value. But it should not require special incentives, a bonus of this sort, to influence a police officer to do his duty. He is employed to keep order, to make arrests and to follow them up in court, if need be. If his salary is not high enough to suit, that is another matter. What he gains in the way of pecuniary advantage should be irrespective of whether he makes many or few arrests. In fact, the officer who keeps such good order that no arrests are necessary is doing the best job of all, yet, under the old fee system, he would get less money.

The town board is to be congratulated on having taken this move. It was made at the suggestion of John Ruggles and was, in fact, his last act before his resignation from the board. As an example of the sort of service this ex-member might have given the town had he been able to remain on its governing board, it will surely strike many as definite evidence that Mr. Ruggles was top commissioner material.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when he will be able to run for the post again. Meantime, by the abolition of the police fee system, we are that much better by his brief tenure.

TOWNS WITHOUT PAPERS

It was a significant story that John Lyman, publisher of the Wallowa (Ore.) Record, had to tell last week. Mr. Lyman declared, "You'll never know how much you've done for your town unless your paper is discontinued over a period of years."

And, he added: "Few weekly editors stop to realize what their town would be like if it had no newspaper."

To which we might append—even fewer local merchants, educators, civic leaders, and just plain citizens give such thoughts brain space. Like "democracy" the newspaper is accepted as an inherited privilege—to be appreciated and utilized as the mood ordains.

But they'll never give the matter thought unless somebody reminds them. It is to the interest of the newspaper to do that. Why not? Tell them a few of the things Mr. Lyman learned:

That folks did not know how to spell the name of their closest neighbor;

That there was less civic and hometown pride;

That almost as many meetings were postponed as were scheduled because no newspaper publicized, "the such-and-such club WILL meet."

Remind them, too, that civic leadership faded. People would get ideas, express them, forget them. No newspaperman was around to quote and support good projects.

Simply: the people had no voice.

But—
At the same time as you tell your folks what they could miss—be sure they aren't missing anything now. —Publishers Auxiliary

MANNERS ON SCHOOL BUS

A judge indicated the other day that he thinks the drivers of tractor-trailer trucks are not exhibiting enough concern for other vehicles on the highway, and promised that he would lend his efforts to "stop this business" or recklessness by the truck drivers.

Any move toward greater safety on the road is a worthy one. The statement that truck drivers are more reckless than the drivers of cars is open to question. But there can be no question of the greater need for safety on our highways, and we hope the judge will broaden his efforts to include all elements of traffic in his campaign. —Raleigh News and Observer

This Is The Place: Southern Pines

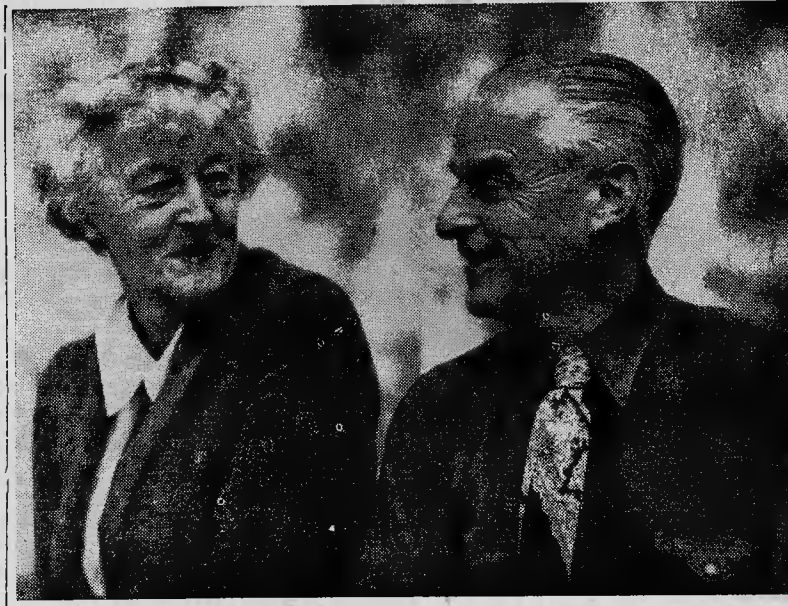
Struthers Burt believes that Southern Pines people are intent on "making a living in order to live, instead of living in order to make a living." That is the way it was when he lived here and that's the way it will be, he hopes, and we hope. When he comes back. We repeat: when he comes back. It is a phrase frequently heard in the Sandhills: "when are the Burts coming back?"

The Pilot welcomes to these columns one of Southern Pines' best friends and most distinguished citizens. He writes like a man who has been too long away and we hope he will remedy that oversight soon. We all read his books, we read his poetry and his articles. . . but we want to see him.

by Struthers Burt

Time travels fast, and keeping pace with it, step by step, is forgetfulness. And so this annual number of The Pilot seems a good place in which, for a moment, to arrest time and recapture memory.

But about arresting time and recapturing memory there is always this; invariably standing out from whatever background you choose to remember are the figures of men and women. Friends who are dead or still living, an occasional enemy, chance acquaintances. The human mind is so constructed that it is almost impossible for it to remember a scene, a place, an incident, a



The "book-writing Burts of Hibernia" are on their way home from Wyoming, where they have spent the summer at their ranch at Morans. Struthers and Katharine Newlin Burt have been winter residents of Southern Pines for many years, during which their books, magazine articles and short stories have placed them at the top among contemporary American authors.

series of events, without some personality in the foreground. And this is natural and just. Men and women make events and places, and the particular spirit and atmosphere of the period in which they live. A nation, a town, a countryside, are the sum total of the people who live in them. No matter what science and increased knowledge may say, for all practical and spiritual purposes, man is still, at least to himself, the center of the universe,

and what he does and thinks forms the world he lives in. Each of us, every day he lives, is consciously or unconsciously, forming and adding to the traditions and conditions under which the future must exist.

Each of us is an ancestor.

I would like to talk a little about Southern Pines as I first knew it some thirty years ago, and as I watched it intimately for more than two following decades. I wish I could still watch it intimately, and could still live there during the winters, and could still be as much a part of the life of the town as I once was, but many things have happened to prevent that. I must content myself with memory. The memory, however, is rewarding, for Southern Pines was—and I imagine still is—as wise, as far-visionsed, as civilized, and as interesting a small place as I have ever seen, and I have lived in many different parts of the world. It was a curious place; an exceptional place; an exciting place; a meeting ground of various regions and cultures which had settled down together in the lovely Carolina sunshine with amity, tolerance, and a pretty general desire and intention to make the town an incomparable place to live.

Perhaps I should emphasize the phrase "to live," for in Southern Pines, life seemed to be in its proper perspective, not the upside down, cock-eyed, perverse thing it is in so many places. There was little of the brutal perversion of the truth and common-sense which makes so much of mankind unhappy. The object of most of the inhabitants seemed to be to make a living in order to live, instead of living in order to make a living. In other words, life was the principal objective, as it should be. This point of view, of course, makes for tolerance, team work, a willingness to understand and get along with other people, no matter how different in many ways they may be from you, and the desire to make your surroundings as pleasant and useful as possible, not for yourself alone but for everyone.

The last desire, put into action by common effort, turned Southern Pines from a sand-dune, blessed by a magnificent sun but not much else, into the blossoming, flowering, green-shaded town of today, famous for its beauty and neatness everywhere. The same desire meant fine schools, fine business blocks, fine private residences. It meant, as an inevitable result, the bringing to the town of the best sort of professional men: doctors, dentists, and so on. I have never seen

a town where people of all kinds, with all sorts of varying backgrounds and diverse private interests, worked more together, and liked each other and had a good time doing it.

Here was a place where two very distinct, and still to some extent inimical cultures, the South and the North, got on well in each others' company, and admired and respected each other. Where white man and colored man admired and respected each other. Where people from all parts of the country, and with totally different pursuits, came together and settled down, and before long caught the spirit of the place and began to cohere.

I am not painting an Utopia. I am talking about a small North Carolina town as it was, and as I hope it still is.

Nor am I given to what is known as "the fallacy of the Golden Age." I do not believe the past is better than the present. I have read too much history to cherish that delusion. Past and present are pretty much the same. The sum total of human folly and human wisdom about equal those Adam and Eve knew in the Garden of Eden. About all we've learned is to go places faster than our fathers did, and so far it has done us very little good. Meanwhile, the inescapable fact remains that, terrible as the human race is, and consumed with stupidity, it is extraordinary how wise and good it is, under the circumstances.

Well, as I have said, it was men, and women, who made this little Garden of Eden in the sands of central North Carolina; this small, green, flowering town. It always is men and women. I wish I had the space to describe and tell about them all; the many dozens; merchants, business men, professional men, golfers, fox-hunters, peach growers, authors, painters, for Southern Pines attracted authors and painters, and artists of various kinds, and even those concentrated and recalcitrant fellows, the golfer and the horseman, expanded in its atmosphere and became a part of the community. The town was the only place where I have ever seen the last happen. Golfers and fox-hunters even sat on the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce.

I remember all these people so well and so many of them were dear friends of mine. They still walk in my memory, and I can hear their voices, and see their faces, and recall each individual trait and opinion. Frank Buchan, fiery Southerner, and one of the best, and wisest, and kindest men I have ever known. George Herr, still alive, thank goodness, and never too busy to forgo a good deed or a job for the betterment of the community. Charley Picquet, who for years has given Southern Pines first-run movies. Will Mudgett. Jim Boyd, outstanding novelist and the wisest and wittiest Master of Foxhounds I have ever met. Jackson Boyd, his brother. Alfred Yeomans, indefatigable worker for good, Mary, his sister, Craighill Brown, Jim Boyd's wife. I could go on quite a lot about her if it wasn't for the fact that she owns and edits The Pilot. . . So many fine people; so many interesting and congenial ones.

I saw Southern Pines for the first time thirty years ago. I had come down from the raw cold of a Northern March to visit a friend. The next morning I awoke to North Carolina sunshine and a mocking-bird. They were wise men and women, those very first settlers who in the early nineties looked at a pine-barren, and like Brigham Young when he saw the Salt Lake valley, said, "This is the place."

Again - The Sandbox

AUTHOR

The Pilot takes special pleasure in welcoming back to these pages Wallace Irwin, who filled the Pilot's Sandbox in a labor of weekly love that kept his fellow-townsmen's spirits high during tough days. He got nothing for it but a load of gratitude and the fun it surely brought him. For you can't make such good fun without having a lot yourself.

Perhaps, during Mr. Irwin's career, as humorist ("Letters of A Japanese Schoolboy"), light verse poet, and novelist, that has been his motto. Southern Pines is fortunate to have his fun and his good sense and good citizenship living right here.

by Wallace Irwin

The mocking bird, who has his office in a magnolia near the Seaboard station, seems to sing prettiest a minute after the trains go by. He warbles for the benefit of newcomers a selected lyric of praise, "This is Southern Pines, stranger. You'll never want to go back!"

To the colored boy who helps with the baggage I once said, "That bird certainly has a variety of tunes—catbird, thrush, robin." "He certainly do," said the boy. "He never seem to have any ideas of his own."

In praise of Southern Pines I have no ideas of my own, either. I'm only expressing the sentiments of our happy colony. Are we contented cows, chewing the cud of placid self-satisfaction? I wouldn't say that. Perfect bliss might be monotonous—if anybody ever found it. Now and then we take a swig of panther milk and relish a family quarrel. But those affairs, the few that I have witnessed, usually end in a love feast. We're Southern Piners to the last longleaf needle, and we just naturally like each other.

I was going to say that it's a matter of climate. But I've lived in California long enough to shun that dangerous word. Down in San Diego, for instance, they sell you climate by the square foot, and every time you see a wonder, like an elderly gentleman on a racing motorcycle, they break out with the sad refrain, "It's the climate, brother! In a climate like ours. . ."

Climate, undoubtedly, first promoted the Sandhills. Somebody thought of it as an ideal place for invalids. Then along came the athletes, big and husky as Paul Bunyan jr., to brush aside the weaklings and shout, "Let's play!" Golfers and horses, they say, step higher here than anywhere else on earth. The pine-blown atmosphere is so elevating that I sometimes wonder why the airborne troops at Fort Bragg need planes at all.

Like the mocking bird who meets all the trains, I'm merely echoing the sentiments of others. And if I've referred to Southern Pines as a resort for athletes rather than for invalids, I must amend the statement. I've done my share of world-wandering in the past 20 years, but I've never enjoyed such perfect health as I've enjoyed right here (Irwin touches wood, saying this). A few years ago Tish and I went to Arizona to relieve my bronchitis—and I was taken, off the air-conditioned train with a sharp



WALLACE IRWIN

attack of pneumonia. New York, of course, isn't healthful for anybody but a river catfish; you don't breathe the air there—you eat it. Several years ago Tish and I got to Java, ahead of the Japs, and although the Dutch realtors were "poosting" Batavia as a health resort, we lived in aromatic steam, as comfortable as a boy sitting on a kettle in which Aunt Annie is stewing spiced apples.

Down in Summerville, S. C., they warn the motorist not to go a mile north of Monck's Corner, as you'll plow right into a snow-storm, sure as shootin'. Down there, Southern Pines is regarded as a suburban addition to the North Pole. Myself—like those I echo—I enjoy our playful and infrequent flurries of snow, that never seem to mean business and melt away while you're looking at them. When first I came here I was made happy one spring morning when I saw yellow daffodils nodding their heads above a light sheet of feathery white.

Being what we are—oh, Wonder Race, ye Southern Piners!—we don't kid ourselves about temperatures, as Southern Californians do. We don't think we're really heating our houses with electric gadgets that have the stove-power of 40-watt bulbs. We have furnaces, and during the short cool season—as a retired Long Islander I won't say "cold season"—we turn them on, and feel smugly superior to people who think they can warm their living rooms by blood pressure.

We're cosmopolitan, in a good sense. There's nothing synthetic about our friendliness. When you come down from the North the Southern Piners are glad to see you back—or if they're not, they don't tell you about it. When the stranger comes to town we don't line up with hypocritical glad hands. But we do what we can to make him comfortable. And that's why so many gas-driven nomads, on their trek toward the Equator, pause in the middle of Route 1 and say, as once the Irwins said, "By gosh, we've found what we want!"

But whoa! Why am I telling Southern Piners what they already know by heart—and can say twice as well as I can, if they'll only speak up?

FOR SALE OR LEASE

Dry Cleaning Plant and Rug Department
Reason for sale: I want to devote my time to the custom tailoring department.

A. MONTESANTI

DRIVE CAREFULLY — SAVE A LIFE!

Fields Plumbing & Heating Co.

PHONE 5952

PINEHURST, N. C.

All Types of Plumbing, Heating,

(G. E. Oil Burners)

and Sheet Metal Work