

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. CUNCIL Advertising

Subscription Rates:

One Year \$4.00 6 Months \$2.00 3 Months \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and N. C. Press Association

"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep it as good a paper as Nelson Hyde has made it. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where 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.

Philip Weaver Resigns

The Pilot joins with the community in deep regret over the news that school superintendent Philip J. Weaver is to leave us. While all rejoice over the promotion that is coming to him, it is impossible to deny that this announcement is a blow to our town and this school district and, to many of us, a personal grief as well.

During the more than ten years that Philip Weaver has headed our schools we have seen them grow to the forefront among the public schools of the state. For the splendid plant, largely his work, for outstanding school spirit and high athletic record our schools are famous. The town's desirability as a place in which to live has been enhanced because of them; everywhere our graduates have a good record, the latter true, in fact, we may proudly state, since the days of Dr. Allen. Philip Weaver has kept the standards high and the town has rightly been proud of its schools.

That pride has included the superintendent: we have been proud of Phil Weaver, too. That is why, as we record regret over his new plans, we must also express the deepest satisfaction for this advancement to one who so well deserves it.

As was natural, there have been impulsive efforts "to see if something can't be worked out" that would permit our superintendent to stay here. We can sympathize thoroughly with them, but we could not go so far as to attempt persuasion. Knowing him and his devotion to Southern Pines and the host of friends he and his wife have made here, we can well conceive of the difficulty of this decision and the grief it is to them. We know that they would not take such a step without deep and prayerful consideration. During the years, we have come to respect Phil Weaver's decisions and just because this one happens to be hard on us, we must accept it with the better grace, knowing it is for his good.

After all, we could not expect to keep Phil Weaver here always, or any other man of his stature. For him arbitrarily to restrict his career would be the greatest pity, especially in the face of the brilliant opportunity that offers. Regret this change as we must, there is real satisfaction in this good fortune for this man who has so well served our young people and our town.

Of course, adding to that satisfaction is the knowledge that our school is going to remain in the best of hands. Amos Dawson, who will take over, shares with Phil Weaver the affection and esteem of our people. The two have worked as a team and it is good to know that this change will, in effect, mean little change as the same policies are carried on. We are surely lucky; it must be seldom that a "hail and farewell" can be so sincere.

As we welcome the new Super, our thoughts go on to the man who, next spring, will be taking his leave of us. May Philip Weaver go to his new work with the knowledge of the affection and respect of this community and an interest that will follow him wherever his star may lead.

The Elks Buy the Country Club

So the Country Club returns again into the hands of Southern Pines citizens!

That seems to us a very good idea. We agreed with a good many people, including our town officials, that it was not wise for the town to try to own and operate the club: that is not a town's job especially here where, with our rapid growth, there is more than enough for our hardpressed board and clerk to attend to without such extraneous matters. But we do think that a group of citizens who know local conditions and needs should be able to do a splendid piece of work in this field.

After all, that is the way the club was started: by a group of men and women who realized how much we needed a good country club and golf course, and got together to solve the problem. They employed an architect of skill and taste and high reputation to build the clubhouse and an internationally known golf expert to lay out the course. They gave generously of their funds to get this plan completed and the result has been, until fairly recently, very good. The clubhouse is one of the most attractive in the state, ideally suited for community entertainments and as a club and restaurant. The possibilities in this respect, in fact, are great and remain to be fully developed. The course has ranked with the best hereabouts and will undoubtedly do so again when much needed work is done.

In the hands of the Elks the club is bound to go ahead and become, once more, a center of community life as well as a major attraction for our visitors. There is no reason why it should not take its place among the leading country clubs

of the nation and that is what we are looking forward to with confidence that it can be done.

The general satisfaction of our citizens over this resolution of the country club problem is evident in favorable comment heard from all sides. It is certain that the entire town is behind this move and that the Elks will receive every cooperation from their fellow-citizens in carrying it out. Our town is to be congratulated on having this civic-minded, energetic group take the leadership in this much-needed move for better sport, better recreation and a well-rounded community life.

Spring Around Several Corners

It seems crazy to be talking about spring so early. But then talk about spring, or anything about spring, is always a little crazy.

You could put it another way: to write about spring on a Monday, the last in January, when, by the time people read about it on the first Friday in February, it may be blowing an icy gale. . . that's a bit crazy, too. And then someone will come along and volunteer that we're talking about a Pilot editorial and what could you expect? "Craziness" is supposed to be the reply. Well, we'll grant it at certain times. . . Spring, for instance.

This Sandhills place is a natural for the craziness of spring. It goes on half the time during late January and February, especially. There's no telling when Persephone will appear trailing her pale green gown over the half-frozen ground, inspecting a bunch of dry twigs with plaintive hope.

Yes, it's an intriguing place during those months and the next ones: an intriguing climate. Perhaps demoralizing? Perhaps. There is no getting around the fact that it interferes with work, if anybody wants to fuss about that. You go to bed tucked in cozily under an extra quilt, with a full schedule lined up for the next day. You pile out in the morning, feeling brisk and energetic, and then you make the mistake of sticking your nose out of doors. A soft breeze tinged with pine and moist earth and, yes, honeysuckle and violets and hyacinths and any number of other impossible smells, steals around you. The sun is shining, turning your dusty winter grass to emerald green, a cardinal is fluting in the scuppernon vine. You feel the energy and efficiency oozing out from every pore. It drains clean away and you slouch blinking while the minutes tick.

Sunday we made the rounds. The forsythia, planted in a sunny hedgerow, had three yellow tips showing, sweet-breath-of-spring only one open bud that we could discover. The old old japonica that was its present size when we first saw it some thirty-five years ago, has a pinkish haze if you stand way off and squint. Close to, though, only a few twiggy branches show swelling buds.

The camellias have a watchful look. There are still a few coffee colored flowers dropping from them, blooms that were beguiled by one of those spring breezes. They were badly frosted. But right beside them are fat, pinkish or red buds. Too fat for comfort.

"The north wind will blow" more than a few times again before the buds are safe, and if we don't have snow we'll be lucky. Even so, from now on there will often be the soft feel and smell of spring in the air, just ahead around a few corners.

The UN and the US

We had intended to forego the usual editorial on the international situation this week, for a change, and also because things are so fluid that what is written Monday is more than likely to be out-dated by the time it appears in print. But a letter appeared in last week's Pilot that can hardly be ignored by this paper.

The letter's opening sentence was "Let's scrap the 'UN' and it was more than startling to us, and to others we are told, to read the words in this paper which has believed in the UN from the start, and which continues to believe in it. There is not space to go into the reasons for this belief, besides they have often been given in these columns, and we are confident, as well, that they are obvious to most of our readers. We are convinced that the world is, in effect, growing smaller, that some sort of a united world is the only answer to the question of survival: that cooperation between men for the good of all is right and that everything in our democratic Christian heritage points that way; with the UN as a step along that road.

Put very simply that is the way we feel. But there is a side to this "Scrap the UN" cry that brings up another question: It is curious that those who raise it are so frequently what might be called super-patriots. They are all for "the American Way"; the slogans of democracy, and the "democratic spirit," are often on their lips, yet this suggestion to "scrap the UN" is so contrary to the American spirit.

The American government is founded on the theory that the will of the majority is more apt to be right than the will of one man or a few men. We believe that the best way to achieve the goals toward which our democracy strives is through consultation and debate among those elected to represent us. The United Nations is founded on the same theory with many of its provisions modelled upon those of our constitution. To suggest, then, that the United States, one nation among sixty-four, should, even if it could, "scrap the UN" is to violate the principles for which this nation stands.

It is to imitate the child who says; "If you'll play won't play the way I want I'll fix it so you can't play at all." We can imagine nothing that must give greater pleasure to the men of the Kremlin than just such a suggestion.

Grains of Sand

"Is there much juvenile delinquency hereabouts?" Struthers Burt asked us soon after his arrival here this fall.

"Well," we pondered, "not TOO much, we imagine. . . what made you ask that?"

"An experience I had," he said. "Anyway these children have dreadful manners!"

We arose in arms like a shot to defend the youth of our good town, but he waved us down.

"I was driving up from town yesterday," he said, "and there was a little boy riding a bicycle ahead of me. He was wobbling around so I blew my horn at him." Struthers paused dramatically.

"What happened?" "He turned around and made the most AWFUL face at me!" The famous author looked at us.

"What did you do?" we inquired breathlessly.

"I made a face right back at him. . . like this. . ." and the face he turned on us was so awful that we practically fainted.

Dreadful manners our little boys have; there's no doubt about THAT.

Our new town commissioner has made good as far as we're concerned.

Last week we were standing gazing at the nice new green box E. J. Austin has had put up at the Library to hold the posters of Fine Arts Room exhibits. We wanted to put up one telling about Ruth Doris Sweet's show of etchings and were wondering what dimensions to cut the cardboard. We started to try the finger method. Our middle finger is just four inches long and if we run it along, sort of like an angle worm, we can get a fairly accurate measurement. We were angling along the front of the box, when a voice behind us spoke up.

"How about trying this?"

There was our newest commissioner, Harry Lee Brown, and he was holding out a shiny steel tap, the wonderful kind that rolls up and yet comes out again stiff. We took one look and just turned the whole job over to him right then. Talk about Johnny-on-the-spot!

A puzzle that continues to haunt us is how come the gaynineties gentleman's straw hat that hangs on the coat rack in the new waiting room at Moore County Hospital? It's the real McCoy: wide brim, flat crown, nice silk hat-band. You can just see it worn at an angle on Fred Astaire's giddy head as he does one of those white-flannels-and-blue-coat tap routines, twirling a malacca cane.

Or Maurice Chevalier might have cocked an impudent French eye out from under its wide brim. . . or Ray Bolger could toss it in the air as he cheers the Cambridge Blues in "Where's Charlie?"

A hat that evokes memories. Now who the dickens could have left it hanging there? Did he never reappear to claim it? Grisly thought.

How those McKeithen boys can sing! They were all three together this week in Aberdeen where Edwin is down from New York, spending a vacation-rest with his family. With Leland as bass, Edwin baritone and Jere soaring up into high tenor, their rendering of the catfish song was as good as a barbershop quartet. How 'bout a local barbershop quartet competition. . . wouldn't that be fun?

The ingenious little calendar being passed out by John Ruggles, with a four-leaf clover pressed between sheets of transparent plastic, has a special interest for us. . . It's a fair bet that the four-leaf clover came from North Carolina.

A Salisburian who is a truck-driver by trade started raising four-leaf clovers as a hobby years ago. . . Pretty soon he had quite a lot of ground devoted to the little good-luck plants, and began to look for ways of marketing them. . . He found eager buyers everywhere and soon was sending them out all over the United States to be used in many different ways.

They go into watch charms, costume jewelry, party favors and good-luck pieces of all sorts.

Two friends of ours, both prominent businessmen of the town, had an interesting telephone conversation the other day. . . One answered the phone, to find the other on the end of the line and to hear a speech that went something like this: "I don't mean to complain but it's a dickens of a note when I can't even call my house, or call outside from there without dialing operator first! I've told you about this a few times already, but you haven't

done anything yet and I certainly wish you would. It's getting bothersome, even had to get operator to dial this call for me". . . "Hey," said our friend on the receiving end, "I sympathize with your troubles but what are you telling me about them for?" . . . There was a moment of silence, then, "Oh. . . I thought this was the telephone office."

An amusing bit of nonsense reached our desk recently which is a touch of humor these dark days. It was given the startling title of "Ways to Kill an Organization" and facetious or not, there is a lot to think about in its message. This is the prescription:

Don't go to any of the organization's meetings. But if you do go, go late.

Always find fault with the work

The Public Speaking

TRIBUTE TO WEAVER

To the Pilot.

Anyone who has ever been associated with Philip J. Weaver in any capacity has been aware that a professional man of his calibre would eventually be called into wider and more challenging fields of service where his many abilities could be utilized to a more effective advantage.

The City of Greensboro is to be commended for its selection of him to fill a strategic post in its giant school system. Mr. Weaver is also to be congratulated, because his new position is a testimonial to his reputation as one of the outstanding young educators in the entire south.

Through his resignation our community is sustaining a tragic loss—an incalculable loss, because many of his greatest services will never be generally known. There is no record of them, save in the conscience of one modest man, and in the hearts and lives of the recipients of those services. Therefore, there is no immediate and accurate criterion by which one may measure his total contribution to the life of our town.

There have been frequent opportunities for him to accept more lucrative offers from various areas but Mr. Weaver chose to complete an unfinished work, to devote 12 of the best years of his life to our school system. The record of accomplishment during his administration has, indeed, spoken for itself, and the countless strides of progress made under his leadership have identified our schools as second to none in this vicinity.

There are many exterior memorials to a job well done during difficult days by him and his able co-workers. However, it seems to me that these do not represent his most significant contribution to Southern Pines. His greatest gift has been himself. His creed for daily living has been a constant source of inspiration to students, faculty and townspeople alike, and his whole way of life has strengthened the moral and spiritual fibre of our community. His basic philosophy of education is a natural attribute of the man himself, and it has left an indelible impression on all those about him. It is predicted on the potential values of the individual in any free society, and his every effort here has been directed toward the development of those values. To him, education is more than academic achievement, virtue is more than the absence of faults, strength is more than physical prowess and progress is more than monetary gain.

Obviously, there have been honest differences of opinion between him and his few critics where, perhaps, only a means of attaining a goal was in question, but no one could conscientiously doubt the merit of his over-all objectives, or his untiring devotion to duty. He has never sacrificed a principle for expediency, and his sense of values has never been distorted by the storms of adversity. Through the years he has had the courage to express his convictions on major issues which involved his responsibility, and in defense of his ideals he has upheld the truth, he has fought injustice and he has consistently sought the right. In my opinion, these are real contributions which he leaves with us.

As he and his fine family go to their new assignment, we bid them Godspeed. We shall miss them, but we shall follow their progress with increasing interest and pride—remembering that they were once among us, and saying to each other as the sage of old, "Twas good when they were here."

Yours sincerely,
DAVD W. GAMBLE

of the officers and members. Never accept an office, it is much easier to criticize than do things.

Get angry if you are not appointed to a committee. Should you be chosen, don't attend any of the meetings.

If asked to give your opinion on some matter, tell your chairman you have nothing to say but after the meeting, tell everyone how it should be done.

Do nothing more than is necessary. When others roll up their sleeves and both willingly and unselfishly use their ability to help matters along, howl that the organization is run by a clique.

Hold back your dues as long as possible or don't pay them at all. Make no effort to get new members.

Don't be sociable either within or outside the organization. If you should get a good idea, smother it at once.

These "words to the wise" came from the October 1950 issue of the Unitarian Christian and were sent in by a friend of our column. With our wish to help clubs and groups survive in the community, these hints are passed on to our

readers, who we hope will use any of them!

MARCH OF DIMES


JANUARY 15-31

PILOT ADVERTISING PAYS

Telephone
6161
Powell
Funeral Home
D. A. Blue, Jr.
Southern Pines
24 hour Ambulance Service

JOHN C. PARRISH
Plumbing and Heating
Day Phone 6893 Southern Pines Night Phone 6814

USE THE BUSINESS SERVICES OF YOUR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER NOTARY PUBLIC
DIRECT MAIL ADVERTISING MIMEOGRAPHING
MANUSCRIPTS TYPED LETTERS
All Kinds of Stenographic Work at Reasonable Prices
Southern Pines Chamber of Commerce
Phone 8932 244 N. W. Broad St.

SHIMMIES and SHAKES
In Your Steering Wheel

Deduct from your driving pleasure . . . mean danger at speeds over 30. Let us eliminate those shimmies and shakes today . . . with scientific wheel equipment.
HOWLETT'S Garage & Body Shop
Southern Pines, N. C.

DRY CLEANING SERVICE
PROMPT MODERATE
VALET
D. C. JENSEN

AIRPLANE CHARTER SERVICE
ONE TO THREE PASSENGERS
TO AIRLINES OR OTHER POINTS
Daylight Flights Only
CESSNA AIRPLANES
Sales and Service
Night 7032—Southern Pines
Phone 7151
HAROLD BACHMAN
Aberdeen Airport Aberdeen, N. C.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America
L. T. "Judge" Avery, Special Agent
Box 1278 SOUTHERN PINES Tel. 7353

Fields Plumbing & Heating Co.
PHONE 5952
PINEHURST, N. C.
All Types of Plumbing, Heating, (G. E. Oil Burners) and Sheet Metal Work