

# 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. 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.

## A Carol For Easter

Cheer up, friends and neighbors,  
Now it's Easter tide;  
Stop from endless labors,  
Worries put aside;  
Men should rise from sadness,  
Evil, folly, strife,  
When God's mighty gladness  
Brings the world to life

Out from snowdrifts chilly  
Rouse the drowsy hours,  
Bluebell wakes, and lily,  
God calls up the flowers!  
Into life He raises  
All the sleeping birds,  
Meadows weave His praises,  
And the spangled woods.

All His truth and beauty,  
All His righteousness,  
Are our joy and duty  
Bearing His impress.  
Look! The world waits breathless,  
After winter's strife,  
Easter shows man deathless,  
Spring leads death to life.

Ours the more and less is,  
But, changeless all the days,  
God revives and blesses,  
Like the sunlight rays.  
"All mankind is risen,"  
Easter bells do ring,  
While from out their prison,  
Creep the flowers of spring.

## Action Taken On A Need Long Felt

This year for the first time Moore County has a Negro Home Demonstration Agent. Miss Freda McNeill is assistant to Miss Flora McDonald, taking charge of Negro women's clubs, under her direction.

That such a need has long existed is recognized by all with any knowledge of the situation. For while the work done for the white farm women of the county could hardly have been improved on, nothing at all, to speak of, was being done for the Negro population and it was here, actually, that much of the greatest need existed. There was a real call for teaching modern methods of canning, cooking, sewing and the arts of home-making. Beyond this it was obvious that the companionship and stimulation of the club work was equally desirable for all the women of the county and would be equally welcomed.

The response of the Negro women has been immediate and strong. In its whole-hearted and enthusiastic acceptance it is typical of the Christian spirit that so strongly influences many of this group, a spirit that welcomes each step forward generously, without recrimination. In tribute to the race it must be said that this is one of their greatest qualities: faith in the future,

the optimistic fortitude with which they are able to look ahead with eager hope, making the most of what comes, overlooking what went before.

So the Negro farm women are now forming their clubs under the direction of their new agent, Miss McNeill, who has been a teacher, in carrying on this work in the adult field, brings to her people knowledge and training to help them make a better, happier life for themselves and their families.

Moore County's commissioners are to be congratulated on taking this step to extend to all the women of the county the same opportunities for learning and advancement. At the same time it must be said, we feel, that this sort of thing might well be extended to the men, by putting a Negro on the staff of the Farm Extension Service.

The Negro farmers need help, too, and the boys who are learning to farm should have a man to lead them in the 4-H program which can be of such benefit. A plea was made for such a progressive step by a group of Negro citizens of Carthage at the last commissioners' meeting. We feel it deserves serious consideration as the next move in an over-all program of opportunity for all the people of the county.

## Spring Cantata: The Picquet Cup

Last week seven school glee clubs gathered in the auditorium here in contest for the Picquet Cup. The cup, named for Charlie Picquet, as symbolic of his encouragement of song and music among the young people, is presented each year by the Sandhills Kiwanis Club to the school glee club whose choice of music and fair singing ranks highest in the contest.

This singing contest is one of the loveliest occasions this county celebrates. Not only is the gathering of so many young people a sight for sore eyes and warmth for tired hearts, but it is a signal that the spirit of youth, of growth, of springing freshness is wide awake. It is good to see that, with all the tawdriness that surrounds so much of the daily living of young people: the comic books, the bubble gum, the sloppy clothes, the lunging and careering around street corners, with all of that, and more, the strength of the real things, the things of the spirit, is growing, too, true and sure. While "music, sweet music, has them in thrall," we need not worry too much about them.

Friday's concert was by far the largest ever held. It points the way to the growth that sure-

ly lies ahead. There will come a time, we feel sure, when all the schools will be participating in this program, and not only the white but the Negro schools as well. And that may well bring still higher standards of performance as our colored neighbors bring to such singing their extraordinary feeling for harmony and their fine voices.

The words of Dr. Daniel Smith of Campbell College, spokesman for the three judges, were strikingly appropriate to Friday night's contest, developing, as they did, the subtle meaning of choral singing. He spoke of the inner harmony of group singing, of the need for each individual to listen well to the other voices, to follow unswervingly the thread of melody and meaning. "Listen, understand the meaning of the music," he said. "You can't sing the song well unless you feel it in your heart. Listen to its meaning and express that meaning, together, with your voices."

The words make a song for Easter. The music of life, of beauty, of the spirit: You can't sing it well, unless you listen for its meaning; unless you listen for the other voices, too, and sing it all together.

## "A Position On Lies, Calumny, And Deceit"

Some, who saw the news photograph of Senator McCarthy and Cardinal Spellman, standing side by side in apparent friendship, on the platform from which they both addressed the recent gathering of the New York City police force, may have felt twinges of uneasiness. The thought that the great Roman Catholic Church, of which McCarthy is a member, was standing, in any way, behind the Wisconsin senator would be shocking and frightening. It is then particularly reassuring to note the recent words of another great Catholic churchman in as outright and devastating an attack on McCarthy as we have yet heard.

At the CIO convention in Chicago, last week, the Roman Catholic Bishop, Bernard J. Shell, addressed a convention of the CIO United Auto Workers Union at which he called McCarthy the headline-hunting "man on horseback," vendor of a "phony anti-Communism that mocks our way of life."

The Bishop emphasized that he was speaking as a free individual; not as a member of the Catholic hierarchy but as a private citizen. In his words lay the firm reminder that this was the case with all who entered such fields of controversy, whether they spoke in favor of McCarthy or against him. He said:

"Other Catholics may take a more kindly view of the public career of the junior senator from Wisconsin and of the effect he is having on the nation. That certainly is their privilege as it is my privilege to speak as I have.

"But although the church takes no position, and will not, on such a matter of public controversy, the church does take a position on lies, calumny, the absence of charity and calculated deceit."

Bishop Shell strongly implied McCarthy may himself be serving the Communist cause by the manner in which he conducts his Senate investigations.

"If someone were to tell me that the masters of the Kremlin inspired this burlesque to distract us from our real dangers and keep us from taking effective anti-Communist measures, I'd have half a mind to believe him," he said. "Congressional committees have done good work, are doing good work, and will do more. But when they are cynically used to trap headlines rather than spies, they mock themselves—and they mock us, too."

"Excitement galor there is, but precious few results as Communists, supposed Communists, phantom traitors and innocent people alike are pursued from headline to headline, from edition to edition."

Bishop Shell suggested that Americans should stand aside and look at themselves, saying that the spectacle might awake our sense of humor and save us. Perhaps if the vision was from far enough away, from way up off this earth, it might awaken a sense of the ridiculous, but the thing is too close, right now, to be funny. It's too close and too dangerous.

## Hang On, Birds! Spring Winds Are Blowing!



(Woodcut by Glen roums)

## "Beauty Is Not A Matter Of A Year"

### YOUNG SPRING

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland wide  
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

A. E. Housman

### I KNOW A LOVELY LADY

(Excerpts)

I know a lovely lady who is dead,  
A wreath of lilies bound her charming head,  
Her cornflower eyes were closed as if in sleep,  
And on her lips lay silence gay and deep.

No more the garden where she used to walk  
Is filled at dusk with laughter and with talk,  
No more the swaying fireflies in their glowing  
Lantern to left and right her slender going.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,  
And fools say there is nothingness instead.  
Nothing of all this loveliness? . . . poor dear,  
Beauty is like the surf that never ceases,

Beauty is like the night that never dies,  
Beauty is like a forest pool where peace is  
And a recurrent waning planet lies:

Beauty is like the stormy star that traces  
His golden footsteps on the edge of rain;  
When beauty has been vanquished in all places,  
Suddenly beauty stirs your heart again.

She was the purport of innumerable lovers  
Who down some woodland road were glad  
In May,  
When leaves were thick and in the orchard  
covers

The robin and the chaffinch had their say:  
She was the toll of countless men who dreamed:  
The small hours heard the scratching of the mice  
In hidden room or tower until it seemed

They stood upon a lonely precipice  
And felt a thin clear heady breeze that brought  
The truth and peace and beauty that they sought.  
She was the breath of myriad mountain pyres  
That burned into the blueness of the dark:  
Beauty is air and earth and many fires,  
Runs with the water, sings with each new lark;  
She was a pause upon a road that never ends,  
Beauty descended on her, and descends.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,  
But she was these and these are in her stead.  
—Struthers Burt

### EXCEPT FOR BIRDS

There's rhythm in the orbit of a star,  
But that's a music stretched too far  
To register upon the human ear.  
Only God and mathematicians hear.  
Smaller circles, spreading on the air,  
Are needed for such mice as we.

So I declare  
We'd have no way of knowing whether  
God is musical and likes a hymn,  
Except for birds,  
We might forget religion altogether  
Except for birds.

But there they are, reminding us at dawn,  
God made them singers. That assures the day  
His rhythms hold, although the stars are gone.  
—Margery Mansfield

### THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Doubtless today thy gallant feet are standing  
By the thronged margin of the mystic sea  
Hearing the accents of the King's commanding  
For such service as is fit for thee.

Lifted above the body's incompleteness,  
In what was partial, perfected thou art;  
For thy new life sets free the strength and  
sweetness  
Of the swift wishes of thy eager heart.

Yea, in still ways beyond our deepest knowing,  
But with that same dear spirit which we know,  
Somewhere thy soul on God's wide work is  
going,  
And that new world is made the sweeter so.

And when some morn God's fingers shall un-  
fasten  
For us the gate of Life's eternal day,  
Lo, through the brightness, thy glad form shall  
hasten  
To go beside us up the King's Highway.  
—Arthur H. Moffat

### THE GRASS STILL GROWS

No book can tell you how to come of age,  
No doctor hand you courage in a cup;  
Maturity is no man's heritage.  
There is no easy way of growing up,  
Yet if you watch for wild birds and the spring,  
Seeing each year the first flowers come to birth,  
You will need fewer hours for wondering  
And live among the answers of the earth:  
And you will ask small knowledge, having  
faith

In rain and sun enough to last the season,  
Accepting equally the life and death  
Of the least leaf, unmindful of the reason.  
There is not much to learn if you can know  
The same field white through clover and  
through snow.  
—Kaye Starbird

### MUSIC

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.  
—Shelley

## Point Four Moves Down The Column

By FRANK S. KETCHAM

(Condensation of an article published in "Christianity and Crisis")

Recent reports about Point Four, the bold new program of technical assistance to the underdeveloped areas of the world upon which our government embarked two years ago, have been disquieting to many Americans. Reorganization, reduction in force, new policy enunciations, and rumors of more drastic changes yet to come have created a climate of

uneasiness. What does the present administration intend to do with Point Four? Will the government abandon the program to private voluntary agencies, perhaps even to private business enterprise?

Are Point Four projects tied in with military commitments? Are heavy budget cuts in prospect? Such questions are being asked with increasing urgency by supporters of Point Four.

The attitude of the administration toward technical assistance can be discovered only by exam-

ining the statements of policy, as well as the actions, of its leaders. We have no other way of ascertaining their intentions. Let us, therefore, take a look at the record.

Statement of Policy. On April 16, 1953, in a speech before the American Association of Newspaper Publishers, President Eisenhower voiced his basic philosophy with respect to foreign aid:

"We are prepared to reaffirm, with the most concrete evidence, our readiness to help build a

world in which all peoples can be productive and prosperous. This Government is ready to ask its people to join with all nations in devoting a substantial percentage of the savings achieved by disarmament to a fund for world aid and reconstruction. The purposes of this great work would be to help other peoples to develop the underdeveloped areas of the world. . . . The monuments to this new kind of war would be these: Roads and schools, hospitals and homes, food and health."

### Basic Philosophy

More recently, Harold Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, referred to the President's statement as "the basic philosophy in which we are engaged and which we hope and pray may be extended even beyond the present free areas, even beyond the Iron Curtain."

What about action, then? On August 1, 1953, the technical assistance program was merged with the economic assistance and other non-military foreign aid programs in the newly created Foreign Operations Administration. Thus, technical assistance lost its identity as a separate program.

The reorganization achieved economies which were urgently necessary because of reduced appropriations. At the same time it represents Mr. Stassen's approach to the problem of technical assistance, as expressed to the writer of this article in an interview. His concept of Point Four includes technical assistance and training with capital, not merely to procure equipment for demonstration purposes, but sufficient to get new projects started, to aid in the developmental stage. Under the former organizational plan, the attempt was made to draw a sharp line between technical assistance and economic considerations. Proponents of the new plan, including Mr. Stassen, maintain that the problems are not compartmental and that a certain amount of economic assistance is essential to the success of the technical assistance program.

(Continued next week)

### FISHING SCHOOLS

North Carolina State College's summer fishing schools are popular. Registrations already have exceeded half the strictly limited capacity. The fresh water school will be at Fontana Lake in the Great Smokies May 3-7, and the salt water session at Morehead City, North Carolina's largest sports fishing port, June 14-18. Registration forms and full information from E. W. Ruggles, Director, Extension Division, N. C. State College, Raleigh.

### The PILOT

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