

# 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 Book For Easter

A remarkable book has just been published. Called "The Life of Albert Schweitzer," it is a collection of photographs made at Lambarene, the station on the Ogowe River in Central Africa, where Dr. Schweitzer has his hospital. Here, in a series of unforgettable scenes, is shown the essence of this great and good man's life. Here are, simply, photographs of Goodness and Mercy, of the truth that is beauty and the beauty that is truth.

There could be no better Easter gift than this book. No one could scan these pictures without feeling the touch of the spirit they express, and, it seems to us, this, the spirit of Albert Schweitzer, is above all the Easter spirit. It is the spirit of healing, of mercy, of selfless sacrifice and understanding sympathy, but, more than these, it is the spirit of hope.

As one sees the old man walking through the village streets, children clustering about him, as one watches him conferring with doctors and nurses, or transcribing the music of Bach at the organ that he built himself, stricking the same deer in the deep woods or sitting by a sickbed

in the long ward, watching over the whole community; most of all, as one sees the expressions on the faces of those around him, looking at him with such trust and love, one feels that this is a man of whom St. Paul would surely say: "God hath shined in his heart."

Dr. Schweitzer wrote a book, "The Quest of The Historical Jesus," in which he stated his belief, a belief deeply significant at this Easter time.

"It is not Jesus as historically known," he wrote, "but Jesus as spiritually arisen within men, who is significant for our time and can help it."

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, He came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou Me.' . . . And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself, in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

## Dog Control — Towns Should Help

Appointment of a dog warden and establishment of a dog pound for Moore County is perhaps the most widely requested action that the county commissioners have taken in the past year and we expect it is the most widely appreciated.

For the past two years, The Pilot has been pointing out the advantages of such a system in meeting a problem that touches practically every resident in the county in one way or another. In the last few months, civic and farm organizations have gotten behind the proposal and the commissioners responded to what was obviously the will of the people.

Aside from the direct benefits of what has happened, the establishment of a county dog control system—which the commissioners apparently once considered a visionary and impractical project—shows that the people of the county can get action in Carthage when they organize for action and make known their wishes. Local government is almost always responsive to demands of the people. Apathy in local government—municipal or county—usually means apathy of the people. Not nearly enough of the people of Moore County are interested in what the commissioners are doing or not doing at Carthage. Moore County could have had

a dog warden and a dog pound years ago if organized groups and individuals had gone to work on the proposal as they have in recent months.

Details of the new dog control system are being worked out and at this writing we do not have full information on what it is going to cost and how far dog taxes will go toward paying for it.

None of the towns in Moore County is large enough to set up and properly operate its own pound, but all towns will greatly benefit from the system. If each town in the county could budget something for dog control in the 1955-'56 fiscal year and turn this contribution over to the county, it would help the commissioners with their financing problem and would entitle the towns to closer attention than they might otherwise receive.

While it is true that town residents are also county taxpayers and that town dog owners pay the same dog tax as do rural residents, the dog problem is most keenly felt in towns and it appears that town governments, which lack the ability to do anything about it themselves, should contribute to the county dog control system if that system is going to alleviate their perennial dog troubles.

## The Right Nail And A Hard Hit

When Senator Kerr Scott chose as the subject of his maiden speech the confusion and vacillations of the Republican administration and the weakness of the presidential leadership he was running true to form.

It was characteristic of Scott that he should thus inaugurate his term in the Senate. On a good many counts. Not only was this fighting topic a natural for the hard-hitting Tarheel, but the speech hit the nail directly on the head, and that is natural for Scott, too. These two things, the confusion of the administration and the weakness of the President, are at the heart of the dilemma which has brought this country to the brink of war. Senator Scott showed his usual courage in launching such an attack, he showed as well that his mind, quick when in the service of the state to grasp the essential issues, has not lost its keenness.

Up to the time when the Carolina senator took the floor, a role of moderation and "hands-off" had been followed by the opposition. While plenty of criticism of administration policy had been voiced by a few Democratic leaders, there was, apparently, a feeling that President Eisenhower, a military man, must know what he was doing and ought to be given every chance to do it. Criticism of him was taboo in Congress.

But, by the time Scott spoke, one important thing had happened: the Yalta records had been released and the President had said that he had never read them. He said that he had not been consulted prior to their release and indicated strong disapproval of their full publication. This was by no means the first time that President Eisenhower had shown ignorance of matters of high policy, but hardly before had the isolation of the White House and the lack of leadership in the chief executive been so glaringly evident. When President Eisenhower's Republican leader in the Senate, Senator Knowland, countered the President's piously expressed hope that "The Yalta papers would not be used for political purposes," with the statement that he did not agree with his chief and would use the "Yalta give-away" for all it was worth, the picture was unmistakably clear. Whether or not he knows what he is doing, it is obvious that, as Kerr Scott stated, President Eisenhower has little or no control over his people, the men who are making the decisions on which the fate of this nation hangs.

There have been many steps leading to this state of things, starting way back in the campaign when one backdown after another was made by the President at the urging of the politicians. Throughout it all, the Democratic opposition has kept a tight rein on criticism, and has

upheld the President, even to the point of the recent bipartisan action, led by Senator George, that put through the dubious Formosa Resolution. But it looks as if, with the Scott speech, the gloves are off. Clearly a decision has been taken that the time has come to carry out the historic role of the opposition to speak out with force and unmistakable candor.

Senator Knowland has had the colossal nerve to bemoan such "lack of unity." Actually, this change of tune may be the most hopeful thing that has occurred. The frank speaking of Scott and others, who followed his lead, may be what is needed to clear the air and make way for a new constructive effort to find a way out of the ghastly muddle into which Republican policy-makers have brought this nation.

## Two Good Ideas

Two Good Ideas were talked over at the special meeting held by the town council Monday night: one was the advantage to be gained by the use of a voting machine for Southern Pines, and the other was the so-called "home rule" bill.

Advantages of the first seem unmistakable. Principal ones are: the machine would be accurate and would save a lot of time. Some claim it would be incorruptible. Well, to this extent we would agree: it would be immune to "influence," bribery or scare. . . the machine, that is. Seriously, there's no doubt the town would benefit from having this quick and accurate method of voting and the county, always held up for hours while this big town gets its votes counted, would be better off, too. As for the general health of everybody, spared the agonizing suspense of waiting for the full returns to come in, the benefit gained there would be without doubt inestimable.

Home Rule For Municipalities. . . that's a good plan through and through, we'd say. The idea would be to give greater control of their affairs to the people of the towns by eliminating the present system which makes mandatory a vote of the legislature on much town governmental business. This clutters up the legislative calendar; puts town items into the hands of people who don't know anything about them; and prevents those closely concerned from running their own show.

And by no means incidentally, this bill has been strongly endorsed by this state's wise Governor Hodges.

We'd vote Aye on a voting machine for Southern Pines and another one on Home Rule.



## Birds, Blossoms, And A Saint

"Oh my little sisters the birds," preached St. Francis, "study always to sing praise unto God." The Saint was living in the high hills back of Assisi when he heard the birds singing in a tree and stood beneath to preach to them. To this day the birds sing there as nowhere else in Italy. This Saint Francis stands guardian over the birdpool at Weymouth. (Photo by V. Nicholson)

## The Glories of Our Blood And State

(By James Shirley)

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things,  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds.  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb.  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

## Lament of a Man For His Son

(Translated from the Piute by Mary Austin)

Son, my son!  
I will go up to the mountain;  
There I will light a fire for the feet of my son's spirit,  
And there I will lament him,  
Saying,  
Oh, my son,  
What is my life to me now you are departed?

Son, my son,  
In the dark earth  
We softly laid thee,  
In the chief's robe,  
In warrior's gear.  
Surely, there,  
On the Spirit Road,  
Thy deeds are walking.

Surely,  
The corn comes to the ear again.

But I, here,  
I am the stalk the reapers left standing.

Son, my son,  
What is my life to me now you are departed?

## Laugh Out the Lilacs, Spring

(From Spirit)

Laugh out the lilacs, spring,  
Blue the black waters  
I will go down on the sands again,  
Dance with my daughters.

Unfasten the pond's feet  
Let the brook run  
I will sing up through the woods again  
Racing my son.

Open the doors of the houses,  
Sheath the wind's knife  
I will man through the grass  
of my house again,  
Sculpture my wife.

Breathe through the branches, spring,  
Life stands at seven  
I will never be less than I am again  
Headlong for heaven.

Make your mere magic, spring,  
I have my own  
Sinned, scalded, see here, sainted again  
Blood in the stone.

Laugh out the lilacs, spring,  
See I have mine—  
World, let us, hand in hand,  
Shine, shine, shine!  
—HERBERT A. KENNY.

## Grains of Sand

A familiar and beloved character appeared in Thomas Stokes' column recently. This was Wallace Irwin's beguiling and funny and mixed-up Japanese school boy, Hashimura Togo.

Togo-Wallace used to write letters to the editors of the old Life, the first funny Life, without capitals or "Magazine." Before Henry Luce was ever heard of. (My goodness.)

Last week, Columnist Stokes compared President Eisenhower to Togo in a column in which the veteran commentator condoled with the President over the hard time the latter was having, apologizing for the boners being pulled by leading members of his administration.

Wrote Stokes: "The President is in somewhat the position of Wallace Irwin's Japanese school boy who cheerfully chirped, after each faux pas:

"Excuse it, please!"  
Wonder how President Eisenhower liked being compared to Togo?

Wonder how Togo's inventor, staunch old Republican Irwin, felt about it?

But they both had a big, gloomy, laugh.

"Sometimes I Wish I Was" . . .

Hashimura, the Japanese school boy, had other endearingly annoying turns of speech, as we recall. For instance, he always ended up his letters with: "Hoping you are the same. . ."

Generally he had just described something awful: "My grandmother was just run over by a ricksha," he'd write, "and squashed as flat as a pancake. . ." and then: "Hoping you are the same," and sign his name.

Stokes ought to have let Ike end up a letter to the Democrats that way, just to give him a little fun for once.

Like: "Boys, my administration is all tied up in this Quemoy-Matsu thing. . . and we tried to unleash Chiang but we got worse stuck with him than ever. . . and Dulles moves so fast he makes me dizzy. . . and the Alsops says the Sects will bust loose any day, (I said S-E-C-T-S. Inochina, boys) and Lippman's articles get scarier and scarier. . . and Stokes says I'm a Japanese school boy. Hoping you are the same, boys, Sincerely, IKE."

P. S. "Stokes is said to be very reliable.  
P. P. S. "I wish he were right."

Rudy Vallee

It was "America The Beautiful" that Rudy Vallee thinks should be the national anthem, replacing the "Star Spangled Banner"—not "America," as was stated in The Pilot a couple of weeks ago.

The matter came up at the Rotary Club's basketball banquet when the festivities began with singing "America The Beautiful" (the song that begins "O beautiful, for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain. . .") Mr. Vallee, who was a guest of the club, with his wife, commended the club for its choice of opening song and revealed that there is quite a movement underway by musicians and others to have this song made the

national anthem, both because it's easier to sing and because it is representative and descriptive of the whole nation and the whole "American spirit" rather than commemorating a single incident in history as does the Star Spangled Banner.

Anyway, before Mr. Vallee left town after completing his engagement at the Dunes Club, he pointed out this confusion to The Pilot, while very graciously also expressing his appreciation of this newspaper's handling of an interview with him.

He also pointed out that he does not appear with Edgar Bergen on his Sunday Night Kraft Music Hall radio broadcast, but that he has replaced Mr. Bergen (who incidentally was given his start in big-time entertainment years ago by Mr. Vallee). In the current program (9 p. m. Sunday, C. B. S.), Mr. Vallee appears with well known personages of the entertainment world, plays popular records and, with his guests, chats informally and without script about the music and other allied subjects. Since meeting Mr. Vallee, we've been listing to the program and find it most entertaining.

On the first broadcast after he left Southern Pines, Mr. Vallee introduced a record as one he had heard "while driving over to the Pine Needles club for a golf lesson while I was at Southern Pines a few days ago. . ." Which was a nice plug for the town before a radio audience of several million.

Famous Trotting Mare

Vernon G. Cardy recalls that his father, the late Andrew Jordan Cardy some 40 years ago sold a mare, Lou Grattan, to Victor Fleming, winter resident and trainer of horses at Pinehurst.

Lou Grattan later became the world's champion trotting mare and was sold for over \$50,000.

Historic Sites Lost

J. A. Stenhouse of Charlotte, chairman of the State Historic Sites Commission, told the Moore County Historical Association, when he spoke here recently, some hair-raising stories about how historic sites are lost or destroyed through lack of interest in their preservation. The point was made in commending the Moore County organization for its efforts on behalf of the Alston House in Deep River Township.

One case he cited was in Mecklenburg County where not long ago a rock house dating back to pre-Revolutionary times was torn down to make street-paving gravel.

An even more distressing tale was that of a log cabin where 10 patriots had fought off 100 British Redcoats. The cabin was purchased by an outsider who set a hold-up price on it, saying that if those interested in preserving it would not pay the price, he would burn the cabin.

While interested persons were trying hard to get up the money to meet the outrageous terms, the owner grew impatient, poured gasoline on it and burned it down.

## Negro Proverbs And Sayings

Folklore is one of the favorite subjects of Miss Beatrice Cobb, editor and publisher of The Morganton News-Herald, one of the best non-daily newspapers in the State.

From "North Carolina Folklore," a volume compiled by the late Dr. Frank C. Brown of Duke University, she quotes the following sayings and proverbs which are attributed to Negro origin and circulation, some of which Miss Cobb thinks are "among the most striking and picturesque" in the folklore book:

The bait is worth more than the fish.

Barking saves biting.  
He hung his basket higher than he could reach.

Scraping on the meal bin is mighty poor music.  
A new broom sweeps clean but an old brush knows the corners.  
Like a bug arguing with a chicken.

Get the candles lighted before you blow out the match.  
Like a crab—all stomach and no head.

She cares no more for him than a crow cares for Sunday.  
The dinner bell's always in tune for a hungry man.

Any dog knows better than to chew a razor.  
"Don't Care" keeps a big house.  
Two ears don't mean you hear twice.

Faith dares; Love bears.  
Fine feathers are lifted when the wind blows.  
You can hide the fire, but what about the smoke?  
Better make friends when you

don't need them.

A bull frog knows more about rain than the Almanac.  
Good-bye is not gone.  
You never know the length of a snake until he is dead.

Before marriage keep both eyes open; after, shut one.

Set a cracked plate down softly.

An empty pot never boils. (The more familiar is "A watched pot never boils.")

The rain doesn't know broadcloth from jeans.

A good rooster crows in any hen house.

Never bet on "taters" fore grabbing time.

Looking for work and praying not to find it.

## The PILOT

Published Every Friday by  
THE PILOT, Incorporated  
Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd . . . . . Editor  
C. Benedict . . . . . News Editor  
Dan S. Ray . . . . . Gen. Mgr.  
C. G. Council . . . . . Advertising  
Mary Scott Newton . . . . . Business  
Bessie Cameron Smith . . . . . Society

Composing Room  
Lochamy McLean, Dixie B. Ray,  
Michael Valen, Jasper Swearingen

Subscription Rates:  
One Year \$4. 6 mos. \$2; 3 mos. \$1

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

Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.