

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.

Domestic Relations Court: Long View Needed

A bill permitting from two to five contiguous counties to set up a joint domestic relations court—with a judge that would travel from county to county—has been passed by both houses of the General Assembly at Raleigh. The bill was written by a committee of the Moore County Bar Association and was introduced in the State Senate by Senator Morgan of neighboring Harnett County.

To many persons, the term "domestic relations court" may have an alien, formal sound. Can it be that such courts, which have gained fame for achievements in enlightened justice in large cities are needed or wanted in predominantly rural areas?

In pondering whether or not Moore County is to join others in this area in setting up a joint domestic relations court, the county commissioners are urged to keep in mind the common sense fact that people are people everywhere. Abandonment of families by the breadwinner, non-support, assault, divorce and juvenile delinquency are basically the same human troubles, whether they occur in cities or in small towns and rural areas. And the plain fact is that such cases cannot be handled adequately without the investigative services, the emphasis on rehabilitation and the special point of view that a domestic relations court can provide.

Establishment of a domestic relations court,

to include consideration of juvenile cases which are now handled by clerks of court, would call for an additional burden on the welfare department which will be asked to provide pertinent background information on families involved in cases the court is considering.

If the Moore commissioners can work out a court arrangement with other counties in this area, it will be the ideal time, therefore, to grant the request of the Welfare department, already made, that a child welfare worker be added to its staff.

We cannot think of two more auspicious actions that the commissioners could take—in terms of service rendered and also in terms of money expended. The Federal government will pay the entire salary of a child welfare worker for the first year and thereafter will pay a decreasing percentage for several years, but the county will never have to pay more than 60 per cent of such a worker's salary. The salary of the juvenile judge would be divided between the counties joining in the set-up now made possible by the General Assembly.

We urge the county commissioners to approach this possibility with boldness and imagination as they work on the 1955-'56 budget in the next few weeks. The long view is called for. At stake are human resources of the county, most notably the children who are tragically involved in domestic strife.

How Much Will We Pay For Better Schools?

During last year's controversy between the county board of education and board of commissioners about capital outlay funds for the county school system, The Pilot on several occasions pointed out that the whole procedure—no matter how unpleasant at the moment—was healthy because a great many citizens for the first time were becoming interested in how money for building schools is obtained.

We noted that the board of education and the board of commissioners were many thousands of dollars apart in their ideas of what the county ought to spend on school construction—yet what the people, who elect both boards, thought ought to be spent was almost an unknown factor.

During last year's controversy, which was settled on appeal to the clerk of court as arbitrator after weeks of delay, we expressed the opinion that members of both boards thought they were acting in the interests of the people. The commissioners were convinced that the people could not and would not pay any more for schools, while the board of education thought that schools came first in the interest of many taxpayers and if it took a higher tax rate to provide needed school facilities, then the people would be willing to foot the bill.

Much the same points of view were expressed when the board of education met with the commissioners early this month and presented their proposed capital outlay and current expense budgets for the 1955-56 fiscal year to begin July 1.

A budget said by the chairman of the board of education to embody only the most dire needs of the county schools—leaving out entirely other needed construction estimated at one million dollars in value—was presented.

It was stated flatly by the chairman of the school board, "We contend that the tax rate can be raised."

Another member of the school board made a point that was also raised in the controversy

The Chance To Work

The question of doing away with segregation in the schools looms so large that it overshadows other aspects of the Negro's situation in society, some of them perhaps as important. In the latest number of The Virginia Quarterly, Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, points to one of these aspects in an article that should cause people to stop thinking about the school situation for a minute, and put their minds on this other question: the Negro's right to a decent job.

Daniels calls his piece "Right To Earn His Bread." He has some striking figures to give as relating to this new South of expanding industry. The first shows that, from 1930 to 1950, while the number of employed workers in the South was increasing by 2,700,000, Negroes lost almost a million jobs.

It is estimated that Negroes received less than 5 per cent of the new jobs that were being created—this only last year when Southern investments were reported as increasing by a million dollars a day.

Furthermore, the five percent got only the heaviest jobs at the lowest rates of pay. They were janitors or were employed in the packing sheds of factories, lifting bales, loading trucks and so on.

As for the kind of work that used to be the Negro's very own; such as waiter, barber, houseworker, these jobs have been taken over by the whites and the labor saving devices. With the mechanization of kitchens and laundries, domestic service is rapidly going by the boards.

last year: "Children are getting what's left over"—when the county budget is made up. (A commissioner replied with some sarcasm, "What's left over" has done right much for them.")

"Why can't we say that we've GOT to spend so much for school capital outlay before we talk about any other county expense?" asked the school board member. "What's more important than our educational facilities? The people of the county elected us to do the best job we know how. If it's going to increase the tax load, we'll just have to go ahead and do it."

Because the commissioners refused last year to allow certain capital outlay items requested by the board of education, in one district, for instance, children will be sent to school next fall in a community house, American Legion hall and possibly other buildings. Would the people of the county have been willing to be taxed more this year in order to prevent such situations?

The board of education and the commissioners apparently were not slow to acquiesce to the demands of the people in the matter of several gymnasium projects into which have gone thousands of dollars we think would have been more wisely spent on classrooms.

But that is water over the dam. The classroom and cafeteria emergency in several districts is the matter of debate at hand. Citizens of the county who want to see something done about this emergency should let the county commissioners know how far they are willing to go in support of better schools and whether they want an increase in the tax rate to accomplish what needs to be done.

If the people of the county want the school building program to move faster, or if they do not, they should make that fact known. If the commissioners do not receive from the people evidence that the school improvement program must be stepped up, Moore County's children will get "what's left over" when the budget is made up, between now and July 1.

Daniels opened his article by describing how, every day as he drove to work, he passed a group of Negroes hanging around the corner of a certain city square. They were always there, from ten to thirty or forty, standing or sitting idling the time away. Hoping that somebody would come by and hire them, for this place, it seemed, was a sort of street-corner employment spot.

As we read this description, we thought of the same sight here, and in almost every Southern town, and how, not long ago, a man had commented on it, saying that it was a sign of innate laziness, and why couldn't they at least go and plant a garden and try to grow some food. But there it is: a man wants a job; he can't bring up his family, clothe and educate them, by planting a garden. And if he goes off to plant his garden that may be just the moment when a call comes in that some hands are wanted to move machinery, dig a ditch, load a truck. If he goes away he'll miss his chance, that's what he fears. And so he keeps on hanging around, hoping that today something will turn up.

Negroes when they go North don't go looking for so-called equality, they go looking for jobs. Here, Daniels believes, and we must believe with him, for this is a convincing piece he has written, the South must change. If it is to proceed towards the fullest development of its glowing promise, it must use the strength and the will and the talent of all its people. It must work out a way to give the Negro what is his right: the chance to earn his bread.

The Scots Sleep Quietly In Hilltop Resting Place

Pioneers, Soldiers In Old Graveyard

On one of the highest hilltops in Moore County, overlooking a wide stretch of fair country, is the Old Scots Graveyard.

The graves lie, scattered here and there in a grove of towering oaks, the old stones often tilted at an angle. Dead leaves cover them deep in winter; in the summer the shade is deep over them. Here are buried some of the early pioneers who settled up

there in the neighborhood of Mt. Carmel Church. . . . And, down through the years, the graveyard has been the final resting-place of many who lived around there: farmers, mostly, but many soldiers, their bodies brought back from the wars to lie under a Moore County sky.

The graveyard started as the burying ground of the Bethune family on whose plantation it was

located. Perhaps the first grave to be dug was that of Peter Bethune, or Bathon as it is inscribed on the tombstone. Covered with lichen, worn by the years, the rudely carved letters are hard to decipher. Not far from the Bethune plot is the grave of Col. John Morrison, a soldier of the Civil War, and of Allen Morrison, his nephew, son of the Alexander Morrison, who lived in the

old house near Carthage now owned by Wilbur Currie.

The hill was always known as "The Widow Bethune's Hill." In the valley on one side of it runs McClendon's Creek, while on the other is that old flooder, Richlands Creek, wont to go berserk and start rampaging over the landscape when spring rains come.

The view from the old graveyard is one of the finest in the county, stretching to misty blue. Nearer, poplars, swamp bays, and gums lend their variegated greens to make a shimmer along the creek bottoms, rivers of lightness against the dark pines on the high ground. Beyond, the fields stretch out. This was fertile soil in the old days, the Bethune plantation being noted for its good crops. With the cutting of timber along the watersheds, the land has eroded and is not what it once was; all the same, the cattle of Colin Spencer, who now owns the place, find good grazing in the fields around the graveyard, coming up, in the cool of the evening, to hang their heads over the gate in melancholy contemplation.

The ridge, crowned with its oaks, runs north and south, flat as your hand for near about a mile. Here, legend has it, the mourners, having drowned their sorrows in customary fashion, used to top off the day's proceeding by racing their horses down the stretch.

There are no races going on there now, nothing to disturb the quiet of the hilltop resting-place. The old grey stones shine softly in the sun, mockingbirds flit in the big oaks. When the wind blows, the little acorns drop.



(Pilot Staff Photo)

Memorial Day: They Were Brought Back From The Wars . . .

Sonnets For Memorial Day

By RUPERT BROOKE

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead! There's none of these so lonely and poor of old, But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold. These laid the world away, poured out the red Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be Of work and joy and that unhopd serene That men call age; and those who would have been, Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth, Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain. Honour has come back as a king to earth, And paid his subjects with a royal wage; And Nobleness walks in our ways again, And we have come into our heritage.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed; A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam, A body of England's, breathing English air, Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind, no less, Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given, Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day; And laughter learnt of friends, and gentleness, In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Songs For The Silent

By JAMES BOYD

Down here the mule leans in the traces, The plow swims through the loam, And men at dusk turn quiet faces To chimney smoke and home. The roof is touched, then, by the first star's finger, A lamp stands in the wall; Inside the house, slow sparse words linger, Slow shadows rise and fall.

Out where the tracery of trees is cool, The plow leans toward the shed In whose black cave the mule Lies on his rustling bed. Deep dark and silence come, The mule no longer stirs, The house, the darkened room Seem filled with whisperers: No sounds but quiet breathing, No light but from the star, Whose beams through dark forests weaving Form webs to where there are Some other breathers lost in wood and clearing. Some other breathers in the starry night, Living their days beyond all others' hearing, Beyond all others' sight, But not beyond the web that holds them To plow, to mule, to star, And with light lovely majesty enfolds them And all earth's silent breathers, lone and far; Breathers and brothers in the world's dark reaches, Brothers at peace within the web of light, Free of the day and all the ill day teaches, At rest now in the silver of the night.

The manikins of state who scheme astutely To blot each other's names from history's page Forget that here in lonely cabins, mutely, Men watch the feuds they wage. But when, through roads by ghosts of soldiers haunted, The crippled boys come back to mule and star, If they shall miss the brotherhood they wanted, The leaders may learn who the silent are.

Grains of Sand

Oh Ladies

Summer has come. And the Look has come.

Not the New Look but the all too familiar Old Summer Look. The Look of the shirt walking down the street.

Shirt—we said—not skirt. Especially not skirt.

The shirt walks down the street, tipping a pair of fat or slim, bulging, or boney, or pleasantly contoured, but always too long female legs.

There are shorts under the shirt—of course—what an idea!—although you can't really tell and there might just as well not be. There it goes: that shirt, walking along. The effect is—well, perhaps "bizarre" is the word for it. We could think of a few others, though.

Sometimes, of course, the shorts are strikingly apparent. With an accent on the Form-fitting aspect, to use one of the newer trade names. This is especially effective when the material used is striped. If the outfit is the Bermuda variety, then the accent is on length. Well-cut, topped by a natty shirt, here is a handsome summer costume, with a graceful swinging swagger to it like a Highlander's kilts.

But this is a rarity. Mostly the shorts are short shorts. Like The New Yorker's essaylets, where brevity is considered the soul of wit. On Broad Street, brevity is the soul of shorts.

Shorts, Early-Victorian Model

Short shorts, Bermuda shorts—there's another kind that might be called Early Victorian Pantie shorts.

Such was the costume that, flitting by one hot day, fetched a startled "hey!" out of at least one bench-sitter.

In trade circles this might be known as the one-piece Dream Model. Of material that looked like old-fashioned dimity, the pant-legs and neckline edged with little ruffles and rickrack, this rig gave the impression of those dreams psychiatrists dote on, where the patient dreams he or she has jumped out of bed and run out in the scantiest of scanties, quite minus "outer garments," as they were called in the days of Good Queen Vic.

This wearer of the Dream model was actually Victorian as to hairdo, too, having a long horse's tail coiffure that swept to well below her waist.

It used to be considered really the cat's, in those bygone days, if you could sit on your hair.

Besides the invisible shorts and walking shirts and the ruffled panties, summer has brought back the ballgown worn when going down to cash a check or mail a letter. This glamorous attire with low-cut neckline, crinolined puff-skirt, material flowered and colored like a peacock's tail, has a surprising effect swaying past the displayed dusters, pots, pans, bandannas, paper plates, in the

windows of the dime store. Ladies, ladies. . . have a heart. Even if it is summer.

More Benches

This is the time of year when the few benches along Broad Street stay full most of the time.

Who sits on them? Men, almost entirely.

Of course. Because they work so hard and need the rest so badly. They need it especially if the bench is in the shade and is on a good busy corner. Then they just HAVE to sit down.

We hear the town is going to put out some more benches. Good plan. Summer time is bench-sitting time.

One Too Many?

There used to be a bench out in front of Gene Stevens' office. It was always well sat upon by some of his rivals in the real estate field. They'd sit out there, especially the ones with no offices of their own, watch for Gene's customers to come out. Then they'd descend on them with the clamor and persistence of Arab street-vendors.

Rumor has it Gene got the town to take the bench away, but Gene denies this. Says he likes to sit on a bench as much as any man.

If the town puts out more benches, maybe they'll have to sell licenses to office-less realtors for sitting on them. Like push-cart peddlers.

Miracle Flowers

While visiting the Moore County News office, we noticed several large, luxuriant petunia plants apparently growing out of the brick sidewalk where the walk joins the brick wall of the building. Examination showed that the plants—bigger, healthier and brighter-flowered than anything we can grow in our garden with the best of care and attention—were growing from a tiny crevice of earth between the walk and wall.

The PILOT

Published Every Thursday 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.