

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.

Two Fortunate Towns

The Christian Science Monitor of March 6 carries an article by Jane Carter (Mrs. Sam L. Carter), telling of the opening of the Art Museum of Columbia, S. C., and its astounding growth during the past six years.

Mrs. Carter, it will be recalled, headed the Southern Pines Library Gallery committee, and those who worked with her on that project will not be surprised at the story. For, though her name is not mentioned anywhere in the article and the piece itself is unsigned, it is a fact that the minute she got to South Carolina, where she went from here, she enlisted in the ranks of those working to organize the museum with the same intensity and energy that succeeded in bringing the Southern Pines gallery to life and establishing it as one of the best small galleries in the state, and a town asset of undoubted value.

In writing thus we well realize that Jane Carter will be horrified at finding herself so described and will disclaim all credit for either job. We would assure her that we do not write to thrust her into unwelcome limelight; rather to call attention, as she herself has so forcibly called attention in her article, to what is being done all over the South and to what is being done right here by devoted, able, imaginative people.

The local gallery has been very fortunate in its committees and committee chairmen. The high calibre of achievement set by Mrs. Carter goes right on in the work as shown by the exhibits held here this season under the direc-

tion and through the hard work of Mrs. Alwin Folley, with the help of Mrs. C. A. Smith. The impetus of Mrs. Carter's leadership has persisted. Artists have helped by hanging their own shows, the public has been enthusiastic in its attendance, lending encouragement to the whole idea. It is clear that the art gallery and its shows are here to stay.

Mrs. Carter's article about the Columbia Museum of Art is entitled: "Columbia Art Museum Enlists Public." It makes stirring reading, as it describes the steps taken to bring the public into the picture and how eager and generous was the response. The author writes "The museum's success in education and culture is built on a foundation of enthusiastic cooperation—a sincere gratitude for all talents contributing to the museum idea."

The Southern Pines gallery, small as it is, has done and continues to do its best to live up to high standards. Shows of all varieties of work have been held here, amateur painters as well as professionals, have been glad to show their work; loan exhibits of originals and reproductions from other galleries have been on view; the growing attendance attests to the interest this enterprise has awakened. Yet the gallery is run on a shoe-string, financially, with all the burden of work carried by a handful of people.

A good example of civic accomplishment, as seen in the Columbia story, may also be found right here. Both towns are fortunate and may well congratulate themselves on the quality of their people.

Wedding Bells For Our Margaret

So one of America's favorite girls has chosen a North Carolina boy and a newspaper man, at that. The state's press will be singing psalms of praise for such maidenly good sense, while the people of the nation will rejoice and be a bit cocky, too, we expect, at the way their favorite managed things.

How well she has done it! No fanfare, no romantic flurries. Margaret took her time, picked her young man, and said not a word till all was set. Then she comes to his home state and tells the world, with a fine Raleigh, N. C., date-line over the simple announcement.

Very different is this from the royal Margaret whose blighted romance threw England into such a tizzy. The princess's position made her far more vulnerable to publicity, of course, and the rules and traditions hedging her in are more impenetrable than the hedge of thorns protecting the Sleeping Beauty. Still and all, it did seem as if the romantic whoopla that attended her flurry with the bold captain could

have been and should have been headed off, somehow. We can't put the difference down to America's lack of interest in true love. . . look at all the excitement over Grace and Prince Rainier.

Margaret Truman is Margaret Truman and the way she has conducted herself now and during her more limelit existence shows a level head and both smart feet on the ground. When there is added a sense of humor, dignity, and honesty, and simplicity, you have a pretty good sort of a girl. Perhaps an exceptionally American sort of a girl. It is pleasant to think so.

Congratulations to the Tarheel-to-be and a hearty welcome to her new home go out from all the folks of the Old North State who are preening themselves not a little at their good fortune in acquiring such a fine new citizen. Congratulations are certainly in order, too, for the gallant Lochinvar, the local boy who made good and brought the fair damsel down over the border.

Must Machines Win War Against Man?

"Revulsion" is a strong word for an emotion that is not easily aroused and a word that a writer with respect for language does not use indiscriminately—yet we can think of no other term for the way we feel on reading that an automobile involved in a recent Moore County accident left the road at a speed "conservatively estimated at 100 miles per hour."

The driver, alone and doing nothing more important than going home from a dance, was very nearly killed. His survival appeared miraculous in view of the fact that the car broke off an eight-inch pine tree and "wrapped itself around" two other trees, after the driver lost control.

Intensifying our feeling about this accident is the fact that it was one of 14 wrecks occurring within three days in this county, one of which did take the life of a young man. This death raised the traffic fatality toll for Moore County to seven for 1956. Though the year is less than one quarter gone—little more than one sixth gone at the time of the accidents—the seven killed so far, as this is written, comprise half of the 14 persons killed on the highway of this county in all of 1955.

If seven persons were killed within nine weeks by any other means than automobiles, in this county—by a murderer at large, a virulent disease, hurricanes or earthquakes—there would be such a hue and cry as never were heard.

Automobiles—those wonderful machines we gloat over and mortgage ourselves to own—are, to an ever-increasing extent, dominating our lives and holding over us the constant threat of death. Was there ever a human tyrant who did more than this?

"Revulsion"—a strong word, but how else can one feel at the spectacle of man, the only living thing possessed of a brain to reason and a conscience to guide, submitting control over his precious life to exploding gasoline and whirling gears?

It takes only a slight pressure of foolish man's toe on an accelerator and, before he knows it, the machine is in command and decrees his destruction—and often the destruction of others.

In a little more than 50 years, motor vehicles have killed more human beings than have all the wars of our history as a nation. They are an enemy, no less than were our various enemies in war. They are ready to kill us at any hour of the day or night, needing only a mo-

mentary relaxation of our guard to strike the fatal blow.

Yes, we are revolted by the American people's capitulation to this enemy to the extent of thousands of lives each year—a shameful defeat because of themselves the machines can do nothing. We must connive with them before they turn on us and kill. Theirs is the power and ours is the folly.

And until we mobilize every resource: education, law enforcement, better roads, strict driver licensing, license revocations, and everything else useful, not the least of which is common sense, the machines will remain in command—and will continue to kill.

Chamber's Error

The Chamber of Commerce has done some very good things for this town. It is good that the business community should take interest in every phase of town life, should be fully represented in every decision. And why not? The business community forms a large part of the home community. Though, of course, not quite all of it.

This is a preamble to comment on what seems to have been a grave disservice rendered the town by the Chamber this past week. It was decided by the board of directors that a poll of the membership should be taken asking for opinions on the site of the new town hall. All good and proper; a sincere poll might have been of use to the town council in their deliberations. Unfortunately the card sent out, in which two sites now under discussion were presented, was so worded as to be strongly slanted against one site and for the other.

No professional influencer of public opinion could have done a neater job. The average individual, reading the card, would be almost automatically moved to check one site and cross out the other, feeling quite happy that his choice was that of the majority.

This is a poor business, unworthy of our good Chamber of Commerce. It is to be hoped that the result of the poll will be set aside as obtained through unfortunate means, and that, as this newspaper has consistently urged, the town council, elected by the people, shall decide the question on its merits, and after weighing all factors shall choose whichever of the sites proposed seems to them best.



"Bah - Who Said It's More Blessed To Give!"

A MAINE YANKEE'S VIEWPOINT

About The Segregation Problem

In connection with a recent Pilot story about Sam B. Richardson of Southern Pines, a letter came to this newspaper from S. B. Williams, editor of the alumni publication at Hebron Academy, Hebron, Maine, a 150-year-old school of which Mr. Richardson is a graduate.

As an afterthought appended to his letter, Mr. Williams noted his personal views on the South's school segregation problem, printed here, and of interest here as the opinion of one New England Yankee. He refers to an editorial in The Pilot advocating "patience on both sides" and cautioning Negro leaders against pushing too fast toward their racial integration goals:

"I think the editorial, 'Time to Take Thought,' on the segregation problem extremely just. It shows insight and understanding of a problem that we in Maine can't fully grasp.

"Our thinking in this matter, I'm afraid, is purely theoretical. You people who are living with it can in many ways come closer to the truth than we can.

"I can't help in such matters falling back on Edmund Burke when he says, 'It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do.'

"And so we who find the segregation problem not nearly so pressing as do the people of the South, can only look on and hope that humanity, reason and justice are the forces that will eventually solve a difficult problem."

The Public Speaking

Expendable Or Indispensable

To The Editor:

During the late World War the soldiers used the word "expendable" to apply to those enlisted men whose lives had to be sacrificed to save some crucial post or situation. It is now evident that the Republicans think of President Eisenhower as one who is necessary to save the GOP from defeat in the November election and are willing to have him run for the presidency even if it costs him his life. So they have put him on the list of "expendables."

This assertion is, of course, denied, and the GOP claims that Ike is indispensable to the welfare of the nation and the world. Such a claim is contradictory to the whole democratic principle of government—"by the people and for the people"—and contradictory to its popular experience.

However serious or pressing the call to duty no man should ever think of himself as "indispensable" or make such a claim for another.

However, we should all rejoice that President Eisenhower has declared that he is a candidate for re-election. For it is a good thing that every voter, whether Republican or Democrat, will now have his thoughts directed to the consideration of what sort of President he has been. Beyond any question Ike was elected on his popularity as a soldier and war hero, backed up by many promises. Can he now win re-election on his record as a President with many unfulfilled promises and on the conduct of his administration?

We are on the eve of a vigorous campaign during which we shall no longer see a war hero riding through crowded streets waving his arms to frenzied mobs. But we are to listen, in the quiet of our homes, over radio and television, to leaders who will discuss the real issues of national and world welfare. We shall have opportunities for cool decisions.

The GOP seems to have decided that Eisenhower is "an expendable." The people will decide if he is indispensable or not.

—FRANCIS M. OSBORNE
Pinehurst

The South Stirs Culturally

Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Out of the Southeastern United States there has come a new note in the reawakening of the arts. While reporters have focused their cameras and their writings on the surging industrial and economic scene or on the controversial issue of segregation, a fresh and an intense kettle of cultural activity has been boiling on the back burners of this new South.

Within the past five years new and often brilliantly conceived museums have risen in unparalleled numbers in the country of magnolias and old lace. Among myriad others, Miami, Jacksonville, Orlando, and Pensacola in Florida; Birmingham, Ala.; Chattanooga and Oak Ridge in Tennessee; Columbus and Atlanta in Georgia; Columbia and Florence in South Carolina; and Raleigh, N. C., are cities where new and revitalized museums can be cited. Numerous other cities have theirs in the planning stages.

In most cases these new institutions are not art, history, or natural science museums of the traditional mold. No single individual has been responsible for their foundation, their endowment, or their collection. Rather, they represent a concentrated mass desire of the people of their community. Most are maintained by public taxation which has been accepted as a praiseworthy responsibility of the citizens.

The activity of these museums, too, is keyed to the service of culture, education, and recreation of their cities, states, and regions. They are resourceful tools in the lives of the people. Exhibitions are lively and are frequently changed. Certainly no dust and no cobwebs hold them to outmoded thinking. These museums act more in the sense of active

(and the adjective active cannot be overused in this account) "cultural centers" than they do as static repositories of accumulated information or relics.

Vital in energizing this new concept of museum work may be two professional organizations of the area: the Southeastern Museums Conference of the American Association of Museums, and the Southern Art Museum Directors Association. The former gathers in museums of every type; and annually it brings together their personnel, trustees, and patrons for a four-day meeting of concentrated study of museum problems and solutions.

The latter group of art museum directors is a much more informal and close-knit group, including only about 10 of the top-flight museum directors of the South whose personal qualifications must be paralleled by the standards and ethics of their institutions. SAMDA's value to its members lies in the exchange of planning information at its annual one-day meeting, round-robin circulars to keep one another abreast of current activity, and cooperation in the formation of special exhibitions.

FROM THE STATE MAGAZINE

Making Citizenship An Interesting Job

Down in Southern Pines, Town Manager Tom Cunningham has done such a good job of running the municipality that he gained the admiration of the citizens. But he has done more than that. By one device after another, he has so dramatized the business of government that he gained the continuous interest of the citizenship.

That's no small task. Too many people, alas, hastily cast their eyes elsewhere when the words "taxes," "city hall," "mayor appeals," confront them in their newspapers.

One way Tom does it is to issue

a monthly "Citizens' Digest" from City Hall. In pithy paragraphs, it tells what the town government is doing and what it hopes to do.

The "Digest" manages most times to take a positive approach. One item, for example, must have gladdened the taxpayers' hearts. It reads "Reduction of Water Rates." At the proper time, the proposed budget is published, and a typical taxpayer's bill of \$87.50 is broken down into its disposition.

Reading these digests, we get the idea that to be a citizen of Southern Pines is to participate in a good government and that living there is a lot of fun.

Grains of Sand

That's Why
Somebody once asked an editor of a small town paper why his paper had such a big circulation. "I suppose they like to read all the news," said the editor. "O. K.," said the questioner, "but in a small town everyone already knows what everyone else is doing. Why do they buy the paper?"

The editor grinned. "Maybe they want to see if they got caught at it."

That Stopped Him!

High spot in the celebration of Charlie Pickett's birthday party at the Carolina Theatre was the moment when the cake, ablaze with candles, was carried down the aisle to the vibrant tones of Talbot Johnson's most silver-tongued oratory.

The Happy Birthdaye stood wreathed in smiles, the white frosting shone. Honeyed words dripped from the lips of Moore County's famous speaker. . . and the candles dripped wax on the frosting of the cake, as they burned lower and lower. Deeper and deeper grew the sea of sentiment, lower and lower burned the candles. . . and then came an agonized cry from the rear:

"If you don't stop soon, the cake will be baked all over again!"

And Talbot stopped. No. It was not his wife. Word of honor.

But it WAS his daughter-in-law.

Preview

The Pilot has been receiving many nice compliments on the fancy little garden that now decorates its front yard. If you can call that strip a yard.

Actually, the planting might be called a preview of one of the things that can be done with part of that ten foot space affronting the sidewalk that is going to be required of any new store-builders in town, according to the most recent planning ordinance.

No, no: the town didn't order the bed. It was all our idea. (The town didn't pay for it, either, Captain.)

No Pickers YET

How much does everybody enjoy looking at flowers? How much does everybody enjoy picking them?

These questions were among the many addressed to Pilot gardeners, which is not to claim they were not also in the minds of the gardeners when planting the new front yard flowerbed.

So far, the record is tops. Only flowers picked were those taken over to Mary Scott Newton to cheer her bedside table at Moore County Hospital last week.

"First pickings from The Pilot garden!" we said. And didn't she beam!

How's That?

Tongue-twisters got the better of fluent NBC newsmen, Bud Scheerer, one day last week. Perhaps the hour for his broadcast came unduly early, or the previous hours had been unduly late. Anyway, in giving that extra punch to his story of the world-shaking crises that batter at the door of every statesman, these days, not to mention newscasters, Mr. Scheerer's tongue ran away with him:

"In these parlous times," said he, "we are bombarded and besetted with momentous questions."

Not bad, at that. Especially bombarded. That has all the sound effects necessary for interpretation of the Age, atomic or political. Or are they the same thing?

Irksome Deprivation?

We hope Harry is as jubilant as all the folks seem to be about the romance of his favorite girl. Only thing is: now he's going to have to let someone else do any letter-writing that needs to be done.

Rest easy, suh—a Tarheel takes care of his own.

THE PILOT

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

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict News Editor
Vance Derby Asst. 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.