

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. Wherever 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.

Somebody Would Invent It

If New Year's Day did not exist, somebody would be bound to invent it. It seems to be a human necessity to get a new start once in a while. And once a year seems to be a good time. The cynics among us view the occasion dispassionately. The rebels would prefer their New Year to begin, say, in September. The dreamers see nothing but good ahead, and the misanthropes nothing but evil. To some, it is just another day. For everyone, life goes on, just as it did the day before, but few of us are not touched in some degree by the everlasting appeal of a new beginning, the sense of a milestone passed and the attraction, the mystery of what lies ahead.

There are those who like to dope it out, to make predictions. Often they are right. Often

they are wrong. Most of us prefer to take stock, set our sights on a foreseeable goal and buckle down to whatever the task at hand may be.

The eternal urge to better oneself, to better the human status, makes itself felt. While more resolutions are broken than are kept, the sum total is to the good. The human being does not run well without an occasional shot of inspiration, like oil in the gears of a machine.

The sadness of past failures, the gladness of new hopes—mix them and you have the essence of New Year's as closely as it can be expressed.

New Year's is a holiday and a headache. It's brave and it's pitiful. But it's a good day, all in all. Happy New Year!

Our Confidence Is Unshaken

We feel that Rep. C. B. Deane of Rockingham, Eighth District Congressman whose term of office is nearing its close, acted in character when he withdrew his candidacy for Clerk of the House of Representatives as soon as he learned that Ralph Roberts, the present clerk, was in a Louisville, Ky., hospital after a serious operation.

A Drew Pearson column, written five days after the North Carolina Congressman notified Mr. Roberts of his decision not to seek the clerk's post, accused Mr. Deane of "trying to take Roberts' job away from him while he's recuperating in the hospital."

Mr. Deane's denial appeared to us to be forthright, documented and sincere—three qualities that he has demonstrated during his decade of service in the Congress.

The incident reveals the dangers of high

pressure, shoot-from-the-hip journalism. The Pearson column must have reached many persons who never saw the Deane explanation and denial. The incident brings closer to home than some of the Pearson controversies what this kind of journalism can do to a public figure.

Mr. Deane was widely urged to become a candidate for the House post and we have no doubt but that he would, if appointed, have served with distinction.

As for what actually happened, the credit goes to Deane, the discredit to the columnist. Our confidence in the Eighth District Congressman is not shaken. All else aside, Mr. Deane's personal character is too firmly established and proved in public and private life, to allow of any other interpretation.

Good For You, Chapel Hill!

"Oil Company Revises Plan for Station to Save Tree"—so reads the headline on the leading news story in the Chapel Hill Weekly last week. The story begins:

"The Sun Oil Company is revising the layout for its new service station so as to save the fine old willow oak that was marked for destruction."

Good for you, Chapel Hill!

About the only difference in the Chapel Hill incident and the one that attracted interest in Southern Pines earlier this year, in connection with construction of a supermarket, is that an oak tree was involved in Chapel Hill, while dogwoods and a magnolia were at stake in Southern Pines.

The people in Chapel Hill who rose to the

challenge of the service station's plans saw eye to eye with the people in Southern Pines who worked to save the trees here. They all believe that there is no sense in wrecking the natural beauties of a town—beauties that take decades to produce, in the case of trees—in the name of commercial progress.

There is not a building in this world, to our mind, except possibly a city skyscraper, that does not look better with trees around it or near it. And we believe that trees around and near a building make that place more attractive to customers.

We congratulate Chapel Hill on saving its oak and we again urge public and private interests in Southern Pines to save all the trees they can.

Still Too Much Fireworks

It is nearly a decade since the North Carolina General Assembly, impressed by a long list of terrible injuries that had been suffered by Tar Heel children and adults as a result of fireworks in the previous year, wrote into law a ban on fireworks in this state.

The law is about as comprehensive as a law can be. It prohibits the manufacture, use, possession, sale, transportation and just about anything else that is possible in connection with fireworks. It's a good law and was generally approved by the people of the state.

The fireworks law cut injuries from this cause to a minimum. Many people are walking around today with eyes and fingers they would not have if the law had not been enacted nearly 10 years ago. The law has been frequently invoked over the state and has proved its value. Yet there is still entirely

too much fireworks in North Carolina. One has only to see roadside stands selling fireworks, just over the state line on many highways, to know that the stands are placed at these remote and often rural spots for only one reason—trade from North Carolina.

From around the state come reports that fireworks are becoming a problem again. Police in Southern Pines report occasional complaints about fireworks. A "bomb" explosion at the school early last year caused widespread comment locally.

Whatever the source of fireworks supply in North Carolina, officers should be on the alert to cut it off. It is our hunch that there would be little trouble from fireworks over the state if irresponsible adults and teenagers old enough to drive across the state line could be controlled.

A Lesson In The Spirit Of Christmas

While there is much lamenting over changes in the way Christmas is observed, nobody seems to do much about it.

The lamentations about over-commercializing Christmas, about over-emphasis on the Santa Claus angle of the observance seem to grow each year—but those aspects of the season that arouse these sentiments also seem to increase.

Children, it seems, are encouraged—almost goaded, in many cases—into an attitude that is nothing less than greed. "What do you want for Christmas?" is the question asked them. And adults are disappointed if the little one does not recite a list of all his yearnings for personal possessions.

Under this approach, the sky is the limit in a child's acquisitive fancies. Adults expect him to reel off a list of his desires. A child who hesitates, perhaps with some instinctive feeling that his personal longings are not necessarily public information, is considered a little backward—not nearly so cute as one who apparently knows what he wants and is confident of getting it, too.

Does anybody ever ask a child what he is going to give for Christmas—what he plans to do to make another person happy. Seldom. And why?

Last week, several dozen Southern Pines

Cub Scouts took part in a program that brought these little boys, as well as all who saw or read about what they were doing, much closer to what seems to us to be the real spirit of Christmas.

An old European family custom of "making a layette for the Christ Child"—one to be actually given to a needy mother or expectant mother—was introduced here and beautifully and carefully explained by a "den mother."

Under this custom, all members of a family actually make, with loving care, the items in the layette. These items are gathered together with some ceremony, including reminders of the meaning of the Christmas season. Then the whole thing is given to the needy person, with care that the recipient does not know from whom the gift came: "A gift is only half a gift if the receiver knows who gives it."

This is a long, long way from a "Christmas parade" held some time shortly after Thanksgiving—and from a score of other ways in which we "celebrate" the holiday season.

The local Cub Scouts under the guidance of the den mother who introduced them to the old European custom, have given us a heart-warming example of a totally different spirit in the observance of Christmas.

"Could Some Of You Other Fellows Help Push?"



Grains of Sand

For Every Occasion
Mayors of towns get almost as much odd mail as do newspapers, it seems. And the funny part is that the mayor's odd mail is usually turned over to the newspaper.

That was what happened for instance when a gentleman in Turkey wrote to Mayor Voit Gilmore of Southern Pines some time ago, asking how he could place an advertisement for an American bride.

The letter was relayed to The Pilot. We didn't run an ad because we doubted very much if any of our readers wanted to take on a husband in Turkey, sight unseen.

We started to write an item about the letter for GRAINS, but suddenly realized that the Turkish gentleman's name contained an unspeakable obscenity—in the sound, not the actual spelling. So the whole thing was a dead loss.

Well, anyway, the latest item to be relayed to The Pilot from Mayor Gilmore is a solicitation of the mayor on behalf of a volume titled: "The Mayor's Book of Speeches for All Occasions." The letter came from East London, South Africa. On the envelope's return address, the words "East London" appear in very large type and "South Africa" in very small type. Again we are puzzled as to why anybody in South Africa would undertake to write speeches he thinks would be used by a mayor in North Carolina—but the East London character seems confident and has such a snappy sales talk that we don't see how Mayor Gilmore resisted. Listen to this (question marks are not used, it seems, in East London, South Africa):

"Dear Mr. Mayor: "Have you prepared that welcome yet for Friday, and your talk at the Welfare Annual General on Monday. And what about the Farmers Gathering on Thursday, the Flower Show next week, and the Drama Festival the week after. There is also the opening of the new church and the new college (Ed. Note: That couldn't be the Consolidated Presbyterian College, could it?), and the Photographic Society and the Technical crowd the week after.

"In the meantime you'll have to think of something to say at the opening of the Spring Festival and the Hobbies Exhibition, and there are those four conferences next month of which you must welcome the delegates. Oh, and don't forget those three bazaars, the exhibition and the Flower Show. The Governor and the Ambassador will be here next month, too, but you can deal with them later. There are quite a number of appointments for the Mayor's too, at which she will be expected to say something. (Ed. Note: Aren't you glad you don't live in East London, South Africa, Mrs. Gilmore?)"

"Yes, Mr. Mayor, I have been through it all, and often felt the need of a book of some sort to give me an idea here and there of what to say on these numerous occasions. . . Cheques, dollar or pound notes accepted. . . The price is listed as "3.50 dollars."

Frankly, we don't see why our mayor passed up such an opportunity as this. We almost sent for it ourself, just to find out what it is the mayor should say to "the Technical crowd"—a fascinating descriptive term, if we ever heard one.

After all, we might have to write an editorial some day on "the Technical crowd" and we must confess we haven't the slightest notion of what to say.

The PILOT

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

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict Associate Editor
Vance Derby News Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Bessie Cameron Smith Society
Composing Room
Lochamy McLean, Dixie E. Ray,
Michael Valen, Jasper Swearingen,
Thomas Mattocks.

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.

The Public Speaking

What About Those 'Whelps' In Letter To Editor?

To the Editor:

Let us hope that Jimmy Mann will prove to be inaccurate as a prophet; in a letter to the editor in a recent Pilot, he said that "young McDonald faces more in life than a red whelp or two on his chest." The implication of this seems to be that what McDonald will face will be much worse than one or two red whelps on his chest.

Since Mr. Mann didn't specify whether the whelps were wolves, bears, lions, or tigers, we are left in the dark as to just which kind of whelps he had in mind; however, a bit of judicious thought should convince anyone that the prospect of having one or two of any of these on his chest should be quite enough for a teen-age boy, without asking him to face more.

RUSSELL E. POWELL
Southern Pines

(Editor's Note: Webster's International Dictionary, which is The Pilot's authority on spelling and usage, gives "whelp" as a U. S. dialect noun meaning "a well or wale." We therefore allowed Mr. Mann's use of the word to stand as written—wondering, however, how many readers would assume he was in error. This use of "whelp" is rare, at least in this area, but apparently came naturally to Mr. Mann. Though the word is listed as "dialect" by Web-

ster, it is not listed as "obscure.")

Working Conditions For Town Employees Better

To the Editor:

As an employee of the Town of Southern Pines for the past five years, I have had the privilege of experiencing the change of town government from an employee's viewpoint as well as a citizen's viewpoint.

Of course, the improvements that Mr. Cunningham and the town council have made under the city manager government are too numerous to mention, but I would like to point out the effects they have had on the municipal employees.

During the past three and one half years the municipal employees have realized improved

working conditions, all of which were never experienced before the new government was installed here. To mention a few, the labor now receives a week's paid vacation, Christmas bonus, and pay raises to at least equal those of other municipalities.

With these improved working conditions prevailing among the employees, they will not only do their jobs more efficiently but will do them with the best interest of the town.

I believe I can speak for all the municipal employees in saying that with our new city manager, we are anxious to continue our efforts to do our small part to help make Southern Pines a better town in which to live.

JOEL STUTTS
Supervisor of Water Southern Pines

THEY'RE SAYING:

Problems Of Discipline

(From The Greensboro Record)

The Record professes sympathy for Irie Leonard, Southern Pines high school principal, who has appealed his conviction of assault on a pupil, a 16-year-old boy.

Leonard was fined \$1 and taxed the costs after a recorder's court trial. The judge was quoted as saying he had no choice since "it had been proved. . . beyond reasonable doubt that the defendant was angry when he struck the blow." Expressing regret that the matter got into court, the judge said he felt it could and should have been handled in the school.

He was reportedly of the opinion that the principal had not acted with malice.

Maybe the principal used more force than was reasonable, but the evidence as reported in the press indicated highly unbecoming behavior and attitude on the part of the prosecuting witness and several other boys. The group had been summoned by the principal on complaint of the school librarian that they had been disrespectful, and the alleged assault was said to have been precipitated by remarks addressed to the principal.

One of the boys admitted at the trial that he had told the principal it was none of his business what he said to the librarian. A man repairing a clock in the principal's office at the time of the incident testified that he overheard the commotion in an adjoining room where Leonard and the pupils were. This witness told the court he thought the pupils "were impudent."

Principals and teachers are expected to conduct themselves in a manner to command the respect of their pupils, and the pupils are in turn expected to be respectful. We are sympathetic with school personnel who are constantly confronted with discipline problems. Principal Leonard testified that most of the boys involved in the Southern Pines incident had been discipline problems in the past. We can well imagine the provocation which caused him to deal as he did with the situation confronting him. Maybe it wouldn't have happened if sterner action had been taken earlier.

We don't like for youngsters to think they can be rude, disrespectful or ill-behaved and get away with it. Teachers and principals should have the support and co-operation of parents and the community in all proper efforts to discipline their pupils.

PARENT'S MOST STIRRING MOMENT

A Child's First Day In School

By HARRY GOLDEN
In The Carolina Israelite

I believe the most stirring moment in the experience of a parent comes on the day you leave the child in school for the first time. This can be so sharp an experience that when there are two or three children this ritual has to be alternated between the parents. I remember leaving one of mine there all starved up with a look of bewilderment on his face such as I never want to witness again. I held his little hand and got him registered. As we walked through the yard and corridors of the school he never took his eyes off me, and never said a word.

Hid Behind Pillar

Then came the moment to put him in a line and—leave him. I tried to be nonchalant as I walked away but I quickly hid behind a pillar and watched him. But he could see around the pillar; he had never taken his eyes off me. He just looked and looked and I could see that he filled up, but since I am bigger, I filled up more. What an ordeal! Yet I

knew that the final decision could not be delayed for long. But there was no law that forced me to keep watching him. I turned my back and started out slowly and then I practically ran out the door.

You have to make a break, but it is an experience you never forget. You do not talk about it much, because the kid grows up very fast and it is embarrassing for him to hear about it, but it is one of those experiences that sticks with you forever.

Time Brings Change

Soon, however, too soon—you get a letter from this same child and he is a paratrooper and some stranger is pushing him out of an airplane down to the earth below, and the first thing you think of is a filled-up bewildered kid, all starved up, trying to twist his neck to see behind a pillar.

Maybe the system has been changed in recent years. Everything has become so fancy. I imagine they come after the kids in a station wagon these days, driven by a child psychologist. Is this so?