

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.

Highway-Prison Separation

One matter coming before the General Assembly that will convene in a few days is separation of the prison system from the highway system—a matter in which this newspaper has taken an interest for some time, and which we believe to be in the best interest of the state.

In a report to the Governor, made late last year, a study committee composed of the chairman of the State Highway and Public Works Commission, the chairman of the Prison Advisory Council and the Director of Prisons concluded that separation is "feasible"—if accomplished in accordance with several proposals that the committee listed.

Among these proposals are: that the legislation become effective July 1 of this year; that a separate Prison Department be established with jurisdiction over prisons, but not over other parts of the correctional process; that a State Prisons Commission be set up and that the responsibilities of the State Highway and Public Works Commission respecting prisons be limited to: employing male prisoners for road work (as many as can be "economically" used); and purchasing prison products meeting standard specifications.

A 1957-59 budget assuming that separation will take place has already been prepared. Although, as Hugh Haynie's cartoon on this page indicates, the proposal is fraught with problems, it seems likely that the Assembly will authorize at least the basic changes out-

lined in the study committee's report.

Those persons who have been thinking of highway-prison separation in terms of "getting the prisoners off the roads" need not be downcast that all road work by prisoners will not immediately cease, under the proposal as it now stands.

The plan of the study committee, as noted above, includes employment of some prisoners on road work, so far as they can be "economically" used—but that "economically" is a very important word, for it is an established fact, borne out in the experience of other states, as well as North Carolina, that road work is more efficiently and economically performed by professional forces, skilled in the operation of machinery and trusted to use these machines, than by prison labor which is, for the most part, of a very low order of skill and reliability.

Prison camps would continue in operation, under the committee's proposal, but would become more and more centers for vocational rehabilitation, as contrasted with their present status as barracks for road workers. And, of course, there are numerous other proposals for continued improvement of prison administration and personnel.

We are most encouraged by the study committee's report and we urge the General Assembly to give it careful and sympathetic consideration. The report's proposals lead to an important turning point in the economic and humanitarian progress of the state.

Eisenhower and Dulles

The tide of criticism of Secretary Dulles is approaching flood proportions. Objections to the administration's Middle East policy resolution have been almost shelved as the heat is turned on the Secretary of State. Just about every leading Democrat has fired his broadside. Yet Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts says he is certain the President retains full confidence in Dulles.

Which leads to the ever-constant wondering: does the President know what's going on? Does he know the full story of the Dulles leadership, or lack of it? Does he read the papers, the remarks of leading, reliable writers and commentators? He didn't read the "brink of war" article in LIFE; has he read Harsch's article about him in Harper's? How much does he know?

Discipline Problems In The News

School disciplinary problems, which have inspired considerable comment in North Carolina recently, are nation-wide and even world-wide in scope.

Last week, at Mount Vernon, N. Y., a city court judge upheld a teacher's right to slap a child in maintaining discipline, quoting the Bible to back up his decision. The case involved a 35-year-old school music teacher and a 12-year-old boy.

Said the judge: "It is the thought of the court that the teacher must be supreme in the classroom like any other person placed in authority. Instruction can only be properly and successfully given by one who has the authority over his pupils and who has their respect. The teacher is vested with the right to give orders and as a concomitant of the same, he should have the sanction to enforce them."

Corporal punishment is forbidden in New York City, as it is in North Carolina, but New York State law, which applied in the Mount Vernon case, says that it is not unlawful to use force "when committed by a parent or teacher in the exercise of lawful authority and the force or violence used is reasonable in manner or moderate in degree."

The judge cited these words from the Book of Proverbs:

"Withhold not correction from the child, for though thou beat him with a rod he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with a rod and deliver his soul from the nether world."

Also: "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but the child left to himself causes shame to his mother."

In North Carolina, The Greensboro Daily News quotes a Guilford College student from India who points out that discipline is much stronger in the schools of her native land than in the United States and that penalties for miscreants range from standing in a corner to public whipping.

The News cites with approval The Sanford Herald's musings on the problem, to the effect that a teacher

"... must have the right to refuse to allow in his classroom any student who has failed to heed last chance warnings. This will not only protect the teacher's peace of mind and allow other students to continue their studies properly, but will awaken a parent to his duty to discipline the child himself when the school and the teacher announce they are no longer willing to try."

The attitude summed up by the Herald is the heart of the discipline policy of the

Does he understand that Dulles is asking the people to give to him powers beyond those of any other president in peacetime? Does he know that, however great may be the people's devotion to him, however much they may believe in his sincerity and idealism, they are rapidly losing faith in the man to whom he entrusts the making and the carrying out of foreign policy?

The faith in President Eisenhower seems to flourish and, so long as he confines his speeches to idealistic truisms with which nobody could possibly disagree, that faith will probably continue. There is no doubt now in the nature of the man, but there begins, we believe, to be doubt as to how much he is aware of the facts of life, the life, right now, of the Middle East policy and the words and actions of his Secretary of State.

Southern Pines city schools, as recently re-

formulated and sent home to each parent. Under this policy, after other efforts to discipline a student have failed, a child can be suspended from school attendance and "shall not be readmitted until he and his parents agree in writing that he will abide by all school regulations."

Certainly, the Southern Pines High School discipline case, wherein a faculty member was arrested on complaint of parents for an alleged assault on a student, has roused this community to the duty to discipline children and young people at home. The Southern Pines policy rightly emphasizes that the parents have primary responsibility.

As the quotation from Proverbs indicates, there is nothing new about discipline problems, nor need this community feel that it is alone in facing them in the schools. But the various crises here and elsewhere beneficially wake us up and refresh our thinking on the subject.

Welcome, Rotarians!

The Pilot welcomes to the Sandhills the hundreds of Rotarians and their wives who will be at the Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst for three days, starting Sunday, for the conference of the 281st Rotary District.

Members of the Southern Pines Rotary Club have worked hard and long on plans for this meeting and it appears that these many Tarheels will be afforded a very pleasant and rewarding stay in the Sandhills.

We hope that the visitors will roam around a bit while they are in this area and will see Southern Pines and other places of interest. They all come from North Carolina and many of them no doubt know this section well, but we are always pleased to see the Sandhills make new friends.

We cannot help but wish that the headquarters of the conference could be in Southern Pines, as it might well be if there were sufficient accommodations for such a group here.

Construction of the new National Guard Armory, to begin soon, will provide in Southern Pines a meeting place that will surpass any now available in the Sandhills. It may be that cooperative action by existing Southern Pines hostilities, together with any new facility that may be built here in the future, can attract and entertain, with the needed accommodations, more and larger groups than any which now use Southern Pines for a meeting place.

"Have A Seat—I'll Be With You In A Minute"



A New Highland Pines Inn?

Simplicity, Charm Recalled In Long History of Old 'Country Hotel'

We first saw the big longleaf pines the winter of 1915 and we first saw them, shining in the warm sun, from the terrace of the Highland Pines Inn.

Perhaps that is one reason we have such a lonely feeling when we look at that empty space on the skyline of Weymouth Heights. There are the two white cottages; there are the familiar Japanese print silhouettes of the pines and then—nothing. Where the long white facade used to stand, with its tall white columns, its touch of the South, of gracious living, now—nothing.

The home of hospitality, of fun and frolic, the scene of many a social function and of countless small friendly gatherings, is gone. This is a serious loss.

It is a loss from a financial and economic standpoint. It is a loss from a social one: it is a loss simply as a welcome reminder of former days of more leisurely living, perhaps even of better times, more relaxed, more conducive to thought and the charm of easy companionship: When people had time to sit in the sun, time to talk of cabbages and kings... of the League of Nations or the goofiness of the Charleston or the grueness of the Prohibition era. Or lots of other things, including the delights of discovering, as these visitors sat on the Highland Pines Inn terrace, such an oasis of perfection for their holidays.

The era of the League has changed to that of the U. N., more hopeful of peace—if it weren't for the atom bomb; the Charleston has become Rock 'n Roll, about which we do not comment. The Prohibition era led to money in the pockets of criminals; whether to anything else is a moot question.

But people are still talking about the delights of spending a holiday in the Sandhills of North

Carolina. Has the vanishing of that sunny terrace and the pleasant inn of which it was such a charming feature led to the end of an era for this town? We don't think so and neither do a lot of people.

The question, however, must be in many minds, although, to look at it squarely, is to admit that the Highland Pines Inn vanished long before it was envelop-

ARRIVAL OF AGE SIXTEEN

By AL RESCH
Chatham News, Siler City

A new era began at our house last Sunday. Our female Indian turned sixteen and we can now look forward to the day when she will do her own chattering, adding gray to what is left of her pappy's hair. The transition from fifteen to sixteen was no sudden thing. It has been in the making, visibly that is, for some months. How does one know that age sixteen is approaching? By the presence in the house of a driver's manual, of course. The time is marked off like no other milestone. Attainment of age sixteen means but one thing to this generation—the acquisition of a driver's permit that makes it possible for its holder to badger the devil out of parents until there is no peace at home.

"Teach me to drive and all of your problems will be at an end," says the rising teenager. What she fails to see or refuses to recognize is that problems are just beginning. And the old man around the house suddenly realizes that he'll spend more of his time afoot than he has in several years.

The Public Speaking

Likes Editorial

To The Editor:

Excellent editorial re Dulles! It deserves to be broadcast.

Sincerely,
MARGARET LYALL
Foughkeepsie, N. Y.

All Speeders Should Get Jail Sentence

To The Editor:

Thank you for "spotlighting" the proposals for the new highway laws. As you state, they should be adopted.

Can the public do anything to help insure their passage, at least those of us who are ashamed of the record of our state in traffic casualties—we are very nearly the worst in the country—and those of us who would like to live, and live unmaimed?

I would like to ask this question: why shouldn't speeding be made an offense that calls for a mandatory jail sentence? In fact, it seems that any traffic violation

that might lead to injury or death should involve a jail sentence.

Of course, this is taking for granted that there is no mechanical defect responsible for an unavoidable violation. And there will be less chance of that if the new proposal for mechanical inspection goes into effect.

What is so sacrosanct about a car that its driver should be exempt from a jail sentence? Are we all mesmerized by this auto age—mooning around in a self-imposed hypnotic trance? Not able to think straight?

Even when a jail or road sentence is pronounced by a judge in a traffic case, that penalty is usually not imposed and the offender is let off with a fine and suspended sentence.

What good will it do to increase the Highway Patrol if the offenders aren't really punished? It is just plain sentimental guff to hold that the "youth" or the

ed in flames last Saturday night.

It is now a good many years since the town enjoyed the attraction of a first-class country hotel. And we emphasize that "country", for, out there in what was then the edge of town and a stretch of stately woodland, the Highland Pines was in actuality, and in contrast with other hotels, a country inn, in the country and with all the peace and seclusion—when a person wanted it—that only the real country can give.

Actually, there is no particular reason to feel that the loss of the old building changes, in any degree, that present situation, for it has existed for many years. All it does is to dramatize it. The fire lit up, you might say, the prime need of this town, if it is to remain in the resort field, a field demonstrably successful only five miles away, and one that is counted near the top in the state's sources of revenue.

This town must find another Highland Pines Inn. It must be situated, as the other was when built, near the town, but in the country. It must be of modern construction, answering the latest requirements in attractive living, but it need not and, we believe, should not be fancy or "dressy". Simplicity has charms for the visitor from the big city. Simplicity, good Southern food, good service, a chance for some privacy as well as for some fun, a chance to play and a chance to sit in the sun: these are what the modern visitor to the South wants.

No amount of renovation would have been able to make over the old inn, situated where it was, into such a hostelry. What we must work for is the charm of the old revived in a new setting. May our recent blaze spark a move to build such a new Highland Pines Inn. —KLB

Grains of Sand

Odious Comparisons:

Pilot's Fire Story Shown Up

On December 18, 1835, there was a serious fire in New York, which burned many buildings in the Wall Street section of the city. We have in our possession a copy of the New York Transcript of December 21, whose front page is entirely devoted to an account of the results of the catastrophe. The Transcript had published, on Saturday, an Extra, (of which they comment in proud italics: "Fifty thousand copies were sold"), but this December 21 issue describes the aftermath and is "got up with much greater care and expense." As contrast to present-day journalism it might seem a bit slow? Well, maybe. Let's say: slow but sure. Awfully sure.

In the center of the page is a sketch map of the area, so the article itself simply starts off with:

"Reference To The Map: The black spot denotes where the fire commenced. The White marks show the few buildings that were preserved." Then, after a thorough enumeration of buildings gone and area covered, the account goes on:

"The awful calamity with which this city has been visited within the past week is still the topic of conversation amongst all classes of individuals, and the theme of comment generally by the press. And well may it be so, whether taking into consideration the immense extent of devastation and suffering which it has caused, or the importance which will hereafter be attached to it as an eventful epoch in the history of New York, alike eventful and interesting as a record, with the ruins of Carthage and Pompeii and the disastrous conflagrations of London and Moscow."

It looks as if, even in those days, New York considered itself pretty hot stuff.

Gallant Fellows.

Then and Now—

Our volunteer fire chief did himself proud, we thought, in the grateful tone of the thanks he rendered to those who assisted the department during the local conflagration recently. Here's how the Transcript handled it:

"The noble citizens of Brooklyn, Newark and Philadelphia are entitled to our special gratitude. We shall hereafter take occasion to notice the exemplary conduct of the gallant fellows who have come from each of these cities to recruit the forces of our own brave and intrepid but exhausted firemen."

Better bone up on those adjectives, Harold, We're copying them down for future use ourselves.

They Have It Too

Virus has always seemed a kind of high-toned ailment. A whole lot fancier and therefore more desirable than "the flu", which it used to be.

But now: chickens have it. That sure takes the bloom off it.

The fowls of the barnyard and broiler palace droop, whine, (peep), drag around. And you do just the same thing: shoot them full of mycins and start the croup kettle going.

The medics and pharmacists will just have to think up another good name for it or lose out.

Too Late

Then there was the Army rookie who, while the rest of the boys were happily decorating the barracks, for Christmas, said sourly, "Phooey on Santa Claus. Twenty years ago I asked him for a soldier suit—and NOW I get it!"

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