

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.

Klan Being By-Passed By History

We do not predict a rosy future for the Ku Klux Klan in the Sandhills nor in North Carolina.

Like electric cars, men's knickerbockers, hand-wound phonographs and wood-fired cookstoves, the Klan is a product with a diminishing market. It is being by-passed by history.

The Sandhills showed last week that its people are not significantly interested in what the Klan has to offer. Its meeting and cross-burning session appeared to attract mainly curious persons who wanted to see what a KKK meeting looks like. They've seen it now—like a scene from a 30-year-old movie—and most of them very likely will not go back again. (What the Klan needs is a public relations expert to tip them off that if they really want to go respectable they should discard the trappings of the Klan's days of lawlessness and terror: the absurd robes and the burning cross which is the central symbol of the old and wholly discredited Klan. Of course, without the robes and cross, a Klan meeting isn't much of a show, and a crowd might never be corralled on the merits of the Klan's message alone.)

Now that the Klan dare not in North Carolina make its one-time fascinating offer of personal lawlessness and personal violence to frustrated hot-heads, it can offer only the comforting notion of White Supremacy, overlaid with coatings of religion and patriotism. Of such was the message delivered at last week's meeting and the contents of a four-page "magazine" distributed on that occa-

sion. But how, then, can we call the Klan a product with a diminishing market? For the simple reason that there are other and, for most people, more appealing outlets for their thoughts and feelings on these subjects. Most people in the Sandhills and in North Carolina have their churches for their religious life and their veterans' organizations or their private convictions for their patriotism. They do not need Klan guidance there. And the field of racial relations is no longer a wilderness of personal prejudices and opinions. During the past decade the courts have been charting a path that, however offensive it may be to some persons, must point at least the direction in which we are traveling. There are also new state laws, such as the Pupil Assignment Act and the Pearsall Plan that are designed to provide legal and orderly solutions to racial problems in the realm of education.

The emphatic rejection of the Klan's offer of membership by Senators Ervin and Scott shows which way the wind is blowing in North Carolina. Between them, these two men sum up in their personal characters many different shades of Tarheel opinion and, one might say, levels of culture, from Scott's "branch head boys" to Ervin's seat on the State Supreme Court. That both should reject the Klan is a tribute not only to them, but to the state they represent.

"The last thing we need in North Carolina now is the Ku Klux Klan," said Senator Scott. We agree.

Perspective On Foreign Doctors Affair

An interesting viewpoint on the matter of foreign doctors holding state jobs in North Carolina is the realization that this problem is shared by other states, notably Kentucky where, according to the Louisville Courier-Journal, there are in four mental hospitals, 25 foreign (born and trained overseas) doctors at work as against 20 who were trained in America. One mental hospital in Kentucky has only one American doctor in a staff of eight.

The information from Kentucky is that foreign doctors there have been and are every bit as essential as they have proven to be in North Carolina and, as in Tarheelia, are credited with much of the success of the state hospitals system in recent years.

According to the Louisville newspaper, Kentucky has discharged a higher rate of patients than any other state in the past two years. And the Courier-Journal says the foreign doctors are due at least a part of the credit.

"It would seem," that newspaper adds, "that American taxpayers would be grateful

to these practitioners from other lands, who serve at low salaries we are willing to pay. . . Pray God Kentucky never shows itself either so ungrateful or so improvident!"

So indeed are we grateful—at least, that proved to be the case in North Carolina where an outcry on the part of both state hospitals officials and the public resulted in rescinding of a ruling by the State Board of Medical Examiners that the foreign doctors would have to go after July of next year.

The testimony from Kentucky rounds out the foreign doctors affair and adds perspective. And we think approximately the same reaction would have been registered on the part of the public and the press in any other state.

No matter how provincial, selfish or intolerant Americans may be painted or may at times appear, there is in us a fundamental respect for work done, for help given and for fair dealing. This quality is what made itself so amply evident when it appeared the foreign doctors in North Carolina were to be given a raw deal.

All The News—Not Just Good News

The Pilot has made a point for some time of explaining to its readers now and then why newspapers—and this newspaper in particular—take certain attitudes or handle news in certain ways.

We do not dispute our readers' right to judge us, nor do we contend that we make no mistakes in reporting or commenting on the news. But unless readers are aware of the principles that guide the publishing of a newspaper, it may be easy for them to assume that what appears in the paper is arbitrary, capricious or not in the public interest.

A criticism frequently made of small town newspapers is that there should be no place in these publications for news that will "hurt" the town—a blanket term that appears to cover publication of anything unpleasant or discreditable about the community, no matter how true the facts are.

This attitude is especially felt in a resort community such as Southern Pines which is naturally trying to put its best foot forward and appear attractive to the public eye.

The small town of Aspen, Colo., is a resort community whose weekly newspaper was told by local critics that it had printed stories it shouldn't. The reply made by the Aspen Times to these criticisms eloquently sums up the principles that guide conscientious editors everywhere in handling local news. It is just as true in Southern Pines as in Colorado:

"The primary function of any newspaper is to report news, not just good news but all news. But because no one likes to have his faults made public, much news is distasteful to some of those who read it. If a paper attempted to print only stories pleasing to all, the contents would be limited to innocuous accounts of all births and weddings.

"... (The Times) is a small, insignificant publication in an out-of-the-way corner of the nation, but because it is a newspaper it has a great heritage to maintain, a heritage as old as the country itself, a heritage of free and independent reporting, an important heritage protected by the First Amendment of the Constitution and recognized by countless decisions of the

courts.

"And we can not believe that Aspen businessmen would like it otherwise. For a free press is essential to political freedom, and conversely, governments which do not allow freedom can not permit a free press. Today in over half of the world: in Russia, in China, in Egypt, in Hungary, wherever dictatorships rule, the press is muzzled. In such places only good news—news favorable to those in command—is printed, and no editorial criticism is allowed.

"We hope that is not what . . . (is) wanted here."

Running a newspaper in the light of the great heritage noted by the Aspen paper does not exempt an editor, of course, from exercising the balance, taste and restraint that common sense and common decency call for. And it is true, too, that responsible editors would always rather print something "good" than something "bad" about their home towns.

It is, after all, the residents of a community who make the "good" and "bad" news.

Clean Up Next Week

The Pilot notes with approval Mayor Blue's proclamation of the week, August 26-31, as "clean-up week" in Southern Pines.

The town council has previously gone on record as approving of and cooperating with this summer's state-wide effort for cleanliness along the highways and in public parks and has asked the people of Southern Pines to extend this effort to their own private property.

This community is fortunate in being basically well laid out and having an abundance of natural beauty—trees along the streets and an above-average number of well planted and well cared-for yards. Pride in the appearance of Southern Pines is nothing new, but it needs to be refreshed and renewed now and then.

Next week is a good time for each resident to do his part.

"I'm Sorry—But Most Of You Men Just Don't Measure Up"



A Seacoast Morning In Maine

By KATHARINE BOYD

If you wake up early in the morning on the shore of Frenchman's bay, the first sound you generally hear is the heron clearing his throat.

It's THE heron. The same one. Or that is what the bird books would indicate. They say each one has his own closely patrolled stretch of shore line—and all the mussels and snails and tiny fish and crabs that live in its rock pools belong to him. That is, as far as other herons are concerned. Gulls are no respecters of heron property or anybody else's and will leave their deep water fishing to invade other territory whenever they have a mind. The herons tolerate them, perhaps because they are mostly scavengers, but if another heron appears, the war is on.

We've never seen such a battle or even heard it and we have an idea that here in Maine, with its three thousand miles of shore line, there is more than enough beach to go around.

On Wide Wings

THE heron would confirm that impression. His solitary throat-clearings and croaks in the morning sound as lonely and undisturbed as the sight of him in the evenings, sailing slowly by on his wide wings, his long legs held stiffly in the same flat trajectory, a Japanese print against the sunset sky.

If you get up as the dawn is stealing pearly across the sky, you can sometimes catch a close look at him. And then he looks solitary indeed. There he stands on the lowest rock close to the water, long head hunched back into his shoulders, the spring of his neck coiled for the sudden lightning thrust. Incredibly still he waits, expectant, the old fisherman intent on one final cast before he calls it a day.

Beside him, the little silver waves flutter with the first breath of air. Or is it a school of tiny fish, flashing their tails in heedless exuberance? The stilto strikes—sharp, hard, there is a wild groping and teetering with balancing wings a-flutter; then up it comes, to shine, a silver sliver in the sun, before it vanishes. But actually, you seldom see the heron. The first sound from the hooded house, the first sign of traffic on the bay, and he is gone.

Coming to Life

That sound of traffic is the sign of another Maine day coming to life. The green light through the firs turns to gold and the lapping of the water grows louder as the little breeze freshens. A branch starts to tap against the log walls. A red squirrel hits the roof with a thump and patters on across to jump with a thrashing crash into the trees. He sounds as big as a bear. And then you hear it: the faint throb of a motor.

One of the lobstermen is out early. Probably Billy Bunker who has a day job at times and then has to haul his traps before he goes to work.

You picture him on his "Linda B" at her mooring, getting the cranky, fogged-up old engine going for his daily round. You follow her course as she leaves the anchorage, the faint throb turn-

ing into a firm beat as she leaves the harbor and rounds the point.

First the lobster pots along the farther shore of Dram Island, and then the whole tough working life of her moves close. The motor shuts off. Through the sudden silence the splash of her wake striking the rocks below is loud. There is the muffled rub of the heavy water-logged hawser on the gunwale and then, in a great sluicing of water, the trap comes up, festooned with kelp. There is the dull sound of wood on wood as it thumps hollow on the deck, followed by the series of splashes as the crabs and similar varmints, and lobsters over or under the limit, are thrown back. The engine turns over slowly to move the boat a few yards farther on, where the emptied and rebaited lobsterpot is thrown back in with a resounding splash, all set for tomorrow's unvarying hardships.

Grace and Beauty

The boat moves on and you trace its course from buoy to brightly bobbing buoy, the empty bottles—that are used to hold each buoy up in line over the submerged trap—flashing in the early sun. The engine grows fainter as she heads across to Bean Island's soft grassy sheep meadow in its ring of dark trees and the farther ledges. And now, looking out, you can see the Linda's high white bow turn back toward the harbor mouth. Cutting steadily across the water, the sturdy boat has the grace and beauty of something designed as the best possible answer to a problem of man's livelihood. One more stop. As the motor shuts off and she rocks gently to the motion of the water and the easy movements of the man working intently, skillfully on her deck, she seems to float in space, mirrored in the quiet sea, the living center of a perfect circle of sky and water and dark green, fir-pointed land.

The Linda's long tour has aroused the gulls. You have been aware of their raucous hooting,

The Public Speaking

Parkway Signs Should Give Town's Full Name

To The Editor: It is splendid that the new thruway is to be officially called the Southern Pines Parkway.

Southern Pines has so much beauty in its longleafed pines, with homes set back among them.

That abbreviated "So. Pines" at the intersections on the thruway certainly gives a dull idea of our town!

As the town has a descriptive name with only three letters less than that of our good neighbor, Rockingham, I feel these signs, ALL OF THEM, should have the FULL name, Southern Pines.

There is only one Southern Pines in the world. Even the state does not have to be added to a cable from abroad.

As a resort town, let us treasure every letter and not lose six of them!

RUTH DORIS SWETT
Southern Pines

like a crowd of insane cats out on the reef, but now they have followed the boat and, as she starts back around the point, a quartet of the sleek birds has settled on the barnacled rocks where the heron had his stand. They don't seem to be doing much. They teeter about, lifting their legs in a finicky way, ouching here and there over the sharp edges. One of them has chosen a high rock and poses motionless, rigid as one of those decoys his carefully painted plumage so resembles. He stands, looking out across the water, so still you can hardly believe he is a real bird and what's more, a member of that tribe that is heavy and strong to beat against the fury of a wild northeaster, to fight and strike a way to a place on the crowded, storm-battered, slippery ledges where the hard-bitten, hard-biting herring gulls roost.

In Perfect Pose

Nobody's appearance so belies his character as that of the gull. Whether he is standing, a dignified silhouette, head and neck as snowy white against the blue water as a starched dress shirt, pale grey back and wings as smooth, as sleek as the sides of a newly painted sloop, there on his noble rock; or whether he is flying across the water, with occasional lifting beats of his strong, long, curved wings, his symmetry of pose is sheer perfection. And then, he opens his yellow beak and YAAHS, like a nasty urchin, at the next gull in line.

Or perhaps he will abandon the nobility of his sentinel pose on shore and decide to go swimming. No dashing fish-hawk's plunge follows this decision, no jet-plane dive into the sea. The gull simply walks down the rock with his finicky, sore-footed gait; keeps on walking till he is water-borne. Then, smugly, he turns on an invisible silent motor located somewhere underneath and, without flicker of tail or change of expression in his hard, beady eye, he proceeds. Not very fast, not with any particular purpose—just proceeds. He is now a mechanical bird and you hope he hasn't lost the key.

Gulls Don't Stay

The gulls aren't anything like the heron for shyness but, though there's a law against shooting them and nobody really cares a thing about them, they don't stay around long after the fragrance of bacon and coffee from the kitchen has started to rouse out the household. The opening of the big door onto the deck-porch, to take a sailor's look at the day's prospects, is the sign for the gulls to leave themselves up out of the water, leaving a trail of drops on the calm surface of the bay, as they beat their wings upwards to wheel in line and glide on to their outer roosting place.

They leave behind a memory of clearcut grace, curving through the sky, and a couple of last faint hoots: Nike Apteros thumbing her nose at the dull folks on shore.

(Mrs. Boyd, editor of The Pilot, is vacationing in Maine.)

Grains of Sand

Solution From Spain

Morality is so simple if the mind and conscience are not involved. Witness a report from GRAINS' good friend, Wallace Irwin, who writes from Vermont:

"In the ever-delicate question of birth control there are many wise opinions, but one I have come out of Spain, the land of raw meat. I read about it in a book I found among the thousands in my Vermont bedroom. The book is nine years old, but it's not yet ancient history.

"A high ranking Fascist in Madrid said to the author: 'When our government built a modern sewage system they ruined the country. And how? It is well known that foul drainage brings on epidemics like dysentery, typhoid fever, etcetera. These scourges mow down thousands of children annually, little shavers who would join the radical party, if allowed to grow up. Our Kind of People needn't fear any plague brought on by bad drainage. We live in sanitary quarters. But the Slave Race should be controlled in the natural way—through disease.'

"These sentiments come from Spain, which invented the Inquisition in somewhat the same Christian spirit. At a bull fight, a Madrid lady said with a benevolent smile, 'You Americans are too sentimental about the pain of the bulls. They cannot suffer. They are not Christians.' "So that's all fixed."

Expressive

Ted Garner, an employee of the famous Sanitary Fishmarket seafood restaurant at Morehead City, was asked by Pilot News Editor Vance Derby last weekend how business was on the coast in the winter.

"Right smart dull," was the answer. Vance is relating the conversation to show how words not normally used together can be combined for a refreshing and expressive effect.

Barrel of Trouble

According to the Manchester Guardian News Service, a striking lesson in keeping the upper lip stiff is given in the weekly bulletin of the Federation of Civil Engineering Contractors which prints the following letter from a bricklayer in Barbados to the firm for which he worked:

"Respected sir: "When I got to the building, I found that the hurricane had knocked some bricks off the top. So I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels full of bricks. When I had fixed the building, there was a lot of bricks left over. I hoisted the barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom, and then went up and filled the barrel with extra bricks. Then I went to the bottom and cast off the line. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was, and before I knew what was happening, the barrel started down, jerking me off the ground. I decided to hang on and halfway up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on the shoulder.

"I then continued to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground it burst its bottom, allowing all the bricks to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and so started down again at high speed. "Halfway down, I met the barrel coming up and received severe injuries to my shins. When I hit the ground I landed on the bricks, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges. "At this point I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go the line. The barrel then came down, giving me another heavy blow on the head and putting me in hospital. I respectfully request sick leave."

The PILOT

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