

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.

PTA Off To Good Start

The Southern Pines Parent-Teacher Association appears to have gotten off to a fine start for the coming school year. Attendance was good at the first meeting last week. A novel program presented by members of the executive board indicated that officials of the group are undertaking their duties with enthusiasm.

In point of tangible service to the local schools, the PTA has accomplished a good deal in the three years of its existence in Southern Pines. Out of the small, 50-cents per person dues—of which 35 cents is retained by the local organization—the PTA has bought valuable equipment for the schools and has helped pay for hard-surfacing play areas.

Intangible benefits include the bringing together of parents and teachers in an atmosphere of mutual interest in their children and pupils. Meetings have helped to acquaint parents with school problems and have given them facts or opinions that have been valuable in helping them judge and evaluate the school's program—a procedure that is difficult at best when parents' only contact with

the school is indirectly through their children.

All parents, as school opened, were given an opportunity, on slips brought home by children, to indicate their preferences for PTA program material—and the answers to these queries are helpful in making plans for the meetings.

A very careful study was made this year, through the Chamber of Commerce, to try to find a meeting night that conflicted least with other meetings and events regularly scheduled throughout each month. The time chosen—the second Monday night of each month—may allow more persons to come to PTA meetings than have attended heretofore.

Our best wishes go to this organization. We urge parents to join, to attend meetings and to take an interest in the schools beyond that of inspecting report cards and occasionally praising or grumbling, as the case may be. No community service is more intimately bound up with parents than the schools. And we know of no better way to develop or express interest in the schools than to be active in the PTA.

If They Only Knew . . .

If the haters and race-baiters could only know this one fact: that it is their own peace of mind—you might even say their own souls—which they are putting in jeopardy when they curse, taunt, jeer or spit on another human being.

For they are not pure savages. You can't grow even to teen age in the United States today and not have absorbed some tiny notion of Christian ethics or have been afforded some fleeting glimpse of the democratic dream: attitudes, beliefs, practices that recognize the dignity of man.

How many of the boys and girls who screamed at the Charlotte Negro girl as she left Harding High School that first day, who pelted her with debris and—most revolting of their follies—spit on her, how many of them have not already felt the twisting knife of shame and guilt? And how many of them will not feel it, again and again, into the hundreds and thousands of times, as long as they live? Who has been hurt—the girl who held her head up, looked straight ahead and walked unhurried through the jeers and the spittle?

For those in the mob, the danger is that, when conscience speaks, they will drown its voice in more hate. That is the easiest way, once an evil deed is done. For some, this may happen and they may never see the light. For others, there may be a change of heart, a recognition that they are hurting no one but themselves and that nothing but their own repentance can bring them ease and happiness.

In these days, we don't often see naked evil in the streets. The happenings in Charlotte and Arkansas may shock many persons into a revival of conscience, a realization that this is a nullification of 19 centuries of Christian teaching and several centuries of slowly developing respect for law, order and the rights of the individual.

Those who view other human beings with contempt, for racial reasons, even though not jeering and spitting in the street, may also take warning from what happened at Charlotte and elsewhere.

If these sad and terrible events which are taking place in racial relations serve to fan a spark of conscience in members of the mob or in others, what happened will not have been entirely in vain.

Farewell To Finlandia

The death of Jean Sibelius must bring a pang to the hearts of all who love his music and honor a great man. To the people of Finland, the pang must be close to heartbreak.

Sibelius has stood for Finland, for her very self; in something the same way that Winston Churchill stands for England. For, by his music and by his unconquerable spirit, Sibelius heartened his people during the terrible days of war, as Churchill held England together by his valiant words. For Finland's music is her very lifeblood, and it may be imagined that the simple knowledge that, during all those years the creative spirit in the great composer was strong and alive, brought added strength to the whole nation.

Finland is a remarkable country. She was the first nation, it will be recalled, to pay off her debt to the United States following World War 1. When, in the early days of World War 2, the Russians over-ran the border, the case looked hopeless; the world waited for Finland to surrender. Instead Finland fought. She held the Russians at bay, inflicting great losses on her foe; it was not until completely overpowered by hundreds of times her numbers that Finland sued for terms. And those terms were the most crushing burden of reparations ever demanded of a conquered country. The world thought the country was finished, crushed under the Soviet tyranny. But Finland went to work. She rebuilt her country, and, a veritable miracle of sacrifice and endurance, she paid up every penny of the sum demanded. Living since then under the very guns of the Soviets, she has maintained her own sovereignty, her complete independence of Moscow. Communism is not feared in Finland; and not only because the Finns know it and the Russians too well. Communism, with its collectivism, its denial of freedom and justice, is completely alien to the strongly democratic, fiercely independent Finnish people.

Evidence of the highly civilized spirit of this individualistic nation in its practical idealism and vision is graphically shown in the way the nation treated her greatest citizen and composer. Recognizing his talent for what it was, recognizing at the same time the practical aspects of a composer's life, the Finnish government voted Sibelius a yearly subsidy which enabled him to devote his entire energies to his work. A recognition of the arts and of the human spirit rare in these days. Music in Finland is the national pastime,

the national love. Almost it is the national sport. In the words of a Yale man, in Finland with the Yale Glee Club several years ago: "In Finland, instead of the Giants, or the champion football team, they have the University Chorus. The people are just as proud and go just as crazy over the singing of their great chorus as our people do over their favorite teams." And the Finnish chorus of Helsinki is probably the finest men's chorus in the world.

This same man described the evening when the glee club went out to the home of Sibelius and sang for him. He came out on the balcony of the old, thick-walled square country-house and stood there in the moonlight listening. And after they had serenaded him with some of their songs, the Yale club sang for him the Finnish national anthem. They sang it in Finnish and the old man was deeply moved. He thanked them and waved goodbye to them as they left.

A great memory for those American college boys: a meeting there of age and youth, of the old land and the younger, newer land, of greatness and the hope and promise, perhaps, of greatness.

A picture of last years lived in a beloved country, lived in simplicity and courage and, one would believe, in the serenity of the knowledge of a course well run and the deep companionship of music.

Required Reading

We have from the North Carolina Department of Motor Vehicles a short course in traffic safety—required reading for motorists, parents and children:

MOTORISTS: Be alert for children at all times, but especially around school zones, playgrounds and other places where children gather.

PARENTS: Teach youngsters to obey the traffic safety rules at all times. The habits can be formed before children are old enough to understand the reasons behind them, and it is important that the rules be definite and unvarying. You owe it to your child to send him out into traffic equipped with the knowledge to keep him safe.

CHILDREN: Obey the rules learned in school and at home about crossing streets and playing only in safe places. The car drivers are counting on you to stay where you belong—don't let them down.

"May I Make A Suggestion, Friend?"



BEHIND THE GIRARD TRIAL IN JAPAN

Punishment Should Fit The Case

By KATHARINE BOYD

The world seems a very small place when you read about Specialist 3c William S. Girard, on trial in Japan for the slaying of Naka Sakai, an impoverished Japanese woman, killed while trying to pick up the brass shell casings on the range where Girard, the American, was on guard. And, in another sense, it seems very queer and far apart. As reported by novelist John Hersey, the Girard case, which came close to turning into one of those "international incidents" that can lead most anywhere, actually should have been conducted and settled quietly and properly as all the other cases where Americans have run afoul of the law while serving in foreign countries have been settled. It would have been but for headstrong and ill-advised actions.

Many Other Cases

In Japan alone there have been 460 such cases of which 435 have been tried. There has never been adverse comment about any of them. They have been settled justly in seemingly fashion satisfactory to all concerned.

This would undoubtedly have been the case with the Girard case, had not his brother started a fuss. According to Hersey, Girard is a pretty poor specimen of American soldier: weak, dull-witted. Writes Hersey: "He drank quite a bit and ran up petty debts in the small Japanese shops near camp; he is taciturn to the point of woodenness. . . He didn't even tell his girl he had killed a Japanese woman; she heard of it on the radio three days later."

Careless and Cruel

It looks as if the soldiers had been careless and cruelly reckless, making a game of hazing the poor people who made a practice of scouring the firing range for the shell cases which

they could sell for a pittance. Girard may or may not have meant to hit the woman he killed; probably he was just "having fun" by seeing how close he could get. But he did hit her and killed her.

Concerted Howl

His brother, like him a truck-driver, sparked the furore to have Girard tried by U. S. court martial instead of by Japan. When the story got into the papers, there was a concerted howl from all the "patriots" and a fight started to bring him home. It is to the credit of the War Department and the Administration that the effort was resisted and the U. S.-Japanese agreement on Japanese sovereignty and extraterritorial rights, or non-rights, was respected.

How has the affair reacted on feeling between Japan and the U. S.? Over here the whole thing seems to have pretty well blown over, but in Japan that's not the case. While the original anger against what was felt to be an insult to Japanese justice has perhaps lessened since the action of the government in turning Girard over to the Japanese for trial, there are matters here involving national tradition and points of view so different that it is to be feared the memory of this case will linger long. And it is here that the two worlds seem so far apart.

Propriety Outraged

Hersey describes how the strong Japanese sense of propriety has been outraged by Girard's attitude in court. He sits, loling in his chair with his mouth hanging open, seeming to pay little attention to the proceedings. He has acted as if all this was beneath him, almost as if he were a hero. It didn't help when the Japanese noted that Girard left the court room in the company of a Brigadier General sent from Washington to observe

the case. He failed to address the judge as "Sir," until apparently given some coaching in courtesy.

Hersey explains that if a Japanese were in such a position, he would admit his error in almost a ceremony of repentance and apology. The Japanese speak of Girard's "lack of sincerity," when he admitted responsibility of the accident, the vast majority, presumably, not understanding that Americans act differently; don't go through "ceremonies." They were upset, too, when Girard married the Japanese girl following the incident. She is six years older than he and a woman of very dubious background. The Japanese wonder if he did not marry her just to help him along in the trial by showing that he was a pal of the Japanese. He married her when he did at the advice of the same brother who started all the fuss, so that supposition seems rather likely.

Maybe Too Lenient?

Mr. Hersey says the general feeling in Japan is that Girard will get off with a light suspended sentence. Certainly, the Japanese will treat him easily if it is in any way possible. But, with American legal and journalistic opinion much impressed already by the fairness, dignity and justice of the trial to date, it would seem unfortunate if Japan should stoop to too much leniency in this case. Americans everywhere have been shocked and, disgusted at many aspects of the case. It is unthinkable that friendship between two great nations should be jeopardized by the cruel callousness of such a poor specimen of a United States soldier. Surely, there is now complete confidence that the verdict reached will be more than fair; it is only to be hoped that it is sufficiently severe to instill better surveillance and stricter discipline among the troops now in Japan.

Grains of Sand

Lucky Dexter!

A male has succeeded in gaining official permission to reside in WAC quarters at Fort Bragg.

Pvt. Dexter, as he is addressed, has been under the direct command of Sp-3 Dorothy Rechel since his arrival at Fort Bragg 14 weeks ago from "Operation Alley."

In the short period of time he has lived in the women's quarters he has gained the adoration of all the girls because of his distinguished grey hair. Dexter is a cat.

Klap-trap. We Call It

Recently, GRAINS quoted The Post at Lumberton on the "childish antics" of the Ku Klux Klan, giving their greeting and response in gibberish by which they establish their identity when approaching one another.

The Post also prints a chart to show the KKK "chain of command" which is about as fantastic a collection of nomenclatures as one could hope to find.

According to The Post's chart, the top man in a "Klavern" is the Grand Dragon (executive branch). The Exalted Cyclops corresponds to a president, the Klaiiff to a vice-president. Under them are the Klokard (lecturer), Kludd (chaplain), Kligrapp (secretary), Klabee (treasurer), Kladd (password guardian), Klargos and Klaxters (guards), Klokkan Klan (investigators), and Knight-Hawk (initiation chairman).

Beneath these worthies come "ordinary Klansmen and the Women's Auxiliary Branch.

"The uniform is not limited to white sheets," says The Post. "There are robes of gold, purple, red, blue, green, yellow and black."

Oh yes, we almost forgot: At meetings, members sing "klodes" (anthems), collect "Klectokon" (dues)—we're sure that is not omitted—and go through the "mystic signs and symbols of Klancraft."

We keep wondering who in the world ever sat down and thought all that up. Kan't imagine; kan you?

Carolina Moon

Further evidence that there is some connection between the moon and human behavior comes from Rockingham where, during the recent full moon, 37 persons filled the Richmond County jail to overflowing over the weekend, twenty of the 37 were drunks, according to information from Rockingham.

Law enforcement officers have noted this phenomenon before: when the moon is full, jails are likely to get full, too.

We recall reading somewhere that firebugs are likely to pick the time of the full moon for setting fires.

Wonder if the moon business works when the moon is full but the skies are cloudy and you can't see the moon. Is it the sight of the moon or only some mysterious influence from it that causes unbalance in human emotions and actions?

'Come and See Us'

Harry Golden, a New Yorker who moved to Charlotte many years ago and has become one of the best known men in North Carolina, sending his Carolina In-Rite newspaper all over the United States and to some foreign nations, writes that it took him a long time to understand the old Southern custom of saying, on taking leave of somebody, "Come and see us."

He recalls that for a few times, when people would say, "Come and see us," he replied, "When?" This, he says, "threw them into such confusion that they looked at each other in utter amazement."

Then he learned that "Come and see us" is "merely the Southern way of saying goodbye, which carried with it its own charm, of course."

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How Guernsey Lilies Came To Chapel Hill

Southern Pines is a town of many gardens and much enthusiasm about shrubs and flowers.

A refinement of gardening is interest in the origin of plants which often turn out to be among the best-travelled of earth's living things.

Here, for instance, is the story of how red lilies came to grow in profusion at Chapel Hill—as told by Louis Graves in the Chapel Hill Weekly:

This is the time of year when the Guernsey lilies, sometimes called spider lilies, are in bloom. I feel that I ought to issue a notice about them so that the people who have been living in Chapel Hill will be reminded of where these exquisite coral-red

flowers can be seen in their greatest beauty.

You may be lucky enough to come upon them in yards and gardens, but the most splendid display of the lilies is in the Arboretum. They border the path just inside the east wall, opposite the women's dormitories, and then when you turn west along another path you still have them alongside. There are thousands of them. Besides growing in borders, here and there they are spread into carpets stretching out over the grass.

The Guernsey lily is an oriental plant. It gets its name from the fact, or legend, that several centuries ago a ship from Japan was wrecked on the island of Guernsey and the lily bulbs were

washed ashore. However they got to Guernsey, they grew and flourished there.

Descendants of these bulbs were brought to New Bern, North Carolina, by a sailor who had been on Guernsey. Some time after that, when the Northern troops were about to capture New Bern, many of the people of the town "refugeed" westward. Mrs. Taylor, the great-grandmother of Dr. Isaac Taylor and Dr. Charles Vernon who live here now, and her sisters, Miss Katherine Cole and Miss Harriette Cole, came to Chapel Hill. They brought along some of the lily bulbs and the bulbs spread over the village. That is how we happen to have Guernsey lilies in Chapel Hill today.