

# 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.

## Debasing the Presidential Office

Just how the Sherman Adams case will stand when these words are read we don't know, but early this week, the Presidential assistant was still doing business as usual in the White House, reserving the assumption that he was not making any telephone calls on behalf of his friend Bernard Goldfine.

Hugh Haynie's cartoon on this page today brings out what is to us the most striking aspect of the influence peddling charges made against Adams: the absolute downright pitifulness of a President of the United States saying he can't get along without this man—or any other man, for that matter.

What a humiliation that is for the President—in the eyes of our own people and of the rest of the world!

The admission is shocking, because it must have been made before all the evidence on Adams' manipulations was in—if indeed the evidence is all in yet.

The tremendous prestige of the Presidential office seems to have been forgotten, in this case, by all concerned.

Thus, Adams, in making his "inquiries" about Goldfine, appears not to have realized

(or so he indicated in his appearance before the Harris Committee) that "inquiries" or "intercessions" by an Assistant President carry with them a power that could be influential beyond any such inquiries by anyone else, including members of Congress.

So, too, the President, in making his "I need him" statement, seems to have forgotten that the President of the United States, aside from the mechanics of White House procedures, is supposed to be the Chief Executive. An admission to the contrary is a humiliating debasement of the office and throws over all future actions of the President a shadow of doubt as to whose decisions such actions represent.

Well, the American people asked for all this in 1956, in the face of repeated warnings by perceptive observers in Washington, that a vote for Eisenhower was a vote for Sherman Adams and his entourage.

It was bad enough to elect a President on that basis, even if Adams was and remained "clean as a hound's tooth." Now that time has passed and the mythical teeth have begun to decay, it is an even more pitiful situation. And 1960 is still such a long way away!

## Good Compromise On Driver Training

While this newspaper has not been particularly enthusiastic about driver training courses in the schools, we are bound to acknowledge that they are effective—or insurance companies would not make a differentiation in rates in favor of automobiles driven by young people who have completed such courses.

The program has been established in North Carolina; each of us has forked over an extra dollar when buying car tags this year; and plans have been announced as to how the program will operate in the schools of Southern Pines.

Our luke-warm attitude toward driver training in the schools has not been because we think the training is not a good thing; but we've felt that the times call for increased and invigorated academic efforts by all schools, and that in so far as driver training would detract from this goal, it would not be a good thing.

Southern Pines school officials have made about as good a compromise as can be made in the face of this situation. The program is getting started in the summer, with both classroom and road instruction—not interfering with classes at all. In the regular school term, it's planned to give road instruction after school hours and only the necessary classroom instruction during the regular school day.

Participation is on a voluntary basis, as now set up, so that no student will be forced to use classroom hours for driver training. Those parents who feel that driver training is

primarily a home or family responsibility—an opinion with which we agree, while granting that all homes do not provide proper training—are not obliged under the present system, therefore, to enroll their children in the school course.

We commend school officials for the sensible program they have worked out for driver training in Southern Pines and our best wishes for its successful operation go to all concerned.

## Attention On Tennis

The Pilot welcomes to Southern Pines the young people who are playing in the North Carolina Junior Chamber of Commerce Tennis Tournament.

The tournament, being held here for the first time this year, is drawing young people from throughout the State. As with other tennis tournaments held here in the past, we are pleased to see this sports activity receiving attention in the Sandhills which is already noted as a center for golf and equestrian events.

Our appreciation goes to the Jaycees for their efforts in bringing the tournament here and in setting up an interesting program. The Jaycees' volunteer work in replacing and repairing spectators' benches is, in itself, a welcome contribution to the town.

It is a pleasure to have this large group of Tarheel young folks with us for a few days.

## American, European Schools Compared

An interesting comparison of the European and American school systems is made by the magazine, *Changing Times*. Each system is based, it is pointed out, on a different concept of education.

The European systems are for the intellectual elite where tough testing programs tend to favor children from upper social and economic classes. The American educational system, on the other hand, is geared to educating every child.

The only fair comparison between the two systems, say the editors, is with our bright students who may attend our best colleges or make honor societies. In that case, they say, U. S. students compare very well.

At the age of 16, less than 20 per cent of European youths are in school, while in the U. S. some 70 per cent are studying. At the age of 18 to 20, about 25 per cent of our boys and girls are in school. In Europe, fewer than 10 per cent are receiving academic training.

As early as the age of 10 or 11, the European youth takes a tough national exam. If he does well he is permitted to attend an academic high school where he prepares for the university. If he doesn't he takes a general course, perhaps a vocational course, and then drops out of school at about 15.

Youngsters who do get into the academic high schools and stay the full time receive the rough equivalent of an American high school academic course plus two years of college. But the going is rocky, and a great many drop out—in England, some 80 per cent.

At the age of 17 or 18, European students who have survived take another stiff national exam. Anyone who fails cannot go to the university and is also shut off from the best government and executive jobs.

European schools do work the children hard, the editors say. A French 10-year-old, for instance, puts in about 45 hours a week on school and homework. Youngsters are drilled endlessly on basic subjects.

European students get stronger doses of traditional subjects. Ours get a better ground-

ing in the social sciences—economics, political science, sociology, psychology. Relations between teacher and student are easier in America. European schools are more formal and discipline in lower grades is tougher.

We train our children more conscientiously than Europeans do in nonacademic things—how to understand and get along with people, how to take an active part in the political and economic world in which they live. Our students can develop special talents through extracurricular activities such as student government, dramatics, publications.

## Vote On June 28

We urge all qualified voters to go to the polls June 28 to vote in the second primary.

The number of persons voting should be as large or larger in the second primary as in the first.

Whether or not your chosen candidate for either sheriff or District 5 commissioner is among the four second primary candidates, these four are the ones you have to choose from now. And it is up to each voter to cast his ballot as he sees fit after looking over the candidates and their records and finding out all he can about them.

Unless there is a revolutionary change in party affiliation in county politics in November, the Democrats nominated on June 28 for sheriff and District 5 commissioner will be elected in November and take office on the first Monday in December.

It has been healthy for Moore County, politically and democratically, to have had a large number of candidates in the Democratic primary. But the benefit of this large field to choose from and of the large number who turned out to vote in the first primary will be lost unless equal or greater interest is shown in the upcoming voting that will actually decide who goes into the two important offices at stake.

## Man And Superman



MEMORIES FROM A TIME LONG GONE

## Water Grist Mills Disappearing

By H. V. R. in The Smithfield Herald

The old water-powered grist mill, once so numerous in this county, has almost faded from the landscape. Fifty years ago my father, W. N. Rose Jr., owned and operated such a mill. Within a radius of five miles from his mill were at least five others—all active at their work of turning out their daily grind of corn meal and hominy. Now only one of these mills is standing and capable of grinding corn; that is the old Dick Blackman pond near Bentonville, presently owned by Dee Shaw. I do not think it is in use for grinding; although kept in good condition for the business. All the others have succumbed to slow decay and have gone down stream in some fatal flood.

My father's old mill fell a victim of the carelessness of night fishermen during World War I. They built a fire and left embers glowing and smoldering. The wind grew strong and swept live coals under the century old house, and it came down in flames never again to rise and grind. The fervent heat caused both the upper and nether stones to fly into millions of small pebbles.

### Many Friends

I used to grind at this old mill, and while it did not give me a college degree, it did impart into me much knowledge of things and people which I have found as some of life's best assets. For one thing, being a public miller acquaints one with a wide circle of friends. A miller learns a great deal about how his neighbors live. It was in those days a great deal to know the type of corn each farmer grew and how persistently each would stick to his variety. John Weaver had chalky white corn, the grains of which were long and soft. Our old mill would make pure flour from his corn. Old Mr. John B. Hood's corn was round of grain, and as hard as flint. We had to set the stones close, feed them slowly and grind and grind to get the yield of fine meal he always wanted. Uncle Bright Cole had yellow corn. In those days the yellow variety was very rare. His meal when cooked looked like highly seasoned muffins and was indeed very palatable.

### Praised Wives

Some of our customers wanted a fine grind while others wanted a kind of round course grind. One jester came along one day and said please grind his in round meal of cylinder shape. It was amusing to hear those old tillers of the field laud their wives—what fine cooks they were and what good bread they could cook from the meal from that old mill. Fine meal went into hockeas and the coarse meal was ideal for the corn pone. How tasty and delicious was this bread, they said, when eaten with cold buttermilk and summer vegetables.

A millpond on a farm has many fascinating features. There

are many little requirements of a water mill, and to call over a list of all the gadgets at this late date, one would need a glossary for an understanding of the use and purpose of each. Who would know the meaning of such terms as toll-dish, mill-peck, hopper, shoe, meal paddle, ink-and-grudgen (this word is not in Webster's), trunk, gate, flood-gates, pier-head, chinking the gate, shrouding, sheeting, blade, bed, shaft, etc.?

### Never Locked

Our mill house was never locked and if ever a grain of corn was stolen from it I do not remember it. But the use of the mill and the water in the pond were sometimes stolen. There were some men not far away who were engaged in the manufacture of blockade liquor. That was before men knew how to make liquor by sugaring up red dog. In those days they would make malt out of sprouted corn and dry it in the sun. When thoroughly dry they would go to the old mill by night and grind the malt into fine flour. From this they could brew a beer that would turn out a pure corn whiskey that would rival Scotland's best. At least those who drank it gave it high praise and continue to do so until this day. The next measure of corn ground after the malt made mean bread. The sour malt could ruin a lot of sweet meal.

### Another Problem

Another problem was the fellow who wanted meal early in the fall from his new crop of

corn. The new crop had to be bone dry, else the meal would fall from the rocks in rolls resembling shoestrings. This would choke the rocks and considerable work was required to reset the runner and upper stone after such a grind.

Those old mills also ground out hominy. This was a course grind of corn not much finer than bid-die feed. But when cooked long and slowly and topped off by ham gravy, you had a dish fit for the king.

The pond in summer attracted boys from miles away. There the would gather on Sunday afternoons in great gangs and while the afternoon away in swimming and diving. In cold weather ice on the pond was another public attraction. Flocks of wild ducks would visit the pond but one had to be a very skilled hunter if ever he got a shot at them. I used to shoot them by approaching the pond from below the dam. I would ease the gun just above the crest of the dam and when duckey got within range the old gun would blaze forth. In season there were a lot of fish—cats, mullets, perch.

### Little Profit

There was little profit in the operation of a public grist mill. The law then—and now so far as I am informed—allowed the miller to take one-eighth of the grist for toll. From one bushel he would take one-half of a peck. That was making corn very slowly but we always had corn if the rains were frequent enough to keep the old waterwheel turning.

## HAD A WAY WITH WORDS

### 'The Southern Demagogue'

(From the Virginia Quarterly Review)

What characteristics have made this term—Southern demagogue—a national institution?

First and foremost: A way with words. The South is a region where reading has been considered at best only a second-hand imitation of "reality," where for generations a gentleman's word given over a dram of whiskey was considered perhaps more binding than his name written in ink on a legal document.

**Purple Passages**

When oratory was in particularly luxuriant vogue during the last century, many a Southern politician downed opponents with purple passages that painted their respective states as much more than mortal earth and only a little less than heaven.

More particularly and always, they stood ready to defend womanhood, which seemed always to be in grave danger of being violated. What the late Grover C. Hall said of the professional Southerner might also be said of these demagogues: "Ever ready to protect the honor of any

woman against all men, except himself."

It was this matter of attention getting, smacking more of the carnival than the newsreel, which Ben Tillman undoubtedly had in mind when he was asked by a friendly planter why he raised so much hell in the course of his campaigns, and he replied: "If I didn't the damn fools wouldn't vote for me."

Besides raising hell, the Southern demagogues also adopted distinctive manners of dress and a vast assortment of "folksy" nicknames. After Tillman assured his constituents that President Cleveland was "an old bag of beef and I am going to Washington with a pitchfork and prod him in his old fat ribs," he became "Pitchfork Ben."

**Names and Coattails**

There were "Cotton Ed" Smith and "Pappy-Pass-the-Biscuits" O'Daniel, "The Man" Bilbo, "Ma and Pa" Ferguson, Gene Talmadge "The Wild Man From Sugar Creek" and "The Kingfish," Huey Long. In sartorial matters Talmadge was known by his red galluses and Mississippi's Vardaman had his long flowing hair and long flowing coattails.

## Grains of Sand

**It Worked!**

Testimony to the effectiveness of Pilot classified advertising is being given by a local couple who found themselves almost over-run by a large litter of kittens and placed an ad offering them free to anyone who would give them a home.

Success of the ad was such that not only the kittens but the mother cat were established in "a good home in the country" where they have the happy destiny of keeping a barn free from mice and rats.

The couple did break down and keep one kitten for themselves—a tom this time, presumably eliminating the necessity of placing other kitten ads in the future.

**Novel System**

Mrs. Myron M. Hill of 230 W. May St. sent us a clipping the other day telling how residents of the city of Charlevoix, Mich., leave their porch lights on all night to improve the lighting on their streets. The city, where there is apparently a municipally operated power system, chose to give householders free power for their porch lights, rather than install additional needed street lights.

On a card with the clipping, Mrs. Hill asked: "Why not our mid-town streets?"

We suggest that Mrs. Hill take this up with another Hill who lives on May St.—Ward Hill, local manager for the Carolina Power & Light Co.—pointing out, however, that it's a different situation in Southern Pines: householders pay their electric bills to the light company, not to the city, so any such project here would call for plenty of complicated bookkeeping.

There's this much to be said for the Charlevoix system, though: porch lights burning everywhere over town would be a boon to late-straying husbands whose porch lights in a normal lights-off town advertise the fact, far into the night, that they aren't home yet.

On the other hand, with lights on all up or down the street, everybody could get a very good view of the husband and his condition when he did come home!

You can't win, can you?

**Where Was That?**

Latest odd item to turn up at the Chamber of Commerce office was a routine request for general information, coming from Pittsburgh, Pa.

But—it was addressed like this:

Southern Pines  
East of Ansonville  
North Carolina

When the envelope arrived here, it was marked, sensibly enough, by the post office department, "Missent to Ansonville, N. C."

"East of Ansonville," indeed! We can imagine, "South of Raleigh," "East of Charlotte," or even "South of Sanford" or "North of Rockingham." But—"East of Ansonville" . . . !

A lesson in humility, we reckon. That's what we in the Mid-South Resort will have to take it to be.

**Latest Seawellism**

Latest Chub Seawell story being told around Carthage relates how the eloquent attorney and "ex-Republican" appeared in Superior Court in a nearby county where court was being held recently in the Agriculture Building, because of construction work underway at the courthouse.

"Your Honor," spoke up Mr. Seawell as court opened in the building housing offices for the farm agent, home agent, Conservation Service and so forth, "I move that all my cases be placed in the Soil Bank."

## The PILOT

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