

# 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.

## "Theatre in Pines"; A Pleasant Project

It is good to see a group interested in drama forming again in the Sandhills. We say "again" because this has happened every so often down through the years, but somehow the previous groups have died a-borning without getting much done. However, the idea has persisted for a long time, to such an extent, in fact, that we feel the potential for an active, interested and interesting group is excellent indeed.

One thing, as we recalled, that defeated earlier efforts was that almost invariably they included the "same old people," the ones that were in everything else, who just naturally drifted into leadership in any new thing that came along.

But Southern Pines and the Sandhills have changed a lot in that respect in recent years. Where are the leaders of yesterday? Some have moved away, others have restricted their activities or drastically shifted their interests, while still others, their chores all done, are content to sit and let the world wag on.

Many new people have come in, from all parts of the country, bringing with them new interests, new ideas and new leadership capacities. Many are young, with strong vitality and an urge to do

things. They have no recollection of the old days when, as citizens of longer duration could tell them, "We tried that and it didn't work."

Maybe the older ones didn't try hard enough. Maybe they didn't want to badly enough. Maybe they were just snowed under with all the other things they were doing which took their time.

Let us all give "Theatre in the Pines" a hand, help all we can, and when they start putting on plays, go to see them and give them our warm applause.

In the meantime, in just getting the project moving, they are accomplishing a great deal, and opening up possibilities of enjoyment and development which are valuable indeed.

For those who take an actual part, the best rewards are waiting. There is nothing like a bit of theatre for lifting people out of themselves, burnishing up the everyday, glamorizing the routine. In discussion about plays, even heated arguments, and most of all the very labor involved in putting on a show, seeds of close friendship are sown, and there are no "Do you remember?" like those of people who once, years ago, worked on a play together.

## Poor Welcome for Public in Its Own Place

While we have been taking the county commissioners to task for what appeared to be serious violations of ethical procedure toward the county board of education and the public in general, we would like to comment on another aspect of this indifference, though it may seem small in comparison.

That is, that they meet in surroundings so inhospitable, any visitor feels unwanted.

The commissioners' room is a tiny sliver of a room. While the commissioners sit in big chairs about a long table, for their visitors there are two rows of old movie theatre seats so jammed up that to get in or out of them is a major physical feat.

If you find a seat empty near the door you can manage all right, but if, as is usually the case, others are there before you, you have to squeeze past with real effort and utmost indignity.

If you have to be there for any length of time, the seats get harder and harder, more and more uncomfortable.

While sometimes the person speaking can seat himself on the near side of the table, presenting a closeup view of his back to those immediately behind, usually county officials making their reports or spokesmen for visiting groups have to jam right up with everybody else.

The two rows of seats give an impression of being very much of an afterthought, and token recognition that people other than commissioners have to be at the meetings sometimes.

If, as is often the case, one or more delegations must wait to be heard, there isn't

room for them in the commissioners' room and they are forced out into a narrow hallway.

This is the hallway which also gives upon the adjacent courtroom. Since the commissioners meet on first Mondays, and Monday is also the day of county court, this hallway is usually thick with policemen, patrolmen, the Sheriff and his deputies, lawyers, defendants, the jailer pushing his way through with a prisoner, the clerk of court taking a break between cases, occasionally the judge making a brief foray from the bench.

Mixed with them are school board members, industrial committee, airport committee, Farm Bureau, road delegations—any others waiting to be heard by the commissioners.

They can spread out into the staircase hallway but that isn't much better—except they do have marble steps to sit on.

As for the general public, who just might want to attend commissioners' meetings and inform themselves on county business, there just isn't any place for them at all.

We recall two gracious courthouses of our acquaintance, in Rowan and Lenoir counties, and we are sure that there are others, where the commissioners meet in large rooms with plenty of seats for all, and there are usually a good many there, waiting their turn to present their cause, or out of interest in some phase or all of the business being transacted there.

After all, it is the people's business, and when the people come, they should be not only welcome but honored guests.

## A Nice Dish of Crow

A Baptist preacher in Gastonia has had to make public apology and an entire congregation in Greensboro has had to recant, under threat of libel by the Knights of Columbus for publishing that ancient baseless smear, the corny old bogus oath.

Drew Pearson has had to use up a whole column of his high-paid writing to eat his words of an earlier column, implying that gubernatorial nominee Terry Sanford took money to pay campaign expenses for his endorsement of John Kennedy for president.

These are healthy signs and we are glad to see them. It is time people quit thinking that "all's fair in politics" that wouldn't be fair, or right, or normally responsible, in any other connection. A lie is a lie no matter where you find it, and ought to be stepped on—hard.

Contrary to the usual notion that political lies are less reprehensible than others, it is our belief they are the most dangerous kind—easier to start, harder to stop, affecting uncounted numbers of people, even at times influencing the course of government and defeating the ends of our democracy.

No one seems to be immune—as we have seen, ministers and other religious people fall for a political lie and pass it on, even giving it the character of a Christian crusade, without a pretense of checking up to see if it contains even a modicum of truth.

Now if we could get at the half-lies, the perversions and distortions and colorations of the truth, the baseless accusations and pretensions which have in the past made up so much of our political dialogues, we might be getting somewhere. But this is probably too much to hope.

We like the recent story of one Congressman who had been slandering an

other, but when he found he had spoken hastily, on misrepresentation, made his apology. It so happened that he caught his colleague at the lunch table, to perform this duty, and, forgiven, was invited to join in the meal. The waitress stood with poised pencil, as the host gave his order—"One large dish of crow."

Let more of the liars eat crow. Then and then only will our democracy, as expressed in political campaigning, have real significance.

## Time Told in Type

Nothing is more sensitive to the spinning of this world on its axis than a small-town newspaper.

The flip of the calendar's pages can be heard as new headlines are written each week.

The curve of time is now seen, summer slipping into fall, with a preview of schools' opening, football practice, plans for Jaycee activities and the drama group, news of the opening of the tobacco markets at Aberdeen and Carthage.

Then will come the departure of the young folks for college, PTA meetings, Halloween and Thanksgiving, Christmas ads and festivities and services, the quickening into a new "spring season," golf, horses, the garden tour, the fashion show, the class play, commencement, the calm after the storm, the lengthening of the "personal" column as people go north, to the sea, to the mountains—then as they return, and the whole cycle starts over again.

Dull? Monotonous? Like the sea and the mountains—or like life, which it is—it's always the same and always different, and nobody knows what the next issue will bring forth.



CIVIL WAR'S OVER. WORLD MOVES ON

## Time for South to Join U. S.

By RUSSEL M. SPEAR  
In The Madison Messenger

I was born in conservative New England fifty-six years ago. I grew up in New England. In my early manhood I spent five years in the middle west, in Chicago. For the past twenty-six years I have lived in the South. During these years I have come to know and appreciate these diverse sections of our country.

Not a Southerner by birth, I rate better than a native born Southerner. I came here, not by birth, but by choice. I raised a family here and I now have a granddaughter who is rapidly acquiring the status of a Carolinian by virtue of birth in this state.

**Envy of Nation**  
In the twenty-six years since I came to North Carolina, the South as a whole has—on its own initiative and resourcefulness—raised itself up from the estate of a backwards provincial society to the status of a modern industrial-agricultural society which is the envy of America. No part of this country has shown in so short a time, advancement in so many fields.

That is why I always cringe and grind my teeth when a Southerner, with a chip on his shoulder as big as a five gallon jug, goes out of his way to dare the North to knock it off.

The Southern Democratic leaders who rose to contest the civil rights plank in the recent Democratic Convention are typical of the thinking—or unthinking—to which I refer. In my estimation they have behaved like frustrated souls. They themselves created for the people of the United States the very picture they mistakenly believe the North has of them.

**Untrue Image**  
They not only lost the futile cause, begotten in dreamstuff out of a war lost long ago, but they created also an untrue and unfortunate image to the rest of the country of a section that is on the go, a section of the America that is the match industrially and agriculturally, with any section in the nation.

The gentleman from Michigan made that fact abundantly clear when he said "We have racial problems here in Michigan that rival any in the country."

Yet the hothead, chip-on-shoulder Southern speakers, living in a dead past, failed to see or recognize the overall picture America presents to the world. They took the plank as a personal affront, and behaved like martyred souls.

In my humble opinion, it is high time our Southern political leaders accept the fact that the world moves, that the Civil War is over, and that they represent the finest people and the greatest region for potential growth in the United States. Let them get the chip off their shoulders, and join ranks with the rest of America. After all there is now no real North or South. Our problems are with the world.

Thankful

I, for one, am thankful that our youthful democratic gubernatorial nominee had the courage and good sense to get on the bandwagon of the future. (You will note that Sanford was the man to whom Kennedy turned for advice when selecting a candidate for vice president, rather than a

member of the outgoing regime.)

The South needs to forget and bury much of its past. It is standing firmly on its own feet now and is in a position to take a firm hold on the future.

I thank God that the future of this country is at last in the hands of young men. It is a healthy and promising prospect.

## What They're Saying

**Utilize Teacher Talent**  
(Golden (Colo.) Outlook)

The national teacher shortage can only be solved if high schools start acting like colleges, a leading educator recently told a conference on the problems of secondary education at the University of San Francisco.

Let the teachers do the teaching, let clerks do the clerking and let machines help out as learning aids, the educator said.

Many surveys have concluded that the current teacher shortage is due to a lack of effective utilization of teaching talent within the high schools themselves where teachers reportedly spend one-third of their time performing clerical tasks or supervising student activities.

Future high schools, the California assemblage was told, must be set up along the general lines of a large university with emphasis on teaching specialists and a reduction of the time a student spends in class to allow for more individual research and directed study.

It has been suggested that students should spend forty percent of their time in large classes taught by an experienced professional and the remainder of the day in small discussion groups led by general teachers' and in individual study supervised by 'instructional assistants.'

This combination would take the burden of unnecessary work from trained teachers and thereby eliminate a duplication of effort and waste of teaching talent that

is a basic element in the teacher shortage.

**Those Old Grindstones**

(W.E.H. in The Sanford Herald)  
What's happened to the grindstone that used to sit in back of every home and farm house for sharpening axes and tools? They are no more, except on a very occasional farm.

Mechanization and emery wheels have taken their places. While emery wheels are much quicker, they destroy the temper in the metal of axes, hoes and blades that are being sharpened, and in addition grind them away in rapid order; purchase of a new tool is far more frequent than in the days of the old fashioned grindstone.

As a kid it was one of my jobs to turn the handle of the grindstone that Papa brought to town when he moved from the farm. Sometimes I poured the water as I turned the handle; usually Papa mistrusted my judgment about the amount of wetness necessary and kept the wetting job for himself. No way I know of to get so close to your Dad as when you were turning the handle and he was whetting his axe or scythe!

Those cold mornings! There was a belief in my set that on a frosty morn, if you set your tongue against a cold grindstone, it would peel away the skin. Pity I never had the nerve to try it. Modern kids have jets but the old things, No.

## Amazing Platform Promise

(The Christian Science Monitor)

Many curious and unlikely things are written into party platforms. But this one we would not have believed if we had not read it:

We will support whatever action necessary to eliminate literacy tests. . . as requirements for voting.

That remarkable statement is part of the Democratic plank on civil rights.

An attempt to bar literacy tests by federal action would probably be ruled unconstitutional. For the Constitution gives states the right to fix the qualifications of voters. Eighteen states have such provisions for obtaining an informed electorate—at least one that can read.

More than half these states are outside the South. "There is no

evidence that their laws are being used to keep qualified Negroes from voting. Such laws are in themselves no more discriminatory than those which bar children or the insane. They are, in fact, reasonable and needed safeguards. Should all states be denied their protections because a few have abused such statutes?

The very existence of such an extreme and ill-considered proposal has two evil effects. It nourishes fears and false hopes alike. It gives white southerners fresh ground for suspicions that northerners either have no understanding of their problems or no regard for their rights. Of course it is unlikely that any Congress will enact such a destructive proposal. But therein lies the second evil—popular disillusionment and cynicism created by the making of promises which cannot be fulfilled.

## Grains of Sand

Judge William J. Bundy of Greenville, making his first official visit to Moore county last week to preside over the criminal court, proved himself an adept story teller at the supper meeting of the Moore County Law Enforcement Officers association.

Invited, without advance warning, to address the group where he was a guest, he strung together a series of anecdotes which proved more than mildly entertaining.

But the one that really rolled 'em in the aisles was the one with which he closed his speech.

At the risk of spoiling a good story—they never read as well as they sound!—we'll steal his thunder here:

"Not long ago there was one of those real society weddings in Greenville, and everybody turned out dressed in their best, because it was real top drawer—the bride one of the most beautiful daughters of the town, from one of the best families, and the groom also a highly popular and handsome young man, also from one of our best families and the bride's family really put that wedding on right.

"The church was all decorated with beautiful flowers and everything smelt wonderful, and the music sounded and the soloist sang with just the right quaver in his voice, and that handsome couple marched down the aisle and the minister asked them the immemorial questions and they gave the immemorial answers, and all over the church you could see the ladies wiping a tear from their eyes, and the bride's mother sobbed and the men were also heard to gulp and swallow with their deep emotion.

"Afterward everybody went over to the home of the bride's parents, where all sorts of good viands were handed forth, and at this end of the table was the unpunched punch, and at that end of the table was the punched punch, and you could tell which was which because at that end of the table was where the traffic was thickest.

"And upstairs two large rooms had been emptied of their furnishings in order to provide space for the gifts, and soon everybody began going up there to see how the bride had come out on this deal, and to wonder if, when their own daughter got married, she might come out as well or better.

"This bride had come out very well indeed, for all sorts of beautiful and costly things were there to be seen for the establishment of a modern home with picture window, cookout patio and rumpus room, and other essentials of life as it is lived today, whether the bride knows how to cook or not.

"And the people began going up and down those stairs at such a rate, the traffic became very thick, and at one point a lady of very large size, dressed with great elegance, was on her way up, when on his way down came headlong a little boy of perhaps 10 or 12 years.

"Well, somehow there in the thick of traffic they collided, which caused the lady to reverse her course abruptly, and they both started downward at a high rate of speed, going end over end with sometimes the lady on top and sometimes the boy, and at other times they were skidding rapidly downwards side by side.

"Everybody stood aside to give them a clear path, for stopping them would have been like trying to stop an express train at full speed, and finally they came to rest at the foot of the stairs, with the little boy lying on his back and the lady on top of him.

"And from his supine position the little lad spoke up politely, 'Lady, would you mind moving? This is where I get off.'"

## The PILOT

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