

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.

Horses - Horses - Horses

Over in Pinehurst they are setting the starting times on the golf courses. Every few minutes a pair or a foursome takes off over the close-cropped turf till the whole place, as far as eye can see, is carpeted with people swinging clubs and striding along.

Here golfing activities are in full swing, too, with starting times set for the participants, but there was another event here last week which attracted so many that starting times had to be arranged. This was the Fifty-Mile Ride whose twenty-three participants—many more than was anticipated—swung up into their saddles according to schedule all morning at Mile-Away Farm to amble off into the early morning sunshine.

More and more people are coming down here to hack through the pine-woods, hunt with the Moore County Hounds, school their thoroughbreds on the local tracks. Ride down any trail in the Carroll's Branch part of the Moss acreage and you will hear the drumming of hoofs as you pull quickly aside to let a bright two-year-old fly by, mane and tail streaming, his rider hunched over his withers.

This is of course nothing new to the Sandhills. Hunting has been going on here since World War 1 days, and racing almost as long. The "horse life" has continued with ups and downs, emphasizing at one time hacking over hunting, racing

over both, back and forth, with the formal show business always an attraction, but with the aim less that of winning prizes than as a means of schooling and making and selling horses as well as providing a little fun for the non-riding spectators and tourists. None of this is new to this area, but there is no doubt that during the last few years there has been a great deal more of it, bringing a great many more people here.

A drive out Young's Road and to the Frantz place on the R. T. Bragg Road, or a glance at the Tate Starland Stables, as you go to Pinehurst, a look around the Manly area, should be a must to anyone interested in the progress of this town and its surroundings. The attractive, established look of the houses and stables, with their upstanding, neat fences, will make any local resident's chest swell with pleasure and pride.

This past season has been one of the best the hunt ever had, and the new event, the 50-mile ride, was an outstanding success; this weekend racing comes into its own at the Stoneybrook Stables meeting. This is the sort of thing for which this area is so outstandingly suited. In terms of fine people, of money coming into the area—and staying—of news spreading all over the nation, these horse events are of inestimable value.

Southern Pines' reputation as a "horse place" is growing fast. As John Harris might say: Folks, let's keep it growing!

Newton Memorial Fund

We feel sure that many Southern Pines residents will want to contribute, in small or large degree, to the memorial fund for Police Chief C. E. Newton who was fatally shot in line of duty March 3.

Mayor Ewing did well to appoint a committee of local citizens, including the town manager and a representative from the police department, to receive contributions, manage the fund, and eventually choose the purpose to which the money will be assigned.

We feel sure that the committee will welcome suggestions from citizens as to what form the memorial should take. Chief Newton's interest in the youth of the community has led a number of persons to suggest some project from which young people would benefit. Others have also been suggested.

One recommendation, appearing in the form of a letter to the editor in last week's Pilot, was that the fund be used as a nucleus in setting up a police depart-

ment pension fund which would give continuing financial assistance to widows of policemen or to retired members of the department.

It is our understanding that such a fund would require many thousands of dollars to set up, even if policemen were to continue to contribute to it from their salaries throughout their service with the department. Whether it is possible, in a community as small as this, to set up and keep going such a pension fund is something on which we do not feel qualified to judge. Yet it is something we think town officials should investigate. Perhaps a few big contributions could provide a large proportion of the amount needed, with many smaller gifts making up the rest.

Or it may be that such a fund should be a separate undertaking, and that the money collected now should be used for some tangible memorial that can be marked and recognized in honor of Chief Newton.

Vacant Lots Need Cleaning Up

With Clean-Up Week due to start Monday, we took a ride around town to see how things were looking. Was it going to be a big job? Well, not too. Or so it seemed to us. Or let's say: in certain spots it would be a big job, and likely not get all finished, but the over-all picture seems good.

Of course, there's the fact, to deceive you, that just at this time of year, and especially just this year, things are bursting out so fine and fresh and green that they are pretty, mess or no mess. Honey-suckle is still running along the ground, so short and springy that it looks like a nice carpet instead of the viciously creeping enemy of everything else that grows that it is. The young leaves of seedling trees, the bright sticky first shoots of roses and other vines, the tawny mist of reetop buds—all this excitement catches the eyes and holds them in its enchantment. The town is turning into a bower of beauty, clean-up or no clean-up.

Just the same—just the same—that clean-up is needed. Especially for those certain bad spots. These are, mostly, the untended, unkept-upon lots, scattered here and there all over town. Broom-straw is their worst item. And here, all you can do is, (1) admit broomstraw in

autumn is one of the most beautiful colors that ever was, a source of wonder and delight, but (2) when it's dusty and tired and raggedy, as it becomes towards the end of winter, with every stalk a different tossing heighth, then it's out of place in a nice town and has to go.

It should be noted that the Town Administration is ready to help any who cannot manage their own yard-cleaning. A call to the office will bring quick response. So, for all of us who live here, this project should present no insurmountable problems. The point is, though, to get going NOW. This year the town, and everybody, has been caught short by the sudden burst of Spring. Causing the Garden Club to advance its tour by six days, this means there is only a short time in which to do the job. Because of the impossibility, in most cases, of reaching absentee owners, or to rouse up those, or the banks or estates and so on, who may be involved, it's likely there will be a good many of those bad spots still left when the tour hits town. This makes the whole thing an added challenge to the rest of us.

Clean-Up Week presents a real opportunity to show, in a practical—shall we say, "down to earth"—way, how proud each one is of Southern Pines.

Libraries: Room for Improvement

"A state on the move needs good libraries"—so says the North Carolina Library Association, a state-wide organization with a number of enthusiastic members in Southern Pines and this area.

North Carolina libraries have made significant contributions to education and research, says the Association, and to the intellectual and cultural growth of the state, but the library systems of the state still lack essential resources.

National library standards call for two books per capita. North Carolina has .8 book per capita. The National standard for books in school libraries is 10 books per pupil. School libraries in this state average 5.75 books per pupil.

No less than 450 more trained public librarians are needed in this state to achieve national standards, as well as an

additional 2,442 school librarians.

A public library is or should be an adult education center and much more needs to be done in this state to tie public libraries in with educational programs, both in and out of the schools.

Here, in library work, is a field that is sure to grow, sure to need more and more trained personnel. A career in this field can be exceptionally rewarding to any young person interested in books, ideas and service to the public. And we feel sure that, as the vital function of libraries in an increasingly complex world becomes more recognized, the financial reward for such work is sure to increase.

We urge citizens to make more use of public libraries, to support local and state legislation designed to improve school and public libraries and to suggest careers in library work to young people.

"You Leave Me No Choice But To Cut You Adrift!"



FUND FOR PROFESSORSHIP PLANNED

In Memory of Hugh Bennett

The late Hugh Bennett, "father of soil conservation" in the United States and many other lands, comes close to being a "prophet without honor" in his native state.

Little has been done in North Carolina to honor this Anson County native whose life's work did more to save the face of the earth than perhaps any other person in the Twentieth Century. His alma mater, the University of North Carolina, gave him an honorary degree. A Tar Heel governor years ago proclaimed a state-wide Hugh Bennett Conservation Day, an event that has been all but forgotten.

Yet in other states and lands Hugh Bennett has been accorded great honor for his leadership in

soil conservation. Ohio raised a statue to him. Brazil celebrates his birthday each year. Cuba gave him an Order of Merit.

Now at last North Carolina is launching a drive to memorialize this man who was known and loved throughout much of the world.

The goal of the drive is enough money to help the state keep noted teachers of soil science. From May 8 through June 10, owners of fishing ponds across the state will donate money from fishing fees to a fund that will establish a Hugh Bennett Professorship in soils at North Carolina State College.

Here is a chance for Tar Heels to create a memorial to one of the state's greatest sons, a

fund that will help to realize further his life's goal of saving America's soil. And they can enjoy doing it.

Watch for announcement of location of the "Hugh Bennett Ponds," so that your dollar can help in this campaign.

If you can't break away for a few fine hours of fishing, send a check to the N. C. Agricultural Foundation at State College and make it out to "Hugh Bennett Professorship."

If you're a cooperating pond owner, the county and the state owe you many thanks. Hugh Bennett, whose program helped to establish hundreds of thousands of farm ponds in the nation, would be especially grateful.

How Does Bill in Assembly Become Law?

With the General Assembly in session at Raleigh, there is daily news of bills introduced, bills in committee hearings, bills ratified and bills not ratified.

What happens to a bill in the General Assembly—how it becomes a law—is therefore of general interest. The following outline of this procedure, appearing in We The People magazine, tells the story:

1. Introduction of a bill: a. Member of the House addresses the presiding officer, holding a bill in his hand (House or Senate);

- b. One of the page boys takes the bill to the Reading Clerk, who stamps a number on the bill and reads the title on the cover of the bill;

- c. The presiding officer refers the bill to the proper committee—as Appropriations bill to the Appropriations Committee. The bill thereafter becomes H. B. No. 10 (or whatever number has been assigned by the Reading Clerk).

2. Before the Committee: The Chairman of the Committee at the time and place of the Committee meeting brings up H. B. No. 10 for consideration. The bill may be read and considered line by line, may be amended, may have a substitute offered, may be defeated by roll call or voice vote in whole or in part, but if it survives without changes, then it receives a favorable report and is so reported back to the House. If it is defeated by a majority vote, it is so reported. Upon being reported back to the House, it is placed upon the favorable or unfavorable calendar according to vote it received in the Committee.

3. A favorable report places it on the favorable calendar for consideration by the House. This constitutes the second reading. (However it must be noted that many weeks may elapse between the first and second readings). When the bill comes up for second reading it may be debated at length, amended, substituted, laid on the table, postponed—or

just plain defeated. However, if it carries on the second reading vote then it is up for a third reading, and if it survives this reading then the bill is sent to the other House where the same process is followed.

If a House bill is sent to the Senate, where it is amended, then the bill must be returned to the House for concurrence in the Senate amendment. If the House fails to agree to the Senate amendment then the Senate is notified and conferees are ap-

pointed by both Houses. These conferees meet and if they can reach an agreement on the disputed amendment then both Houses must adopt the conference report, in order for the H. B. No. 10, as amended to become law.

4. Finally, when all these hurdles have been passed, the bill has to be signed by the presiding officers of the House and Senate. This is called ratification. After ratification the bill so ratified is filed with the Secretary of State.

RESPECT FOR ELDERS NEEDED

Nobody Taught Him to Play

(Letter to "The State" magazine)

I am heartily in agreement with your editorial policy and think the enclosed contains, not only more sense, but more truths than I have ever seen in so small a space. (Another View, Dec. 24.)

The boys in my class in high school with whom I have kept in touch and who have made quite a success in this life did not have any special petting or babying by their father or anyone else. When we had an opportunity to go fishing or play ball we were delighted to go with one of the other boys and it never occurred to any of us to expect our father to play with us. Neither did

we expect city, county or community to hire someone to teach us how to play.

I am still of the opinion that what has been lacking and is badly needed is for children to be taught respect for their elders, obedience and respect to their parents and how to work. There has never been a truer saying than the old one—"An Idle Brain is the Devil's Workshop."

Just one more thing. If they were not allowed to take the automobile out—unaccompanied—until they earned the money to buy one there would not be so many wrecks from speeding on the highway.—PAUL A. JOHNSTON, Littleton.

EACH BUILDS FOR ALL

The great French writer, Albert Camus, liked to quote Emerson's assertion that every wall had a door, but, in some ways, Camus carried the symbolism deeper.

"Let us," he said, "not look for the door and the way out anywhere, but in the wall against which we are living . . . Great ideas, it has been said, come into the world as gently as doves. Perhaps, then, if we live attentively, we shall hear, amid the uproar of empires and nations, a faint flutter of wings, the gentle stirring of life and hope.

"Some will say that such hope lies in a nation, others, in a man . . . I believe, rather, that it is awakened, revived, nourished by millions of solitary individuals whose deeds and words every day negate frontiers and the crudest implications of history . . . Each and every man, on the foundations of his own sufferings and joys, builds for all." —Camus, (as quoted by Norman Cousins)

Grains of Sand

They're Off!

Races coming Saturday! Reminds us of a quaint episode that took place a few days before last year's Stoneybrook Racemect.

We were out looking over some of the entries accompanied by a guest whose knowledge of horses was, well, shall we say "slight." We stopped at the Collins stable where Nancy Sweet-Escott, then training for "Miss Eleonora Sears, had some of her horses.

Nancy was out in front of the line of box-stalls, from which several dainty thoroughbred heads were thrusting. She was studying a race-program with concentration. As we came up she was muttering: "Six races, Hummmmm." and then, making up her mind, "I'm going to scratch two," she said.

"Two what?" asked our companion.

Nancy looked at her: "Two horses," she said.

"Scratch?" said our friend, "You're going to scratch—" she gave a slight shudder—"a horse?" she said, faintly.

"Two horses," said Nancy. From the stable behind came a gleeful horse-laugh.

Ho-Hum

Definition of a board meeting: "Like any other board: long, flat, and heavy."

Check and Double Check

When you go through a gate, be awfully sure you can come back out.

That's the moral of this story. Also: it's a good idea to choose a gate whose key belongs to good friends.

A certain prominent party, (well, "prominent" is a good safe word) drove some friends down to see that new house a-building on the Douglas property back of Notre Dame School. They spent a happy half hour or so by the little lake and then drove back, to come up full stop against the gate, now firmly closed AND with a great chain and padlock on it.

With the fence about unclimbable, the thought came: let's go into the gatehouse and telephone. "Telephone who?"

"Why Ginny and Ozelle, of course."

"But wouldn't that be 'breaking and entering'?"

"Well (after a try at the door), not breaking at least. And not anything if you call Ginny and Ozelle."

It wasn't the Mosses who answered but Nancy Sweet-Escott who broke into a loud guffaw. "Ginny and I'll come," she said. "Just wait!" As if they could do anything else.

The girls came, but it transpired that they had resisted only with greatest difficulty the temptation to send the Law out instead!

Moon Model

Publication of pictures showing the new model space suit has given rise to much concern. In world fashion circles, as well as in the secret sanctums of government, the question is being widely asked: "Is this new suit RIGHT?"

The government solons ask: "Is this the picture of the American Way? If it is had we better send it up there? Or keep it dark? Will the Moonmen LIKE IT?"

The fashion designers are frankly scornful: "Those bulbous legs! That torso, the exact shape of the Crisco can, Economy Size! What American man would think of donning such a costume to make his first appearance in Moonland!"

Its success, seems to us, will all depend on who's up there. If it's other loonies like himself, mooning around the craters and canals, our fellow may get away with it. But he'd better not wear that thing when he heads for Venus.

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