

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.

Something to Be Happy About

There is something poetic about the title of the pamphlet: "The Vanished Indians of the Sandhills." There is something fascinating about learning from the pamphlet that there was once an Indian camp site at the corner of Bennett St. and Illinois Ave., in Southern Pines. Though Charles Macauley had worked for this newspaper for years (he died in 1953) and though his little brochure on vanished Indians was printed in the Pilot's shop some 30 years ago, we had not known that such a publication existed, along with Mr. Macauley's collection of Indian artifacts, in the Southern Pines Library. It took two 15-year-old Southern Pines boys, Bob Ganis and Carlton Niessner, to dig out the pamphlets and the collection, combine the information with Indian

artifacts they themselves have found and make a report on the whole business at an Archeological Society meeting near Fayetteville last week. When the Upper Cape Fear Chapter of the Archeological Society of North Carolina (which includes members from Moore County) was formed some months ago, we expressed our particular pleasure that there are people interested in groping for evidence of human life long ago and that they are inviting others who may be interested to join them in this hobby for the sheer pleasure involved. Despite nuclear weapons, the John Birch Society, the twist and a law that encourages the muzzling of dogs, here is something to be happy about as 1962 gets ready to shift from low to second gear.

Helping Rural Moore County

The advisability of more contact between town and rural people in Moore County was pointed out in this space last week. We said we thought both groups would find it interesting to know more about each other's goals and problems. One of the ways that town residents can show an interest in the rural area is to make contributions to the 4-H Development Fund. This is a state-wide project to raise a large fund whose income would be used to provide college scholarships for rural young people and to provide greatly expanded summer camping facilities for boys and girls who are members of 4-H Clubs. There are 23 of these clubs in rural Moore County with some 1,100 members. The state goal is to raise a fund large

enough to provide annual scholarships for one boy and one girl in each of the state's 100 counties and to expand camping facilities to accommodate 20,000 young people (not, of course, simultaneously) each summer, as compared to the 5,000 who can now attend 4-H camps. George Ross of Jackson Springs, who has been associated all his life with rural development, for many years as a state official, is heading the 4-H Fund in this county. Last week, a Southern Pines chairman, Mrs. Cornelia Vann, was announced, to accept contributions through P. O. Box 882, here. Here is an opportunity for residents of the county's towns to join with rural residents in a project of continuing value to hundreds of the county's young people.

The Brewer Case: Questions . . . Questions

The Kidd Brewer case could be a valuable object-lesson to youth. The title might be: How not to manage your life as you enter an acquisitive society, especially if you have advantages such as fame, energy and political connections. When stadium crowds, some 30 years ago, rose and cheered for Brewer, the football star, could it have remotely occurred to him that the successful career he had every reason to anticipate would end in attempted suicide and general disgrace? Young people might find it rewarding to ponder the question: what happened to Kidd Brewer in those 30 years? Why did he end up trying to kill himself, hiding like a wounded animal in a barn loft, rather than as a respected, productive member of society, at peace with himself and the world? We aren't attempting to answer the questions, but it is obvious that they involve an examination of what is wheat and what is chaff in free-wheeling modern American life. The really frightening thought is that Brewer was outwardly and supposedly a successful and happy businessman and might still be presenting himself to the

world as such, had not the huge amounts of money he stashed away as agent in State Highway sign purchases (some of the money allegedly going to the son of a State Highway official) been brought to public notice. As this was written early this week, Brewer was alive. He had not been convicted of any crime nor do we know whether or not he was in tax trouble about the big payments to him by sign companies or his alleged payments to the Highway Department man's son. We are not asking young people to despise him or reject him or give him anything but his due at this stage of the malodorous and tragic story. We only ask them to wonder: What went wrong? How can I stay out of this kind of trouble? What do I need to do to end up, 30 years from now, honest and happy? How careful do I have to be in a money-making world that offers so many sweet, safe chances to make even more than my squarely-earned share? Questions . . . questions . . . and how many people involved in the Brewer-highway sign situation must be wishing today that they had asked themselves those questions—and found the answers—years ago!

Louis E. Scheipers, Jr.

The Pilot joins the Southern Pines and Sandhills community in mourning the untimely death of Louis E. Scheipers, Jr., former local town manager who died at Greenville Sunday at the age of 41. The sadness of his going has about it the peculiar intensity found in the attitude a small town takes toward "its" sons and daughters—the young people who have grown up in a community that shares, from youth, all their joys, sorrows, achievements—and tragedies. Louis Scheipers was not born here nor did he spend his early childhood here, but he was here through school and col-

lege years, went away to war, was away for a few years afterwards and then came back here to live and raise a family. His wife, too, is one of this community's own. Southern Pines was pleased that Louis Scheipers became interested in its town government, served an apprenticeship under the town's first professional manager and then took over ably and conscientiously, when the former manager resigned. There was something good and, we are sure, often of special benefit to the town, in having some one as manager who had grown up here. And the objectivity and impartiality on which city managers pride themselves as members of a profession were maintained by Mr. Scheipers, though he was and had been, for many years, a resident of a community that had, as has any town, its partisan problems and its conflicting special interests. In the manner of small towns, Southern Pines hated to see Mr. Scheipers resign as manager last year but, also true to form, Southern Pines was proud that he had gained advancement by going to a larger city. It appeared that he was on his way up in work that has attained, through the organized maintenance of rigid standards, a high professional status. So Southern Pines grieves and extends its deepest sympathy to the wife and five children and to the parents of this man who was trusted and respected and held in affectionate regard by a host of residents of this community. His death was a cruel blow to all the members of his family and to his many friends.

Exciting Project

The recently announced project for an outdoor drama about the Negro in America, to be presented near Warrenton in Warren County, is tremendously interesting and exciting. With the world-famous Paul Green, author of The Lost Colony and other outdoor dramas, as honorary chairman of the advisory board (its chairman is a Negro, R. E. Jones of A & T College in Greensboro) and with such associates as John W. Parker, director of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina, the project is in good hands. If brought to a successful conclusion as planned, the project will again present North Carolina to the nation and the world as source and nurturer of major cultural achievements.

"Sorry, Neighbor! I've Got My Own People To Think About!"



SQUANDERING HUMAN TALENT

Great Expectations -- For What?

From The Greensboro Daily News
Gene Roberts Jr., on leave from the Raleigh News and Observer, has investigated for the New York Times Magazine the problem of Negro employment in North Carolina. Significantly, his article is called "Negro Education — For What?" The unemployment figures for all races show there's an intimate relationship between education and employment, and in general the so-called "unemployables" are those who lack even high school diplomas. Here the core of the problem is different: North Carolina, with many states, is educating Negro youth to something like Pip's "great expectations," but is suddenly confronting them, once they receive diplomas and degrees, with doors to economic opportunity that are not only closed but barred. For a start, Roberts looked at the class of 1959 at W. H. Robinson High School, down in Winterville. He found: The Robinson High class had forty members. Its valedictorian was Shirley Carmon . . . an "A" student and a leader in extracurricular activities. Two and a half years after graduation Shirley, like nine of her classmates, is working as a maid.

In addition to those working as domestics, ten graduates are employed as janitors and farm laborers; two are farmers; one is a factory worker; two are truck drivers; another is a baker; four are housewives, and eight are enrolled in colleges and business schools. . . . It should be observed to begin with that there is nothing wrong with the jobs these graduates have found. There is dignity in a work. But it is apparent that high school valedictorians would not ordinarily wish to be maids, other things being equal, and that the graduates of Robinson High School hold some of these jobs because they have no choice. Roberts' investigation took him elsewhere. The Winterville class was a sort of "microcosm" of the whole Negro employment picture. He found that college classes face the same closed doors. Not a single 1960 graduate of Livingstone College at Salisbury found a job in private industry. Inter-

viewers from big corporations do not come to Negro campuses, not in large numbers at least. A Negro graduate faces the choice between accepting "traditional" jobs, joining the civil service, or leaving North Carolina. What is true here is true, to greater or lesser degree, elsewhere in the South. By trammeling its educated Negro youth economically, states not only squander human talent; they squander their own history. This "Education—for what?" problem is not new. A few decades ago women faced roughly the same sort of prejudice, much of which the world was removed. Time may take care of Negro employment as it did of female employment. Meanwhile, bright young Negroes may be forgiven some bitterness—for nothing is crueler than the creation of "great expectations" which are not fulfilled.

What Do the Famous Do? They Get Old

(From The Publishers Auxiliary)
A copper plate almost hidden in the nondescript corner of a big red newspaper building in Lahore, Pakistan, bears the legend: "Rudyard Kipling Worked Here 1882-1887." The editor of the Civil and Military Gazette, a 91-year-old newspaper where the writer once worked, admits that no one is particularly pleased that Kipling once worked there. "No one is either proud of the plaque or resents it," he says over the hum of the press. "Like the building, it's just there." Mrs. Brendan Behan, wife of the noted—and usually potted—Irish playwright, sat outside the hospital room where he was an unwilling patient for alcoholism. Long ago she worried about him on his frequent professions of staying sober. Gradually she had come to accept the fact that he would not change, that he would go on and on. . . . In London, Bertrand Russell, as old and sharp and crystal as something fine in the window of an elegant antique shop, went to jail when his Committee of 100 planned a sit-down demonstration against nuclear war weapons. Out in the world were the plump, comfortable chairs he had written and thought from, the sturdy stairs in lecture halls where he had risen to speak. The steps into the London prison were for descent.

The Public Speaking

Muzzling Only Safe Way to Control Dogs

To The Editor:
Your editorial relative to older persons being subject to being bitten by dogs was timely and quite to the point. The comments by the populace about it being cruel to dogs to muzzle them was not to the point because if those opinions were followed it would defeat the purpose for which this ordinance was passed, i.e. protection to people from the ravages of dogs. I am one of those persons who like dogs and whom dogs like but I know that there are times when the friendliest dog will snap and bite. I also know that the best trained dog will sometimes refuse to obey its master. I have noticed that a dog on a leash will growl and snap at some people, although, in fairness to the dog, there are some people who are repellent to dogs. The only safe way to control a dog is by muzzling it. For those who object to that, let it be said that a dog owner is not going to keep his animal muzzled for any great length of time. If an owner did that, then he should not be permitted to own a dog. Regarding older folks being bitten, they as a class would probably suffer more than any other class. Physically, their recuperative powers are not as good as a younger person; financially, they as a rule do not have any one to support them. I know from experience that is what happens. I

So, if you have a dog and want to bring it down town, muzzle it. If you are going to be in town so long that the muzzling of the dog would be cruel, leave it at home. As for the police I have never seen a police officer who was so sadistic that he would kill or injure a dog that was not molesting any one and I have known many policemen. Our late Chief Newton killed a couple of dogs when I was with him, but the dogs were ill and had been snapping at people who were walking by. One of these dogs was in my yard. It acted like it had been poisoned and when I tried to help it, it snapped at me and my family so there was nothing else to do but call the police and it was shot. So, let the ordinance stand as it is. If any great changes are made, then some one will be bitten and the changes will probably be the contributing cause.

J. S. RAMSEY

Southern Pines

It is easier for the very old to walk down than to climb. But it is said that old dogs cannot learn new tricks, and for some, the easy way is not possible. DEPEND ON MEN Governments, like clocks, go from the motions men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them are they ruined, too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men than men upon governments. —WILLIAM PENN

Grains of Sand

Refreshing
As we opened an old copy of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" the other night, a yellowing newspaper clipping, dated 1935, fell out. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was born November 30, 1835, and in 1935 all kinds of observances were going on to celebrate the 100th anniversary of his birth. The news in the particular clipping that fell out of the book was that the head librarian of Brooklyn College had just made public the complete text of a letter written by Mark Twain to him 30 years previously. The librarian, who had been on the staff of the Brooklyn Public Library in 1905, had written to the famous author to ask his opinion on the suggestion of "a conscientious and enthusiastic young woman"—who was superintendent of the children's department at the library—that "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" be removed from the children's room because she believed that the "mischievous and deceitful practices" related in the books offered poor examples to youth. In these days when attempts at censorship of books are frequently in the news, Mark Twain's reply remains as pertinent, and as refreshing, as it was in 1905. Here is the letter that was released for the first time in 1935:

"21 Fifth Avenue
Nov. 21, '05

"Dear Sir:
"I am greatly troubled by what you say. I wrote Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn for adults exclusively, & it always distresses me when I find that boys & girls have been allowed access to them. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean. I know this by my own experience, & to this day I cherish an unappeasable bitterness against the unfaithful guardians of my young life, who not only permitted but compelled me to read an unexpurgated Bible through before I was 15 years old. None can do that and ever draw a clean sweet breath again this side of the grave. Ask that young lady—she will tell you so.
"Most honestly do I wish that I could say a softening word or two in defense of Huck's character, since you wish it, but really in my opinion it is no better than God's (in the Ahab chapter and 97 others)—and those of Solomon, David, Satan and the rest of the sacred brotherhood.
"If there is an Unexpurgated in the Children's Department, won't you please help that young woman remove Huck and Tom from that questionable companionship?
Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS
"I shall not show your letter to anyone—it is safe with me."

Whatever It Was . . .
Another letter has come to our attention, received by a local resident from the district manager of an insurance company—a sort of masterpiece of inarticulate futility:

"Dear . . .
"We received a letter from you back in November, and we forwarded it on to the Home Office for the requested forms to be mailed you direct from the Home Office. Since we sent your letter to New York, we do not know just what it was you wanted. Now Home Office has informed us, the letter has been lost or misplaced in the H. O. Did you ever receive whatever it was you wanted? If not please send us another letter and we will see if we can get whatever it was you wanted. However, if it has all been settled, advise us so we can close our correspondence.
Very truly yours . . ."

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