

# 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.

## Evading The Capital Punishment Issue

The Pilot shares the conviction of many North Carolinians that bills proposing abolition of capital punishment in this state were given inexcusably high-handed treatment in the General Assembly—killed in committee and not permitted to come to the floor of either the House or Senate for debate. Presumably the question is, for this session, closed.

Careful and prolonged consideration of any great moral issue is painful—especially when the issue involves cherished notions that do not hold up under the test of either Christian doctrine or modern scientific investigation. The capital punishment issue seems to have been swept under the rug in such a hurry largely because the members of the General Assembly simply didn't want to face it squarely. Knowing that many of their constituents have an equally pressing aversion to thinking about capital punishment, except in the most superficial way, the legislators apparently felt safe in avoiding debate. Some of them, of course, were of another mind.

On this page last week, an article about George Randall, the state's director of prisons, quoted him as saying that murderers make the best risk for parole and that many people who have killed are making good, even exceptional, citi-

zens today in North Carolina and everywhere they have been given any opportunity for rehabilitation.

This is an argument not only against capital punishment but against prohibiting the parole of persons convicted of capital offenses—the point that Mr. Randall made, saying, as he did at the hearing before the Judiciary Committee in Raleigh, that his own thinking on the question had changed as result of evidence his experience as a prison official had presented to him.

The moral or religious question of whether society is justified in taking lives as punishment, as contrasted to saving and reshaping lives, can, so far as we're concerned, have only one answer, in the light of both religious conviction and modern psychiatry: humanity's goal must be to heal, not kill.

That North Carolina capital punishment sends only the poorest, least intelligent and less well defended of its capital offenders to the gas chamber—as the record shows—is enough in itself to cause public revulsion against the law.

We are confident that capital punishment eventually will be ended by this state. It's a pity that the General Assembly has seen fit to evade the issue in the current session.

## Women Due Praise For Antiques Fair

The Antiques Fair which is taking place at the local armory is surely one of the most successful promotional ventures around here. Twenty-five dealers from nine states have brought their wares here to show and sell. Along with them have come potential buyers from far and near. The result has been more people here to patronize the restaurants and motels, to stroll our streets and shop here and there, to view our pretty town and its many attractions and to go home and tell the folks about it.

Word of mouth is recognized as the best possible advertising. That is what this area is getting, free, and that the upsurge in local business and a welcome sight of strangers strolling our streets and obviously enjoying themselves.

This Antiques Fair, with all it brings in its train, is the work of women. It will be followed, in a few weeks, by another work of local women, the Garden Club tour, that impressive project which has brought, through the years of its existence, a good many thousand people here to view homes and gardens and, once

again, to go home and talk about the beauty and charm of the Sandhills and Southern Pines. Like the Antiques Fair, this work of women, thought up by women, is real hard work, let no one think otherwise.

It is more than fitting that a word of praise be spoken for the imagination and dedicated work of these local women.

A rather small band carries the chief burden of both affairs, but many from here and all over the county lend a strong hand. It is fitting however than an interesting fact in connection with these two events should be noted, too: that both these affairs were suggested and put in action by one person, Elizabeth Stevenson Ives, Mrs. Ernest Ives.

This is the sort of individual and group citizen action that, springing from the heart as well as from the mind, can be most effective in the up-building of a good community.

It is deeply gratifying to realize that this community may claim such an imaginative group of public-spirited citizens.

## Rate Essential To Judge Valuations

It doesn't make much sense for the county commissioners to offer property owners an opportunity to complain about their new real estate valuations—as set by professional appraisers—unless property owners know what the tax rate is going to be.

How can anybody have a basis for complaint, unless he knows how much his new valuation is going to make him pay?

Until the rate is set, there is no true basis for judgment.

While it is true that the tax rate is seldom determined this far ahead of the start of a new fiscal year (July 1) and that the commissioners must know the demands of their new budget before they can set a rate, we don't think they can

ask property owners to pass judgment on the new valuations until a rate is announced.

The commissioners must have known for some time what the total revaluation of the county amounts to and they must, by now, have a fair idea of what their budget demands for the next year will be. Couldn't they indicate a tentative tax rate or give the public some idea of what to expect: a range within which we could expect the new rate somewhere to fall?

We certainly don't see how anybody can go to the commissioners sitting as board of equalization and review and make a complaint about property valuations before any of us have any notion of what the taxes we'll actually have to pay this year are going to be.

## The Symphony And The Sandhills

We look forward with interest, as always, to the annual visit of the North Carolina Little Symphony to Southern Pines, to take place this year on the weekend of March 29.

Again, also, the musicians will be spending the week-end here, following their concert at Weaver Auditorium Friday night—last in the 1962-'63 series sponsored by the Sandhills Music Association. We are pleased that they have chosen Southern Pines for their weekend rest—a well-deserved break for orchestra members who perform a demanding schedule of traveling and playing that

takes them, as members of the Little Symphony or the full N. C. Symphony, to every corner of the state.

Dr. Benjamin Swalin, the indefatigable and talented director of the orchestra, and Mrs. Swalin who is an indispensable member of the symphony organization, will be here also over that last week-end in March. To the Swalins, as every Tar Heel knows, goes a very large share of the credit in making the Symphony a well-loved, highly-respected and universally accepted fixture in the cultural life of the state.

We welcome the entire Symphony organization again to Southern Pines.

## Road Sign Ban: A Change of Heart?

As this is written early this week, the billboard lobby was descending on the General Assembly, determined that HB 269, a bill that would control roadside advertising adjacent to the interstate highway system, not be enacted into law.

Under the bill, no advertising signs would be permitted within 660 feet of the highway right of way, except by written permission of the Director of Highways. For compliance with this reasonable request (the N. C. Motor Club's poll of members showed overwhelming support for the regulation of signs), the State

would receive about \$1 million more from the federal government to apply to its interstate highway work.

We hope that the legislators in Raleigh have progressed enough in their thinking since 1961, when a similar bill was killed in committee, to give the current bill a better chance. We have long been convinced that many more motorists than popularly supposed enjoy driving on sign-free highways. If it is not already too late (we have seen no news of the bill yet this week), Moore County's representative should be apprised of local support for the sign ban bill.

"Thou Shall Kill!"



## EDUCATIONAL JOB NEEDED TODAY

### Wilson vs. Kennedy: A Comparison

BY T. R. B.  
In The New Republic

After a family dinner following the inaugural parade 50 years ago, Woodrow Wilson retired about midnight. Shortly thereafter his bell summoned a White House doorkeeper. The servant found the iron-willed new President, with his long, aggressive, equine face, clothed only in his long underwear. The trunk was at the station with the Presidential nightshirts. When it arrived Wilson had already retired.

Fifty years ago! The era is almost forgotten. And yet as we watch Washington last week—the sluggish Congress, the embroiled President—we wonder if there were any connection.

Mr. Kennedy is known to admire Wilson. There is the same intellectual bent, swift and orderly mind and feeling for history; above all a tremendous sense of the meaning of the Presidency. Each accepted responsibility for the prosperity of business and the national welfare; each was pragmatic rather than philosophical. A deep reserve in each, furthermore, brought leadership that the people might trust and admire, but rarely love.

#### What Happened

In 1913, Democrats captured the Senate for the first time in 16 years: 51 Democrats, 44 Republicans and 1 Progressive. Everything depended on the organization of the all-powerful committees. Wilson could probably count on 51 votes (including 10 Republicans) for the main plank of the radical Baltimore platform. What happened has recently been told by Senator Clark, who sought a repeat performance.

The Wilson party reconstituted

committee membership, upset senior chairmen, and chose John W. Kern, Indiana, as caucus leader, a man with only two year's tenure. In a great legislative liberal burst 50 years ago they passed the Underwood tariff, the Federal Trade Act, the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, the Farm Credit Act, the Adamson 8-hour day for railroads and created the Federal Reserve system.

#### Driving Force

The striking thing here is that Wilson had a majority, and it acted; President Kennedy almost certainly now has a majority and it hesitates. Wilson had the advantage of being able to crystallize half a century of Populist agitation, but he also had the driving force of personal belief, a stubborn and rather limited Presbyterian moralism that was not particularly attractive but was like the gunpowder behind the artillery shell of total commitment.

"The success of a party means little except when the Nation is using the party for a large and definite purpose," he said. He lacked the common touch, he loved humanity in the abstract, he sometimes placed the halo of moral necessity on expediency, but he had a Dream, backed with driving and tremendous prose and, as James Truslow Adams wrote, for a time he gave "once more to the people a vision of nobility and importance in their life and destiny that none save Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln had yet been able to kindle for them."

Wilson had that little eagle, Carter Glass, to lead the Reserve Board fight. No comparison over 50 years is wholly fair; Congress

has weakened itself. It is imprisoned in its own procedure, capable of efficient function only in an emergency. Where are the Glasses, the LaFolletes, the Borahs of yesterday? There are a few but they were in a quagmire.

Where else in a Western land today can the chairman of a legislative committee simply pocket a bill from the Executive Branch and refuse to let it come to a vote? Furthermore, some bills were passed in the last Congress by House and Senate, but then the Rules Committee declined to let conferees meet to compromise differences. It is one thing to have an Administration bill defeated, but it is another not to be able even to have it submitted to vote of the whole Congress.

#### More Difficulties?

Mr. Kennedy, perhaps, operates under more difficulties in Congress than Wilson and he may still be conscious of his close election. But things may not get better for him: after all, if re-elected, Congress will then be thinking of his heir.

Did Wilson participate in the Underwood tariff fight? He did. He lashed out at lobbyists who operated as they do today on the tax bill; he appeared in person, with embarrassing frequency, at committee room conferences of Senators (he had revived the practice, dropped by Jefferson, of delivering messages to joint sessions in person). He lacked the power of the two Roosevelts to wheedle and cow individual Congressmen, but he kept up a steady stream of influence, and he appealed everlastingly to the public.

#### Flexible

Wilson was surprisingly flexible, at least in the first term, but he did not abandon principle. Day one cannot be sure whether it is flexibility or opportunism. One recalls the drug bill fight last year, where Mr. Kennedy's representatives on the Hill were negotiating with Senator Dirksen to cut the heart out of the measure behind the back of its sponsor, Senator Kefauver, before it was suddenly rescued by the thalidomide horror.

Again, as The New York Post reporter William Shannon points out, Mr. Kennedy has just sent an "eloquent, beautifully-written" message on civil rights to Congress. He did this, however, after abstaining for six weeks from any part in the liberals' vain effort to curb the filibuster, the only condition on which major civil rights legislation has hope of passage.

#### Involvement

On the 50th anniversary of Mr. Wilson, that man of passionate commitment, we do wish Mr. Kennedy could somehow convey a greater sense of emotional involvement in the excellent measures he sponsors, and that he would do more of an educational job with the public, even though for the time being he fails.

CHUB SEAWELL  
Carthage.

(Reprinted by permission)

## Grains of Sand

This is the Day

This is the day, March 21, when Proserpina, Goddess of Flowers and Baby Lambs and Milky White Clouds and all such Loveliness, stepping out of her hideaway onto the springy turf, feels the blades of new grass between her toes, and breathes a fragrant sigh across the dark, moist earth.

Then she licks her slim white finger and holds it up to the soft wind that whispers through her yellow hair.

Well? What does the wind tell you, Lady? Is it Spring? Is it?

Family Trees

Big Hubert Harington, in Moore County Recorder's Court after swearing out a warrant against his nephew for pointing a shotgun at him, decided to withdraw the charge.

Judge Rowe asked: "why?" Hubert, towering like a big tree, explained: "Judge," he said, "I just decided I'd better not. It would kind of hinder him," said Hubert. "You see, him and his wife they've got six little undergrowths there at home and if my nephew goes to jail and has to pay out money and all, how's he going to care for them? I want him to raise those little undergrowths so they'll grow up as big as I am."

March Winds Blow High

March certainly came in like a lion, but will it go out like a lamb?

Probably. But there's plenty of time in between for that quick-change artist to do his stuff.

What A Surprise!

It gives you a start, of surprise and pleasure, both, as you leaf through the pages of Vogue, with their hairdos, triacetate polyester thingamajigs and sack-like or bulbous garments, to turn a page and find the patrician face of Miss Eleonora Sears (EO) if you please, not EA) staring you in the face.

And the article that accompanies the picture is as charming, and as straight and true as the photograph.

Pictured against the fine (Adam?) mantle of her Beacon Street house in Boston, dressed up fancy for once instead of the familiar riding breeches, Miss Sears looks right at you and smiles such a friendly genial smile.

The author of the piece, Cleveland Amory, has done a fine job. How not, with such a subject?

Real Ozone

From a holograph draft of a talk to "My dear Chairman and Ladies of The Miscellany" prepared by President Garfield's widow, Lucretia R. Garfield, in October 1899. Mrs. Garfield was then engaged in collecting data for her personal reminiscences of Edward Everett Hale:

"At another time I saw him as he was on his way to a new health resort among the pines of North Carolina where his wife and daughter were to meet him. His description of this place and its inhabitants, made up largely of New Englanders driven by the rigor of their climate from home and taking their yankee nasal twang to mingle with the soft soothing of the Carolina pines, was very amusing. But he said the pure air, the great trees overhead, the dry sand underfoot, and the idyllic life they lived were sufficient recommendation, and he found what he had heretofore regarded a mere fad—real ozone at Pinehurst."

The Scary Time

The peach orchards are loaded with buds; the trees are almost ready to put on those paler-than-pale pink haloes of coming bloom and coming harvest.

This is the scary time. Hold your breath, Everybody!

## The PILOT

Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina 1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor  
C. Benedict Associate Editor  
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.  
C. G. Council Advertising  
Bessie C. Smith Advertising  
Mary Scott Newton Business  
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff Society  
Composing Room  
Dixie B. Ray, Michael Valen,  
Thomas Mattocks, J. E. Pate, Sr.,  
Charles Weatherspoon.

Subscription Rates  
Moore County  
One Year \$4.00  
Outside Moore County  
One Year \$5.00  
Second-class Postage paid at Southern Pines, N. C.  
Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.