

THE PILOT

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

NOT SO DIFFERENT

"God, I thank thee," prayed the Pharisee, "that I am not as other men are."

There is a terrible temptation among us Americans to give our thanks as the Pharisee did. Looking back on that first Thanksgiving and then at the world around us today, almost without thinking we find ourselves saying: "Thank God that we are Americans."

To love one's country is as natural as drawing breath. If the love expresses itself in a patriotism that is constructive and vital, clear-eyed to recognize faults as well as virtues, and alert to remedy them, the country will be benefitted. But if we look upon ourselves as perfect in contrast to the imperfections of our neighbors, our patriotism will do the country little good. This is the spirit that is so often seen in America today, the spirit that says: "Thank God that WE are not fascists or communists; that WE are not stuck up like the British or unreliable like the French or barbaric like the Russians. Thank God that WE are different."

We must be very careful how we fall into that way of thinking, for now if ever is no time to point out the differences between ourselves and others. In the first place, those differences are not as great as we like to think; in the second place, the fate which befalls him who so exaltes himself is definite and final; and in the third place, if we are to continue the argument, the fact that we have been so miraculously spared during these war years, will cause many to shy away from any claim to special virtue. There is no doubt that we have never been tested as have those of other lands, over and over again, in the terrible fires of war.

Our complacency might be less if we stopped to think back to other times. It was not so long ago that we numbered among our blessings the width of the Atlantic Ocean, separating us from Europe and her troubles. Farther back, we were concentrating entirely on our own land: its boundless resources, its strong economic position. One by one we have seen these blessings modified. We have wasted and continue to waste our great resources: our economy, we now recognize, is not immune to changes in the rest of the world, and the Atlantic long ago shrank to the size of a rather unimportant lake. So with many a cherished concept of the past.

In the light of that experience, if for no better reason, we may well be chary of indulging in comparisons. After all, who is more stuck up than the American officer boasting that one of him can lick ten Russians, what could be more unreliable than American politics, in view of the past year of irresponsibility, to say nothing of similar spectacles in our history? And it needs only to scan recent headlines to know that barbarism is not confined to Orientals. We cannot afford, if we are honest, to note the difference in the world today: what is needed is to give thanks with all our hearts for those blessings which we enjoy in common with mankind.

Just as no man, be he ever so dull, conceivably could sit down to his thanksgiving dinner and congratulate himself on the fact that while the rest of the world is starving he is able to enjoy the bountiful feast before him, so should no one of sense or goodwill, no good American, set himself above the other peoples of the world. Just as the physical barriers in the world are coming down, so must the barriers in men's minds. This is no time to rejoice in differences, rather is it a time to exalt our common heritage.

On Thanksgiving Day, when we offer humble thanks for all the

blessings of this life, we must rejoice especially in the mutual aspirations of men's hearts. They will lead us, if we give them half a chance toward that life of freedom, justice and decent living which is our common aim.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION

Last week the teachers of our county met to hear the president of their association urge a concerted effort to obtain a raise in teacher salaries. In the same week, the school boards of the county asked for a million and a quarter dollars worth of new school construction.

Few will criticize this emphasis on the needs of education. There is not a doubt in the world that the progress of our southland is being retarded by the failure of our school system to keep in step with the times. It is particularly reassuring to note that the reforms inherent in the two sets of action taken last week, apply to both sides of the picture. Neither can stand alone. A fine building is utterly useless if there are poor teachers inside it, and even though a fine teacher can achieve wonders inside any building, even a one-room shack, she or he would certainly not remain there very long. We must demand as our teachers the best in human material, but we owe it to them, as well as to our children, to supply the facilities with which to carry on their work successfully.

Some, reading of the two meetings last week, may be concerned lest the mistakes of the past be repeated, lest we go hog-wild on putting up elaborate buildings and neglect the teaching staff. Actually, the two issues have no connection whatever. The salaries of teachers are paid by the state; and any question of raising salaries must be handled by the state legislature. Funds for construction are handled only by the county. Far from jeopardizing the question of salary raises, it would seem that the willingness of citizens to tax themselves for better school facilities would be taken as definite evidence that the voters wish to raise educational standards and might well be influential in persuading the legislature to vote increased salaries for the teachers.

The sum needed to build the schools and improve the present schools of our county is a large one, there is no blinking the fact. But there is no blinking the fact, either, that this is a "must" in Moore County. Most of the items included in the proposed construction are vitally needed. This is perhaps truest of some of the colored schools, now fearfully overcrowded, with sanitary conditions which are a menace to health, but, as we of Southern Pines know, overcrowding is not confined to the colored schools. Our needs are definite and unmistakable as are those of all the other schools involved. It was not without long, careful, and conscientious study that the school boards of our county towns made their requests and recommendations.

The outcome of the petition to the commissioners will be awaited anxiously. Just as anxiously will be watched the actions of the legislators soon to debate the question of teachers' salaries. Though separated in actuality, the two together make up the whole picture of what is needed to improve the education of our children. Both deserve our concerted efforts.

TWO COLUMNS

The Pilot is thinking of starting a new column and perhaps two. It would be nice to know what our readers think of the plan.

The first column will carry an item gleaned from the daily papers of the previous week. It may be a dramatic story, or a funny one; a fine piece of prose; an editorial; quotations from an eminent speaker. It may be anything at all that seems outstanding of its kind. And if nothing strikes a bell in the week in question the column will subside, for that particular issue.

Reader cooperation will be welcomed to fill this column. While the editor must reserve the right to pick and choose what will be printed, contributions will be gladly received. They must bear the name and date of issue of the paper from which they are taken. From three to five hundred words would be a good length, but shorter clippings will be welcome, too.

The other column we are thinking about might be termed: "Citizens Anonymous" or some such title. It would be a sort of

forum for the people who have bright ideas but who don't want to stick their necks out by signing their names. That is not as cowardly as it sounds. For instance, it would be ticklish for any of our town board or the mayor to write a letter to the paper criticizing something or suggesting something else. It would be impossible for them to do it without bringing down all sorts of trouble on themselves. In the same way, any prominent citizen, or unimportant one, who has any suggestion to make is sure, if he signs his name to it, either to be criticized unmercifully, or else to be promptly appointed a committee of one to see that the thing is done. The editor would, of course, have to reserve the right not to print libelous comment or fool ideas. Otherwise the thing might get out of hand.

The editor would also have the right to call a halt to controversies, cut too long diatribes, or otherwise edit; not, however, changing any language or omitting essentials.

Every communication would have to be submitted with the author's name; this to be kept absolutely confidential.

In this column might be printed, also, questions about local affairs or places. The editor would try to have them answered in a following issue by a competent person.

The purpose of this column: "Citizens Anonymous" would be for the good of the community. It would be, as its title implies, an exercise in citizenship. . . or, perhaps, an experiment in citizenship.

We would like very much to know what our readers think of this idea. Will someone be the first "citizen anonymous" to give us his or her reaction?

Sand Box

BY WALLACE IRWIN

POETICAL THOUGHT

I've lived so long in great big cities

I now refuse to join committees.

If Editor K. Boyd is ever looking for anonymous letters, I hope she'll publish this one, which I just thought up.

Editor Pilot, Dearest:

I don't know where the City Fathers and Town Mothers got hold of those artistic pebbles which they are strewing from road to road. They're just as sweet as they can be, the pebbles, I mean. They're so uniform in size and so daintily tinted that I'd take a half dozen of them home for the baby to play with, if they weren't securely stuck in the underlying tar. I don't even mind being barred off from home every time I go around the block; I know I can always drive through the grounds of Miss Bair who lives next door—but if I were Miss Bair I'd sic a dog on me.

Nothing in the above paragraph really distresses me. I am, in fact, deeply stirred by every sign of progress in Southern Pines. I'm twice as patriotic as I was before I went in for local real estate.

All right, anonymous Irwin, what's the gripe now?

I'll tell you. Southern Pines, Inc. has sent the Irwins, Inc. a bill for \$62 (approx) written down to "road improvement." So? If S. P. Inc. believes that the royal carpet of tar and gravel they've spread at the entrance to the Country Club is improving our road, they're more deluded than Herr Hess was when he visited England. The road improvement for which we are supposed to be contributing \$62-odd, goes about two feet down our road then stops with a neat, square turn and extends in a lavish debauch of beauty far, far into the Country Club grounds. Our \$62 road, if you can call it a road, is a narrow canal of loose sand which has been desolated by a scraper so that our car in getting home—if ever it can—must skid its way between high sierras of mud. The highest sierra is at the entrance of my drive, where I sit for hours in my fendered old Buick, feebly moaning to my wife to come over and do something about it.

What is all this? Taxation without representation. I, a dweller on Mud Boulevard, am directed to pay \$62 for the pure pleasure of seeing the Country Club drive

Golden Years Of Friendly Living With Books And People: C. L. Hayes

by Charles Macauley

In celebrating the fiftieth year of his famous gathering place for all and sundry, C. L. Hayes is willing to bet that this next fifty years will not be as hard as his first fifty. Verily we hope not. But despite the hard sledding, C. L. has had a lot of fun in building up and carrying on the best known bookshop in the state. Locally the oldest mercantile establishment continuing under one head in the Sandhills, Hayes' Bookstore is the Mecca of every returning old-timer, new tourist, seasonal guest, citizens young and old, as well as the haven of many notable authors, during the shop's wanderings from Pennsylvania Avenue to New Hampshire Avenue and since its finally coming to rest in its present quarters in 1916.

That day, a little more than half a century before, when C. L. stepped down from the train and surveyed Saunders' magnificent gardens, found him not overly impressed. On one side was the lovely garden, while the unbroken front of high sand hills flanked the railroad on the east, a natural attraction which had not been mentioned in the advertisement of J. T. Patrick which had lured the budding bibliophile to the budding town of Southern Pines. Undismayed, however, he stuck it out and attracted by the prevailing friendly atmosphere, returned the following year to all the pleasure, hard knocks, and hard work that went with the upbuilding of a

turned into a swifter and flatter speedway. So that self-enamored golfers, boasting of 9 holes in 136, may come jet-planing out of their smoothly coddled entrance to scare the daylight out of my elderly General Motors job as it struggles with the quicksands of what, perhaps, the City Fathers (\$62, please) euphemistically call a road.

No, I'm not jealous of golfers. Time was when I could go the round in 289 without turning a hair. I rest on my record. Golf is a royal game, as a Scotchman once said to another Scotchman. Although there are only two kings left in the world, it is still the sport of kings.

But is that any reason why I should be paying \$62-odd dues to a club I don't belong to? And if that \$62 isn't for dues, what is it for? Is it for that Mount Everest of loose sand piled up in front of my driveway? Or is it for the tar and pebbles I don't get?

I ask for information. Meanwhile Page Motors Inc. informs me that it's tired of pulling me out of the sand. They're so busy pulling others out of the same fix, they say, that they can't pay too much attention to individual cases.

Maybe my bill to improve the Country Club road isn't \$62. It may be \$64.16 or \$66.22. Anyhow, I leave it to you.

Yours lovingly W. Anonymous Irwin.

Editor's Note: Me, too—and how —KLB.

The Public Speaking

TO THE EDITOR:

The bid of Moore County for the site of the United Nations brings to mind a retort Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov reportedly made to Secretary Byrnes' demand for more democracy in the Balkans: Yes, flung back Comrade Molotov, you wish to see if democracy will work in the Balkans before you try it in your home state of South Carolina.

The Sandhills are so beautiful. No section in America is a more formidable rival of San Francisco's green-carpeted Morago Valley, both in scenery and climate, than are the Sandhills of North Carolina.

Headquarters Committee, however, will be deceived by the extravagant statement of the Salisbury editor, quoted last week in the Pilot, into believing of our state that "none excels in historic effort to dignify the human being as a Child of God".

How would the Liberian delegate react when he found himself excluded from restaurants and hotels? Or would we lower our segregation bars for so dist-

business, the rise of a new town and the start of a career that has included, besides raising a family, such divers odds and ends as High Man on the shaky poles of the Grover and Hayes Telephone Company during the slack hours in the News depot, being manager of the town newspaper, boosting the establishment of the Country Club . . . though not so hot personally with a golf club - - - backer and roofer for all the local ball teams, Town Commissioner, School Commissioner, Masonic Past Commander, Knight of Pythias, and Charter member of the Kiwanis. Talking books, selling books, C. L. wisely kept secreted at home first edition copies of the works of resident and visiting authors.

As courageous as he has shown himself to be, we note that he is beginning to slip. He has turned over to Mrs. Hayes, the task of passing out the Nylons on the Great Day. Perhaps he thinks that her experience as head of Mrs. Hayes' Shop for forty-two years has made her his superior in handing out hose to lady customers. Now if it was handing them a line, that would be another matter. But in the matter of shops, C. L.'s missus has run him a close second.

Perhaps the writer may speak for the Pilot in offering congratulations upon their fiftieth wedding anniversary as well as C. L.'s fiftieth business anniversary, and wish them many more years of happiness and success.

ingushed a visitor? What pointed remarks would Commissar Molotov be able to make in contrasting American democracy and its racial discrimination with Soviet "democracy", and its utter lack of them?

Delegates coming into the south would have incessant, stifling reminders that the world's noblest attempt at democracy is yet far from complete success.

The United Nations need the presence of God. They shall find Him where brotherhood among men "regardless of race, creed, or previous condition of servitude" has found a deep response in the lives of men, in the customary treatment of their less fortunate neighbors.

We cannot wholeheartedly invite the world to our state until we have cleaned our own house. Until North Carolina gives the ballot more freely, offers equal educational opportunities, eliminates discrimination extending even to the courts. First we must become a more worthy example of the Christian democracy which, we pray, the United Nations shall make world-wide.

Charles S. McCoy Laurinburg, N. C.

On the Land

SWEET EXHIBIT. There was a honey of a honey display in the main exhibit building at the State fair in Raleigh this year. Live bee and comb honey was exhibited along with beekeeping equipment and instructive pamphlets. Honey is being limelighted as never before as the scarcity of sugar forces housewives to turn their attention to a sweet substitute.

KING COTTON STILL DECLINES. Prospects point toward a decline of 10,000 bales in the US cotton crop this year, although the crop will still be 12 per cent more than last year's figures. The total cotton crop is now estimated to be 480,000 bales.

FOOD EMBARGO. The Pure Food division of the State Agriculture department has withdrawn quantities of food from the grocer's shelves within the past two years, declaring it unfit for human consumption or of substandard quality. A total of 572,839 pounds of food, 845,432 bottles of beer, 71,156 bottles of soft drinks, 10,603 bottles of relishes pickles, and olives, and 35,125 gallons of mayonnaise, salad dressing, syrup, molasses and flavoring extracts.

MR. PEANUT IMPROVES. Eastern North Carolina Peanut growers are expected to harvest around 310,800,000 pounds from this year's crop. Prospects for improved yields are evident, but this year's average yield still falls

short of the 10-year average.

DEATH KNELL? Agricultural leaders throughout the state have been expressing the fear that the recent election of a Republican Congress may end the 10-year era of farm prosperity in the state. Former Governor J. M. Broughton does not believe the new Congress will abrogate the three-year contract made by tobacco farmers in this and other

leaders are not as optimistic.

RINGS BELL. North Carolina weed-producing states, but other produced a record-breaking crop of 912,585,000 pounds of tobacco this year. The 1946 crop is estimated at 12 per cent larger than the 1945 crop and 11 per cent more than the previous record crop in 1939 when there was no government control on acreage.



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