

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. Where 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.

Approaching The County Home Problem

In Johnston County, a step has been taken by the board of county commissioners that might well prove a starting point in the Moore County board's problem of what to do about our county home.

When the superintendent of the Welfare Department in Johnston County came to the board and suggested that money could be saved for the taxpayers and indigent persons could get better care if the county home were leased to competent operators as a boarding home, the Johnston commissioners invited the director of the adult boarding home program of the State Department of Welfare, Mrs. Annie Mae Pemberton, to come to their July meeting and discuss the program with them.

The Johnston County welfare superintendent cited recent developments in Franklin County, where the change-over from county home to boarding home was made, with an estimated annual saving of tax money amounting to \$15,000.

Individuals in boarding homes pay for their room and board with government Old Age Assistance checks, if families, friends or others are unable to foot the bill. The county's share of an OAA check is only a few dollars a month.

From the point of view of the old people themselves—a point of view that all too often is not considered in these matters—there is some pride and satisfaction in being able to pay their way, even though the payment is made with a government assistance check.

In our complex modern society, it is recognized that such payments as Social Security and Old Age Assistance are not "charity" but rather a well-deserved right. Government—that is, the agency that works for us all and to which we all contribute—most step in to aid the helpless when the demands for such aid get beyond the scope and power of private generosity.

The Pilot's study of the Moore County home over the past few months has convinced us that the taxpayers of Moore County are getting very poor value for the \$12,500 of their money that is poured into the county home annually.

The people of Moore County are watching the commissioners to see what they propose to do about the county home. A study by the board to determine how much, under another system, could be saved for the taxpayers and how much could be done to improve care given old people and to brighten their existence, would show the people that the county home problem has not been shelved.

Suggestion For Tobacco Research

For the past several years, The Pilot has followed with interest the research work of Dr. Robert F. Mobbs of Aberdeen, in connection with the effects of pesticides on human beings.

This work covers effects resulting from direct contact with such substances, as when they are breathed, and also the larger, more complicated and possibly more dangerous problem of the residues from such poisons that remain in or on the foods we eat.

In Washington recently, Dr. Mobbs appeared before a Senate committee to advocate adequate safeguards against marketing of food products containing poisonous or potentially poisonous pesticide substances remaining after such substances were used for insect control on the product when it was growing.

As a side comment, but one which drew the headlines in press reports, Dr. Mobbs suggested as a field for research a possible connection between the insecticides used on tobacco and lung cancer.

Since various reports on an apparent connection between cigarette smoking and lung cancer were made during the past year, a number of observers have speculated as to whether the cancer-causing agent is something in the tobacco itself or something that is added to it, either in the course of cultivation or during manufacture.

Regarding Dr. Mobbs' suggestion, The Durham Morning Herald, pointing out that the

whole economy of that city is dependent upon tobacco, comments:

"There is a basis for Dr. Mobbs' point. During the period in which there has been an increase in the incidence of lung cancer and an increase in the consumption of cigarettes, there has also been a marked increase in the use of insecticides to kill tobacco pests. It is known that some chemicals used in pesticides cause abnormal cell growth.

"Most farmers are careful to schedule the use of insecticides on tobacco at a time when they will not appear on the leaf when harvested. Tobacco which shows the poison is not desirable, and buyers reduce their bids for such tobacco considerably. This situation, however, involves only the appearance of the leaf. Insofar as this newspaper is aware, there have been no studies to determine whether there is any absorption of the poison into the tobacco leaf.

"Dr. Mobbs' suggestion shows how many-faceted the problem is and how many avenues of exploration call the researcher. This aspect of research, however, might be one of the first investigated."

We'd think that the tobacco companies would be eager to follow up any line of research that might eventually prove that the golden weed itself is not the culprit. The particular aspect of the problem pointed out by Dr. Mobbs should be one of the first to be studied in the companies' much-publicized efforts to deal with the tobacco-cancer problem.

Union Lee Spence

Union Lee Spence, the Carthage attorney who died last week at the age of 86, richly deserved the courtesy title he had borne for many years—"dean of the Moore County Bar."

In the case of Mr. Spence, it was used not only as recognition of seniority in years and experience, but with genuine respect for his abilities. This respect was perhaps strongest among his colleagues, the attorneys who recognized, with professional admiration, his sheer ability as a lawyer.

Among those who had only a casual acquaintance with him, Mr. Spence was known as an honest, lively, friendly gentleman who rarely failed to drop some word of insight or wisdom into the most routine street-corner conversation.

It is told that even in his later years, this grand old man would retire to his study and there pore over his law books and prepare his cases as avidly as a young student cramming for an examination. Excellence was his aim and excellence he achieved in every case with which he was associated. He felt nothing but the best was due his clients and himself.

Independence of thought was an outstanding quality of Mr. Spence—an independence that came like a vigorous breath of fresh air from an earlier age, as in truth it did, when men put less value on conformity, as a virtue in itself, than they do today.

It is interesting, too, that Mr. Spence did not devote his abilities merely to his private practice, but served the county and the state in public office for some 30 years, putting his shoulder to the wheel in the great forward march of North Carolina in education, health, welfare, roads and all the other developments since the early years of this century. He was elected to term after term as senator or representative from Moore County and he served the people well and faithfully.

Mr. Spence's vigor, up to the time of the short illness that took his life, was an inspiration. He seemed indestructible physically and observers marvelled at his recent appearances in court revealed no apparent tarnish on the brilliance of his mind.

Of such men is the greatness of this nation made.

Point Four Street

Point Four is a two-way street. It carries technical aid (60 million dollars of it allocated since the recent oil settlement) to Iran, among numerous countries benefited. And, notwithstanding legitimate misgivings, it does bring back to the United States a certain amount of gratitude for information, techniques, and resources shared by a fortunate nation.

One heartening little expression of this sentiment has taken place in Teheran. There, in the Iranian capital, a downtown thoroughfare has been renamed Point Four Street in appreciation of what Point Four has done for a troubled country.

It is not long since one part of that program was the subject of a great deal of attempted ridicule in Iran. This was a project for improving the strain of donkeys which are the common work animals and a means of transport on Persian hillsides. The Americans shipped in breeding stock from Cyprus. Communists poked fun

at the idea that Iran could possibly need any more jackasses.

But it was no joke to Iranian farmers. They were glad to raise sturdier animals. They were glad also to have schools, irrigation works, DDT sprays, cleaner watercourses for their villages, and seed wheat which produced a 40 per cent greater yield. Technical assistance made a lot of friends in Iran at a time when Soviet Russia obviously was hoping for an opportunity there.

But the greatest benefits are not solely in helping to thwart a Communist coup. They are in having established a modicum of understanding between two civilizations, helping Persians to be better customers and producers, more self-reliant neighbors in a shrinking world.

We hope Point Four Street has room for great numbers of well-laden Iranian donkeys. And we are not afraid that Americans by being helpful are making jackasses of themselves.

—The Christian Science Monitor



New High School Goes Up As Old Building Comes Down

Seen through the trees from May St. (No. 1 highway), the old Southern Pines High School building at the left is being torn down by the Star Lumber Co. of Chicago, Ill., while at the same time work progresses on the "Phase A" unit of the new high school whose May Street front is seen at the right.

Piles of lumber from the old building can be seen in the foreground. The company is selling lumber and fixtures

on the site. Visible through the gap in the trees at left is the stage of the auditorium, in the old building. The auditorium, which ran north and south, connecting two wings, had not been used since 1947 when a large portion of the ceiling fell while the room was unoccupied but not long after some of the commencement period events had taken place in the room. Other serious defects in the old structure included the boiler

room and the science laboratory, neither of which met State specifications.

The "Phase A" unit of the new high school fronts 57 feet on May St. and runs back 142 feet parallel to Massachusetts Ave. Completion is expected in time for use in the school term to open in September.

The "Phase B" unit will run north from Phase A, 191 feet parallel to May St., and is tentatively planned for completion in the fall of 1955. It

The Public Speaking

Council Meetings

To The Pilot: Citizens, Voters, Taxpayers: Where are you? Every meeting of the Town Council is important because the business transacted there affects you, the taxpayer.

To observe each of the five councilmen perform his duties in accordance with his oath of office is a revelation, and serves as a guide in the next election. How does each one react to the haphazard, hazy or verbal agreements of past administrations?

Brother, you don't know nothin' 'til you've attended the town meetings. The vacant chairs are a shocking disclosure of your public interest!

AN OBSERVER

will be of two-story construction. Rooms will be reached from outside corridors.

Cost of the "Phase A" portion of the building, pictured above, is \$126,644, including architect's fee. This part of the structure contains the heating plant that will serve both sections of the school. Total cost of both the buildings is expected to run about \$250,000.

Grains of Sand

With Bells On

Residents of North Ridge street have been puzzled recently by the jingling of bells, like sleigh bells—the sort associated with holly wreaths, snow drifts and Christmas card glitter. . . Since there are still nearly 150 shopping days before the holiday and the thermometer stands at 90 oftener than freezing, the matter became a minor mystery. A veteran former newspaper reporter who resides in the neighborhood, ever alert and curious when faced with the inexplicable, undertook to track down the mysterious chime of tinkling bells. Following are his findings:

The music of the bells emanates from the person of Miss Teresa Pearce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Pearce. It is not, as some persons believed, in celebration of anything in particular nor wuffed from any celestial source. Miss Pearce is under two years old. Too young to be a bell ringer.

The Peaces were having slight difficulties with their youngest. A sturdily built little red-head, she had developed the habit of straying away every time a window or door was left unguarded. The lawns of this section are unfenced and the hedges are tall enough to conceal any small runaway completely, once she had got away from the home nest.

The usual treatments were tried, lectures; reasoning; firmness and threats of a spanking and finally—the harassed mother's last resort, a real spanking. It made no difference, Teresa vanished at every opportunity and every evening found the roused neighbors roaring her name and beating the brush.

She was perfectly good-natured about it. When recaptured she made no protest. She smiled a sweet, mysterious smile, and placed her small, warm fist into any adult palm confidently.

No reproaches. No declaration of her inalienable rights under the constitution. Not a phrase or word Joe McCarthy could fasten on for investigation.

But Teresa kept on vanishing and was devilish hard to find when wanted.

It was a visitor from New York who solved the problem. Miss Flora Cooney recalled a trick from her own nursery days: Teresa

TALKING ABOUT MCCARTHY, MAYBE?

"There are foolish and short-sighted citizens who think if we can keep Communism out of this country, we can save ourselves from Communist conquest. They hope that if we can shut out or exile from this country every Communist, every relative of every Communist, everyone who ever read a Communist book, everyone who ever knew or was related to anyone who was a Communist, or everyone who ever knew or was related to anyone who ever read a Communist book, then the country is safe. Nothing could be further from the truth."—Senator Flanders of Vermont in commencement address at Georgia Tech, Atlanta.

SCHOOL HEAD SEES DANGER IN TREND

Standards Of Education Must Be Upheld

By SEYMOUR ST. JOHN / Headmaster of the Choate School Wallingford, Conn.

"If you plan for a year, plant corn; if you plan for fifty years, plant trees; if you build for eternity, educate your children." What a travesty we make of that age-old aphorism when educational policy is dictated by the weaknesses rather than the strengths of our society. It is my deep conviction that our ability or inability to overcome these pressures of weakness will determine whether the future of our country holds for our children happiness or frustration, hope or despair, life or death.

Two hundred years ago men were making their way to this country because of deep-seated spiritual and economic needs. Through their determination to meet the need of their day with the best they had of wisdom, imagination and labor, some of those men grew into giants. And in succeeding years they passed on to us a proud heritage. But with the advent of technology and consequent shorter working days, with the growing power of our country and its apparent security in oceanic isolation, the motivation for a strongly disciplined American people was watered down. The will to build one's own life gave way to the demand for governmental support from cradle to grave; the right to individual liberty became the right to be just like every one else; the pursuit of happiness narrowed to the avoidance of discomfort. The goals

of freedom, individualism, strength of character, weakened to those of security, conformity, adjustment.

Narrow Problems Studied Naturally enough, these goals are reflected in the educational system. Here is a philosophy which supports such courses as Senior Problems, whatever they may be; Consumer Education, where one may learn to buy a rug at a discount; Boy-Girl relations, where one learns "How to get along with one's date!" Note to what these courses are geared: not to a study of the tools of knowledge, nor to learning what light the wisdom of the ages throws on our present, and future; but to a study of our narrow problems of the moment, with an eye only to immediately utilitarian solutions; they are geared to adjustment, to happiness by the direct method.

Here is a quotation from what I call the adjustment school, taken from the Bulletin of the National Association of Secondary School Principals; and then a little story. First the quotation: "We shall someday accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on a violin, that it is no more reasonable to require that each girl shall spell well than it is that each one shall bake a good cherry pie."

Another telltale trademark of the adjustment trend appears in grading systems. "It is time the parents rose up," writes an Okla-

was hung with tiny, tinkling bells. When she moves hand or foot the world knows about it, no matter how deep the grass or how thick the brush.

The Pilot thinks the suggestion should be passed along for the benefit of other parents.

Quite A Life! A good many people think nothing good came out of the McCarthy-Army hearings and we'll go along with that.

Except for one choice morsel of goodness that has come our way. Here it is:

Says one fellow to another: "Say, what's that man Riley doing these days?"

Answers the other: "Oh, Riley? Why, he's in the Army; didn't you know? Leading the life of Schine."

Up She Goes This wandering reporter, wandering up here in New York, much too far away from the Sandhills, wandered down Park Avenue recently to see an amazing sight.

On the corner of the Avenue and 57th Street a building was going up, a 22-story building. Nothing new or amazing in that, you'll say, but wait. Sunday night, the night before, the building was at the steel construction stage: 22 floors of steel framework: uprights, beams, and girders; not a snitch of wall in place. Monday morning at 6 o'clock, they started on the four outside walls, using, for the material, entirely aluminum. The window-frames, the connecting links, the flat sheets in between

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homa editor, "and demanded that the Tulsa school system come out with some report cards that really report. Parents are advised that 'a check mark indicates progress in terms of the pupil's ability only and should not be used as a basis for comparison with the achievement of others'. This is on the theory that it is too cruel to grade a child on the excellence of his work or the lack of it. As a result, students who strive to get into fast classes are looked upon as screwballs and squares, and we have created among our children a fine cult of mediocrity. Everybody passes. Why row if the current will carry you along?"

Today and Tomorrow We have found that in a society where less and less intellectual discipline is exerted, the other disciplines fail too. We have found that in seeking adjustment today we too often achieve maladjustment tomorrow.

Should our education be no more than a mirror of the weaknesses of our society? Or should it stand apart, attempt to develop strong men and women with independent judgment, who, rather than adjusting themselves to the defects of their environment, have the courage to point out those defects and try to do something about them?

In the Pratt and Whitney Aircraft factory where realistic courses are given to high school graduates coming in for jobs, the students asked what was the passing grade. The answer flabbergasted them. "If you make an error in your calculations," said the instructor, "100 per cent of the work on that project has to be scrapped. The passing mark is therefore 100 per cent!" Here are standards worth talking about: abandonment of the easy road to quick adjustment; adoption of the more arduous but infinitely more rewarding present effort for future gain.

Arnold Toynbee notes that fourteen out of nineteen civilizations have committed suicide. Are we too busy learning how to make friends with the girl across the street (taking a course in it, mind you!) to give us any hope of avoiding the pitfalls into which our predecessors have disappeared? Or in a society that hangs on the brink has our need yet made us aware that the joy and strength of tomorrow are born of the discipline and effort of today?

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