

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.

Give Them Time

Rome wasn't built in a day and the cease-fire in the Formosa area, and what that may mean for the whole critical situation, isn't going to be won easily or quickly.

It will be best if this point is recognized and accepted. For if one thing is certain it is that we shall for many weeks and probably months to come be in the midst of alarms, serious or trifling, as the sides jockey for position, each trying to move ahead without damaging its own prestige and strength.

Yet that each one will move ahead seems to be indicated. At least, as things look right now. There is plenty of sabre-rattling on the part of the Chinese leaders on both sides of the Formosa Strait and it is unlikely that inflammatory statements and even acts will be eliminated entirely from all United States participation in the struggle, but that on both sides there is the desire to avoid major war seems to be very clear.

That, right now, is the point to focus on. We liked the statement of Ambassador Lodge, U. S. delegate to the UN. He said that while the

Chinese proposals had been of course rejected by the Security Council, and with the satisfactory vote of 10-1, the council has not concluded its consideration of the proposal for a cease-fire made by the delegate from New Zealand, Sir Leslie Monroe.

"Indeed," said Mr. Lodge, "it has hardly begun to consider it. In these circumstances, we would have done the council and the cause of peace an injustice if we were to allow discussion of the Soviet proposal to becloud the issues of the urgent matter at hand."

That is a sensible attitude expressed in sensible language. It is understood, now, that negotiations will continue but they will be carried on in private session, so to speak, through diplomatic channels. This is a good idea. It should have a quieting effect on peoples and, it is hoped, on leaders now deprived of their oratorical platforms; it should facilitate the bargaining which, we may as well admit, must go on while through personal contacts may be established a basis of sensible human relationship. Out of all that may come what the world is looking for.

Secrecy Remains The People's Business

We note with interest that Congressmen in Washington are making efforts to end secret meetings of committees in the national legislature, just as such meetings have become an issue in North Carolina.

The Pilot stands four-square behind any and all efforts to extend freedom of information on municipal, county, state and national levels. In Raleigh, the House and Senate have repealed their 1953 "secrecy law" that permitted closed sessions of the Appropriations Committee and have substituted "rules"—not laws—that allow secret meetings now of any committee. This is one step forward and two steps backward, as we see it.

We commend Moore Representative Cliff Blue of Aberdeen for his stout championship of open sessions in 1953 and this year. When the matter came up in the House this year, Blue was not there to record his vote, because of a heavy snow storm that held him up on the road, but he made it clear publicly and privately where his convictions lay. Senator Hawley Poole of West End has, we feel, acted unwisely in voting for the secrecy rule in the Senate. We think Senator Poole voted his honest conviction, as he has an obligation and a right to do, but we cannot support him in this action.

Secrecy on town and county levels should be the concern of the people, as much or more so than secrecy in Raleigh or Washington. For this reason, we are most interested in how the town council and the county commissioners are handling this problem.

The council has an enviable record in this respect. Since the present administration took office in 1953, not a single secret session of the town council has been held. This newspaper has been notified of regular and special meetings, attendance of reporters and the public has been encouraged at all meetings and town officials have been not only willing but cooperative and eager to reveal any and all information about the town and its affairs, when questioned by reporters.

At the county level, the picture is not so bright. The commissioners have held some secret sessions, barring reporters, in the past year. Though closed meetings were legalized, ostensibly through error, by the 1953 General Assembly it appears that the guarantee of open sessions of county boards will be restored at the current session in Raleigh. Compliance, of course, depends on local response by county

State Withholding Tax?

The red tape headaches of businessmen and industrialists are sufficiently pervasive at present, without their having to take on more of the same—but we think it makes sense to put state income tax on a withholding basis, like the Federal tax.

A representative of the state revenue department told us recently that perhaps 50 per cent of the people in Moore County who should be paying state income tax aren't paying. He said that gradually, through checking federal income tax returns, state tax men are catching up with these people. But, when faced with a demand for several years back state income taxes, many persons are not able to pay.

If human beings were cast in the perfect mold that they should be, everybody would save enough from income each year to settle federal and state taxes easily. But given the general run of human nature, the "painless" withholding technique is the way to make tax-paying easier for the victim and more lucrative for the government, federal or state.

At this time, when North Carolina is desperately looking for more revenue, withholding of state income tax should be carefully investigated. As a taxpayer, we agree with The Charlotte News which recently summed it up this way: "It is far better to be nipped lightly every pay day, than to be swallowed alive on one or more tax deadlines."

boards. Law or no law, the guarantee has been and can be evaded.

Minutes of the county commissioners are glaringly inadequate. Practically nothing is recorded but the final vote on any matter. Last week, for instance, the board conducted a whole day's business, with but one item recorded on the minutes. The presence of delegations with requests, the nature of the requests and the response of the commissioners, short of a vote, are consistently ignored. The clerk is frequently dismissed from the room prior to adjournment of the meeting—a violation of the state statute covering the duties of the clerk. Appeals are often made to reporters not to give publicity to some fact or item of information that comes up in meetings.

Lawmakers on all levels of government are, it appears to us, becoming more aware of their legal and moral obligations to guarantee and encourage freedom of information. Though led by the press, as a medium of information, the effort for conducting public business in the open is basically the people's business. The effort will be successful, in the end, only if the people back it up.

"J. A. P."

Those initials, signed at the end of an article in The Pilot, stood for June A. Phillips. It is hard to realize, it is a very hard thing to accept the fact that this newspaper will not go on carrying articles so signed.

The articles were almost always about one thing. In a broad sense they were about this town of Southern Pines, but in a closer, deeper sense they were about children, about the fact that they were important, that they must be cherished, helped, recognized for what they are: the hope of the world.

The Master said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Does it seem a far cry, perhaps even irrelevant, to go from that phrase to the accounts of the basketball games and football games, school rallies and sports about which June Phillips used to write? We don't think so. Because of the feelings that were in his heart as he wrote. He insisted that the scoring should be correctly listed, of course, and that every player's name should be entered and that nobody should be left out. But that was just the routine business of writing a good news story . . . and he thought a lot about that, for he was a keen reporter. It was what prompted him to write these articles that counted. It was because he understood the full meaning of that sentence up there, and lived it.

June Phillips' interest in the children and young people of this town, in their schooling and their recreation, has meant a very great deal to Southern Pines. We think of the big booming Halloween Party put on by the Rotarians, of which he was the guiding spirit, as he was always a leader in that service organization. We think of his enthusiasm for the school band, for anything that promised good things for the young folks. And we think of the high ideals which he held and which brought him their respect and their devotion.

His was a personality full of gentle charm and whimsical humor, with a depth of friendliness and warmth that once felt can never be forgotten. He was kindly; he had an old-fashioned courtesy and at the same time cheery comradeship that won him a host of friends. He will be deeply missed in this community.

As for his influence over the young people he loved so much it has been deep, so deep that it will be lasting. The finest memorial to June Phillips will endure in the lives of the young people he touched so warmly, so understandingly while he was here.

That is the treasure this good man laid up for himself unconsciously, giving so generously of his time and strength with thought only for them: the young people of Southern Pines whom he loved to work with and to work for.

Governor Proclaims Heart Sunday



A lively five-year-old boy, Sandy Parker, climbed on Governor Hodges' lap one day last week, to the Governor's obvious delight, and pinned a tiny red heart on his lapel as a gesture of thanks for the Governor's proclamation naming Sunday, February 20, as American Heart Sunday.

For Sandy and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Parker, Jr., of Raleigh, this little ceremony was also an expression of their gratitude for the heart research which led to Sandy's recovery from an operation which cured a heart ailment from which he suffered from birth.

The text of the Governor's statement follows:

"It is a disturbing fact that diseases of the heart and circulation are responsible for approximately 52 per cent of all deaths in the nation and are the leading cause of death in our State. They also constitute a leading cause of disability and are responsible for a staggering economic loss because of lost productivity

and medical-care expense.

"The North Carolina Heart Association, an affiliate of the American Heart Association, is a well-known organization devoted to programs of professional and public education in the field of heart disease. It strives to achieve broader understanding of heart diseases and the urgent need to protect healthy hearts and to rehabilitate heart disease sufferers.

"As a means of calling attention to the outstanding work of the North Carolina Heart Association, I hereby designate February 20, 1955 as AMERICAN HEART SUNDAY and urge all citizens to support the 1955 Heart Fund Campaign."

Mrs. Voit Gilmore of Southern Pines is chairman of the Moore County Heart Fund drive, with Mrs. Nolley Jackson of Southern Pines as treasurer. Appeal letters will be sent out and a "tag day" collection will be made at the Southern Pines post office Saturday from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

The Public Speaking

Approves By-Pass Route

To The Editor:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I have sent to Mr. Tom E. Cunningham, Southern Pines city manager, in regard to the proposed No. 1 highway by-pass here. This letter may be of interest to your readers.

EDWARD SCHNEIDER
Southern Pines
Editor's Note: The text of Mr. Schneider's letter follows:

I have read all of the articles in the local newspapers pertaining to the proposed by-pass of No. 1 highway, with a great deal of interest.

In my opinion, the present administration did a fine job using its influence and co-operating with the Highway authorities to establish the proposed new route as indicated on the map posted in the court house at Carthage.

I remember at a former Town meeting when Mayor Clark said we will be fortunate indeed if the new route comes near the town and that the McDeed's Creek route would be of benefit to the town.

Commissioner Lockey later said that the Highway officials thought the route most satisfactory from an engineering standpoint, and he (Lockey) felt that the change would be of great benefit to Southern Pines, because it would be located properly, modernized and the municipal bottleneck would be eliminated.

The "limited access" with traffic separations, as outlined, is desirable to secure its being an express highway; too many crossings would defeat this purpose.

In suburban Long Island, N. Y., where I came from, many important arterial highways run through towns, but in the less densely populated areas. The McDeed route is very similar; the population trend will be slow to

increase in this area. Most of the land is unimproved (vacant) and not too valuable at this time.

It seems that a few persons are concerned about the proposed highway running east of and close to our Mt. Hope Cemetery. One of the most exclusive and most beautiful Metropolitan area New York, cemeteries, the Kensico Cemetery, is bounded on its easterly boundary by the famous Bronx Riverside Parkway. As a matter of fact, the beauty of this cemetery is enhanced by the landscaping of the Parkway.

A "highway parkway" bounding the easterly side of our cemetery would forever eliminate the possibility of a series of undesirable structures, junk yards, etc., and would aid in keeping our cemetery beautiful.

Needless to say, the removal of highway U. S. 1 from the entire length of residential May St. will be a boon and a blessing to the residents of this thoroughfare. The serious and sometimes fatal accidents (traffic accidents) will be reduced to a minimum and mothers whose children have to walk to school, crossing May St., can, instead of praying to Almighty God to protect their children en route, give thanks that this dangerous situation has been eliminated. The life of even one child is worth more than many times the cost of the proposed highway project.

As for May St., I predict it will become one of the most beautiful streets in all Southern Pines, a street that we can well be proud of.

As a citizen and a taxpayer I extend my thanks to the Council and City Manager for their interest and splendid accomplishments in this matter and I trust they will not relax their efforts to make this "new route" a real-population trend will be slow to

The Speeding Problem

To The Editor:

A bill has been presented to the State Legislature to increase the speed limit on N. C. highways from 55 to 65 mph. With the present highway system admittedly at fault in engineering and capacity, and with huge sums to be continually expended for the correction thereof, the proposal is, to say the least, shocking to intelligent thought.

The proposal virtually raises the speed limit to 75 with a probable intent of no speed limit at all—except destruction and death. The bill also proposes an additional spanking to those whose lack of wisdom permits top-of-the-hill passing. This is its only virtue.

The bill will positively aid the full throttle release of goon mentalities. In its stupidity it can only cause a greater traffic hazard for the innocent—and the witless. If we cannot control highway deaths to less of tragedy at 55 mph, by what process of reasoning do we expect to alleviate the situation with greater speed?

The Human Factor

The individual has temperament, judgment, coordination, skill, and the power of concentration. The qualities of these safety factors are unknown. What we are interested in is to know how far they will stretch and function with safety under the stress of driving. They definitely begin to fail at speeds of 55-65 mph.

As speed increases, one or more of the weakened safety factors become tattered, so to speak, and are finally blown astern in the jet wake. Their ensuing loss is not apparent, although there is a physical and emotional conflict, and a seeking of relief from strain. At this point the human factor may correct itself. In this near out of control period which is still not apparent, there is near conceptive blindness with coordinate paralysis. The driver is crippled. The average person does not have the faculties to drive at 75 mph.

An Added Danger

With the human factor failing at 55-65, it preimposes an added danger upon a problem in physics—the machine itself. Disregarding all the bally-hoo to the contrary, the modern car also begins to lose qualities of stability at 65 mph. The basic problem is ever the same: a pound of weight times speed equals kinetic power; and with present weights and speeds this power constitutes a force that cannot be steered, skidded, or stopped without tortuous stressing of design and materials.

Regardless of how good a highway is, and bearing in mind a permitted 65 will actually cause 75 or full gun, there is no foundation for the belief a car will not unravel at 75 mph.

So would you give them the green for 75 when 65 is beyond the safety of a used tire?

Two-Phase Evolution

In the evolution of the automobile there are two distinct phases. In the first, the basic purpose of

Grains of Sand

Still Around

Manly Wellman was down here last week doing a bit of auto-graphing of his new book of Carolina ghost stories, "Dead and Gone," at the Country Bookshop party for him. He met a lot of old friends and made some new ones, we suspect.

Manly said this was his second go at it. They'd had a party for him in Chapel Hill the week before. Up there he'd worked away, flourishing his signature across the page. He did it so often that, he said, it began to look sort of queer. Especially there, below the title of the book: "Dead and Gone," and then "Manly Wellman." He decided he didn't quite like the look of that, so he put an extra line in between.

So his autograph in those favored volumes now reads: "Living and Here, Manly Wellman."

A Lawyer's Life . . .

It looks so nice. If you don't believe us, go up to court in Carthage and watch them.

They sit there together, back of the long table. They may be, and generally are, on opposite sides of the argument, but they look so palsy. They sway back in their squeaky chairs; they gaze up at the ceiling; they lean together and talk behind their hands and then shake with laughter.

Every so often, doubtless feeling the need of exercise, they jump up and make speeches. They roll on their eloquent tongues fine phrases with many "if your honor pleases" and "honorable gentleman"; they strut and pounce; they wheedle; they exhort. They make fiery attacks on each other, get red in the face, shake verbal fists. And then they sink back into comradely relaxation again on their squeaky chairs.

Outside the court, they get into huddles, three deep, that always break up with a roar of mirth. A lawyer's life, at least in Moore County, looks like fun.

Penny-Pinching?

"Seems like Moore County could afford a full-time, permanent hattrack!"

The remark from the lips of W. D. Sabiston, a leading attorney of Moore County, was delivered to the board of county commissioners in full session as

The honorable gentlemen, however, paid him no mind. Not until they caught him trying on their hats, one after the other.

Mr. Sabiston was patiently . . . well, not too patiently . . . going through the hats stacked up on the rack in the commissioners' room. All of a sudden there was a cry. "Hey, Bill, you got my hat!"

Mr. Sabiston went on trying on hats. "And when you get another rack," he said, "put it out in the register of deeds office where some of us folks can use it!"

Well, we got the judge a chair last year. Mustn't be partial. Miss Maida, better write it down on your courthouse list: "1 hattrack, request of W. D. Sabiston."

Might Be Something In It

Said one of the commissioners: "If they go on using this hattrack it'll give out."

Said another: "We ought to charge 50 cents a hat. That'd stop 'em."

A Studying Lady

We heard the other day that Katherine Pierson Dittman is looking forward to getting her graduate degree in Arts and Architecture this spring.

Katherine, it will be recalled, was for some years this town's leading interior decorator and designer, on the side, of several of its most attractive houses, the present Wallace Irwin home, for one. Also the charming log cabin, her own home, now the residence of Dr. Malcolm Kemp. Katherine did all her preliminary work at Yale and will now get her degree from the University of Colorado near Denver where she has lived since her marriage. We hear that Katherine doesn't really plan to go into architecture as a profession, but she wants to know more. And maybe have that satisfying degree tucked away. A studying lady!

Old Marriage License

An interesting item from the county's past has been presented to the Moore County Historical Association by John Mare. It is a marriage license issued in Carthage in March, 1838, to William Kimball and Nancy Jackson. The license is signed by A. C. Currie, Clerk.

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