

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.

Barrier of Distrust

There is one sure result from the Khrushchev diatribe against the United States: John Foster Dulles is thereby settled for good and all in his position as head of United States foreign affairs.

Now that he has been attacked so violently by the leading Soviet statesman, it is inconceivable that this administration will ever make the change that has for long been so deeply desired by many Americans.

Khrushchev knew, we may be sure, as well as every observer of this nation must know, that the best way to make sure that Secretary Dulles remained where he was, would be for Moscow to attack him. And so the Russian leader achieved two results by his recent performance: by his arrogance, his insinuations, his violence, he humiliated the United States in the eyes of the world and showed how strong, how fearless Russia was; and his deliberate attack on Dulles made sure that the policies the latter has initiated and carried on in the field of foreign affairs would go on.

Why does he want the Dulles policies to go on? Obviously because the Kremlin considers them to be harmful to the United States and the Western World, and therefore good for Russia and Russia's hopes and plans.

The tragedy is that Khrushchev may well be right. It seems to many that under the Dulles

leadership, there has been a steady deterioration of the position of this nation in world affairs, with the present Middle East crisis only the last of many. To this picture of "brinkmanship" must be added the personality of the man.

Self-righteous, rigidly autocratic and self-confident, he appears to have a positive genius for making people dislike him. His moralizing, combined with the sudden shifts of policy, seem insincere and tricky. He infuriates both friends and foes. A paragraph in Reston's column in the Sunday New York Times gives a hint of this.

Writes the correspondent: "After listening to and reflecting upon Khrushchev's harangues, one has the impression that the negotiations of the last year or so had merely bred contempt on both sides. . . the two sides are not negotiating but needling each other and the needling is merely increasing the vast barrier of distrust which lies at the heart of the problem."

Surely this last phrase is something to think about, long and hard. Is distrust in very truth the heart of the problem? Could a modus vivendi be worked out and ultimate peace be achieved if, somehow, distrust could be removed?

Can a man of John Foster Dulles's personality ever do the job?

A United Fund: Let's Investigate It

When the matter of a United Fund charitable drive system for Southern Pines was brought before the town council last week, the council decided it was not up to a governmental body to initiate action on such a proposal. But the very fact that it was brought before the council brings the matter to public attention and stimulates thought—and no doubt controversy, too—about the continuing problem of these drives.

We have heard considerable favorable comment lately on the United Fund method of combining the financial campaigns of a number of groups into one all-out collection whose proceeds are allotted to the different organizations and charities by a carefully chosen board of directors. Opposition to such a system comes here and elsewhere from a few of the large organizations who have a national policy for separate drives and who continue with their own collections whether or not there is a United Fund. One or two of these groups, when pressed hard enough by United Fund sentiment, will join the Fund, but there are a couple of others—ones considered important by the public—who will not join under any circumstances.

Some communities have rejected the United Fund plan because of this matter of conflicting interests, leading to several big drives, even if the Fund is active. Other towns have gone ahead with the Fund plan anyway, counting on financial pressure to force hold-out organizations in, with the thought in the background that if this happens in enough towns over the country the "national policy" against cooperation with United Funds will be broken down.

American Youth Not Physically Fit?

Ever since the statistics on American physical fitness produced by the World War 2 draft examinations were made public, there has been much comment about the fact that a great many American young men were not able to meet the relatively simple fitness tests required for acceptance by the armed forces. Recently, the question of American health, supposedly the best in the world, has been raised again with some authority's revelation that American children proved inferior, in a widely given series of muscular tests, to European children who generally are not as well fed, housed or clothed as their U. S. counterparts.

All this is puzzling to somebody who turns another page of a magazine or newspaper and reads how much taller, heavier and healthier are youngsters now than were their parents and grandparents. And, according to the ice-cold eye of insurance statistics compilers, these American children who are described as soft and underdeveloped muscularly are destined to live longer, on the average, than men and women have ever lived before or will live in any other nation of the world.

In one recent series of syndicated newspaper features about the child health problem, the physical education authority who was writing mentioned with horror the comment of a school official that general exercise programs for pupils were not provided because the need for hard physical effort is a thing of the past—that is, in our world of automation, machinery and gadgets, nobody needs to be in what hitherto has been known as "good physical condition. Exercise, in this point of view, becomes a kind of wasted effort: good food, vitamins, vaccines, anti-biotics and the never-ceasing wonders of medical progress will keep everybody living longer

and longer and healthier and healthier. Being able to touch your toes without bending your knees or rise from prone to sitting position without using your hands become for many persons about as pointless as being able to kill a bear with a spear. Times, we are told, have changed.

Being lambasted by people who value physical education are: (1) television which encourages passive spectatorship and keeps children from their traditional active games and pastimes; (2) parents who allow (and even encourage, because it keeps children "quiet"), such passive pursuits; and (3) educators who provide little or no organized physical training in many schools and who paragon the achievements of teams rather than the physical development of all the students.

The federal government is now showing its interest with its Council on Youth Fitness which is investigating the whole problem and presumably will have recommendations to make in due time.

Meanwhile what is a sensible person to do or think? Our opinion is that many of the reports about youth's poor physical condition are alarmist. Most of the children we know are healthy, active and strong. While we would avoid like the plague a regimented type of physical education for its own sake, we do not think man is yet at a point where he can count on never again needing the physical toughness and endurance that have been the margin of his survival on countless occasions in the past.

Certainly the children themselves are not to blame. If there is something wrong, it is something wrong with the elders who shape their lives. And if any one quality of mind can be blamed, we'd say it is the current American obsession with physical comfort and material possessions.

One overtone of the convention Democrats young and old

"We Haven't Really Lost Any Face, Have We, Foster?"



SOUTHERN PINES CONVENTION POST-MORTEM

Young Democrats & Party Trends

(Greensboro Daily News)

Several significant developments, casting their shadow into the political future and indicating the pattern which it holds, occurred at last week's annual convention of Tar Heel Young Democrats at Southern Pines.

There was, first of all, evidence that this organization may be reverting to its original purpose, attracting and marshaling young Democrats instead of allowing oldsters largely to control and direct its affairs. Two college students were named to key positions, one to the vice-presidency, where he will be expressly charged with organization of Young Democrats Clubs in institutions of higher learning, and the other to the office of treasurer. Any organization, political or otherwise, which fails to appeal to youth and to bring in new strength, ideas and vigor is asking for slow death.

Restraint Shown

Best indication of the way things are going in North Carolina came in the convention's torched-down resolution on state's rights and avoidance of any mention of a third party. There had been widespread speculation that this resolution would cite the Little Rock situation and strongly condemn what had been done there by President Eisenhower and the Republican administration. However, the convention followed essentially the course of moderation and restraint. It recognized that "recent events have raised fundamental questions concerning the relationship between the state and end federal governments," reaffirmed its belief in the separation of powers in the federal government, declared that "encroachments by any of these branches weaken the fundamental structure of our form of government," and endorsed the principle that "local problems are reserved to the governments of the several states." That puts the Young Democrats pretty much in line with what Governor Hodges has said as the recognized voice of moderation in the South.

Stern Reality

This position, coupled with failure to mention a third party, shows that the Young Democrats wish party harmony and that they will go halfway to assure it. Any third party move will doubtless start in the Deep South; and the attitude of Northern Democrats, how far they insist upon going in national commitments and nominations, is likely to determine whether there will be a Southern break-away. The stern reality is that the Southern Democrats have no place to go. Their best hope of maintaining their point of view lies in congressional seniority and committee placements and chairmanships.

One overtone of the convention Democrats young and old

will do well to heed. Delegates from small counties ganged up to defeat the candidate for national commitman who had bloc support from the populous Piedmont counties. This is the same pattern which has prevailed in the General Assembly and repeatedly blocked efforts at reapportionment. Those who shape the Democratic Party's strategy in North Carolina cannot fail to realize the cumulative effect of this disregard of proportionate representation. Enough Piedmont disgruntlement could bring the unwholesome situation of a divided government, with the Legislature Democratically controlled on a county basis but the populous Piedmont, where in-

dustrialization is also a factor, sending North Carolina into the Republican fold on the state and national levels.

Young Democrats will soon be succeeding their elders in high places; and it thus becomes doubly interesting to note the tack which they are taking. They may be expected to be more moderate than preceding generations; but they may also be expected to be more independent. Not to be overlooked, if the majority party wishes further warning, is the fact that even while Young Democrats were meeting in Southern Pines, the Piedmont Republican Federation was being organized at a banquet here to capitalize upon eventualities.

DAYS NOT QUITE BEYOND RECALL

Telephone! Somebody! Run!

Harry Golden's good piece about the urgency of the telephone bell brought memories. That bell was especially urgent, seems like, in the old days when the things were new and mysterious and not a little frightening.

That's the feeling we had towards the first one in our family. It was huge and ugly as sin. It had to be stuck up on the wall and Mother didn't like its looks. Besides, she said, it would ruin the pine panelling. So she put it on the back wall in the hall closet.

This closet was built under the stairs and had a ceiling that sloped. In front by the door it was about five feet ten or so, but at the back the ceiling height was only about four feet. That's where the telephone was.

There was no light in the closet and it was one of those catch-all places where everything gets put. Especially things that lie

around loose, such as tennis balls, racquets, rubbers, umbrellas, a dogwhip, old garden hats and gloves. Some of the tennis balls were always rolling around on the floor.

Perhaps even more than now, in those days the high shrill of the telephone alerted the household.

"Telephone! Someone! Run!" And someone ran. Wrenched open the door of the closet, dove into the blackness, stepped on a tennis ball and pitched forward to crack his or her skull on the ceiling at the back. Seeing stars, the runner frequently collapsed on the floor just in time to form a fine roadblock to the next householder flying to answer the still ringing bell. There was often quite a pile-up in that closet while the bell shrilled and Mother shouted from upstairs: "Telephone! Telephone! Somebody! Run!"

An uncle once won everlasting fame for his valiant conduct in that closet. Pitching in through the door, in trying to save himself from total collapse he grabbed the telephone, hung on its great plaque on the wall, and pulled the whole thing down on top of himself. It continued to ring wildly, and, so great was the urgency of that summons, that he got the receiver off and answered it, though, as it developed, he was suffering from two black eyes, a broken ankle and a slight concussion.

After that, the telephone was moved, taking up its menacing stance in a tiny corridor between the kitchen and the front hall. All went well, till a sister, all dressed up in her best Sunday go-to-meeting bib and tucker, met the cook head on as both were dashing to answer the ring.

The cook had a just-opened quart jar of raspberry syrup in her hand. Mother said she was glad that it wasn't a kettle of boiling water, but my sister said she wished it had been. A lot of it had got onto the cook, too.—KLB

Grains of Sand

Progress?

Remember the old rollicking spiritual: "Call That Religion"? As we remember, the verses depicted various things that clearly were NOT religion, and then the chorus would ask in shocked indignation: "You call that religion?" and answer: "Oh, Lord!" or maybe it was: "No, Lord!"

Might change that song on a good many occasions you could run into today, and sing it: "You call that Progress? Oh, Lord!"

Baffling

Fellow came out with a fascinating and baffling bit of information 't'other day. Said he: "Have you heard about the new whiskey mix? You get it powdered, like coffee—just mix it up and you've got the finest stuff you ever drank. Comes in two grades: plain and a better grade, aged in charred oak kegs. It's marvelous."

But that's all he'd say. Couldn't remember where he'd heard about it, how much it costs, where you can get it, what you mix into it or anything more.

"Are you sure there is such a thing?" we finally demanded. "Why, certainly," he affirmed vigorously, turning and walking down the street. "Wonderful stuff. Heard all about it. Revolutionary. Going to ruin the bottle business eventually. Ought to try it some time."

Pitiful story, isn't it? We think so, too.

Teeth On Edge

In Part 1 of "King Henry IV," Shakespeare wrote the following words which, says Roy Parker, Jr., of Ahsokie, in his newspaper column, can be as well taken as "an opinion about a modern-day song-writer and his work":

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew than one of these same metre ballad-mongers; I had rather bear a brazen castick turned, or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree; And that would set my teeth nothing on edge; nothing so much as mincing poetry: This like the forced gait of a shuffling nag."

Unfortunate

During Monday night's panel discussion of school discipline at the East Southern Pines P. T. A. meeting, the talk turned to the need for pupils to become interested in their studies.

Sup't. A. C. Dawson, moderator of the panel of teachers and parents, said that it is often remarked among school people that it's too bad children are exposed to education at the time of their lives when they are least anxious to receive it.

He told of students who had dropped out of school for lack of interest, but after a few years had changed their point of view and had come back asking help in getting into a trade school or otherwise continuing their education. One such youth, he said, even asked to be allowed to speak to the student body to warn them against leaving school before they had attained more discretion.

Supreme Punishment

Dr. Bruce Warlick, a member of the P. T. A. panel, quoted his father—a teacher for many years—on the subject of discipline and punishment.

One first grade student had become quite a discipline problem and the child's mother, who evidently lived way back yonder in the country was called in.

After the problem had been outlined to her—that the school just couldn't seem to do anything with her son—she said with finality: "Well, that settles it. There's not but one thing to do now. I'm just going to have to take his cigarettes away from him. That'll make him behave."

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