

# 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.

## Action Called for on Precinct Lines

We hope that the county commissioners will see fit to recommend for action by the General Assembly the redrawing of township lines, where necessary to make sense out of the few places over the county where precinct and township lines are at variance.

Except where township lines are involved, as we understand the regulations, the county board of elections can redraw precinct lines, to make possible the efficient operation of the elections machinery.

The division of Southern Pines precinct into at least two precincts is much to be desired. There are many more than the recommended number of voters in the precinct, making voting cumbersome and vote-counting overly long and difficult. But it would be a mistake to divide the present large precinct unless some action is taken to coordinate the precinct line with the McNeill-Sandhill township line. These are drawn in such a manner that many persons in the Southern Pines community and even some within the Southern Pines city limits have to go to Aberdeen to vote in county, state and national elections. In a poll conducted by the town council, a large majority of the persons in the affected areas indicated they would prefer to vote in Southern Pines.

After the results of this poll were in, the Southern Pines council invited Aberdeen town officials to confer with them on the matter, but such a conference has not taken place. Actually, of course, the matter is not a municipal, but a county affair. So far as the poll was concerned, the Southern Pines council merely acted as a coordinating agency for the purposes of the poll. Neither the local nor the Aberdeen municipal board is vested with any authority in the matter—so we see no reason why the county commissioners should not proceed to make the necessary recommendations as to re-drawing the McNeill-Sandhill township line, to be followed with a coordinated change in the Southern Pines-Aberdeen precinct line.

The impression is that political leaders in Aberdeen precinct are loath to lose the Southern Pines community voters in the precinct, though we have never understood why this relatively small number of voters is valued so highly.

Certainly, it would seem that what the voters themselves want to do would carry more weight with the county commissioners than what Aberdeen precinct politicians want them to do. And the voters themselves, or at least a large number of them, want to vote in Southern Pines.

## Dr. Hugh Bennett and the SCS

The death of Dr. Hugh Bennett, the North Carolinian who headed the U. S. Soil Conservation Service for many years, took place last week, less than a week after agricultural leaders of this area had observed the 25th anniversary of the Upper Cape Fear Soil Conservation District which includes Moore, Lee and Harnett Counties.

Dr. Bennett was one of those men whom destiny seems to provide at crucial moments in history. His obituaries said that as a boy near Wadesboro he had seen valuable topsoil washing away into the Pee Dee River and the land exhausted by long years of one-crop cotton farming. It was then that he determined to do something about it.

Looking back, which is easy, we are now appalled at the rank disregard for natural resources which was the fruit of the 19th century's exploitation of a continent—and it was still in the 19th century when the boy near Wadesboro had his vision of his life's mission. But the vision was useless without an attack on the problem that would be nation-wide and backed with the vast resources of the federal government. And that support was not realized until the progressive first Roosevelt administration was formulating its program of national development in 1933. It was then

that the greatest soil conservation program the world has ever known, directed by Dr. Bennett, was launched.

The fruits of that program are apparent in almost every county of the nation—in green fields where once dust blew, in better crops produced on better-managed land, in healed gullies, in clearer streams and in an understanding of and responsibility for the land, on the part of millions of persons, in and out of agriculture.

In the 25 years of the Moore-Lee-Harnett District's work, we have a close view of the numerous accomplishments of the Soil Conservation Service and the farmers who cooperated with its technicians either in making complete "conservation plans" for their farms or in working with the SCS on such projects as the hundreds of farm ponds that dot the countryside in this area to provide drainage, conserve water, make irrigation possible and provide recreation for farm families.

The Pilot welcomes an opportunity to pay tribute to the dedicated life of Dr. Bennett and to the SCS supervisors and technicians, as well as cooperating farmers, who have brought the benefits of conservation to Moore, Lee and Harnett Counties in the past quarter-century.

## Keep Minds Open on Prison Reform

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, recently sent out a statement to "all law enforcement officials" in which he cites "one of the most disturbing trends I have witnessed in my years of law enforcement—an overzealous pity for the criminal and an equivalent disregard for the victim."

The Pilot, apparently because it is on an FBI mailing list for certain releases of general interest, received one of the statements, without further explanation.

Mr. Hoover sees a "dangerous tendency" in theories and systems designed to make "sweeping changes in our established methods of dealing with the lawless. . . There can be no law and order," he writes, "in a society which excuses crime on the premise that the perpetrator is 'sick.'" He scorns an unnamed prison official's assertion that inmates are not in prison to be punished but to be treated as sick men and that all criminals are mentally ill. Law enforcement, Mr. Hoover concludes, "must take a strong stand against perverse pity for criminals and its resulting dangers."

Mr. Hoover's point of view is based on the premise that fear of punishment is the greatest deterrent to crime—a premise that we would say is open to question. He also is on dangerous ground, we think, when he equates a recognition of criminal behavior as mental illness with placing "concern for the criminal above the welfare of society."

It should certainly be assumed that persons proposing treatment of criminals as mentally ill persons—which after all is not such a violently revolutionary notion—are not more concerned with the criminal than with the welfare of society.

It is precisely because the conventional conception of imprisonment as punishment has failed so miserably to control crime that those persons most concerned with the welfare of society are seeking to find more effective methods of dealing with law-breakers.

What worries us most about Mr. Hoover's letter is that—given the prestige he and his agency command in law enforcement circles—his rejection of change and experiment in treatment of criminals will serve to freeze

existing, conventional thought on the subject among law enforcement people. While officers are concerned with arresting criminals, and not so much with what happens to them after they are sent to prison, it is common sense that everyone dealing with criminals should be encouraged to view experiments in handling them with open minds, at least until the evidence, pro and con over the course of years, is in.

There may well be dangers in the trends that Mr. Hoover cites, but we do not believe these dangers justify shutting the door on attempts to make imprisonment a more enlightened and effective technique.

## Campbell's Fund Drive

Friends of Campbell College at Buies Creek in Harnett County have organized a Moore County area fund drive in connection with the movement to make Campbell a four-year, senior, accredited college.

In less than a year since the drive to expand Campbell College began, about half of the \$2 million that is the drive's goal has been raised. Persons attending a meeting held here last week were impressed with the zeal and determination that the project has inspired in President Leslie H. Campbell, son of the founder of the college, and others associated with the undertaking.

While Campbell is sponsored by the Baptist State Convention, the college has always cordially received students of other denominations and sees itself, now and in the future, as making possible college education for many young men and women who otherwise would be denied that privilege, especially young people living in Eastern North Carolina. Its notably low fees are evidence of the conception. With the proposed enlargement of the student body and conversion to a four-year institution, Campbell will be greatly extending the amount and quality of its service.

All friends of education can give their best wishes to the Campbell project and many will no doubt want to contribute financially to help it through to completion as soon as possible.

## "I've Got A Mind To Cut This Limb Right Out From Under You!"



SANDERS

## N. C. TREADS MIDDLE GROUND

### Out of Poverty Came Strength

When William D. Snider, associate editor of the Greensboro Daily News, spoke before the Sandhills Kiwanis Club recently on the topic, "A Ten-year Program for North Carolina," there was much favorable comment from club members. The Pilot has obtained a copy of Mr. Snider's address and will reprint portions of it over the next few weeks, starting herewith:

North Carolina history got its start in 1584 when two English explorers named Amadas and Barlowe in a beautiful work of fiction described that part of North Carolina which they saw; to wit, Roanoke Island, as "the goodliest land under the cope of heaven."

Since then, for almost 400 years, millions of Tar Heels, and adopted Tar Heels, have risen to second the motion.

North Carolina is a pleasant land surrounded by ocean, mountains and 49 outlying states—and I don't want to hear anybody say that no state can outlie North Carolina.

North Carolina was settled by proud, independent people—mostly English, Scots, Scotch-Irish and German. A good many of them in the beginning fled from the patrician states of Virginia and South Carolina to escape debtors' prison or find a new home in this landlocked wilderness. Colonel Byrd of Virginia said North Carolinians were lazy and no-count, but most Tar Heels never took a Byrd's-eye view of things from that day to this.

North Carolina was often called the "vale of humility between two mountains of conceit." Most Tar Heels were notorious for being too proud to be proud. The late William T. Polk put it this way: we indulged in a genteel kind of poverty which made us too proud to hide a patch on our britches. We didn't brag about our ancestors nearly enough to suit Charleston or Richmond, and we had a motto which seemed to suit our spirit: "Esse Quam Videri." To Be Rather Than To Seem.

We were poor in North Carolina in the beginning—oh, we were poor. They called us "The Rip Van Winkle State." We had no oil wells, no lucrative natural resources, no heavy industries and on top of that we were landlocked by mountains and ocean. Walter Hines Page once said that "enough brains and character have been wasted in North Carolina in the last 100 years to have managed the civilized globe."

But even in that sometimes debilitating poverty lay the spark of an Aycock, a McIver or a Graham. There was no shame in our poverty. Seventy-five years ago Senator George Pendleton of Ohio delivered a speech in Charlotte in which he paid a magnificent tribute to North Carolina of that day:

"Without great cities or uncul-

tivated wastes, without an excess of riches or degrading poverty, she has provided a university for the education of her sons, and has always known how to tread that middle ground of dignity and of honor and of self-respect without which no state is permanently oult."

The same is true today—although much of the poverty has disappeared. North Carolina still has no predominant city—despite blustering claims of Greensboro and another unmentioned city to the southwest.

Wise Tar Heels know that Mecklenburg and Guilford do not by and large lead in Raleigh. Only an occasional easy-going Piedmont legislator, like Guilford's, manages to get on the inside of the ruling hierarchy.

I think some of our poverty and unpretentiousness—not carried to an extreme—has been a healthy thing in North Carolina. Poverty—if not all-consuming—makes for character; and much of North Carolina's rock-ribbed indepen-

dence springs from an absence, until fairly recent years, of too many material blessings. You see this in the strong faces of mountain people or men of the Outer Banks. They are self-contained—solid as the mountains or persistent as the sea, with a certain look of eagles about them that clothes, fine or shabby, cannot change.

So, too, has North Carolina managed to "tread that middle ground of dignity and of honor and of self-respect"—which is reflected in what we do politically. North Carolina has never tolerated the demagogue who marched up and down the Deep South, coloring every issue with the sickening taint of racism.

North Carolina has kept an honest and respectable state government—usually high above the caliber of our neighbors. Ask any man who does business with the State Government. No sales executive needs to indulge in the old payola or slip through the back door.

## The State's Missing Children

(From The Smithfield Herald)

Somewhere in North Carolina there are 51,933 missing children. They were lost somewhere between the first grade 12 years ago and the twelfth grade this spring. No hue and cry has been set up for them. No private detectives have been called in to find them. Neither the FBI nor the SBI has been put on their trail. No "Child Wanted" posters with their eager faces have been tacked up in the local post offices across the state.

In fact, most of us never knew they were even missing until Dallas Herring, chairman of the State Board of Education, made a speech recently to celebrate North Carolina School Week.

Mr. Herring pointed out that North Carolina had 45,519 members of the twelfth grade in its

public schools this year, most of whom were graduated and will move on to college or to jobs. But, added Mr. Herring, when this year's twelfth grade students hopefully started out in the first grade, they numbered 97,452.

By the process of subtraction Mr. Herring discovered that 51,933 children were missing when their class graduated. This is a high mortality rate, especially in a state which needs an educated citizenry to bring up its low per capita income, to raise its standard of living, and to lead it toward industrial and agricultural progress.

This year's "missing children" may never be found, but realizing their existence and determining the cause of their disappearance from the public schools may help us to decrease the number of missing children in future graduation classes.

Truly dedicated to the cause of education, Mr. Herring was not content merely to note that too many children were missing. He also suggested remedies. One is to study and revise the school curriculum to make sure that each pupil is offered the opportunity he needs so he will not be discouraged and drop out of school. Another is to provide the necessary guidance and counseling to discover the personal problems that might make certain students stop their education before it is completed. A third is to explore the family background and situation of students about to drop out of school and persuade parents to keep their children in school.

Walter Hines Page once said: "I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world. The more men we train, the more wealth everyone may create."

How much are those missing 51,933 North Carolina children worth? To themselves and to their state and to its future?

## Grains of Sand

Birds and Cats

Now's the time of year, when fledgling birds are falling out of nests, learning to fly, bumbling their awkward way around the ground and low branches of bushes and trees. And somebody points out that this means it's the time of year when cat owners can do the birds (and the bird lovers) a wonderful favor by keeping the cats from roaming at large.

Cat owners may well reply to this plea: "Just try to keep a cat from roaming!" But it can be controlled, to a certain extent. At night, for instance, the little birds are usually pretty safely tucked away, except for the ground nesters. Unless a cat stays out until the early morning hours, it won't do much harm to the birds at night.

Once a bird gets big enough to fly properly, we don't worry too much about him, in relation to cats. Cats and birds have been playing this dangerous game for a long time and, for the most part, the advantage is with the birds. More birds escape, leaving a cat lashing its tale in rage and frustration, than are caught, we suspect.

But when the little birds are around, it's another story. With a clever cat, they haven't a chance.

Hence this sporting appeal to cat owners. Pen 'em up for just a few weeks now and then turn 'em loose to play the game fairly with grown-up birds.

New World

The air conditioning system in the courthouse at Carthage has made a new world for summertime frequenters of that establishment.

The system, operating for its first summer, even keeps the big, high-ceilinged courtroom comfortable—though an occasional gnat still drifts in from somewhere: a hardy breed, Carthage gnats, from a stock emboldened and nourished by many years of flying freely in and out of the courtroom's screenless windows.

Sales of insect repellent must have dropped in Carthage stores since the air conditioning. Wonder if that little bottle of repellent that used to be kept in the court clerk's desk, to be passed around among the judge, solicitor, attorneys and the press, is still there.

Out-of-Date

Amazing the way certain articles that seemingly have a charmed life hang around public places, probably because everybody thinks it's somebody else's job to remove them or look out for them.

In the judge's chambers, just outside the courtroom in Carthage, for instance, there has been a copy of a May 14 Charlotte Observer lying on the couch, having remained there, so far as we can determine, since its date of publication.

Likewise, on the big desk in the room, there is a mimeographed copy of the Superior Court calendar for the November, 1959, term. Everybody, including we suppose the janitor, thinks somebody has left it there for some reason. So it just stays.

Back in Operation

The town's insect fogging machine went back on the job last week, after three weeks of not operating, while undergoing repairs.

It is much less violently explosive now than before its overhauling—a blessing on the ears but a mixed blessing, in the opinion of this spray-hater, because it sneaks up on you and you can't get the windows closed while it is still way down the street.

We did not find the insects any worse while the machine was not operating than when it is being used—but this is admittedly a prejudiced opinion.

## The PILOT

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