

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.

Sandhills Could Have Own 'Host School'

Some interest has been again expressed in The Pilot's suggestion of several weeks ago that the Sandhills organize its own training program for people who meet the public during the resort season—merchants, store clerks, waitresses, service station operators and attendants and others. Such a course, in fact, would be likely to attract the interest of a good many citizens who want to learn more about this area and who would then themselves become better sources of information at home and better ambassadors for the Sandhills when away.

The reasoning is that, in a resort community especially, everybody with whom visitors come in contact should be able to answer questions about recreation facilities, community character and history, nearby places of interest, location of public buildings and services, street addresses and other items of interest to persons stopping here. In addition, the

inestimable value of graciousness and attention to the visitor would be stressed.

The North Carolina Travel Council's program of conducting "host schools," one of which was held here last year for waitresses and restaurant personnel, inspired The Pilot's suggestion. We wondered then, and still wonder, why the Sandhills need wait for a State-organized school to be sent around to this area.

Would it be possible for such a school to be organized through the town's Advertising Committee, with its Information Center as the coordinating agency? Might there not be a possibility that Pinehurst would be interested in joining and partially financing such an effort? Much of the instruction and information work could probably be handled by volunteers.

Our nomination for the group to sound out sentiment and start the ball rolling would be the Advertising Committee.

'Town Affiliations' Promote Understanding

The association of Southern Pines with Operation Town Affiliations, Inc. is a promising project.

For years, this newspaper has advocated all possible people-to-people contacts. Ignorance is the greatest barrier to understanding between divergent groups—whether nations, races or individuals. Contacts that help people to learn more about each other and their ways of life often reveal the basic similarities of people everywhere. This is the first step in that understanding that will enable people to find common goals for joint efforts—world peace of course being the greatest of these.

Operation Town Affiliations has a New York office that arranges contacts between towns and cities in Europe and others in the United States. Putting the contact on a basis of towns is an ingenious method that should

stimulate interest in both the towns, since it involves the governing bodies of the two communities and branches out to include the schools and other special groups, large and small, that share similar interests, no matter whether in Europe or the United States.

The tentative prospect of the affiliation of Southern Pines with a town in Spain will be a challenge to this community, as it involves one of the lesser known nations of Europe and one with which this town would have, on the face of it, very little in common. So much the greater, therefore, is the need for understanding.

The local officers of Operation Town Affiliations are inviting all interested groups and individuals to take part in the project. We hope that there will be wide and enthusiastic participation.

School Money Problems: What's the Answer?

It is commendable that the county board of education and the county commissioners reached a compromise agreement last week on the spending of certain school current expense funds in the new county budget.

The compromise permits a salary increase for Robert E. Lee, county school superintendent, and for C. E. Powers, the schools' guidance director, though proposed increases for clerical workers in the school system's office and the entire \$6,000 salary for a trained librarian, to work with all the county schools, were given up by the board of education as part of the compromise.

We hope that, before another year's budget-making time rolls around, the board of education and the commissioners can come to an agreement about the basic issue that lay behind the money controversy: whether the board of education has the right to make up its own budget, and spend the money allotted to it by the commissioners, in the way it sees fit.

We would not take from the commissioners their control over the purse strings, because they are responsible for the entire budget. But we do not see why, once they determine how much money should be given to the county school system, the board of education should not spend it for what they think they need.

The board of education is elected directly by the people. We do not see why the board of education should have to clear each item of its budget with the commissioners. A board of education that fails to operate the county school system properly is subject to dismissal by the people themselves, at the polls.

As the situation exists now, the board of education's program for the schools can be hamstrung by the commissioners—but the board of education must take the blame.

Possibly there should be more communication between the two boards, with the commissioners sitting in on board of education planning sessions, so that they will know more of the background of school money requests. The way it works now, the board of education presents to the commissioners and attempts to justify, in an hour or so, school money requests that have been months in the planning stage. Without the full background, it is quite natural that some of these requests seem, to

'No Such Possibility...'

"Let's quit talking about the possibility of a Republican Governor in North Carolina. There is no such possibility if we stick together and work hard—and we'll do both of these things. I don't have to criticize our North Carolina Republican friends personally to say the Democrats have proved for 60 years they can and do give good government, and the people are not going to take a chance on changing this.

"Another reason we are not going to think seriously of a Republican Governor is our own candidate—Terry Sanford. He has demonstrated he knows how to get nominated—he will demonstrate, with all of us helping, how to get elected. He is a good Democrat, is a good North Carolinian and he will be a good Governor."

—Gov. Luther H. Hodges

"What's In A Name? That Which We Call A Rose, By Any Other Name Would Smell As Sweet."



SOBER THINKING NEEDED IN CRISIS

Are Racial Views Based On Myth?

"... Sober thinking, not emotionalism, is what the South and all America need just now in meeting the racial crisis," says an editorial in *The Smithfield Herald*, a non-daily newspaper published in an Eastern North Carolina city. And *The Herald* wonders to what extent some prevailing racial views are based on myth. Objective writing on racial matters is rare, confined generally to books and magazines. Newspapers, especially in the South, find the question too controversial, too intense, too complicated for objective comment—yet, as the *Herald's* editorial points out, if our thinking is based on myth, not truth, "much of the current debate becomes meaningless." The editorial follows:

Americans, even Southerners, do not agree on racial issues.

It is argued that the Supreme Court's anti-segregation decision of 1954 is morally and legally wrong. It is argued that this decision is morally and legally right.

It is argued that the South should never comply with the decision. It is argued that the South should comply, but the compliance should be gradual and slow. It is also argued that compliance should be immediate and complete.

It is argued that the Negro should pay more attention to his "responsibilities" than to his "rights." It is argued that whites should stop withholding civil rights from the Negro.

Debate of racial issues is not necessarily bad. It is bad only when it becomes wholly emotional and leads to violence. Reasonable debate, in a spirit of tolerance and good will, can lead to greater understanding and solutions we can live with.

Basic Question

A basic question in the current debate is: Are colored people inherently inferior to white people? Anthropologists, who have made careful scientific investigations relating to this question, conclude that the answer is no.

In the first World War, Negro soldiers made a lower score on intelligence tests than white soldiers, but the tests also showed that Northerners, black and white, had higher scores than Southerners, black and white. Anthropologists noted that educational standards, housing, diet, and income in the South were much lower than in the North. They concluded that the difference in scores on Army tests did not arise because people were from the North or the South, or because they were white or colored, but arose from difference in income, education, cultural advantages, and other opportunities.

Anthropologists also tell us

that progress in civilization is not the monopoly of one race. There were great Negro slave states in Africa when Europe was a sparsely settled forest. Negroes made iron tools and wove fine cloth for their clothing when white Europeans wore skins and knew nothing of iron. All races have made contributions to human knowledge. Anthropologists conclude that those who have lived at the crossroads of the world have been the greatest inventors of tools and ideas, while those who have lived in isolated islands or in remote areas of continents have been content to live by traditional methods.

Why Crimes?

There is the deep-rooted idea that Negroes are born morally inferior to whites. This is thought to be a valid explanation of why Negroes commit more crime proportionately than whites. The anthropologists, after scientific studies, have concluded that environment, not birth, explains the high rate of crime among Negroes. Slavery resulted in a low

regard for human life. Assault and murder became more common among Negroes than whites. Prostitution and "loose morals" among Negroes, the anthropologists tell us, are consequences of poverty and weak family bonds that often go with poverty. Slums breed crime, and this is just as true of white slums as it is of Negro slums.

Are the anthropologists wrong in their conclusions? Possibly. But their conclusions are based on careful investigation and study. The myths that form the basis of so much street-corner or crossroads discussion of racial issues are based on neither investigation nor study. And this fact tends to make much of the current debate meaningless.

The Need

Myth leads to emotionalism. Careful investigation, whatever it reveals, is required before there can be sober thinking. And sober thinking, not emotionalism, is what the South and all America need just now in meeting the racial crisis.

Without Rhyme Or Reason

(From *The Chapel Hill Weekly*)

Perhaps it has something to do with spots on the sun. Or with the sun baking people's brains a trifle overdone. Or with a certain lethargy that suddenly explodes of its own accord.

Whatever the reason, there are certain times, which sometimes come in bunches, when you get the impression that all the screws have come loose, the world is a fraction out of kilter, and there is no rhyme or reason.

A man who sells cars in Chapel Hill found about it this week. "It

doesn't make any sense," he said. "I went all through my files of prospects last Friday and didn't find a live one in the bunch. It looked rough. So on Saturday I move three cars. Every morning this week I've been coming to work full of pep and vinegar and I can't give a car away."

Baseball pitchers know these particular times well. They take the mound feeling loose and right, wing it in there—and get clobbered in the first inning. Then, four days later, feeling low and sore, slow and uncertain, they float it in there, inwardly flinching at every swing—and pitch a no-hitter.

Young lovers also know these times well. There is the boy who has figured all the odds, carefully examined the shadings of his girl's every word, and decided that the time is favorable for a kiss. He gets slapped, of course. Then, at another time, with his mind on spark plugs or a spinning reel, with the girl sitting only incidentally at his side, he finds her arms stealing round his neck.

It's the kind of time when you try every lure in the tackle box and can't get a nibble and then accidentally dip a bare hook in the water and a bass practically tears the rod out of your hand.

It's that time when you nurse the stuff in the garden and nothing will grow and then you say the devil with it and leave it alone and the back lot turns into a horn of plenty.

It's that day when a carefully prepared cake sinks miserably in the center and a hodge-podge of left-overs, thrown carelessly together, turns out to be delicious.

So the crabgrass is thriving and the bermuda is a dying brown. Water the crabgrass.

Grains of Sand

Full Circle

A story in *The Christian Science Monitor* is headlined: "Suburbanites Move to Farm Community, Find New Satisfaction." It tells how a family from the New York area moved to a "real" farm in New Jersey and is finding the new life very acceptable.

Over the past two decades, first there was suburbia and then "exurbia" where the people who were tired of the suburbs moved farther out but remained urban in their outlook. Now will there be a trend for the exurbanites to go on to the farm—which is probably where a lot of them originated, back in Illinois, Iowa and all the rest of the inland places that supply so many of the people of big cities?

Parents in the family described in the *Monitor* article were delighted when their second grader came home from his first day in their rural community's school.

"We didn't do anything but reading, spelling and arithmetic and stuff like that," he declared with disgust.

"What did you expect?" he was asked.

"Well, we used to have the art teacher and the music teacher and folk dancing and sometimes a movie. Sometimes we didn't have time for arithmetic," the child explained, referring to the program at his former suburban school.

Next step: back to the one-room school house and a two-mile walk to school through deep snow, like grandfather used to talk about.

Then maybe everybody will be happy again.

Quandry

When a communication came to *The Pilot* on Monday morning from *The Wall Street Journal*, addressed "Att: Vice President-Sales," it was quite a problem as to whose piece of mail that was. We're not used to that sort of terminology around this organization.

The letter was an invitation to subscribe to the *Journal*: "... I dreamed I belonged to a good club where I sat in a big leather chair reading *The Wall Street Journal*."

That was a little too rich for Monday morning fare at *The Pilot*. The humble editor who had presumed to open the "Vice President-Sales" letter let it slip downward into the waste basket, along with a bright and cheery release from the North Carolina Division of the U. S. Brewers Foundation, noting that "Consumption of malt beverages by residents of North Carolina increased last year from the 1958 level. . . Records for sales and production were shattered. . ."

That, too, is not the thing to read on a Monday morning. "Shattered"—that's the Monday morning word, all right.

And so, we dreamed we sat in a big leather chair, sipping a malt beverage, and that Monday mornings were abolished forever.

Foresight?

Heard a man say the other day that he's going to cut down three trees in his yard because he is already dreading the job of raking leaves next fall. (Note to tree lovers: he'll still have plenty of other trees left, but not of the leaf-dropping variety.)

Definitions

Two definitions from *The Sanford Herald's* sprightly "Rambling in Central Carolina" column:

Mason-Dixon line: The line which separates the "youse guys" from the "you-alls."

Alarm clock: an invention to wake adults who have no babies.

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