

# 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.

## The Kennedy UN Speech

Listening to President Kennedy's speech before the United Nations General Assembly Monday it seemed there should not have been any in that great audience who were not convinced, there was such evident sincerity behind his words, such power in the ideas he expressed, marching step by step with such unassailable logic. It seemed certain his words must reach their mark.

And what was their mark? The whole world that will live or most probably die if the arms race is not stopped. Specifically the speech was perhaps aimed most pointedly at the small nations newly come or coming to independence; at the Communist bloc and, though to a much lesser degree certainly, at the opposition in this country that has been raising the cry of "appeasement" against the President's insistence that negotiations must go on.

Some of the things Kennedy said have been said before—"we will never negotiate from fear but we will never fear to negotiate"—but there was a new look to this speech that added to its forcefulness. This was the emphasis on disarmament. Kennedy spoke of the new disarmament agency being established in Washington and went on to outline proposals which might lead other nations—all nations—toward general disarmament. He spoke of this as the only possible, practicable way to bring about the end of war, that nuclear war of today in which, as President Eisenhower himself had said, there could be no victory, but only defeat and destruction for all.

Kennedy envisioned this aim, to bring about the end of war, as the primary purpose of the UN. Reviewing the UN's many accomplishments for peace and human betterment, he came back to the fundamental question: whether all man's hopes shall live or be destroyed. "In the development of this organization, he said, "lies the future: the question of life or death for our civilization." And he

called on the nations "to join in dismantling the national capacities for waging war."

Kennedy's condemnation of the Soviet suggestion of a three-man or "troika" leadership for the UN brought quick applause. "Even the troika," he said, "does not have three drivers going in different directions." He referred in moving words to the tragic loss to the world in the death of the Secretary General and urged prompt action in finding his replacement.

Most closely noted probably were Kennedy's references to the Berlin situation. He spoke of the next ten months as being a crucial period, implying that negotiations could be expected to continue, and reminded his hearers that this nation is pledged neither to commit nor to provoke aggression. He also made unmistakably clear the reasons behind recent moves to strengthen U. S. security.

What must surely have impressed the smaller nations was Kennedy's attitude: he spoke not as the leader of the most powerful nation laying down the law for the rest, but as the head of one nation talking to the heads of ninety-eight other nations. He pointed out that we do not maintain that the whole world should be run the same way—"conformity can be the jailor of freedom, the enemy of growth"—but men must be free to choose the government they want.

Kennedy was not truly eloquent: this man's words seldom show the flash of his great inaugural address, but this speech showed the same firmness, the same conviction that in the search for peace with freedom lies the salvation of the world.

As an aftermath of the Cuban fiasco, confidence in Kennedy had wavered considerably. It seems likely that this speech to the UN has strengthened the people's faith in his leadership. The feeling that the people are behind him should be of inestimable help in the tough days that lie ahead.

## Readers, Emotions and News

A journalism professor who has had wide experience as a counselor and has studied the psychological value of reading periodicals comes up with some ideas, in a "Publishers Auxiliary" article, that seem particularly valid in the field of community journalism.

Speaking of newspaper and periodical reading in general, the professor, James W. Carty, Jr., of Bethany (W. Va.) College, says that comprehensive coverage of news events by newspapers has the effect of calming persons in a crisis—making for adjustment, rather than, as has been charged, inflaming readers and unsettling them emotionally.

He goes on to say that Americans are realists and want to know the truth: "They do not mind insecurity as long as they are kept informed quickly and completely of the changing scene. . . . Continual, frank, candid reassessments of their insecurity give readers the only true emotional security they are to possess."

This article is concerned primarily with national and world news and the reactions of readers to it, yet we feel that the point is applicable—perhaps even more applicable—to the readers of hometown ("community") newspapers.

Verbally related "news" in small towns

## Neglected but Not for Long

The forlorn little figures in today's cartoon by Bill Sanders will not forever remain out in the cold or in the ashcan. Federal school aid and federal health care assistance through Social Security are far from dead issues.

Although the Republican national platform last fall pledged a program of federal aid for school construction (nearly 700,000 American children are attending school in split-shifts), 96 per cent of the Republicans in Congress voted against President Kennedy's bill for aid to schools. North Carolina thereby lost nearly ten and a half million dollars—one of the eight highest allotments among all the states.

Though other issues have crowded health care legislation off the Congressional calendar this year, we can look forward to a battle on it next year—and we feel that time is working for the Social Security solution for health care problems of the aging.

A recent Wall Street Journal report showed increasing grassroots pressure for a Social Security-based bill, citing "polls of the homefolks" conducted by several lawmakers from supposedly conservative districts in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and California, all showing better than 50 per cent approval of the Social Security plan. For the nation as a whole a Gallup poll indicated two-thirds of all adult Ameri-

cans favor the plan.

We would not be surprised to find some powerful influence on behalf of the Social Security health plan coming out of a series of hearings to be held over the nation by the Senate Special Committee on Aging, starting in Florida, October 9.

How could an oldest in North Carolina, for instance, speak a good word for the extremely limited Kerr-Mills Bill, passed by the Congress in 1960 (this is the law that would distribute old age health benefits through the already over-worked public welfare departments), when the North Carolina legislature failed to implement the bill and not a nickel's worth of Kerr-Mills aid has yet been received in this state—and many other states as well? Yet this is the system that the American Medical Association calls adequate for the job.

Sen. Pat McNamara, chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Aging, charges that the Social Security medical aid program has run into "the fiercest kind of opposition from an unholy alliance of the American Medical Association, some of the big insurance companies and the Republican Party." And, he said, "They have used every kind of misinformation to discredit the program."

Yes, school aid and medical aid through Social Security are far from dead or abandoned issues.

## The Untouchables



A VETERAN PROFESSIONAL EDUCATOR'S ANSWER

## What Are the Goals of Education?

By JOHN COREY  
Education Department  
Appalachian State  
Teachers College

Practically everyone, from Admiral Rickover to Marilyn Monroe, has taken a turn at telling schools what they should teach. Right or wrong, the comments serve a good purpose in focusing sharper attention on education.

In fact, the critical noise may even prompt interested parents to ask the professional educator what he thinks. Such a question is welcomed, of course, by the competent schoolman.

His answer would probably approximate that given by an old master, Dr. Newton Edwards, member of the famous University of Chicago School of Education staff for 30 years before his recent retirement to his old homeplace in Liberty, (near Greensboro).

Edwards, no ivory-tower theorist, supports his educational philosophy with a wide background, including childhood on a farm, laborer in a sawmill, student and teacher of Greek and Latin in public schools.

This expert, who still keeps in touch with the educational world by teaching a graduate class each

Wednesday at Duke University, boils down the public school job to seven key tasks. Rickoverites find it difficult to crack Edwards' logic. This is it:

**KNOWLEDGE**—to equip each youngster with as large a working command of knowledge as possible. This capital of human experience, as Edwards calls it, includes traditional English, mathematics, science and history, as well as certain vocational skills.

**CORE VALUES**—Certain loyalties, such as respect for individual liberty and truth, must be woven into each citizen's personality if we are to hold American society together. Without common values, a nation crumbles.

**INDIVIDUAL GROWTH AND CULTURAL ADJUSTMENT**—Infants come into the world as raw material that can be manufactured into many different personalities—good or bad—through environment and training. It's the school job to help provide a factory of life in which his experiences will transform each youngster into a mature social person.

**INTELLIGENT DECISION-MAKING**—New ways of life are being forced by technological

revolution (including the H-bomb and automation), democratic revolution (suppressed peoples want the good things of earth) and population explosion (twice as many human beings in 70 years). Youth must be prepared to make the right decisions in meeting the changes.

**CRITICAL THINKING**—In the words of Sgt. Friday of TV's *Dragnet*, this means first, "getting the facts." The capacity to think critically on the basis of facts enables a person to divest himself of prejudices and to avoid premature conclusions. Faith in the unknown is necessary. But it must be recognized as faith.

**SOCIAL SKILLS**—Not the social graces but the important ability to secure cooperation between individuals and groups. Numerous brilliant persons fail in work because they never learn to "get along with others."

**VOCATIONAL OR PROFESSIONAL COMPETENCE**—A "well-rounded personality" is not enough, of course. One must still know how to do something. Schools strive to put each individual on the road toward some professional competency.

## MAYBE IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY TO KNOW

### How to Make Soap in Oldtime Mountain Way

By DOTT W. GRYDER  
In The Robbins Record

You might wonder why one needs to know how to make soap in this day when that product has become advertised and glamorized to such an extent that it is one of the world's leading industries. But I still contend that everyone should know how soap was made in the olden days in the North Carolina mountains. You just never can tell when the information might come in handy.

First choose a clear day in early spring because the whole operation is carried on outdoors. Set up your ash hopper—Don't know what an ash hopper is?—Well, I'll tell you. Take a 4-foot length of hollow log about 18-inches in diameter. Any kind of log will suffice, but you are more likely to find a hollow sweetgum. Saw one end straight, and the other end slantwise. Build a platform about 18-inches off the ground with the top slanting. Set the hollow log, slant end down on the platform. (Do you follow me?) This, now, is your ash hopper.

**Straw and Ashes**  
Next take an arm load of golden-ripe wheat straw, freshly threshed, and place it in the bottom of the hopper. Then take half a bushel of wood ashes, preferably those made by burning white oak wood in the fireplace, and pour into the hopper on top of the straw.

Now pour two gallons of clear spring water on the ashes. Place an enameled bucket under the lower edge of the slanted platform to catch the drippings. As

the water runs through pour it right back into the hopper. Repeat this fifty times, or until the tail feather from a white leghorn rooster disintegrates when dropped into the solution. By this time the resulting ash lye will be about ten times as powerful as any Red Devil—lye, I mean—that you ever saw.

Now go to the smokehouse and collect all the fatback skins, rancid lard, and fat meat scraps which have accumulated during the past winter. Put all this in a large iron pot and build a fire around it. (During the cooking stage it will look like one unholy mess but never mind.)

**May Take Hours**  
Take the drippings which by now have come through the hopper looking like nothing less than amber—(Oh, come now, surely you know what amber is!)—and pour the potion into the cauldron—I mean pot—and stir constantly with a long paddle made of hickory wood. This may take hours but when the mixture has eaten the paddle down to a jagged core it is usually done.

At this stage it should be a rich brown color with the consistency of chocolate fudge mixture. Pour the concoction into shallow galvanized pans to cool and set. (Note to linotype operator: That's what I said, COOL AND SET. Change those words at your own risk.)

Wait 24 hours for the soap to set and then with a long butcher knife slice it into squares. Um-m-m. Looks like smooth creamy chocolate fudge.

and rub them liberally with the ash-lye soap. (Of course it will take the hide from your hands, but that's all in the day's work, so pay no attention to that minor detail.) Put one piece of laundry at a time on the battlin' bench—

What's a battlin' bench? (I must say that your education needs to be taken back to date on many fine points.)

**Beechwood Paddle**  
A battlin' bench also comes from a log from the woods, this time a solid 3-foot length of white pine, which gives more "bounce." Stand the log on its end and, as I said, place one piece of laundry at a time on it. With a flat paddle made of beechwood, start beating it, turning with each lick.

This not only gets out all the dirt, (along with most of the original color of the garment) leaving your clothes cleaner than any new-fangled process you can imagine, but it has wonderful therapeutic value also, especially if perchance you are on the outs with Pa and it is his pants you are battlin'. Just pretend he is still in them and give vent to all your pent-up ire. . . . You never heard of nervous breakdowns back when they had battlin' benches. . . .

As I said, who knows when you might need this information? With science progressing at the present rate, and people shooting at the moon, and little home-made moons in orbit all about us, who knows when we may be richocheted right back into the 18th century?

Then won't it be good to know how to make, and use, soap!

## Grains of Sand

**Warm Welcome**  
If it's any comfort to anybody: it's a lot hotter in New York than it is here. Also in Princeton.

In New York the hot air rises from the sidewalks and hangs about shoulder-high in the close canyons between the new 'n' skyscrapers. The sun blazes in the whole thing, reflecting back from the tin, or aluminum or bronze. You might just as well sit under the electric broiler.

In Princeton, a green and shady spot, known for its charming leafy lanes and cool alleys, the heat is just as bad. Perhaps because you know it oughtn't to be. All that greenery ought to have some moderating effect.

Well, it doesn't. It just makes you feel stuffed into a jungle, instead of scorching at the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

But while in New York people are resigning themselves to Fate, including blatant disregard of signs saying BOMB SHELTER and airraid sirens moaning in a testing operation, in Princeton the word goes round that the group of nuclear scientists who live and work there (including, we presume, Oppenheimer himself), have got things all fixed up for themselves and families: shelters built and completely stocked with all necessities.

Except maybe one. There's been such a run on Geiger counters that none are to be had for love or money.

Well, all in all it's mighty good to be home where it's (comparatively) cool and the pines have no jungly atmosphere and the only reminders of the world's present horrors are a few mild bangs from Ft. Bragg. And everybody's used to them.

Hi, Everybody!

—KLB

## Millions and Millions

Reading recently that John Motley Morehead, the 90-year-old benefactor of the University of North Carolina, had given the Morehead Scholarship Fund seven million more dollars (for a total of \$13 million), we couldn't help wondering how any individual could amass all those millions (presumably he also has a few million left for himself and other projects). His gifts in all fields to UNC run to about \$17 million.

Just how the millions were acquired we cannot determine, but Pete Ivey, head of the University's News Bureau, relates a fascinating tale of how they began. (Readers will recall that the gift announced the other day consisted of 50,000 shares of Union Carbide and Carbon Co. stock.)

Writes Pete: "A Chapel Hill chemistry professor examined the stuff one of his former students sent to his laboratory at the University."

"Prof. Francis F. Venable wrote a letter to young John Motley Morehead at his father's mill in Spray. Yes, the material was useful calcium carbide. It could be valuable. It could be easily changed into gas—acetylene gas. (This was still the 19th century.)

"That exchange of materials and messages was historic. From it was established the knowledge that eventually built the giant Union Carbide and Carbon Co."

The story, says Pete, was told by Mr. Morehead himself when he announced his latest gift at Chapel Hill.

## Cool

Clever publicity were the cards sent out this year by Esceola Lodge at Linville, the N. C. mountain summer hotel operated by John Pottle of Southern Pines. The cards show the lodge covered with snow, but with spring flowers bursting through—an object lesson for the sweltering lowlander.

## The PILOT

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