

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.

Lowering the Campaign Level

The A. Paul Kitchin who won his first Congressional nomination in 1956 by exploitation of Rep. C. B. Deane's refusal to sign the "Southern Manifesto" is the same A. Paul Kitchin who last week injected a race issue into the current 8th District Democratic primary campaign.

Mr. Kitchin's office put out a press release quoting the Congressman as follows: "I am convinced that elements of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are opposing my candidacy."

That's all he said—a little pebble of a statement dropped into the waters of the 8th District, to send small waves of distrust, suspicion and racial antagonism rolling outward to make their influence felt in those quarters where response could be expected.

Coupled with the NAACP statement was another, also a masterpiece of guarded innuendo: the press release said that Mr. Kitchin was "convinced that the hierarchy of organized labor was opposing him" in the primary.

Note that the Congressman did not say Negroes were against him, or even the NAACP, but "elements of the NAACP," whatever that may mean. Nor did he say that all working people or even all organized labor opposed him, but the "hierarchy of organized labor," a term that is also meaningless. There was no documentation for either charge.

A few days later, when the Congressman was questioned about his NAACP and labor statements, he could reply that he would welcome Negro and labor support.

But the implication remained that villainous "elements" of the NAACP and the "hierarchy" of labor somehow are against Kitchin while virtuous Negroes and union members would be the ones who might vote for him.

Kitchin's challenger, John P. Kennedy made the most sensible reply possible to this sly finagling with a racial topic.

"I do not believe anyone feels this question is an issue," he said.

As to the labor charge, Kennedy pointed out that he wants support from all groups, has made no promise to any group and that opposition to Kitchin by working people should be no surprise to anyone since the Congressman led a fight against the President's minimum wage bill in Congress.

Mr. Kitchin is an expert at raising fraudulent issues—and the pity of it is that many of his supporters promote and stake the success of his campaign on such issues, even while many of these supporters know the issues to be false.

During the 1956 campaign, many lead-

ers in the Kitchin camp, as well as no doubt the candidate himself, knew that the Southern Manifesto, pledging its signers to use all legal means to oppose the Supreme Court's school segregation decision of 1954, was so much window dressing; that the Supreme Court decision was valid and would remain valid; and that a pretense of opposition was foolish and dangerous by raising false hopes, by creating national disunity and by offering an opportunity for communist propaganda against the United States among the great numbers of colored people in the world.

Likewise, now, Kitchin's NAACP and labor charges are equally fraudulent. It is widely known that the NAACP is a legal, not a political organization, and that its purpose is to initiate and support court action on behalf of civil rights, not to endorse or oppose candidates. Also it is widely known that the inclusive term "organized labor" includes persons embodying both the best and the worst in American life, with millions of union members—just ordinary people, not devils incarnate—between the two extremes. Yet, no matter how he may disclaim it, the terms "NAACP" had "organized labor" are spoken by Kitchin with the implication—and the knowledge that numerous unsophisticated persons in the district will assume this implication—that some sort of diabolic force is aligned against him. And aligned, by inference—though he was careful not to say this—on behalf of his opponent.

That apparently intelligent men—Kitchin and his supporters—would choose the course of racial agitation in 1956 was shocking. That they would again inject a racial issue six years later is incredible. Public understanding of the national and international implications of race and politics has vastly increased. Civic groups and individuals have urged that race be renounced as a topic of political exploitation. Yet the responsibility incumbent on men of good will in this change of mental climate, especially in North Carolina, seems to have been lost on Mr. Kitchin and his supporters.

Mr. Kitchin has underestimated the morality and intelligence of his electorate, many of whom have matured politically, even if the Congressman has not, in the past six years. His race and labor issues are likely to backfire.

Certainly the people of the 8th District can be thankful that there is opposing Mr. Kitchin a candidate, John P. Kennedy, who is campaigning on a higher level. While there is much else to recommend Mr. Kennedy, the soundness and integrity of his campaign tactics will go far in appealing to many voters.

Hole in Van Allen's Belt

Is it okay to monkey with the Van Allen Belt?

If anybody had asked that question before April 30, it's a fair guess the reply would have been a "Come again?" But on that date Walter Sullivan, bright star in the galaxy of New York Times reporters, came out with an article that centered around the Van Allen Belt. It was entitled: "H-Tests May Wipe Out Radiation Belt," and that's just what this newly-discovered space creature is: a belt of radioactive particles encircling the world at a comparatively low altitude. It was discovered by Dr. Robert A. Van Allen, during research carried on in connection with the International Geophysical Year project.

Since the Sullivan article, it is likely the Van Allen Belt has become part of the scientific vocabulary airily tossed about by this one and that, when the discussion turns to the testing and the possibly grim connection which the Times writer points out between the two. For the point of the article is that these tests of high altitude H-bomb explosions will shoot up into the encircling belt causing a vast hole, or break, in the ring down which will pour a flood of highly-charged particles of radioactive material. Because the belt is circling the turning earth so fast, it is thought most of these will fly off into outer space, but not all will. Some will be caught in the gravitational pull of the world and will descend into the ocean or onto the land.

"It is anticipated," writes Sullivan, "that this type of fall-out will not cause any hazard to human life outside the testing area."

But if no serious harm is anticipated from fall-out, there remains, without doubt, a greater and more dangerous uncertainty. In these explosions, the scientists agree, the belt will suffer extensive deterioration; it will be "contorted." It will take many years, some scientists believe more than a hundred, before the

belt can regain its original content, before its circling, swirling shape can be restored. Is this good or bad? It is held by some that the belt is caused by cosmic rays or is, perhaps, a protective shield against these deadly emissions from the sun. What happens if this testing blows a hole in it through which the rays could penetrate the atmosphere? Or is this belt some kind of unknown factor in the life cycle? Again, what happens if it is reduced in size, "contorted," as the report suggests?

There have been no answers to such questions. And how could there be? It is only too evident that nobody knows them. But since the news that such an experiment was to be made was released by the Atomic Energy Commission there have been plenty of strongly unfavorable comments. They have come from the highest scientific sources, from men whose right to speak on such a subject cannot be questioned.

The purpose of this experiment is said to be to discover what effect such tinkering with the Van Allen Belt will have on radio signals, perhaps a way to block out enemy communications. On the other hand, there is an air of irresponsibility about this affair that is frightening many people and, as is evident, not only the laymen.

A particularly grisly tone is lent to the Sullivan article in the writer's description of some by-play that occurred when the H-bomb tests were being planned. It appears that two scientists from the University of Minnesota thought up the idea of exploding the bomb in the radioactive belt which had been discovered by their colleague, Van Allen, a short time before. Sullivan quotes their report: "It might be amusing to end the Geophysical Year by destroying some of the radiation field discovered in the Geophysical Year."

Amusing? It takes such men to choose such a word. Surely here is a degree of monkeying with the unknown forces of outer space that should cause even Edward Teller himself to pause.

"What A Party! Here, Take Care Of This!"



POLITICAL FABLE FROM THE PAST—

'Send Old Puzzler To Washington'

In the days when James Boyd was publishing The Pilot, a certain character named Hugh Dave MacWhirr used to amble into the office now and then, for a bit of chat. (That he came via the editor's mind is purely incidental.)

Pearls of wisdom and acid comments on local folks, on dogs, on politics, on anything and everything going on around Moore County fell from Mr. Hugh Dave's tobacco-stained lips. In a preface to the small book containing some of Mr. MacWhirr's remarks, Editor Boyd claimed that any editor is glad to have such a subscriber as Mr. Hugh Dave, "to tackle such issues as the Pilot weakly prefers to dodge."

One of this aforesaid subscriber's pet exasperations was The Government. With the election drawing close, this seems an appropriate time to call on Mr. MacWhirr once more and reprint one of his rambling dialogues dealing with this serious subject.

Send The Dogs To Washington

"Now there is a dog," Mr. Hugh Dave's voice roused us up from the copy we were reading "that ought to be in the government."

"Why, hello, Mr. Hugh Dave," we said. "Didn't know you were in town." We looked where he was pointing a long finger out the office window in which Jackson, the office dog was bristling and muttering to himself. "Jackson," we said. "No sir, we can't agree that Jackson ought to be in the government. He oughtn't even to be in this office. Drives subscribers away by smelling their legs."

"Why sir," Mr. Hugh Dave said, "I was not speaking about your fyce. There are always fyce dogs enough in any government. I was speaking about my dog," he cleared his throat impressively, "my fox-dog, Old Puzzler."

Looking again, we saw the grave serene face and long tan ears of Old Puzzler on the front seat of Mr. MacWhirr's model T.

"Well, he surely looks like he had sense," we admitted.

"He has it," Mr. Hugh Dave said, "and he spreads it around. When I brought him down from Alamance as a pup," Mr. MacWhirr said, "the Possum Bottom section was not noted for its fox dogs. The best of them were potlickers and from there they graded down to yard dogs and fyces."

"Well, sir," Mr. Hugh Dave said, "the very first year Old Puzzler made his name. He was a strikedog, he was a trailer, he was a driver; and he was a death-ketch dog to boot. And what has been the consequence?" Mr.

DARKNESS

To consider mankind other-wise than brethren, to think favors are peculiar to one nation and exclude others, vainly supposes a darkness in the understanding.

—John Woolman

Hugh Dave's hand fell on our shoulder. "Why now it's got so them Surry county fellows that used to pester the foxhunters in Chatham and Alamance so bad, why now they come all the way to Possum Bottom to do their dog stealing. There's where the reputation of our fox dogs stands now." He gripped our shoulder.

"And all on account of Old Puzzler," he said proudly. "Why the other night before I dropped off to sleep, I counted up seventy-nine Old Puzzler pups that I know about which is hunting within ten miles of my place."

Mr. Hugh Dave waved his hand at the window. "There he is," he said.

Old Puzzler must have heard. He turned his high domed head and his tail swung up and waved against the back of the seat with

friendly dignity.

"Send him to Washington," Mr. Hugh Dave said; "As a good example. The government is always busy about political programs and economics and social some-things. And all the while the ablest folks are dying out and the folks that can't take care of themselves are breeding up."

Mr. Hugh Dave wagged a finger between our nose and the copy on the desk. "Shucks, boys, let them look at Old Puzzler. Maybe then they'll remember what our granddaddies knew good and well; that the bed rock of any government is the people in it."

"Mr. Hugh Dave," we asked, "What can we do about it?"

"Nobody knows yet," he said, "not even me. But, son, we'd better start thinking."

The Public Speaking

Thoughts Noted on County Pledge to Moore Memorial

To the Editor: Maybe it would be helpful to set down some thoughts concerning the gift, or rather moral pledge by the county commissioners of \$45,000 to Moore Memorial Hospital.

1. Whether or not it is legal must be decided by our capable county attorney.

2. We have two excellent hospitals in Moore County. What is given to one should be given to the other. This would obligate the county commissioners in the amount of \$90,000.

3. We are fortunate in our county, in contrast to surrounding counties, in that our hospitals have been supported and have thrived through private donations rather than through public taxation.

4. Will public taxation vitiate some will to give of individual supporters?

DONALD D. KENNEDY
 Southern Pines.

Finds Kitchin's Actions Difficult to Understand

To the Editor: I am having a great deal of difficulty in understanding some of the actions of Rep. A. Paul Kitchin in his efforts to win the 8th District Democratic Primary May 26.

First of all, he made the public statement that he did not believe it to be a Congressman's duty to assist in bringing industry into his District. Then, after much delay and undoubtedly to the relief of his shocked supporters, he accused the press of "omitting" one word, which would slightly change the meaning, from his statement.

Secondly, he led the fight in the House against the President's minimum wage bill—and then he bemoans the lack of interest shown in him by working people. Next, when he first ran for

Congress, he waged a successful whisper campaign against Rep. C. B. Deane, the best friend the 8th District had ever known, for Mr. Deane's refusal to sign the so-called "Southern Manifesto." Now he is seeking the support of those he "used" to win six years ago.

Mr. Kitchin has based his campaign thus far on his being a "Champion of the People," yet an editorial appearing in last week's Pilot ("While Kitchin Slept") clearly indicates the opposite. He doesn't even vote the wishes of the majority in his own district—which, as 8th District representative, he is supposed to do.

This district drastically needs in Washington a representative who would keep in touch with his district and would have genuine interest in its problems.

Such a man is John P. Kennedy who is opposing Mr. Kitchin in the Democratic primary, Saturday, May 26.

FRANCES N. FRAZIER
 Southern Pines

Bird Club Opposed To Spraying Program

To the Editor: The Southern Pines Bird Club wishes to congratulate you on your editorial against the Town's insecticide spraying program, in a recent Pilot.

The club is very strongly opposed to spraying, as it has caused the death of many birds. According to statistics, if a robin eats ten worms in the vicinity of a sprayed area where the ground is contaminated, he dies.

Insect-loving birds have nothing to eat if insects are killed by spray. The balance of nature is upset. Birds would take care of the bugs themselves when their numbers are normal.

Hoping an opinion from the Bird Club may help the good cause!

LOUISE M. HAYNES
 Secretary,
 Southern Pines Bird Club

Grains of Sand

You Mean Frank Graham?
 Must be the Greensboro AP man is mighty new to his job. Under the non-committal headline: "A&T Speaker" we learn that "a United Nations mediator" is due to address the graduating class of A&T College on June 2. This mediator, says the AP, "has roots in North Carolina."

Oh? Well, isn't that nice. And "he is UN representative for India and Pakistan"—this starts to have a familiar ring; who IS this mediator and UN representative, anyway?

So then it comes out: none other than Dr. Frank P. Graham. Just the most illustrious past-president of the University of North Carolina and a former North Carolina Senator. Oh, yes; and "Dr. Frank" to just about every other Tarheel in the state or out of it.

Wise up, AP!

Isn't That Nice!

To our shame we confess we didn't know Moore County's John Lang, Jr., was deputy secretary of the Air Force.

John appeared in Raleigh Saturday with Governor Sanford and the big brass in the person of State Adjutant General Claude T. Bowers. And the Mayor of Raleigh and more than 60 Air Force reserve officers, all gathered to hear the deputy secretary tell about the Air Reserve recovery program. (About how they'll help in a nuclear attack, for instance.)

And in all this news not a word to say that John's from Carthage. Tut!

An Outrage!

The Height of Political Exasperation: Quote from a leading county attorney at the Democratic meeting in Carthage Saturday on hearing how few people had registered:

"It's an outrage! I don't care if they vote Republican, if they'll just register and VOTE!"

Like A Diamond In The Sky—

The Littlest Star was spotted last week.

Dr. William J. Lutyens, of the University of Minnesota, discovered it. Though when you say "discovered" it's pretty different from what you think. He didn't just look up and see it there. Dr. L. found the Littlest Star by comparing photographic plates taken eleven years apart through the 200-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar in California. (Give us another eleven years and we just might be able to explain that.)

The Littlest Star is a "white dwarf" star. (Because it's so small and shines with a very white light? Right.)

Little Star, you sound a bit lonesome way off up there. Cheer up. At least nobody's going to shoot at you. There are some advantages in being small. And it's our prophecy that, one of these days, some wonderful Rogers-and-Hammerstein magicians will put you in a song. Wait around and see!

Or were you really discovered and immortalized in verse long ago?

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are,
 Up above the world so high
 Like a diamond in the sky."

Was that you?
 And then there was the Bostonian version:

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivif,
 Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
 Loftily poised in ether capacious,
 Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous."

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