

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.

Too Much Confusion About The College

The General Assembly's action in making counties pay for building any community college they may be allotted under the new State program is resulting already in confusion, equivocation and dissatisfaction.

Already, in Moore County, the nebulous state of the county's responsibility—plus the county board of education's insistence on linking its consolidated school program to the college project—has gravely hurt the college proposal.

The county-wide Sandhills Kiwanis Club has refused to give a blanket endorsement to the college project on the sensible ground that nobody knows now exactly what he is endorsing, although the club is willing to endorse the "philosophy"—that is, the general idea—of a community college for the county.

Likewise, at a special meeting last week, called for another purpose, the local town council indicated it would go slowly in making an endorsement of the college until the financial implications of such an endorsement are much clearer than at present.

The endorsements of these and other bodies are being asked in connection with this county's presentation to the State Board of Education of all facts and figures that would show this county should be allotted one of the community colleges by the state. Once such an allotment were made, it would be up to the county, as the enabling legislation now stands, to build the college. Thereafter, the State would pay the teachers and a large part of the operating expenses.

The State commission that originated the community college program advocated use of county funds to build colleges on the theory that this would assure local interest.

That is a worthy motive, but didn't anybody realize that all the colleges would be serving students from not one but several counties (the proposed college in this county would serve Moore and parts of eight other counties) and that no provision is made in the legislation for other counties' sharing any part of the cost?

Aside from this inequity, why should counties build State institutions anyway? If the State is to set up a network of two-year colleges and technical schools, why didn't the state go ahead and build them, putting them where they would do the most good? This business of putting counties in competition with each other in allocation of colleges is most unfortunate and by no means assures that the institutions will go where most needed.

That is dreaming, of course. What we are dealing with is the present law—and, in Moore County, with that aspect of the law that is causing most of the confusion.

As quoted directly from the legislative act that authorizes the community colleges, this portion of the law reads:

"... In no case, however, shall approval be granted by the Board (State Board of Education) for the establishment of an institution until it has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Board that a genuine educational need exists within a proposed administrative area, that existing public and private post-high school institutions in the area will not meet that need, that adequate local financial support for the institution will be provided, that public schools in the area will not be affected adversely by the local financial support required for the institution, and that funds sufficient to provide State fi-

ancial support of the institution are available . . ."

The board of education's survey of Moore and surrounding counties has shown that the need for the college exists and that apparently other nearby colleges are not meeting that need in full. And we know, as to the last point above, that State funds for operation of a limited number of the community colleges will be available. But the other two questions are at this point, to our mind, unanswerable. That any county should win or lose a college on the basis of supposed answers to them seems strange indeed.

No one can say that "adequate financial support" will be provided until a bond issue is approved or an appropriation by the county commissioners made. And who is to take the measure of that indefinite demand—"that public schools in the area will not be affected adversely . . .?"

What does "adversely" mean? Strictly interpreted, this clause would imply that no county in the state except those whose schools are in perfect shape (are there any such?) would be entitled to a college. And there must be many counties who have school work to do, yet need and want a college, and cannot guarantee that all the projects can be financed from limited revenue or bond funds. Some areas thus cut off from the chance of a college might (and probably would) be those areas most in need of such an institution.

Belatedly, some members of the General Assembly, after putting the education beyond the high school bill on the law books, realized the confusion they had created with these financing demands. There followed Rep. Cliff Blue's bill to get a half million dollars of state funds for Moore County alone, to help build a college, succeeded by other similar bills for other counties—all of which by early this week were quite properly rejected. An effective educational system could never be established on the basis of such hit-or-miss, playing-favorites legislation. There was some hope, early this week, that a bill giving \$2,500,000 to the State Board of Education to aid counties in construction of community colleges might be authorized—yet the allocation of this sum would depend on whether there is a surplus in the state treasury in July, 1964.

Does the "adversely" clause in the law mean that Moore County must see all three of its proposed consolidated high schools (as well as school expansion projects in the Southern Pines and Pinehurst Districts) provided for (or completed?) before it can be allowed to build a community college?

What does this mean in proposed overall expenditure? And to what extent would such proposed expenditure put the county near the limit of bonded indebtedness?

The Pilot is not against a community college for Moore County. We don't want to see it lost to the county because of ignorance and misunderstanding. We earnestly suggest that the county board of education and friends of the proposed college draw up a resolution that civic groups and governing bodies of the county can, in good conscience, sign. And we think the plans for college and for schools should be kept separate and some ruling from the State Board of Education obtained as to just what the "adversely" clause means in terms of Moore County's situation.

A Trend That Needs Watching

The letter from Ann Landers' column in the Greensboro Daily News, reprinted below, points a finger of warning and the columnist's succinct reply is sadly accurate. A further "why?" would be, of course: why are the parents "spineless;" why do they follow the leader instead of making their own decisions?

There are many aspects of this strange trend towards pushing children into a false and fearful maturity—that is really immaturity. Deeply involved is the influence of present-day society with its screaming urge to get ahead, to push forward, regardless. "Don't think of the past, don't even think of the present, don't think—period—just push ahead!"

Why this craze to push forward so voraciously, so senselessly? Why do we practice it on the children? Why push them forward to be grown-ups before they're ready? Could this be a virus of rushing away from something instead of rushing towards something? It's a thought.

Still shadowed in uncertainty is this whole dreadful phenomenon of Brigitte Bardot nighties for five-year-olds and make-up kits for pre-teens, but one thing is certain: it is a sign that something is going very wrong. It is symptomatic of a society on the skids and it had better be watched.

"DEAR ANN LANDERS: Today I went

shopping and I got an eyeful. I saw dolls with sexy, black lace underwear, padded bras for little tots so they could 'look like Mommy.' There were Brigitte Bardot nighties for five-year-olds and make-up kits for pre-teens so they can 'practice being ladies.' It was enough to make me throw up.

"What on earth is wrong with mothers who allow 11-year-olds to show off their skinny little legs in nylons? Why do they permit youngsters to wear skirts above knobby knees—scabbed from falling off bicycles? When I see a 12-year-old with a balloon type hair-do, stiff as a board from hair spray, I could weep.

"I've been a camp counselor for two years and talk myself hoarse trying to get young girls to remain wholesome. Then their own mothers can't wait to turn them into boy-crazy sex kittens. Why? Why? Why? —FUDDY DUDDY AT 18."

ANN LANDERS ANSWERS:

"DEAR 18: Some are empty-headed fools trying to relive their own frustrated girlhood through their daughters. Others succumb to the pressure of 'everybody else is doing it. I'm the only one who can't.'"

"Spineless parents who knuckle under are an outrage to common sense and sound judgment. And of course it's the kids who suffer.

"The last sentence in your first paragraph expresses my feelings perfectly. Thank you."

"If Our Timing's Right We Can Sneak Through Without Being Caught!"



TO MARK A 1,400th ANNIVERSARY

Pilgrims Gather At The 'Magic Isle'

Over in Scotland they are having a celebration this month to end all celebrations, judging by the plans.

This year is the fourteen-hundredth anniversary of the landing on the shore of Scotland of the benign St. Columba, bringing Christianity to the inhabitants of the British Isles.

Actually St. Columba was not the first to bring the Gospel to the British; a few of his colleagues were already hard at work in Southern England, but he was certainly the most exciting and the most famous.

Benign was St. Columba; he was also Irish, which means he was courageous, it would seem to the point of lunacy. For he and his twelve monks set out from the coast of Ireland to cross the Irish Channel in a coracle—they call it "currach" in Ireland.

An Able Craft? A coracle, or currach, is a roundish craft, like a rather shallow bowl: It is made of wythes over which is fitted a sort of poncho of hides. The Irish hold to the excellence of this construction saying its extreme pliancy causes the boat to give to the waves. Non-Irish hold that it adds to the horrors of boating to the nth degree. The coracle has no keel or centerboard and is steered—non-Irish put quotes around the word—by a long heavy oar at the stern—if you can figure out where the stern would be. Considering all these details, it must be admitted that the coracle is actually an able sort of craft if you know how to handle it. If you don't, according to those who have tried and didn't—it spins round and round

until it fills with water and sinks.

Only the Irish would invent a boat that only the Irish could keep afloat. St. Columba was Irish and that alone would explain the extraordinary success of his voyage. If the saint needed an explanation other than the spirit in his heart. He made it without shipping a drop, the chronicles tell, and landed not actually on the shores of Scotland but on the tiny rocky islet of Iona just off the big isle of Mull.

Place of Mystery There is no doubt that Iona is a place of mystery. From time immemorial it has been known as the Magic Isle. Used first as a Druid place of worship, it later became the burial place of ancient kings. Some were pilgrims during their lifetime, who sought sanctuary or solace in the holy place; the bodies of others were brought there, sent off on funeral barges like King Arthur after his good fight, into the sunset to the Western Isles.

Upon a high hill overlooking the sea they lie, stone effigies in a rather terrifying row—Scottish kings, Irish, Picts, Celts, Gauls, even Vikings. Below the hill is the restored old stone abbey with its marvelous Celtic cross standing at the door. Carved in an intricate design of flowers and the flowing symbols of ancient spells and runes, its shortened cross-beam enclosed in a flat circle of stone, it scarcely suggests the crucifix, but rather the mystery of the universal spirit.

Magic stronger than ancient kings or Celtic cross is felt in the strange jewelled light that hangs over Iona and the sea around it.

Spirits Close By

It is observed, folks say, along much of the western coast and people who have been to the North Cape say the shimmering clarity of the atmosphere is simply due to proximity to that land of the Midnight Sun. But hardly anyone who goes to Iona agrees entirely with that. There is certainly a feeling of spirits close by and it is partly this that has brought so many to the tiny isle.

This year there will be thousand

and at the great celebration on the Isle of Iona. Church dignitaries and thousands of pilgrims are expected from all the main branches of the Christian church. A wonderful ecumenical effort it is, boldly disdaining the deep disapproval of whatever spirits of the dissenting past may be hovering about (John Knox is sure to be one of them, growling in his beard, with Mary, Queen of Scots, gallantly holding up her end of the argument!).

Speculation A matter of frenzied speculation is the pending voyage of the Irish contingent. Fired by a noble wish to follow in the steps of their missionary saint, the Irish will come in a coracle. Dire have been the warnings advanced by the timid or the sceptical of this foray into the wild waves of the Channel. Nothing doing. The Irish mind is made up.

Not to be outdone, the Scots are taking to the water, too. Scorning the usual ferry, they are coming in a whaleboat, to the utter hilarity of the Irish who scoff at the whole Scots effort.

"Begorry!" they cry, "Sure an' didn't ye know t'is only a stone's throw to crass yon treckle of water? Begob, if ye was Irish ye wud joost jump it!"

It looks like plenty of excitement being worked up for St. Columba's fourteen-hundredth anniversary, when the clans of the Highlands and the Lowlands, the pilgrims and the great church leaders foregather on the Magic Isle of Iona.

There will be plenty of excitement and—given that call for coming-together, the magic setting of the hallowed place and the strong faith that lies behind this gathering—there will be a depth of spirit that will reach far.

A Benediction?

As thoughts go back a few days to the death of the great Pope John it is not permissible to think that his spirit may be pronouncing a benediction over this gathering in which his people are joining with many others to celebrate and to strengthen the move for unity and peace which was the late Pope's dearest wish? —KLB

It's For The Birds

For two or three weeks a pair of sparrows has been trying to set up housekeeping in the traffic light at the crossing of May and Connecticut. What to do?

GRAINS refrained for some time in calling attention to this event—or coming event. It was the birds' affair, after all. There is nothing in the town zoning ordinances to forbid a man's choosing this particular location for his home. Unsuitable as the site might seem to many, it obviously was these citizens' choice, and that's that. Always inclined to the side of independence and crackpotism in general, GRAINS is moved to acclaim this unique example of individual initiative.

Now we find that somebody—most likely Massa Norton and his crew—are cleaning out the nest regularly. Just as regularly, the birds go to work and put it back. Neighbors claim that this process has occurred from five to ten times.

This is serious. Will this round-by-round contest continue till, nest or no nest, the great moment arrives and the eggs, with only a few twists of pinestraw to bed down in, come tumbling out?

Clearly this is a case for great minds to ponder. Consider the extraordinary perseverance of the parents. Call it feeble-minded if you will, you can't deny its nobility. Father and Mother building a Home for Baby (babies): Is it right to interfere with this universal parental instinct? Is it right that Baby (babies) should be rejected even before birth? These are not, after all, the first parents to build a home in an idiotic location and how tenderly they made their plans! Granted the original error of going up there at all, they have shown great judgment. They have distinguished between the harsh-voiced red light with its hot glare and shout of "Stop!" and the wishy-washy, can't-make-up-its-mind yellow light, to build in the benign, gentle green light fixture, reminiscent of the treetops. From every angle, actually, this is the ideal nesting spot: gently moving, high up where you can see everything that goes on: ideal, that is, if you like lights clunking on and off and hard pavement underneath. And heat—the eggs will be fried before they are hatched.

These are no local birds, that's certain. Foreigners, they must be, new arrivals. From a big city, perhaps, where lights and cars and noise are the general thing. In other words, these are New Yorkers, straight from the corner of Forty-second and Fifth.

Well now—hospitality to the northern visitor is, after all, the local watchword. How about letting these characters go through with the one brood before the landlord cracks down?

Unpredictable

To The New Councilmen: Let not the above discourage you, gentlemen. No town ordinance was ever devised that covered every situation.

Not when the folks under your jurisdiction are, as they doggone always will be when the mood takes them: feeble-minded, ornery, idiotic—not to say downright loony, stubborn, know-it-all—in other words: unpredictable. Just like those newest would-be residents of May and Connecticut.

Brrrr, says Miss Venus

A card came from Elizabeth Ives a while ago. It was sent from Bloomington (they don't leave for Italy till the 25th) but it's a Florentine card, showing a Canova statue of Venus clutching a very scanty robe around her shivering shoulders.

Buffie wrote: "Sorry you're all so hot. It's very chilly out here."

THE PILOT

Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict Associate Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Bessie C. Smith Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff Society
Composing Room
Dixie B. Ray, Michael Valen,
Thomas Mattocks, J. E. Pate, Sr.,
Charles Weatherspoon, Clyde Phipps.

Subscription Rates
Moore County
One Year \$4.00
Outside Moore County
One Year \$5.00

Second-class Postage paid at Southern Pines, N. C.

Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.