

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.

Two Men Talk Sense

During the past two weeks Americans heard three speeches of major importance. Two of them were made by the same man, Senator J. W. Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and the other was by Adlai Stevenson, U. S. ambassador to the United Nations, delivered as the Dag Hammarskjold Memorial lecture at Princeton University.

It is to be hoped that the words of these two men, dealing from different angles with the same subject, are widely read and earnestly studied. For what they say is of prime importance to the welfare and security of this nation.

The Stevenson lecture dealt with the history of the cold war, and especially with the role of the UN. With subtlety and acumen he scanned past events, and went on to show how the successful policy of containment, with tremendous emphasis placed on military means, was beginning to shift over into "a policy of cease-fire or peaceful change." He suggested that if the early policy stood for limited war then perhaps the policy of cease-fire could stand for limited peace and climaxed his address with his stated belief that "what the world needs is a dynamic system of order . . . which helps parties to a dispute to break out of rigid stalemates—to adapt to new times—to manage and absorb needed change."

Senator Fulbright's two speeches were concerned more directly with problems

and dangers, but the theme was essentially the same: the need for Americans to keep pace with what he, like Stevenson, considers is an important change taking place in the world.

He, also, believes that the policy of containment no longer holds the answer. The dangerous times we have endured have, he feels, brought undue reliance on defense, "a morbid preoccupation," blinding those who hold it not only to the reality and gravity of the changes taking place all over the world, but also to the state of the nation itself, with its many domestic problems that desperately need reform measures of wide scope and vigor.

The words of such men as Fulbright and Stevenson ring with utmost authority for they truly know the facts behind their statements. Furthermore if there were ever two men to whom the welfare and progress of the nation is absolutely paramount, it is these two.

It is not often that two men of such stature and experience, both leading statesmen, speak at almost the same time, with equal urgency, on the same subject. The fact that their conclusions are identical lends enormous weight to their words. Both said: the world is changing; the United States must keep pace with it; it must mend its own fences; it must widen its vision. And Senator Fulbright added: "This is a lot more important than trying to get to the moon."

Books In The Hands of Children

Proclamations and statements by officials about the various special weeks, on behalf of this or that, crowding the modern American calendar, are usually pretty dreary reading. An exception was what Governor Sanford had to say in designating this week as Library Week in North Carolina—part of the observance of National Library Week.

Saying that he hopes support for public libraries and their use by people will increase, the Governor abandoned flowery phrases and said as though in a sidewalk conversation: ". . . We have children growing up who have no acquaintance with libraries. We ought to try to get books into the hands of these children. I know some of the children will lose them or tear them, but it's time we had more books used by children, and lost or torn by children if that's the price we must

pay . . . " Bravo, Governor! That's the ticket! Let them relish a book like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Help them somehow to understand that books are the very stuff of life—fragrant and nourishing like a bowl of good soup, strengthening and comforting like the hug of somebody who loves you.

No prissiness, no exaggerated solicitude about books, please. They'll take care of themselves. The good ones, given time, will be cherished and the bad ones forgotten.

Parents, teachers, relatives, friends—all who have contact with children can help steer them to the public libraries' doors. Once inside, and given access to books, they'll make their own way—and lose or tear fewer volumes than apprehensive adults might forecast.

How Can The Town Be Kept Clean?

It came up in the town council meeting Tuesday night that April 15-21 has been designated Clean-Up and Beautification Week in North Carolina. That was fine, the town fathers opined.

But then the question was: what can we do about the litter on streets and roads in and around Southern Pines? There wasn't a one of the councilmen who could say he hadn't received complaints on this matter.

Southern Pines was asked last week to clean up the town in anticipation of Wednesday's House and Garden Tour this week. Many property-owners responded. Despite bad weather, rakers and pruners and pick-uppers were out in force over the weekend, all around town.

But it takes more than this to keep a community clean and attractive, the year around. Town crews can't do it, the city manager says. They've got their hands full with regular garbage collections and routine yard-raking pickups. If everybody looked after his share of roadway and parkway—and maybe a little

beyond his property line, if nobody else lived there—it would help a lot.

The only other answer, as we see it, is regular town-wide clean-up days with platoons of youngsters— Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and all others invited to join—combing the town for street litter.

A suggestion made some weeks ago, in a letter to The Pilot and received with enthusiasm in an editorial, would add extra meaning and effectiveness to such a clean-up: the young people, with an assist from cooperating adults in cars, could take boxes of cans and trash to a central collection point such as the post office where, after numerous citizens had viewed it, in all its massive unattractiveness, it would be loaded on town trucks for transportation to the land-fill disposal area.

Happy thought: surely, among the youngsters recruited for such a task, there would be many a future joy-riding beer can tosser. If picking up cans now would, maybe only subconsciously, help curb such a messy practice later, two birds would be killed with one stone.

Why Allow Unqualified Candidates?

We suspect that numerous Tar Heels are having as hard a time as we are in bearing patiently with clearly unqualified candidates for Governor.

It is not that anyone has to waste much time on contemplating the inanities or the antics of these people whose names will be cluttering up the Democratic Primary ballot simply because they have been able to pay a filing fee.

What worries us is that they are a pervasive nuisance, a constant affront to the dignity that should surround efforts to attain the highest office in the state.

One of the candidates paid his filing fee while still in prison for an offense that involved the state itself, having done more than perhaps any one man has done in a generation to hurt the good name of a state that has been noted for honesty in government. This, it seems to us, is more than the citizens of North Carolina should have to bear.

Our station has been running a program which a panel interviews, each

week, one of the candidates for Governor. So, to be "fair" to "all" the candidates, viewers were solemnly subjected recently to an hour of banjo-strumming, semi-literate, thoroughly uninformed and painfully self-satisfied person who rated equal time with Dr. Lake, Judge Moore and Judge Preyer, because he had been able to pay a filing fee.

Perhaps, without doing injustice to freedom, an open society can impose no restraints on running for office—yet strict standards are involved for those who aspire to become a member of most other professions: doctor, lawyer and such.

To us, it is disturbing that the profession of government sets no similar qualifications. The voters usually make sure that no obviously incapable candidate is elected—but the whole tone of public service is lowered when unfit persons are allowed to parade themselves in public for months and get their names on a ballot, on an equal status with candidates of genuine ability and genuine, if varying, appeal.

'The Thing Is, Can I Adapt To The Environment?'



'RENDING AND TEARING PROCESS' NOTED

Communist World Is Coming Apart

By JOSEPH C. HARSCH
In Christian Science Monitor
London

We can see now that Friday, April 3, will go down in history as the decisive moment in the split between the Moscow and Peking versions of communism. It is from that day that Soviet diplomats have used the word "split" and said in their conversations with outsiders that it existed and could not be healed.

Fragments of events since then give Westerners some idea of the rending and tearing process by which the Communist world is coming apart. For example: Up to this writing Romania has not published one word about the memorandum written by Soviet ideologist Mikhail A. Suslov, which ran for seven pages in Pravda on April 3, or reputed the argument which has raged since among the various factions of the Communist Party.

Nonconformity Grows Premier Fidel Castro's Cuba, emotionally on the Chinese Communist side in the dispute but tied to Soviet economic aid, resolved the predicament by printing a version of the Suslov memorandum from which every unkind reference to Communist

China was deleted. This would roughly equal printing an edition of the Old Testament from which every reference to the Israelites was first removed.

The Poles held back for six days on reporting the Suslov memorandum. They still have not taken an editorial stand. Tass reported a pro-Moscow editorial in Tribuna Ludu, the official Communist Party newspaper in Warsaw, but the editorial itself must have been withdrawn before press time.

President Tito's Yugoslavia, which invented "revisionism" and is the arch villain of Chinese communism, has objected to the Moscow proposal for holding a peace conference of all Communist parties. So, too, has the Italian Communist Party.

Thus there is no consistent pattern to the reaction. Nothing before has so exposed the extent to which the Communist movement has been infected with nonconformity.

The way matters stand at this writing, the Moscow line has been accepted, repeated, and supported by the Communist leadership in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, and Bulgaria. Thus we now can identify those four countries as constituting what is left of the Eastern European satellite system once totally loyal to the Moscow line.

Reuters quoted the Yugoslav Communist Party as coming out in support of Moscow and charging the Chinese Communists—in the party newspaper Kommunist—with pursuing a policy that is, in effect, "a direct successor of Stalinism."

Breakup Coming? Albania, of course, belongs wholly to Peking. Romania, in a new development of recent months, has asserted a degree of independence roughly equal to that of Yugoslavia and certainly beyond Poland. Poland is still, in the main, loyal to Moscow but has no taste for any action which would formalize the split.

The liveliest argument among those communist governments and parties which lean to the Moscow side is over the merits or demerits of summoning an all-party conference.

Moscow has elected to call for a conference. Presumably the Chinese Communists either will refuse the invitation or, if they attend, will walk out. This would be the decisive formalization of the split.

Unattractive This is all very well for Moscow but is massively unattractive to Poles and Romanians, who much prefer the existing situation in which they can play Moscow off against Peking and vice versa. This is the story of one of the world's great power empires pulling itself apart before our very eyes. It is almost as though one had a grandstand seat at the fall of the Roman Empire. The pace this time is faster.

(Reprinted by Permission)

Grains of Sand

They're Off! Prettiest sight seen in many a moon was the bay horse Brannagh as he galloped away with the Sandhills Cup Saturday.

And is there anything prettier, ever, than a beautiful thoroughbred striding out under a beautiful ride?

But, then, when you get four or five thoroughbreds, all two-year-olds by the fine stallion Independence, all running together as we saw Saturday, that's a pretty sight, too. And mighty heart-warming to the owner, we'll say. Congrats to Owner Trainer Walsh and everyone else who helped make the day a success!

Hot Tip Hanging on the paddock fence, as they were saddling up before the big Sandhills Cup race, were two earnest watchers. Said one to the other: "Who you betting on, feller?"

"Number 1: Brannagh," was the prompt reply.

"Hey! You know something about him? His breeding? His record? You got a hot tip?"

"Don't know a darn thing," came the answer. "But I can see, can't I? He's a beauty all right. He's beautiful, and he moves beautiful. He makes the rest look like puppydogs. You watch him run away with it." Pause. "Wanta bet?"

"No sir, not me. Handsome is as handsome does, I say."

"And I say handsome does 'cause handsome is!"

And then the bugle blew and they ran to the rail . . . and handsome DID as handsome was, as Brannagh galloped home 20 lengths ahead of the field.

Letter From England Pilot readers will doubtless recall the visit here of the two Roosevelt Scholarship young people from Nottingham, England.

Today arrived a letter from Peter Roberts, who visited here during the week of national tragedy, arriving on November 23. Those who were with him will recall the rare sensitivity shown by this young Englishman and his expressions of deepest sympathy, in which he seemed to be completely a part of the small gathering watching the television screen throughout the next days.

Peter writes of an advancement in his job, since his return, "which involves a bit of traveling," and says he is pleased about this angle "because during my U. S. trip I got used to moving about." He continues: "I continue to give talks on the U.S.A. and it seems that the more I give the more invitations to speak I get. It is very encouraging to see the real interest these people over here have in the U. S. A."

In closing Peter sends his "best to the many good friends" he made in Southern Pines.

Ye Olde Trip The British pub is one of the oldest and most beloved institutions in England. But they often have very queer names. Said to be the oldest of all the pubs is one in Nottingham called "Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem."

This title is not ironical; neither is it irrelevant. It has nothing to do with golden streets or singing cherubim. It is simply the place where the Crusaders who came from that part of England stopped for refreshment on their way to embark for the Holy Land.

The date of 1189 is graven somewhere on its stones, or in its records, but it's doubtful if many knights and their retinues stopped there because of its size. It is not only the oldest pub in England, but also one of the smallest. It stands tucked into the walls of the historic castle of Nottingham, towering above it and is cherished far and wide for its hospitality and its ancient, warm, cozy, crusade atmosphere.

THE PILOT

Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina 1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor Dan S. Ray Associate Editor C. G. Council Gen. Mgr. Bessie C. Smith Advertising Mary Scott Newton Advertising Mary Gloria Fisher Business Mary Evelyn de Nissock Business Composing Room Dixie B. Ray, Michael Vale, 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.