

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.

Time To Stop And Look

It seems that Governor Sanford is shortly to name a committee of 1,000—100 from each of the Piedmont area's 10 counties—to study the growth of this rapidly growing section and devise plans for its orderly, intelligent development.

Moore County can hardly be classed in the same bracket with the densely populated Piedmont, either in potential from the industrial angle, or in the speed with which it is growing; nevertheless, anyone who looks back at Moore County's development and watches what is going on now must admit that at least some of the urgency that faces planners in the Piedmont is right here also. It is high time that the county take note and start measures that will lead towards the establishment of guidelines for the future, the distant future as well as the near.

To anyone who questions this great need we say: take a look. Look at the new industries creeping in; look at the new houses going up all over; look at the "developments": Whispering Pines, Sandavis, the Holiday outfit—one more in the long chain of fine hostleries south of here—look at the old Watson Lake property now transformed into the fabulous Country Club of North Carolina; look at the colossal addition being made to Moore Memorial Hospital and

to the doctors' quarters over there—and St. Joseph's is planning a fine enlargement and extensive renovations, too; look at water and sewer lines stretching out all over the place; look at the crowds that play golf, go fox-hunting; look at the crowds that go to school!

As we see it, the task facing Moore County is first of all a study project, to be followed by action. First, the problems of the rapidly growing towns of the county must be carefully studied. The need for their better integration into the county set-up is clear. With their suburbs, their "developments"—a new one announced just last week between Southern Pines and Carthage—the need—and it is a desperate one—to set up regulations to control the hit-or-miss, ramshackle ugly mess that fringes all settlements, these items are a "must." Beyond this is the need for county-wide zoning to establish bounds for industry, agriculture, recreation, roads, and so on.

We are a people who talk a lot about the grass roots. We are independent, ready to pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps. That's the spirit to get this started. We don't need to wait to be told, even by our wise and far-seeing Governor.

We should start right now. But when do we want to start right.

Rachel Carson's Enduring Legacy

Rachel Carson, whose recent death at age 56 has saddened and distressed the many admirers of her scientific and literary work, combined a sense of style and beauty—including a sensitive awareness of the wonder and mystery of life—with an impeccable respect for reality, the facts as they are, whether it be the havoc wrought by misuse of pesticides, as in her "Silent Spring," or the life cycles of sea creatures, as in her two earlier books, "The Sea Around Us" and "The Edge of the Sea."

She was not a product of the academic community or the literary world. Most of her professional career was spent in what might appear as a humdrum and pedestrian environment: a federal government agency, working in the field of marine biology.

Rachel Carson showed that richness of spirit, breadth of vision and articulateness are not incompatible with bureau-

cracy. Her work—like that of the Food and Drug Administration employee whose perceptive and conscientious insistence blocked release of the harmful drug, thalidomide—gives us new respect for the calibre of persons in public service. There must be many others whose achievements never reach wide notice.

World-wide awareness of the dangers of chemical pesticides (making front page news with Mississippi River fish kills at the time of Miss Carson's death) and investigation and increasing regulation stemming from this awareness, constitute Rachel Carson's enduring legacy.

The implementation of that legacy's message—that man cannot afford heedless violations of the balance of nature and the chain of life—is a task that challenges a new generation of scientists guiding man's complicated effort to live in harmony with, as well as to master, his environment.

A Box Of Kittens

Material for thought, questioning, speculation comes out of a true story of a box of kittens that were taken to a nursing home. It happened not far away, only a few days ago.

There had been talk about the kittens—a visiting relative of one of the old people in the home had mentioned them, how she had seen them at the house of a friend, how cute they were.

"I'd love to see them," said the old lady. And the younger visitor, next day, did what few persons would ever really do. She brought the kittens, tumbled in a box, when she came to call. And not only the one to whom the kittens were brought, but other old people, up and down the hall, came out of their rooms to see them, pick them up, feel the young, squirming, warm life within their hands.

Encouraging Crime

Most youngsters who steal things must market them somewhere—and it's no credit to the adult population that young delinquents seem to have no trouble finding a buyer for articles they have taken.

Probably no single factor encourages youthful crime more than this cooperation of adults.

Two Moore County boys left this area and the state in a stolen or, as the court of hearing put it, technically, an "embezzled" car, and, in South Carolina, sold the car's tires and battery for \$11.

All this was discovered only after they had hitchhiked their way back home. And the owner of the car must now somehow try to retrieve the automobile and the equipment sold off it—the latter unlikely—at his own expense.

The arrival of such a vehicle, with such passengers, would be enough to arouse the suspicions of any service station owner. Most of them, to their credit, would probably have notified police rather than make a purchase of tires and battery.

Adults who cooperate in these situations, whether from stupidity or greed or conscious subversion of the law, should be made to answer for their actions.

And to those who could not come out, the kittens were taken in.

It had been weeks, the nurse said, since there had been so many smiles, so much happiness there.

What a story! And what a revelation implicit in it!

This: when old people are taken from their homes, from familiar scenes and things, their greatest loss is not so much the move itself, which most of them realize must come, sooner or later, unless there is plenty of money and plenty of room to care for them at home. The greater loss, the kitten story shows, is the "unimportant" things, the dozens of familiar recognitions and stimulations which give them assurance of reality, that they are who they are in a world whose characteristics they have come to understand and count on.

Questions: shouldn't much more attempt be made to bring life in to people who can't go out to meet it, in all its many variations? Shouldn't animals and children be welcome, within reason? Shouldn't rooms—at least for persons who can get around at all—be on ground floors and have outside doors and little porches where they could grow a few flowers or feed the birds? And shouldn't there be lots of shelves and places for the many little things that have special meaning? If an old man would like to have his fishing rods and guns or tools or what have you, that he likes to look at or clean or handle or think about, shouldn't he be able to have them?

Speculations: shouldn't "boarding homes" and "nursing homes" be organized differently than they usually are? Shouldn't there be many small ones, rather than a few large ones, several in each town, many more in cities, set up almost on a neighborhood basis, so that those who live there can be visited much more frequently and easily, so that a boy can stop after school to show his grandfather a new bicycle or a girl can brag to her grandmother about getting 100 in spelling? And shouldn't such places always be where those inside can look out and see and hear people—life going on?

Thoughts, questions, speculations—out of a box of kittens.

"Not So Long Ago George Was Ag'in 'Outside Agitators'"



Grains of Sand

Politically Speaking
Going through a box of old papers the other day we came across a document that should give points to some of our ambitious campaigners in the coming election.

Judging by the dateline, Dedham, and several other names scattered through the two-page pamphlet, this must have dealt with an election in Massachusetts: the date is 1871.

Clearly this was a hotly contested affair. The pamphlet opens in the orthodox way with a stirring description of the candidate, a certain Mr. Locke of Norwood, who is depicted as "vigorous, healthy, genial, and large-hearted." We read that his character "is proof against all malicious attacks," but it is admitted "there are a few who are manufacturing scandals against him." These, we are warned, "should be met with quiet contempt."

From this dignified stance, the writer, who signs himself Glaucus, opens up on Mr. Locke's opponent, the Hon. W. S. Bird of Walpole, who, it seems, made the terrible mistake, in former days, of switching parties and now is supported "by Democrats and Soreheads." (Ugh).

Scorning personalities, Glaucus announces that "we deal only in principles" and then proceeds to a terrifying description of the misdeeds of the opposing candidate, picturing Mr. Bird as haunted by ghosts of his past who whisper ghoulish reproaches and threats in his ears. He is compared to Benedict Arnold, and the Democrats to the perfidious British: "He is a lost soul: cross, nervous, soured; his mind is covered with political sores."

And then the writer withdraws to heights of greater dignity to make his point doubly clear:

"We have nothing to say," he says, "of his private life; it should not be dragged into politics. We notice his public character only. We are sorry to notice him at all."

Grisly Item
You read a lot about the wars of religion in the old days in England and Europe, but some church folks were right wise and tolerant, too. They even tried to tie in the heathen and their wild beliefs with Christianity.

St. Adamvan, who came to England and Scotland as a disciple of Columba of Ireland to take the gospel to the heathen, always tried to hold his services in the ruins of an old place of worship, a temple or sacred grove.

The heathen called their deity "the High God," and that was all right with Adamvan. He even used as a font for baptisms the hollowed-out stone that had been used in ancient sacrifices.

Presumably the mothers didn't realize this at the time.

"Good?" Old Days
This came from Al Resch's Chatham News in Siler City, taking note of the weather in 1816.

January and February had been warm, March cold and stormy, 17 snows fell in May, June had but three days without frost or snow, and an August ice storm killed almost every green thing.

You're Telling Us
"What did you get out of your talk down there at the conference? Anything new?"

"Well," came the answer, "Let's see: They told us that every college student is a bundle of problems; and that he'd rather go to the beach or the city than go home to spend the holidays with his family; and that he soon becomes an expert at playing off one parent against the other; and—oh yes: he NEVER knows that "no" means "NO." You don't say!

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The Public Speaking

Open Letter Asks For Theatre Desegregation

To the Editor:
This letter is not directed to the citizens of Southern Pines, but rather to one of its visitors, Mr. Stewart of the Stewart and Everette theatre chain:

Our town has at last achieved cooperation of its citizens to advance in the field of civil rights. Our system so far has been successful in its endeavors to accomplish desegregation of public facilities and accommodations, with the exception of one theatre in your chain. I know that other theatres in your chain, in other cities in this state, have complied with the request to lower their barriers and not to discriminate because of race, color, religion or national origin.

This town is one of the few Southern towns that has a Negro on its city council, a Negro on the school board and a Negro on the Planning Board and other commissions. The Negro on the city council is the town treasurer. More facts about the Negroes in this town can be made available to you, on request.

Desegregation of public facilities was accomplished simply by negotiating through a bi-racial committee. Because we have this sort of harmony, we are able to look each other straight in the eye, the white and the black, and say this has been a job well done—with one exception, one of the links in your chain of theatres.

I cannot understand how a man of your integrity and ability can operate a chain of theatres and can condone not just a segregated public place but a doubly segregated theatre in which a wall cuts off from Negro use

about two-thirds of the balcony portion which was formerly all open to Negroes.

We want the wall removed, we want the doors open, we want the prices the same, we want full cooperation from you, because it is not either fair or practical to profit from any citizen's humiliation.

We are no longer to be shoved aside and forgotten. Neither will we tolerate being pushed upstairs where there would be chaos getting out by the one exit in case of an emergency. And we cannot spare you time, for time to us is too long to wait, too short to waste, and too precious to throw away.

J. ROCHELL SMALL
Southern Pines

Chub Seawell Comments On Gilmore Candidacy

To the Editor:
Will Rogers said all he knew was what he read in the papers. I read in the papers last week where my old friend Cousin "Void" Gilmore has abdicated as Comptroller of Travel and set his sights on the N. C. Senate. I'm for him. No finer or more appropriate person could grace the hanging gardens of our new Rangoon Pagoda. With Cousin Gilmore on hand, when the Legislature gets ready to move to and fro over the State they'll be ready. No matter how long the

AS OTHERS SEE US

N. Carolina's Early Jump On Poverty

From The Houston (Texas) Chronicle
North Carolina has a four-month jump on the federal government's war on poverty. Gov. Terry Sanford has solid

backing for his assault with funds from the Ford, Smith Reynolds and Mary Reynolds Babcock foundations.

Fifty-one communities, both urban and rural, have drawn up suggested plans of action. From that group, 10 will be selected as sites entitled to financial help. The proposed projects include pre-school teaching centers, designed to counter bad home environments; counseling and job training; remedial education centers; adult education courses, and services in budget making and home care for low-income families.

A learning laboratory will also be established near both the University of North Carolina and Duke University; its purpose—to study methods of teaching slow learners and problem children, and to improve teaching instruction.

Though one of the wealthiest Southern States, and most progressive, North Carolina has widespread poverty, particularly among Negroes, who constitute 25 per cent of the population.

What the state is attempting for its people is states rights at its best; a state using its imagination, resources, will and energies to meet an intolerable but stubborn social problem. It will not be cured in a year, maybe not in a generation, but at least government and private citizens groups are bracing themselves for a herculean try.

PROBLEMS NOT EXCLUSIVELY RACIAL

'To Make Life Decent and Productive'

The following is a portion of testimony before a Congressional committee by Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, internationally famed sociologist whose book, "The American Dilemma," is an authoritative study of the Negro in the United States.

I believe that everything should be done to put the Negroes on the basis of equality, so far as the law is concerned. And I am optimistic enough to believe that (all this can be done) within a period of 10 years. However, you will still have many of the problems left. There will continue to be discrimination against Negroes in a society where you do not have full employment, a very important pre-condition for giving reality to legal equality.

In addition to that, sir, there is also the fact that because of the history of the Negro, he is less efficient in many ways. Perhaps half of the grownup Negroes are for all practical purposes illiterate.

I am, however, not for preferential treatment of Negroes, and

I will try to explain why. First, because I do not think it is politically wise. Nobody sitting in this room feels responsible for having brought Negroes as slaves to America. That argument that we have a guilt does not work politically. I mean we are responsible for the society as it is now, and not for the whole history.

But quite aside from that, I think it is wrong, because Negroes are, it is true, perhaps the largest portion of what I would call the under-class in America, but they are by far not alone. You have poor whites all over the place. You have the Puerto Ricans, you have the Mexicans, you have the workers in agriculture in many places.

It will be absolutely wrong to give priority to one group, even if it is the biggest group.

What you have to do is to make life decent and productive for all these poor people in the under-class. I think it is very unfair and against American principles to discriminate in favor of any group because of color. It is almost as bad as doing the opposite.