

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 13, 1941.

RICHARDSON PREYER SHOULD BE THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR. EDITORIAL, FRONT PAGE.

Taking The Bloom Off The Pool

For us, the bloom was somewhat taken off the long-awaited opening of the new municipal swimming pool in West Southern Pines last week by discovery that there is a 25-cents daily admission fee for youngsters 14 years of age and under and a 50-cents fee for anyone 15 and above.

For any family, anywhere—especially those with several children who want to go swimming—such fees mount up to a formidable item. In a generally low-income area such as West Southern Pines, the impact is multiplied. There must be many children there who could swim very seldom, if at all, under those circumstances.

The high operating expenses of the pool—the main reason for the fees—are detailed in a news story in today's Pilot. It is customary at many municipal pools elsewhere to impose fees, helping ease the demands of the pool on the municipal budget. Yet it does seem that the West

Southern Pines charges are far out of line with the capabilities of the community it serves.

We hope that the town manager and the council will study this matter carefully and find a way to eliminate or reduce the fees, if not this year, at least in future town budgets. Perhaps, if the town can't immediately lower the charges, civic clubs, church groups and individuals can set up a fund that would enable children in families on public welfare or otherwise hard-pressed to use the pool occasionally.

No municipal facility, built with bond funds voted by the people of the whole town, should become in any way exclusive. For our part, we'd rather pay our small share of the pool's expenses, as apportioned out over the town's taxpayers, than know, every day, that there is yearning and heartache in West Southern Pines—of children who want to use the pool and of parents who haven't the money to give them for this purpose.

The Klan and Dan

There are those who say that Dan K. Moore can't help it if the Grand Dragon of the North Carolina Ku Klux Klan endorses him, but the "middle of the road" gubernatorial candidate whose course has taken such violent zig-zags still can't erase from the record the fact that it was he who loosed the furies of race in this campaign when, a week before the first primary, he called Richardson Preyer the "NAACP and CORE sponsored candidate"—and again, two days after he ran second to Preyer in the first primary, when he hysterically attributed "a major part of his (Preyer's) entire vote to the bloc Negro vote in North Carolina."

That's the kind of talk that brought the Ku Klux Klan to his side and encouraged speakers at Klan rallies to fan hate for Richardson Preyer along with the Catholics, Jews, Negroes and Communists who are their customary whipping boys.

Dan Moore may never directly have asked for support from the Klan—but

he's got it. And by introducing race into the campaign, he did in fact invite that support—in a way the Klan understands best: through vicious innuendo and fomenting of suspicion, by his ridiculous post-primary allegations.

The Klan, basking in the illusion that it is riding high because it is sharing a corner of the spotlight in the gubernatorial campaign, (who cares what the Grand Dragon thinks, any other time?) got its comeuppance early this week from Governor Sanford who calmly pointed out the laws of 1953 which ring the Klan around with as neat a set of controls as could be devised.

"Taking the law into their hands, running people away, burning crosses, making threats, wearing hoods, are all illegal practices and are not going to be permitted," stated the Governor. The vast majority of North Carolinians stand behind him and agree.

And let Tar Heels not forget, as they go to the polls Saturday, that the Klan is going to vote for Dan Moore.

Music Is Good Publicity

Since the North Carolina Symphony was organized and started touring the state, the orchestra has travelled the amazing distance of 145,658 miles.

The whole thing got its start under the late Lamar Stringfield's highly talented spirit, with the regular tours starting in 1946, under the direction of his successor, Dr. Benjamin Swalin. Since that start, a unique list of "records" has been achieved. Think of these facts: During the 19 consecutive yearly tours, 2,428,521 children have attended 1,293 admission-free concerts. For these educational programs 177 different works have been played by the orchestra and studied by the children with their teachers: Fifty-five songs, new and old, have been learned and sung by the children, many of whom have also taken part in the actual music with their small handmade instruments. Others made delightful posters for the concerts, illustrative of the music itself. Furthermore, 45 young musicians of talent, under 18 years old, have been heard through the auditions and many of them have played or sung as soloists with the orchestra.

It turns out that Governor Terry Sanford was the principal speaker in Detroit Saturday at a gathering there of the directors of a large number of the second rank orchestras of the country. These were on the level just below the large symphonies of New York, San Francisco,

Philadelphia etc. Dr. Swalin also attended and, according to his description, it was a lively, keenly interested crowd who listened intently to the Governor's words.

Governor Sanford checked over the various musical projects which his administration has supported, and in some cases started, but the one he talked about most and seemed most proud of was the N. C. Symphony. He had the facts at his fingertips and there was much shaking of heads in astonishment as he told about the extraordinary tours, with their delightful children's concerts, as well as the fine programs presented in the evening concerts for adults.

This is wonderful publicity for our state. Some of the people who listened to Governor Sanford may well have read about the Madison County election scandal and wondered a bit about North Carolina. The story of the Symphony, the first orchestra subsidized by a state, makes a refreshing contrast that will, surely, be remembered long after Madison County and its all too spectacular mess fades away. With people such as Governor Sanford and Benjamin Swalin in charge of things, the reputation of the state from a cultural standpoint is in safe hands.

It is a healthy and reassuring condition when the development of the arts and education keeps pace with progress in the economic field.

Gov. Wallace: The Pretender

Try as hard as we can, we can't make sense of Gov. Wallace of Alabama and others like him who insist on living in a make-believe world, those who keep on pretending:

—That there is no Civil Rights bill—or, if it be admitted that it exists and will become law, that they have no responsibility in enforcing it.

—That the Democratic Party can be all things to all men and that a minority at wide variance with the platform and policies of the Party—national and international—can still be considered legitimate spokesmen for the Party.

—That the Negro's drive for first-class citizenship is a kind of passing fancy or agitator's brainstorm, rather than a major social revolution rooted in the basic principles of the nation and watched, with profound consequences, by the

whole world.

—That "states rights" are not violated when the federal government hands out to states millions in welfare payments, farm subsidies, flood control projects and the like, but are violated when the federal government acts on problems of education, voting, job opportunity and other civil rights.

Not the least of Gov. Wallace's pretensions is that any service can be done to the Democratic party or to the nation by invading state after state—as he has just come to North Carolina—stirring up racial animosity and ignorant extremism and prejudice, fanning false hopes that by maneuvering his name onto the November election ballots, he can control enough electoral votes to let him pick the next occupant of the White House—on his terms.

The Cheshire Cat Looks On, And Grins . . .



ADLAI STEVENSON LOOKS TOWARD FUTURE

Audacious Dream Of Dynamic Order

Following are excerpts from the Dag Hammarskjold Memorial Lecture delivered at Princeton University in March by Adlai E. Stevenson, U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Mr. Stevenson, brother of Mrs. Ernest L. Ives of Southern Pines, has long been a friend of the Sandhills and of The Pilot.

... The world is a very different world from that which existed when Dag Hammarskjold went down in his death in that cruel crash in Africa two and a half years ago. We therefore will be wise to tailor our thinking about the role of the United Nations here served so well, not to his world of 1961 but to ours of 1964.

The differences are numerous, and significant, considering that ours is:

—A world which is no longer bipolar but in which multiple centers of power and influence have come into being.

—A world which at long last is approaching the end of the historic struggle for military superiority—by acquiring absolute military power.

—A world in which the myth of monolithic blocs is giving way to a bewildering diversity among nations;

—A world in which realities are eroding the once rigid political dogmas.

—A world in which not only imperialism but paternalism is dying.

—A world in which old trading systems, monetary systems, market systems, and other elements of the conventional wisdom are being challenged and changed.

—A world which at once makes breath-taking new discoveries and is crippled by ancient feuds—which is both fabulously rich and desperately poor—which is making more progress than ever before and seeing much of it wiped out by an explosive population growth.

—And finally, a world in which fundamental issues of human rights—which have been hidden in closets down the long corridor of history—are out in the open and high on the agenda of human affairs.

Containment Policy

We can, as I say, be proud of our performance under the Containment policy. As unquestioned leader of an alliance constantly threatened by external military pressure, we had to confront force with force: until the tanks faced each other, gun barrel to gun barrel, along Friedrichstrasse in Berlin—until the Korean invaders had been thrown back across the 38th Parallel—until the Navy drew an armored noose around Soviet missile sites in Cuba—and until, at long last, Soviet leaders became convinced that free men will answer steel with steel. And during this whole period the positions and actions taken by our government to contain aggression

had broad public understanding and support.

In a sense the policy of Containment was too easy to understand. It tended to reinforce a simplistic view of a black-and-white world peopled by Good Guys and Bad Guys; it tended to induce a fixation on military borders to the exclusion of other things; and it tended to hide deep trends and radical changes which even then were restructuring the world.

A New Trend

And, of course, being a reaction to Soviet communist aggressiveness, Containment necessarily had a negative and static ring, partially obscuring the positive and progressive purposes of U. S. policies: in support of the United Nations, of regional unity in Europe and elsewhere, and of economic and social growth throughout most of the world where poverty was a centuries-old way of life.

I would suggest that we have begun to move beyond the policy of containment; that the central trend of our times is the emergence of what, for lack of a better label, might be called a policy of Cease-Fire and Peaceful Change. Furthermore, we may be approaching something close to a world consensus on such a policy.

No analogy is ever perfect, but if the policy of Containment stands for "limited war," then the policy of Cease-Fire perhaps stands for "limited peace." I believe this mutation is occurring simply because the H-bomb has made even "limited" war too dangerous.

Cease-Fire and Peaceful Change may strike some as a curious way to describe a period so jammed by violence, by disorder, by quarrels among the nations—an era so lacking in law and order. But I do not speak wistfully; I speak from the record.

Special Mark

It is precisely the fact that so much violence and so many quarrels have not led to war that puts a special mark on our times. . . . Finally, if we are going to get the nuclear genie back in the bottle and keep it there, we shall have to improve our techniques for arriving at basic solutions to problems which remain even when a cease-fire is in effect.

I referred earlier to the point that the doctrine of containment was essentially a negative and static concept—as it had to be for its purpose. But a simple cease-fire is static, too; it is a return to the status quo ante. And that is not good enough for a world in which the only question is whether change will be violent

OPENLY DIVIDED

... Khreuchev no longer presides in undisputed control over the world communist movement. . . . Not only is it openly divided, but several of the big and nominally loyal parties are advocating 'polycentrism' and local autonomy. . . .

—JOSEPH C. HARSCH

or peaceful . . . because change is inevitable.

The world has known periods of relative peace and order before. Always the order was assured by a system designed to preserve the status quo. And this is precisely why the system of order broke down—because the status quo is indefensible in the long run.

To Manage Change

What the world needs is a dynamic system of order—a system capable of bringing about not just a precarious halt to hostilities, but a curative resolution of the roots of hostility. This is to say that a dynamic system of order must be one which helps parties to a dispute to break out of rigid stalemates—to adapt to new times—to manage and absorb needed change.

As in the days of the Founding Fathers, even the faintest possibility of achieving such an order depends upon our steadfast faith. In their day, too, democracy in an age of monarchs and freedom in an age of empire seemed the most remote of pipe-dreams. Today, too, the death of a world which repeats at the international level the solid achievements—of law and welfare—of our domestic society must seem audacious to the point of insanity, save for the grim fact that survival itself is inconceivable on any other terms.

The Challenge

And once again we in America are challenged to hold fast to our audacious dream. If we revert to crude nationalism and separatism, every present organ of international collaboration will collapse. If we turn in upon ourselves, allow our self-styled patriots to entice us into the supposed security of an impossible isolation, we shall be back in the jungle of rampant nationalisms and baleful ambitions and irreconcilable conflicts which twice in this century have sent millions to their death, and next time would send every-

I believe, therefore, that at this time the only sane policy for America lies in the patient, un-spectacular search for the interests which unite the nations; for institutions which transcend rival national interests; for the international instruments of law and security; for the strengthening of what we have already built inside and outside the United Nations; for the elaboration of the further needs and institutions of a changing world for a stable society. If we in America do not carry these burdens, no one else will.

'Let Us Work'

We have called this land the "last best hope" of man—but "last" now has overtones of disaster which we would do well to heed. With Churchill, I can say that "I do not believe that God has despaired of His children." But I would say also, in the words of the Scriptures: "Let us work while it is yet day."

Grains of Sand

Their Money's Worth

The N. C. Symphony in its travels about the state has to put up with all sorts of situations and conditions. The different acoustics encountered in the wide variety of concert halls and gyms is one of their most trying obstacles. On this last trip they rejoiced to find that one particular town had finally gotten around to building a new hall.

"But," commented Mrs. Swalin, at the recent annual meeting of the society, "the people always got their full money's worth in the old one. In fact, they heard every tone twice."

Bird Troubles On The Feeder

There is a population explosion among the birds. For the first time we can remember, parents are bringing the young birds to eat at the feeder. Three pairs and their young are monopolizing the table with its scattering of birdseed. A pair of thrashers and young; a pair of towhees and young, and the titmouse family group.

The latter are the best behaved, arriving light as down, picking up a seed, flitting off again to eat it in private; maybe their children are older and that's why they are more orderly and competent. It's the bigger birds who make the fuss.

Both pairs have two youngsters, or else they only bring two at a time. They make a real mess of things. The parents rush about followed close by the two awkward unattractive greedy children, who flutter their wings madly at their parents and, at the slightest pause, sit down and open their mouths so wide they could swallow a whale. They do nearly swallow their parents' heads as they thrust their long beaks way down into the child's interior. All the while a disagreeable, greedy chirring accompanies the wing-fluttering. The children sit on top of the seeds, spill them off the table, get into tantrums, push each other. They are obviously spoiled children.

Every now and then the parents get sick of the whole thing and then—watch! The big birds turn, dash to the edge of the table and drop out of sight. The children are aghast, they rush to the brink and peer over desperately. Nothing. They crane out perilously to look into the nearby shrubbery. Nothing. Then they set up such a screeching as you never imagined. Poor babies, abandoned by their cruel parents . . . "you just wait; you'll be sorry one of these days, leaving us all alone this way . . . screeeeech, screeeeech . . . Oh, there you are. Come back again. Well now, let's have some more food, Mom and Dad."

"Say please first!" Dad says but Mom says: "Oh you poor little darlings; here's a great big sunflower seed for each one."

On The Dotted Line

The employees of a plant were trying to organize a system of group insurance. Everybody came in except one man. They argued and argued with him, but no soap. He couldn't be budged. They were stymied, it seemed; application had to be 100 percent. They went to the man again; still he shook his head. At that, the committee chairman lost his temper:

"Look here, you stupid idiot," he said, "if you don't come in on this scheme be dogged if I don't take you out and beat the living daylight's—"

"Okay, okay," said the man. "Give me the pen; I'll sign."

As he scrawled his name, the chairman sighed. "Why didn't you sign before, feller?"

"Cause," said the man, "when they told me to sign before nobody told me nuthin' about it."

THE PILOT

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