

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.

Pesticides: National and Local Problem

President Johnson has asked Congress for \$30 million for a program in pesticide research, regulation and education, reflecting a nation-wide concern with the hazards—to wildlife and to man—of the present massive and often indiscriminate use of chemical poisons to kill insects or vegetation.

The Pilot, which has long warned of these hazards, citing the investigations of the late Rachel Carson and others, hopes that the federal program can be pushed through quickly so that the slaughter of fish, birds and animals can be stopped and that much more information can be brought to light on the effects of such poisons on human beings.

We are pleased to see that the program anticipates research in the use of non-chemical and less persistent pesticides and in the life-cycles of the insects to be controlled. We note with interest that a project along this line is now going on in North Carolina, under direction of the Department of Agriculture, in which "black light" lamps placed at intervals over a wide agricultural area are trapping hornworm moths before they can breed and produce tobacco hornworms which cost tobacco farmers heavily in leaf damage and in insecticides. The experiment has shown that a pattern of lights over a 113-square-mile area cut the hornworm population in half. Success of this sort of program not only cuts costs for the farmer but reduces insecticide residues on tobacco. These residues, we have often thought, might be a key factor in

the tobacco-cancer relationship. Closer to home, there is the municipal insect spraying program—the subject of an interesting letter on this page, pointing out proven dangers of chemical poisons to human beings.

In year after year of expressing opposition to this program—both as a likely health hazard and an unwarranted, unpleasant fouling of the good clean air with which this community is blessed—The Pilot has stressed the point that nobody, anywhere, really knows what regular contact with modern chemical insecticides will do to human beings, because these poisons have not been in general use for more than two decades—one third of a lifetime. No one can say that after 30 years of exposure, for example, there will not be the most dire and widespread effects on people. None of us have lived with them that long—though we are told, now, that nearly all animals, including food animals, and all persons, too, have varying amounts of DDT stored in their fat.

It is our conviction that breathing clean air is as much a right of human beings as any of the rights named in the Constitution and that, some day, such a right will be recognized in law.

If others in Southern Pines share this conviction, they should let the Town Council know it. The council can stop the spraying, at any meeting. And they should. The residents of Southern Pines have played guinea pig in this experiment long enough.

'Full of Sound and Fury ...'

Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention wouldn't have rated a passing grade in a high school freshman English course.

The whole point of writing or speaking is the transference of exact meaning, as freshman English students are told. And the absolute essential in the transference of meaning is to be specific.

The Goldwater speech was a mass of generalities which could—and apparently did—have different meanings to a variety of listeners. There were few clarifying illustrations.

The now-famous extremism and moderation sentences formed the most glaring example. The candidate said: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice . . . Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

Can there be any doubt that the great shout in the Cow Palace, after the words were spoken, came from those who were convinced that the candidate was putting his blessing on extremist elements in the Republican Party, including the John Birch Society, about which the wrangling had just taken place in the convention? When "extremism" had been defined in those terms, by speaker after speaker, during the convention, what on earth did Goldwater expect his audience to think he was saying, if not that?

Yet when he was asked later what he meant, he said he was thinking in terms

of a soldier going to the extreme of giving his life for liberty or of such national actions as declaring the Spanish-American War.

Could a freshman English student have gotten by with any such lame explanation?

For our purpose here, let the one example suffice, though sentence after sentence in the Goldwater speech seemed to us fuzzy and inconclusive, lacking a clarifying link to the actual world in which the senator proposes to fill the shoes of the most powerful and responsible human being on earth.

The point is this: we cannot have a campaign for the Presidency in which one candidate is widely, consistently misunderstood. And, if Senator Goldwater should be elected President, it is unthinkable that he should say one thing and mean another.

The senator's decade of public life is strewn with statements that he has withdrawn, corrected, modified or, even more puzzling, has stuck to in the face of overwhelming contrary evidence.

Perhaps the nation can benefit from the great Conservative versus Liberal debate that is foreseen in the coming campaign. But it will be pointless if what Senator Goldwater says means one thing to him, another to his supporters and something else again to his opponents. "Sound and fury," indeed!

O Little Town Lights

A delegation from the Jaycees appeared before the town council last week with a poignant query: "What, oh what, can we do about Christmas lights?"

In thus jumping Christmas when it's still July, the local Junior Chamber of Commerce is well in line with its patron saint. But while the stores are already beginning to stock up on their wares, these community-minded young men are talking but doing: nothing. And what's more they ain't agoin' to neither, according to the group that laid their plaintive tale of woe before the city fathers. "We've done all we can," they said. "We'll help put up the decorations, but somebody else must take on the job."

They had seen the need; they had tried to fill it with the noble purchase, paid by local merchants, three years ago of those sort-of-lanterns; had hung them up in strategic locations in full view of the populace and neither said populace nor the Jaycees themselves liked them very much, and less and less as time went on. It was discouraging. Last year the lanterns really gave out and now not all the king's horses or all the king's men can make the Jaycees put them up again. As they fully informed the council. And they put the question: "What about the Town?"

Well, the town is busy right now, putting uniforms on the garbage collectors (with "Southern Pines Garbage" stenciled on the uniforms, or maybe "Garbage Southern Pines") and so, quickly, an alert councilman, with tongue-in-cheek politeness, hurried to reply.

"We are deeply grateful," he said, "for

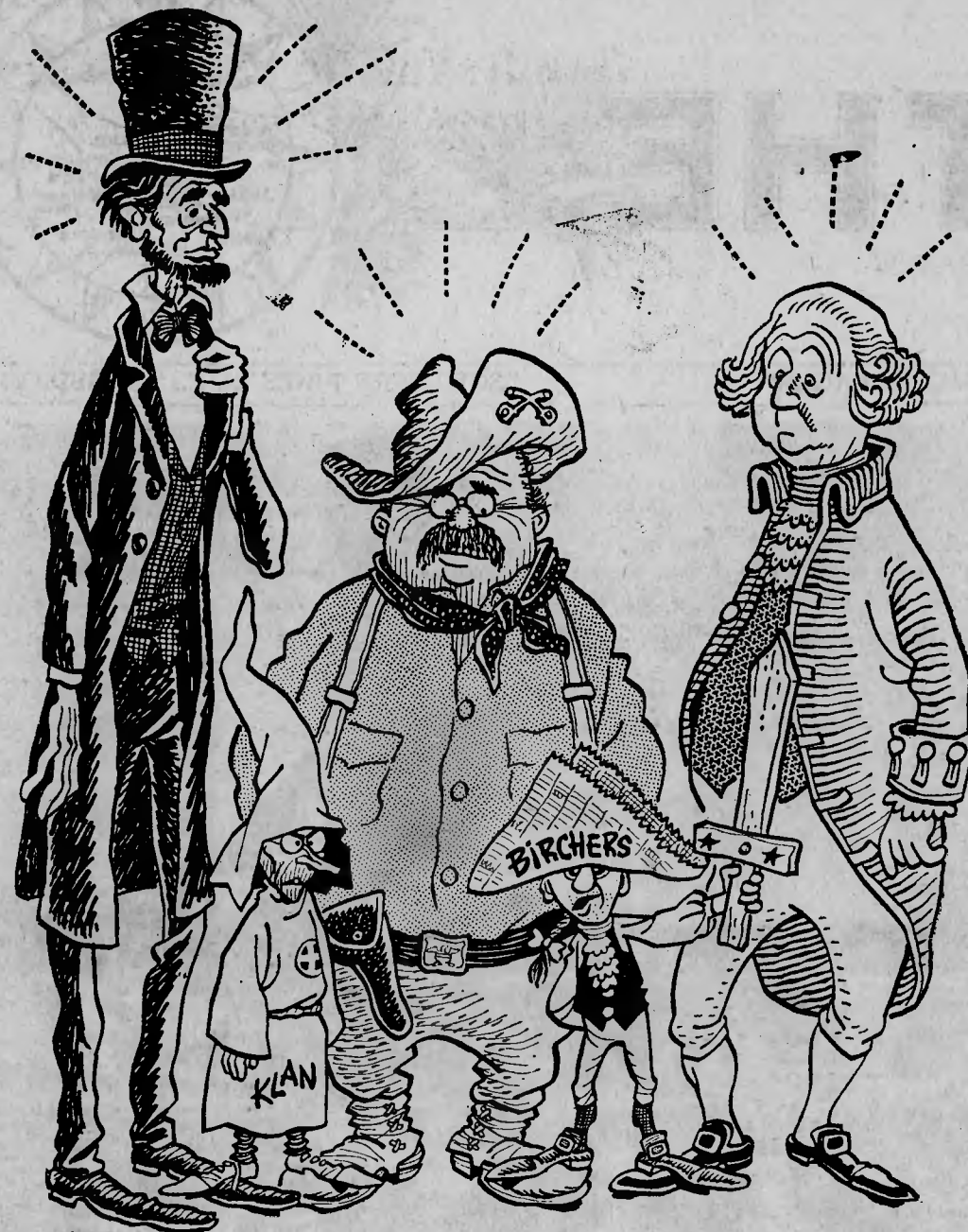
your hard work and great talent in this matter of the Christmas lights for our town. So grateful are we that we would not THINK of depriving you of this noble and devoted task." To which the reply was a groan of utmost anguish.

Seriously, this matter of the Christmas lights does need advance planning and the Jaycees, or whoever takes up this task of making the town bright and beautiful at this very special time, must have help and plenty of it. The council suggested that the Merchants' Council be approached: the hushed interruption "if we can ever find it" was passed over without comment and the advertising committee, as appointed by the council, was mentioned as another possible source of help.

The Pilot, ever generous with suggestions, has these to offer: (1) Abandon attempt to cover the whole of Broad Street's two sides and concentrate on a few of the prettiest parts. (2) Decorate two or three of the finest trees and light them with strong spotlights, as the holly at the post office is lit; (3) Decorate with garlands and wreaths the town hall entrance, the library entrance, the two banks, making generous use of spotlights; salt to taste; add sugar, beaten into whites of egg, cinnamon, raisins; pour over rum sauce just before serving . . . but we seem to have wandered into the plum pudding field. Oh well, we'd better start early on that problem, too.

Apologies and hurrahs to the Jaycees who have worked hard and well. May they live long to put up many Christmas lights in our town, but only if everybody—Town and merchants—is ready to help.

"Nobody Here But Us Extremists ..."



ZSCHIERCHE

The Public Speaking

Extremists Always Say They Act For Liberty

To the Editor:

Once again the San Francisco convention proved that the surest way to win a political fight is to mobilize the "gut-fighting" professionals, as Charley Halleck calls them.

Though there are some liberals with statesmanlike qualities in the higher echelons of the Republican party, its rank and file are moderately conservative. The Goldwater nomination is as much a victory over these moderates as over the forces of liberalism. Though Barry had the support of moderates at the convention, he won primarily through the steamroller tactics of the very far right. He may not be proud of the members of the John Birch Society, but he needs their votes. Only thus can one interpret his far-fetched quibble to the effect that by "extremism being no vice" he meant the sending of United States Marines to Lebanon. Even a college dropout (Barry quit college in freshman year) ought to have doubts as to whether so utterly stupid an evasion could possibly be bought by even one of those wicked political reporters and commentators who, as he claims, so consistently slant their reporting against him.

As to when "extremism in the cause of liberty" may be justified, even a Senator who is considered uneducated by other Senators of his own party ought to know that most of the extremist tyrants of history, from Caesar and Napoleon to Hitler and Stalin, acted in the name of

liberty and justice. The Birchers think they do the same, as do also the white extremists in Mississippi and the black extremists who follow Malcolm X.

This philosopher-statesman was wildly applauded by his followers when he and his hand-picked speakers defended the right of the John Birch Society to dissent. Then the same followers howled in protest against the same right of dissent being allowed that section of the American press which cannot swallow whole the cancerous doctrines of this "conservative" madman. With Barry's gang it depends on who dissents from what.

As one newspaper editor put it, "the nomination of Goldwater is a turning of the back on Republican tradition, on the prevailing views of the rank and file Republican voter, on sensible foreign and nuclear policy, on sound relations with America's friends and allies, and on common sense."

As one Republican Congressman put it, "With Goldwater heading the ticket, the truth is—let's face it—we become the party of Kookism."

DONALD G. HERRING
Southern Pines

Spraying Program Poses Dangers To People, Too

To the Editor:

There is an old saying: "The only thing left to tax is the air we breathe." Now it seems that even this freedom is being taken away from us by the Town's chemical sprayer.

This spray machine comes around every week spewing its

chemical tongues of death first up one street and down the other. Chemical spraying kills bugs just fine and dandy (if it catches them). It also knocks off birds, squirrels, rabbits and, according to statistics noted below, a few people now and then.

Here is the nature of the ingredients in this chemical dragon that stalks the streets of Southern Pines during the prime of too many of our lovely evenings:

Beta Butoxy Beta Thiocyanate Diethyl Ether, 19.8%; Malathion (O, O-Dimethyl Dithiophosphate of Diethylmercaptosuccinate), 44.7%; Petroleum Distillate, 32.5%; and Inert Ingredients, 3%.

The cancer business is booming here as elsewhere! Ask your doctor to check the following statements. Ask the Town Council to look into it.

Two Mayo Clinic physicians have reported four cases of leukemia which they suspect were caused by heavy exposure to insecticides. The doctors state that a spray blew through an open window and caused a mother and her son to cough and choke for 15 minutes. Eight months later leukemia was diagnosed in the son. The mother developed leukemia 4½ years later. Drs. Karl H. Kolmeir and Edwin D. Bayrd also report that leukemia developed in two cousins eight months after exposure to insecticide spraying.

Many cases of mysterious "virus infections" and neurotic conditions can be traced to the potent insecticides now in widespread use, suggests Dr. Douglas Campbell, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of California. Speaking before a San Francisco Medical Society panel on chemical poisons, Dr. Campbell said that case files in his own practice show that many complaints of strange ailments come after a gardening stint during which flowers were sprayed for pests. Most of the modern "miracle" pesticides, Dr. Campbell said, contain residual solids that can be salted away in our own body fat. These stored poisons frequently re-intoxicate persons who go on a low-calorie diet. They are, in effect, made ill by their own poisoned fat. Referring to virus as a "useful word to hide behind," Dr. Campbell reported that "virus infection" patterns that have closed entire schools can be traced to pesticide spraying in the neighborhood.

This letter ends on one note of hope. If the Town Council doesn't come to their senses, there is an antidote drug that will counter the effects of parathion, malathion and other organic phosphate insecticides, in both severe and mild poisoning. Organic phosphate insecticides are derivatives of German nerve gasses and disrupt the body's natural enzyme system. The drug reactivates the enzyme damaged by the insecticides.

This is the tax we may have to pay for freedom from our chemicalized air!

TOM O'NEIL
110 Highland Rd.
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

Quite A Week

Last week was the week dedicated to the Hamburger. And to ham this year, we take it, as the week was captured, body and soul, by the Republican convention that ended in the nomination of Barry Goldwater.

Tempted to a smartly crack about "a ham of the first water," we practice restraint—no extremism, Pat!—and merely point to a few other curious things that happened in the week of July 12 to 18 in other years as well as this one:

On July 13, 1865, Horace Greeley told everybody to go west and then went to Washington. But he got himself nominated for president on the tickets of both the Liberal Republican and the Democratic parties. Thereby going Barry one better.

Julius Caesar was born in this historic week, and the French busted up the Bastille on the Fourteenth and let out all the prisoners except a few scared frogs who preferred to remain inside. On July 18, Nero set Rome afire—though he always denied it and said he was fiddling away hoping to attract attention and get help. They asked him why he didn't blow the siren or at least a bugle but he said he didn't know how.

To go back to Greeley: Mr. Richard Armour, who thought up most of these tidbits, claims that when Greeley did finally go West he was editor of the New York Tribune and got an interview with Brigham Young. The patriarch told him a whole lot of things but, unfortunately, he was not able to print them.

Let's see: Brigham had 15 wives, didn't he?

So Be It

On the banks of the river Windrush, that winds through Burford in the Cotswolds country of rich farmlands and villages of almost magical beauty, is one of the oldest churches in England.

As the river flows through the town it passes under a Roman bridge, hump-backed, narrow; just below the bridge, in its waterside garden, stands the old stone church.

Following the twisting banks of the stream, the garden is a maze of little paths bordered by low creeping flowers, of tangles of every old-fashioned plant imaginable, of plots of herbs and ferny nooks in the shade of the willows and great oaks that reach their branches across the water. In the graveyard, back of the church, the paths are crossed at frequent intervals by arches of climbing roses.

Here under the black shadows of ancient yews, stand the tombstones in wavering lines, leaning a bit this way or that. The dates go back to the fourteenth century. The lettering covered with lichen-tracery is often almost illegible, but if the visitor persists in trying to decipher the inscriptions, he will be well-rewarded. Among much that is of interest and human wisdom, he will find the poem printed below. Tender, simple, yet with a strength of love and faith that is like the rush of a great wave, here is an epitaph that is also, and forever, a love-song.

EPITAPH

In bliss is hee,
Whom I lov'd best,
Thrice happy shee
With him to rest

So shall I bee
With him I lov'd,
And hee with mee,
And both us blessed.

Love made me Poet,
And this I writt,
My heart did do yt,
And not my wit.

Anon
(In Burford Churchyard),
From "A Book of Marriage,"
selected by Ivor Brown (Hammish Hamilton, London).

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