

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.

A New Proposal Worth Studying

The proposal of the Moore County board of education, that the county be re-districted for election of a seven-man board to head an all-county system of schools, merits due consideration and serious study at this time.

With five members elected from two contiguous school districts each, one from Southern Pines as the most populous district and one as a member at large from the county as a whole, the result would be far more proportionate representation of the more heavily populated, lower end of the county.

Appointing and working with five-man school committees in each of the 11 districts, the seven-man board would provide an excellent measure of local control in itself, and through extension, in the committees.

Writing this before the Southern Pines-Pinehurst merger meeting at the Armory Tuesday night, we must say we feel this is the best plan yet presented to assure the fullest future development of our schools. Worked out by the county board of education, it has the full endorsement of that board, which is ready to support the necessary legislation.

It is possible, of course, that the Armory meeting may produce a counter-plan of equal value, but we doubt it, as the two city units, planning their own consolidation apart from the county system, appear to us to be on a collision course.

They are going to collide soon with the firm objections, already expressed, of the county commissioners to approve the expenditure of tax funds for the construction of a second consolidated high school, costing \$1 million or more, in the lower end of the county.

Funds have been voted and plans are

moving ahead fast for the building of the Area III high school for Aberdeen and West End in the county system, and these districts have invited Southern Pines and Pinehurst to join the county system and share this new facility with them. While declining to do so, the two city units have indicated they would be happy to accept Aberdeen and West End into their separate unit.

The county commissioners, informing all three units that "We want you folks to get together," has set a second meeting for discussion of ways to consolidate the four high schools in one building. They have asked each of the interested boards to come up with a proposal "either for an all-city or all-county unit."

As for the "all-city unit," the county board of education has set itself firmly against weakening its system by such secession, and we have reason to believe the State Board of Education would never approve such action either.

Nor will the State Board, we firmly believe, ever approve the construction of a second big high school for this area, any more than the county commissioners will appropriate capital outlay funds for it.

Those are some of the things with which the city units are going to collide on the way toward their merger, and we believe it is time they appraised the situation realistically.

We hope they will have some proposals to offer August 18 which will open the way to an agreement, and to which the county commissioners—concerned with the good of all the children, and fairness to all the taxpayers—can profitably listen. In the meantime, we believe the county board of education has taken a giant step.

Why Can't Southern Pines?

After a visit to Princeton, up in New Jersey, it is just about impossible to avoid commenting on the extraordinary beauty of the town.

The town itself is lovely, beyond words, it is, as always, the great beauty of Princeton's trees that make the old town such a paradise.

Lining all the streets, the great elms and oaks reach out over the asphalt to form long, cool archways, their garbled trunks towering like the pillars in a colonnade.

Quite evidently, Princetonians treasure their trees. They see that they are carefully tended by experts and everything is done to keep them in good condition. This includes protection from damage, from whatever source. We refer especially to wires.

In Princeton the trees are not shaved off or tuned through for the passage of electric or telephone wires. The wires are put in big cables and run through the branches. As far as can be noticed, there is practically no trimming at all.

Now: if Princeton can do this, why not Southern Pines?

We have always claimed that Southern Pines people cared as much about their

trees as Princetonians or anybody else. We have always thought that Southern Pines people are as one in considering their trees and shrubbery to be a prime factor in bringing people here to live. But though a great many certainly do feel this way and there is strong dislike and grief over the constant heavy trimming and disfiguring of the trees, it seems doubtful that this feeling is getting over to the authorities and those directly responsible.

After all, and harking back: Princeton has its great university, a host of leading schools and institutions for special studies, many great industries are in its suburbs and its location is strategic in the center of the Eastern economic complex. Yet, with all this, Princeton spends much time and effort to win the cooperation of the utilities and thereby save its trees. Princeton cherishes its trees as if they were pure gold. As in a certain sense they are.

Southern Pines has no college, alas, but it has its trees. And they are just as fine as those in Princeton. Or would be and can be if they are given the same protection.

Again we say: if Princeton can do it, why can't we?

Parks: A Priceless Asset

The dedication of the municipal swimming pool in West Southern Pines emphasized the excellent playground which is its site, and which is being developed as a real center for community recreation.

We commend the town council, town manager and citizens of West Southern Pines for the cooperation which has provided such a center. With the pool, tennis courts and ball field, it still has wide open spaces for numerous other activities. Much of it is raw ground and there is need for beautification, but this will undoubtedly come in time.

This gives rise to the thought—if the Town should ever build a pool on the east side, where would it be? The first suggestion would, no doubt, be, "The town park." But then the whole movement would probably die a-borning, for it is obvious that there just isn't that much room left on the town park, even before the new fire station is built there, as may soon be done.

The Town Park was never very large to begin with, just one city block, and the Milliken Building occupies one corner of that. We decry none of the installations and activities which are there—the Municipal Building, four tennis courts and small children's playground. But there is hardly any breathing space left any more.

It is strange that Southern Pines, so progressive in other ways, should have been so backward through the years in the matter of park space. We admit it takes real foresight to put current tax

money into projects which might not be badly needed for 20 years, but that is about the only way these days that growing towns can assure themselves of parks.

We will forever deplore the loss of the Millen tract, five forested acres just two blocks west of Broad Street off New York avenue, which its owners gave to the town as a park in 1928. If no public use were made of it in 20 years, it would revert to the owner. By 1948 not only had the Town done nothing at all with the property, but it had grown into an unsightly and dangerous jungle, a nuisance of which neighbors complained.

The fact that storm waters drained into the central ravine was seen by the town fathers as an obstacle too costly to surmount. State and district foresters visiting the spot declared it salvageable and well worth the cost, for the beauty of the woods and the number of recreation sites which offered within them. They said that parks in most towns were so far out as to be almost inaccessible to most of the population, and that any town with a chance at park space so close in had a treasure beyond price.

Mrs. Edmund Millen rightly requested the neglected acres back, and the Town deeded them to her. Now is it just about the most valuable land left close in, as the town has grown, and the present owner plans to subdivide and sell it for house lots.

This particular opportunity will not come again. We should look for another and not let it slip away.

"TH' KILLIN' O' THEM THREE AGITATORS AIN'T NO THIN' BUT JEST A HOAX..."



Our Compromise Alphabet Not Bad

There is a lot of yack theseed this new alphabet, quite properly is a grandson of Sir Isaac Pitman, who invented the phonetic shorthand system which bears his name. It employs the basic phonetics of Sir Isaac.

Phonetics as a substitute for our present hodge-podge spelling is nothing new. It was advocated years ago by an eminent American as President Theodore Roosevelt, who believed that words should be spelled like they sounded.

And there are languages in which every letter is pronounced almost the same way in every word, the most notable being German.

Another is the Japanese katakana, which undertakes to represent each consonant-vowel syllable with an individual letter, as an escape from the ideographic kanji, inherited from the Chinese and in which each world is represented by a single ideographic symbol, some of them very complicated. Thus the Japanese student to become complete literate in kanji must learn not 26 letters as in English, or some 50 or 60 letters as in the katakana alphabet, but literally thousands of individual ideographs.

It is quite easy to understand

how this proliferation of letters is quite a handicap to mechanical methods of communication through type-setting machines, typewriters, and forms of telegraphy. You just can't make a machine which must employ more than a thousand characters and expect to get any kind of speed out of it.

The English language confesses to be very much like the Chinese in that we have a great many words pronounced identically but spelled differently. These words really amount to ideographs, which must be learned separately. Our advantage is that we create these words out of individual letters and do not have to create different letters for each individual word.

This fact casts some doubt over the wisdom of enlarging our alphabet so as to represent more sounds and simplify spelling. The more letters you use the slower you are going to be able to communicate.

The English language thus can be seen to represent a compromise between the ideological and the phonetic systems. Words which have the same sound but different meanings, we spell differently: to, too, two; I eye, ayel aisle, isle; sea, see; in, inn; by, buy, bye, bi-; and so forth.

In the case of "to, too and two" each combination of letters pronounced alike, is essentially an ideograph. A Chinese word-character, which must be learned separately by the reader independent of phonetics. If they were all represented in a phonetic alphabet by "tu" the reader would be compelled to differentiate between them by context, which could slow reading.

We may put some additional strain on the memory of the learner by spelling them differently, but by so doing we keep our working alphabet low and thus add great speed to all our means of mechanical communication.

Just give a stenographer a typewriter with 100 characters on it instead of 41 and see how fast your letters get out!

—Fayetteville Observer

TERMINES: HOT AND COLD

The News and Observer carried an extraordinary news story that emanated from Chapel Hill, the other day.

We realize that both these localities are suspect in the minds of some, and there's no doubt but what the subject of the article concerns subversive boring-from-within that is pretty extensive. Termites is the subject; No Speaker Ban; no editorial slant.

Termites as a tribe have consumed more than \$1 billion worth of U. S. property in one year, says the article, and a lady zoologist, named Dr. Elizabeth McMahan, has decided it is time to do something about it. Under a grant from the National Science Foundation, she is making a fierce attack on termites in her Chapel Hill laboratory. It seems that the late Rachel Carson's book, "Silent Spring," sparked much study of means to combat destructive bugs through biological methods instead of the dangerous pesticides.

It turns out that termites are like bees, living in an organized society of three castes. One of these is devoted solely to reproduction. Immediately you'll say: O. K. Put the kibosh on those and you're fixed! Not so. The termites get around that, in their subversive way. If a reproductive pair dies, two termites from another caste instantly develop the necessary wherewithall, quit their worker jobs and go in for family life.

So then, what? Dr. McMahan has a better idea. Banking on the social conscience of the termites, who have a passion for constantly feeding each other, she devised a grisly plan. She subjects a termite to radiation then puts the "hot" termite in with the gang. He immediately goes to work exchanging food with the others and thus irradiates the whole kaboodle. Result: no more baby termites.

That's the idea; at least as far as we were able to understand it. The article is extremely interesting and if anyone wants to see it, call GRAINS. It just could be more informative (accurate?) than this.

There's a picture with the story, too. According to the caption, it shows "a soldier blocking the entrance to the termitaria (cafeteria) while being fed through the hindgut by a nymph." The picture isn't really very interesting.

"Pink." Did You Say?

Another patriotic society has been organized, taking its place beside the Birchites, Minutemen, and the rest. The new one is called the Nathan Hale Society and its members regret that they have but one life to give for their country.

According to Gore Vidal, who with Joshua Logan is doing a film about the flag wavers and fringe groups from all points of the compass, this last crowd is super-patriotic. It is friendly with the John Birch Society but avers that, while the members are "nice people," it considers them to be "a trifle pink."

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

I have always been among those who believed that the greatest freedom of speech was the greatest safety, because if a man is a fool, the best thing to do is to encourage him to advertise the fact by speaking.

—WOODROW WILSON

Grains of Sand

Watch It
See where a baby's high chair was used as a missile in a recent Moore County affray. Without success, however, either in the fight or in the court room. The judge over-ruled the defense attorney's plea that it be classed as a deadly weapon.

This raises a question. In our opinion, it all depends whether or not there was an occupant of the high chair.

It is our experience that a high chair with a baby in it, armed, as is usual, with a large spoon, is as deadly a weapon as one would care to encounter. If he has a cup, too,—watch yourself!

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