

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. Where 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.

Where Better Than Southern Pines?

We can't think of a better community than Southern Pines in which to locate the "ideal institution of Christian higher education" which is envisioned in a proposal for the merger of three Presbyterian colleges.

The imaginations of local residents have been fired by the college proposal and favorable comments have come from all quarters.

Come to think of it, Southern Pines might aptly be described right now as a college town without a college. If the merger proposal is approved and if the college is located here, we can well imagine that, after a few years, it will seem as if the institution had always been here—so suitable are the physical structure, and facilities, the type of residents and the general spirit of this community.

Looked at this way, it becomes surprising that no sizable private school or college has hitherto chosen Southern Pines for its home. Already, there is here a tradition, a quality of community living into which a college could fit neatly and felicitously. Seldom has a proposal dealing with Southern Pines been met with such universal recognition and approval.

The college proposal is still in its preliminary stages. It appears that consolidation is as controversial a subject on the level of higher education as it is with local high school and elementary school districts. The chairman of the Peace College board of trustees is pointing out that a majority of that board opposes consolidation of Peace with other colleges. The president of Presbyterian Junior College notes that approval has not yet been obtained from the Synod of North Carolina and that "it may be a matter of five to 10 years before the estimated five million dollars needed to construct the new campus can be secured."

Several communities other than Southern Pines are reported to be under consideration as sites for the college or to be bidding for the institution with a financial inducement. A \$1 million fund is reportedly pledged for the proposed institution in Fayetteville.

To our mind, the advantages of Southern Pines as a site are many and indisputable. Without scraping the barrel, we think of:

1. Several possible sites, affording potential landscaping for an unusually attractive campus.
2. A municipal water supply that right now

could supply a town of twice our size and which is already being surveyed for further future expansion.

3. Many and varied recreational facilities—specifically golf and riding, that is, the type of facility that could not normally be supplied by a college itself and would supplement its own athletic program. The spectator value of Sandhills sports events would also be appreciable for young people in search of wholesome recreation.

4. Above average quantity and quality of hotel and restaurant accommodations for visitors to students at the college, week-end sports crowds and so forth.

5. Above average quantity and quality of rental and other housing for families who might want to move to the college community while their sons or daughters are students.

6. Shops and stores geared to a resort, as well as to a local, trade and thereby better able to meet the specialized demands of college students.

7. A town accustomed for many years to being hospitable, to making visitors (and what are college students but long-term visitors?) feel comfortable and at home.

8. A cultural background—concerts, art exhibits, book stores and a large number of residents, retired and not retired, with an interest in cultural matters and whose presence would assure congenial local associations for both faculty members and students.

9. The unusual "pleasantness" of Southern Pines and the Sandhills community physically—public and private landscaping, gardens, housing and so forth.

10. Law and order. A general atmosphere, based on actual fact, of security, safety and freedom from molestation throughout the community.

These considerations are given from the point of view of advantages to the college. The advantages to Southern Pines—economically, culturally and in other ways, are obvious.

Whatever happens to the college proposal, Southern Pines can, on sheer merit alone, make the strongest bid for its site.

Going Slow On Recreation Bond Election

The town council is acting wisely in going slow on asking for a bond election on recreation facilities.

We agree that the people should have a chance to vote on this matter, but we also believe that other pressing needs of the town should be made known and the items listed so that citizens are privileged to see them all in the perspective of the next 10 or 15 years.

While council discussion so far has been on the basis of the Recreation Advisory Committee's reports that lists needs of \$250,000, this figure is admittedly an estimate for the two swimming pools, two recreation center buildings and two bath houses that the suggested program calls for.

At this stage of discussions, there is no commitment to a \$250,000 recreation proposal. That is simply a figure from which to start figuring. It might be that the voters would reject a program of that scope but would accept a less expensive alternative. Faced with a suggestion that has, according to the Recreation Advisory Committee, wide public backing, the council no doubt would rightly feel obligated to call some kind of a recreation bond election. Fig-

ures on other major expenses that will call for bonds—which are to be provided by the city manager at the July meeting—must certainly be taken into consideration in deciding how much to ask the people to vote on now.

The council has been told by the city manager that Southern Pines faces large expenditures in the water, sewer and street departments. A town hall-fire house-jail building is a much needed facility. But many citizens, especially those of West Southern Pines, are calling for more recreation facilities.

The five men who sit around the table at town hall want, we feel sure, to do what the people want done at this financial crossroads in town planning. The people, individually and as organizations or civic groups, should let the council know what they want.

The council's problem at this time is not to have to decide what will be done, but only to decide on what and when they will ask the people to vote. But there is no use presenting for an election questions that are, to begin with, unacceptable to large numbers of voters.

That is why citizens should now take the opportunity to make their opinions known to the council.

We're Too Casual About Firearms

The trial and sentencing to prison of Richard Kluckhohn must have caused many a fancier of firearms to realize the lurking menace of his weapons. If such be the case, the strange Raleigh tragedy—in which a woman on the street was killed by a bullet from a pistol fired out of the young man's hotel window—may have served a constructive purpose, as accounts of the affair went out over the nation on the press service wires.

From the three-year-old who struts the streets wearing six-shooters so realistic in appearance that every now and then a faint-hearted bank robber uses one of these "toy" guns instead of the real thing, to the sensible grown man who carries firearms in his automobile or luggage in anticipation of some vague emergency when he figures he will have to protect his life and property, we are entirely too casual about firearms.

It is a great American tradition for the ordinary citizen to be allowed to possess firearms, although it is a rare occasion, now that we are no longer living in a frontier society, when he actually has to use a rifle, shotgun or pistol for anything more than sport or amusement.

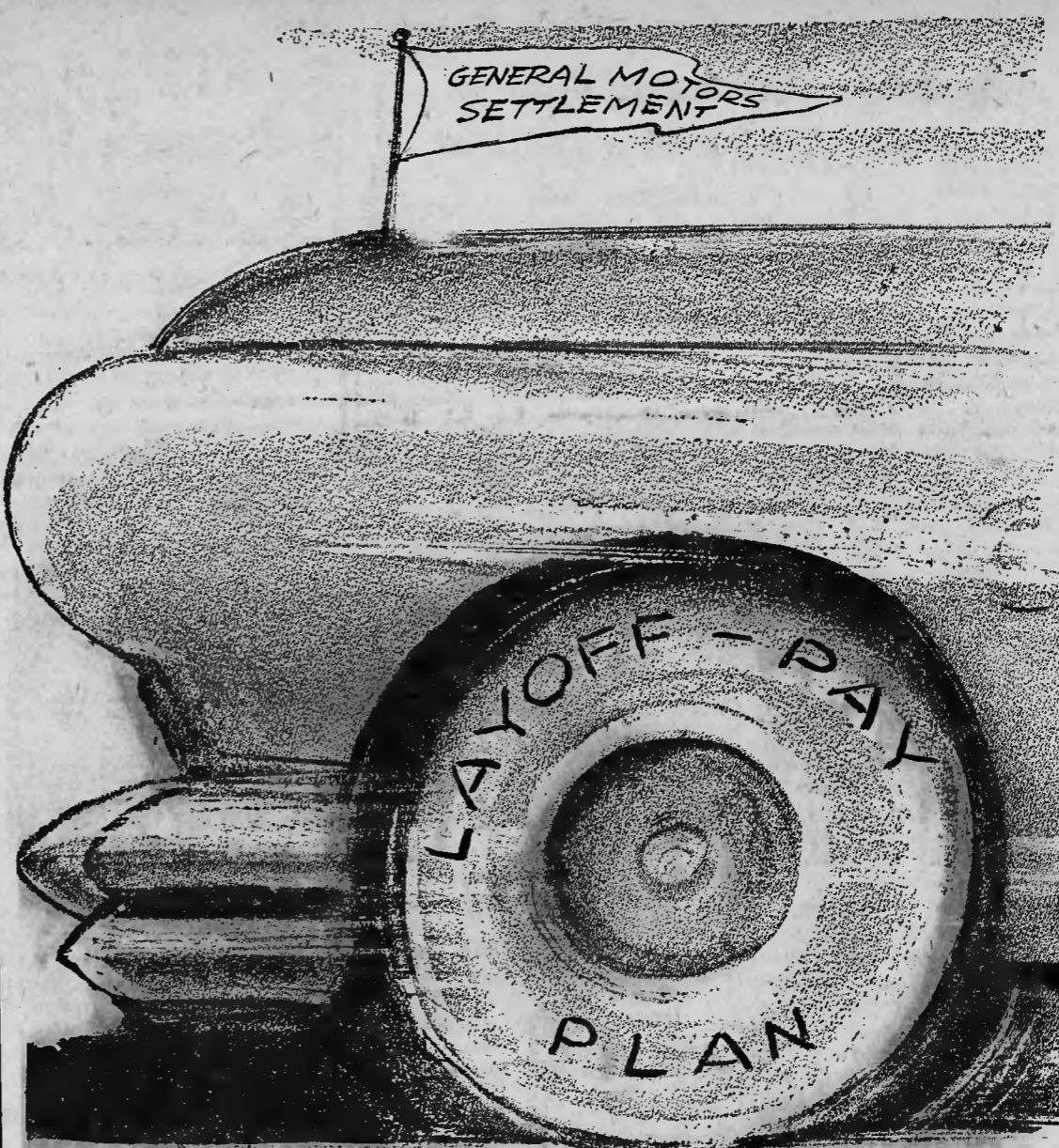
We can see no earthly reason why Richard Kluckhohn, a representative of a publishing firm whose business contacts were with such notably law-abiding persons as college profes-

sors, and who presumably could travel from city to city in the daylight at his own convenience, should have been lugging a deadly weapon around with him.

Since the ill-fated shot exploded from the hotel window, no doubt this same sentiment has crossed the mind of Richard Kluckhohn a thousand times. Why did he have the gun with him? Why did he pick it up? Why did he pull the trigger? The questions are unanswerable. There was absolutely no necessity for what happened.

If his appeal fails and if he goes to prison, Richard Kluckhohn will have ample time to ponder the folly and futility and dire destructiveness of his firearms hobby. Whether or not he ever goes to prison, he will live the rest of his life with the knowledge that a gun in his hands took a fellow human being's life.

We can't help but feel that there will be more repentant Richard Kluckhohns and more tragically dead Miss Bernice Seawells unless we become more personally responsible about firearms. Encouraging three-year-olds to pretend to kill each other with their magnificent plastic weapons is a poor way to start raising a generation that relegates firearms to their proper place in a generally law-abiding civilization in which it is pretty certain that there are no hostile Indians hiding behind the trees over the hill.



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ROAD TEST

'The Second Greatest Danger'

Individual Being Squeezed Out?

(From a recent speech by Adlai Stevenson before the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Philadelphia.)

If I were asked what the greatest danger is today in the conduct of democracy's affairs I suppose I would think first of war—but second, and immediately, of a very different kind of thing—of what seems to me the possibility that we in America are becoming so big, so organized, so institutionalized, so governmentalized—yes, and so standardized—that there is increasing danger that the individual and his precious diversity will get squeezed out completely.

Freedom—effective freedom—does not exist as a formula which can be written out by some and then used by others. The term itself is used as an argument for everything from absolutism to anarchy. Freedom is not what the government does. It is not something that is either won or lost in the world's capitals or on its battlefields, or that can be preserved by law—except for a moment or two in history's expanse.

In Minds and Hearts

The freedom that counts is simply what is in the minds and hearts of millions of people. It is nothing more than the total of the feelings of people as they are expressed in the way we, the people, deal with our own families and our own neighbors and associates. This is freedom's hope today on the other side of the iron curtain. And, paradoxically, it is part of freedom's danger here at home.

If we could only realize that all freedom really amounts to is the way we think about and treat a non-conforming neighbor, a dissenting teacher, the minority view among us, people of different races and religions, people from the other side of town—then citizenship might become more meaningful, and freedom infinitely more secure.

We applaud in the fields of physical science freedom to look for new truth. The whole urge there is to do things differently from the way they have been done before, to assume that old assumptions are wrong, to assert that there are four dimensions where only three have previously been recognized, to unlock particles of matter, and unleash immeasurable forces—to everlastingly probe and penetrate the unknown.

Attitude Different

But in the field of thinking about social and economic and political relationships our attitude is very different. The work of the heretic, the questioner, in science is applauded; but in society it is different. We grasped

eagerly, desperately, for the great new thoughts which came from Einstein and Oppenheimer about the relativity of matter, but their views on the relativity of men were suspect and unsafe. We seem to realize too little that the same kind of thinking which split the atom and is now controlling the virus which caused polio may be needed to teach us how to control the use of the atom and to stop the virus which causes war.

Our recent inclination to turn upon our thinkers, to sneer at intellectuals and to hold them up to ridicule, to suspect, denounce and require oaths of them, is not



ADLAI STEVENSON

just an attack on their dignity and freedom as individuals. It impairs, too, our hopes for the enlarged freedoms for all of us which could be the product of their unchallenged right to dissent and to explore. It seems so wrong to take a gun this way and blow out our brains.

'Well-Adjusted'?

May I add here just a footnote of further and not unrelated concern about the latter day emphasis in our schools upon "the well-adjusted individual." I'm not coming out in favor of the maladjustment of individuals, but at the same time over-emphasis on the "well-rounded," "well-adjusted," "well-balanced" personality seems deliberately designed to breed mental neuters. In actual practice mental neutrality means docile support of the status quo.

And when students and teachers alike are discouraged from a critical evaluation of society, we are taking a longer step into the Age of Conformity than we may wish.

There is cause for concern among freedom's friends, I think, that faith—the heart and meaning of freedom—has become less a part of our everyday life. We profess less, and perhaps share less, the religious faith of an earlier

time which bade us love and trust one another—and accordingly respect each other's freedom.

Yet to speak of peace in terms of the demands of lasting freedom, to speak of it as members of the human race, is to think today far beyond a stalemate of arms, a cease-fire, a treaty. Peace means today facing squarely into the deadly, hypnotic eye of the hydrogen bomb—facing it and finding the answer. And there is only one sure answer.

Another Revolution

This scientific revolution in man's capacity for self-destruction calls for an equivalent revolution in man's capacity for self-preservation and the conduct of our foreign affairs. It will not do to rely only on the orthodox, time-tried methods of foreign policy which the great states have used in the past; for war was one of these methods; and today either war must become obsolete, or mankind will.

We can no longer rest contentedly on the framework of the old diplomacy and the old strategy of preponderant or balanced power. We must move beyond it to the brighter day envisioned just ten years ago when the Nazi nightmare died and the United Nations came to birth in San Francisco amid great rejoicing. We must resume the attack on the institution of war itself.

What are the chances that we may get somewhere at last in our efforts to prevent a hydrogen war? I don't know. While there are signs that patience and strength are paying off, I have no illusions that our search for peace will succeed easily. Yet, in all conscience, our great nation has no choice other than to use its day of leadership to work remorselessly for peace—to do its best to make sure that the epoch of American power produces, not the final earthly holocaust, but a world of justice, security and freedom.

Three Cornerstones

Faith, knowledge and peace—these will be the cornerstones of such a world. And, of these, none will avail if peace is lacking, if an atom split in anger turns out to be mankind's last reality.

Here in Philadelphia, the birthplace of American independence, where the Great Declaration was signed, just nineteen years ago Franklin Roosevelt said that this generation had a rendezvous with destiny.

That rendezvous grows ever more urgent and fateful. Armed by knowledge, humbled by faith, consecrated to peace, we may yet keep that rendezvous and help usher in a new and splendid era for mankind—yes, and for man's freedom.

Grains of Sand

Glass Near Railroad

Barefoot boys with cheeks of tan had better avoid the path along the south side of the railroad, between Pennsylvania and New Hampshire Avenues. About the place where the short-cut paths cross from East to West Broad, there is considerable broken glass—or there was last week-end when we crossed that way.

Origin of the glass, it appears, is wine bottles that are thrown into the shrubbery between West Broad and the tracks—a bottle dump that is rivalled only by The Pilot's parking lot as a favorite disposal place.

Crossing the tracks recently we saw one of the small fry involved in some complicated personal game. He was snapping a cap pistol and breaking wine bottles against the steel-tired wheels of a railroad baggage wagon. This accounts for at least some of the broken glass in that area.

Rain In The Night

Sunday night was a blessed one for farmers and gardeners in the Sandhills. With rain in the offing and never falling in any appreciable quantity all day Saturday and Sunday, the skies cleared at bedtime Sunday and most of us longing for rain went to bed thinking that the clouds had been driven off and that the longed-for rain was lost for maybe another dry and worrisome week.

Then, in the night, late, the rain came—a steady, solid, heavy lasting downpour, a "real soaker."

For the farmer or gardener—is there anything more wonderful: to wake in the night to the drumming of needed rain—rain that was given up for lost at bedtime.

There was no thunder and lightning. It was an April rain falling in June.

Then, in the morning, the sun was shining on the wet earth. Gardeners and farmers become poets at moments like these, could they write down the thankfulness and joy that a night rain brings.

Sheriff As Censor

The General Assembly's comic book censorship law, designed to eliminate scenes of murder, sex and mayhem in lurid "comic books," hasn't caused a ripple of activity in the office of Moore County Sheriff C. J. McDonald who has not yet been called upon to wield the blue pencil.

The law, passed over protest of a few legislators who saw a threat to freedom of expression in a state censorship law of any kind, designates the sheriffs of North Carolina's 100 counties as the arbiters of the new comic book standards—a task we are sure practically no sheriff wants to undertake.

A spokesman at the sheriff's office this week quoted the sheriff as believing he didn't think he'd have much to do insofar as comic books in Moore County are concerned. Dealers throughout the county appear to be selling a minimum of the more lurid type of book. No complaints have reached the sheriff's office.

A number of persons we've talked to also expressed the opinion that a large part of the worst type of comic books are bought by adults. Many children, we noticed, pass over "horror" comics on the stands to choose stories that might often be called silly but by no means disgusting or obscene.

Herbert Cutter

Nice to see Herbert Cutter around town again, here on a visit. Looking lots better than when he left, too, when, as you may recall, he had had several spells of illness. We understand he likes it fine at that wonderful Elks Home in Bedford, Va., but we have missed him around here and don't mind if he knows it.

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