

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.

A Call To Work For Peace

It is not often that a small newspaper has the privilege of being the first to print a piece of writing by a great man and a great author. That is The Pilot's privilege, this week, in the publication, on page 1, of the letter written by Dr. Albert Schweitzer to General Marshall. Written to send birthday greetings to the general, a co-winner with the doctor of the Nobel Peace Prize, the letter is far more than the conventional congratulatory on such an occasion. In its depth of feeling, its sincerity, the urgency of its phraseology, there is a message for everyone.

The letter is made especially dramatic, we feel, in sharpening, as it does, the drama of the peace presentation to two men of such opposing lives.

One is the soldier, at the top of his chosen military profession: a man who has spent most of his life preparing his country for war and seeing it through to triumph in two stupendous conflicts; the other is a man of peace from the start. He is a philosopher, an authority on the life of Christ; he is a great musician and a builder of organs; he is a great doctor and healer.

The second man, having spent his life in scholarship and creative work, now lives in the depths of Africa, close to nature, giving all his time and strength to the care of the sick and suffering. The first man has lived at the forefront of world affairs; his retirement is recent and even now hardly complete. Among his correspondents, those who continue to seek him out, are the great in the world of action, of governmental and military authority.

Keep The Dimes Marching . . . And Use Vaccine

The nation enters the current March of Dimes campaign like some one who is recovering from an illness but is not yet well.

The darkest days of polio lie behind us. The future is not wholly bright but all signs point to steadily clearing weather. The Salk vaccine, proven effective in a large percentage of cases, offers immunity to paralytic polio for millions who have taken or will take the shots. But the effects of polio in the past—amounting to some 68,000 patients under treatment with March of Dimes funds at the turn of the year—remain.

Moreover, we must face the fact that more thousands of persons are destined to get polio, to all of whom help will be extended without cost by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. And the needs of the old cases and the new cases will extend for years to come. Only four per cent of Americans are vaccinated against polio as compared to 75 per cent in the case of diphtheria and 50 per cent of smallpox.

So, in this January of 1956, we urge two-fold action on the part of our readers: (1) Give as generously as ever to the March of Dimes: "Polio isn't licked yet;" and (2) Get started at once, if not already started, on Salk vaccina-

tions for children. One knows from personal experience what war means and understands what a future war would mean as very few can understand it: When he says it could be, and probably would be, the end for our civilization, he knows what he is talking about. The other man can envisage the beauty of peace, the need of peace for suffering humanity, the hope of peace, as can few of us. In his understanding and his practical application of the message of the love of God, he has shown to what heights humanity can rise.

In both these men, the respect for the dignity, for the heroism, for the greatness of mankind is a vital thing, making their plea for "peace in our time" almost like a command. There is the sound of a bugle in it and there is the solemn call of a voice speaking from a mount.

It seems to us that there is hardly anything that could so focus, so light up, the need for work on this matter of peace as the realization of the complete agreement of these two great men on the over-riding importance of the question. The humility which both share, as recipients of the award, lays added emphasis on the desperate urgency of personal responsibility. As Dr. Schweitzer writes: "We both of us know how little we have been able to do for the coming of peace and we were almost pained to receive the prize. In working out my talk at Oslo on the problem of peace I was as if crushed by this sentiment."

For the privilege of publishing Dr. Schweitzer's letter, this newspaper is deeply grateful. Like most other papers, the Pilot is the product of its community. If this newspaper has been entrusted with a privilege, it is because of what lies back of it.

ditions for children.

If parents act quickly, there is time now to get children vaccinated with the first two shots before the onset of the 1956 polio season. According to the latest recommendations of the National Polio Vaccine Advisory Committee, the second shot should follow the first at an interval of four to six weeks. The increase in interval from the formerly recommended two to four weeks will enable existing supplies of vaccine to become available for more children.

The North Carolina Polio Advisory Committee, meeting last month at Raleigh, decided that supplies of vaccine in this state are sufficient to extend the eligible age group to include all children from birth through 14 years of age. The committee recommends that parents avail themselves of the opportunity to have their children vaccinated at the earliest possible date.

Through all the dark years of mounting ravages by polio, the American people have shown their faith in the battle against the disease by their continued support of the March of Dimes. That support should not now be withdrawn and the widest possible participation in the Salk vaccine program should be undertaken.

This Is The Time . . .

Those words at the head of a piece can mean a good many things. It's the time to vote; work for peace; give to the March of Dimes, Red Cross, Girl Scouts, TB and so ad infinitum. This week, we're thinking of the birds.

Birds are important members of our community. They do a lot for us in the way of policing up the grounds; they do a lot more in the way of adding joy to the passing hours. The flashing flight of a bluejay against the pines is enough to start the day right. The cardinal, who follows after him with the noon sun on his wings, keeps the good work going and, in late afternoon, there's the chevron talking to his wife in the shrubbery and it's a good cozy sound to hear as you draw the curtains.

Southern Pines is rated a bird sanctuary, but this prized designation could mean more than it does, as a matter of fact. One thing it ought to mean has to do with cats. And it takes nerve to mention THAT subject. Of that we are only too well aware. If bird people are tempestuous, cat people are Hurricane Hazel and all her sisters rolled into one. BUT, just the same: Cat people or no cat people, here's the situation:

Cats do kill birds and it seems to us that cat people ought to try to help out in this situation and keep their cats from roaming. We realize that is asking almost the impossible. Kipling's cat, who walked by himself and all places were alike to him, is only the leader in the age-old, from-here-to-the-moon-long procession of cats who did and do as they damplase. But still . . . can something be done to try to restrain the appetites of the local feline tribe in the matter of birds?

Could cat-lovers feed their cats so full they wouldn't go out hunting? Could they put collars on them and nice little bells on the collars? The latter process would undoubtedly have to be repeated frequently; even the ordinary cat would find some means of taking the bell off or at least wrapping the clapper so it wouldn't sound. Just the same, we do believe it ought, or something ought, to be tried. It's a very sad thing to find a little scattering of red feathers, which was once a spot of gay color in the pines, or the torn soft grey body of a little Carolina

wren. It's not always cat-work, but so very often, it is.

We trust that cat-lovers who are generally animal-lovers and nature-lovers, too, will do what they can to restrain the appetites of their familiars, the tabbies and toms of our community. As for the poor strays, who are probably responsible for a good deal of the destruction of birds, would it be possible for the bird people and the cat people to work together on a scheme for having them mercifully taken care of?

They're Just As Dead

To what extent Moore County should be gratified that there were no homicides in the county last year, in view of the fact that 14 persons were killed in traffic accidents, is debatable.

The zero count on homicides in 1955 was four less than the murders of 1954, but the traffic toll of 14 was four more. In terms of human life snuffed out—on a strictly life for life basis—that would seem to even the score.

Of course, it is gratifying that residents of Moore refrained from killing each other in 1955. Now, as always, the willful taking of another's life is rated the supreme offense, although degrees of reprehensibility are recognized within the killing category.

None of the 14 persons who died on Moore County streets and highways last year (two others were killed in auto accidents on private property) was, it is presumed, the victim of a premeditated attempt to kill. Yet the highway deaths establish the automobile as a weapon far deadlier than guns that fire or knives that flash, in anger, around the county. Whatever the intent of drivers who collided with other drivers or sent their own automobiles hurtling off the road to kill themselves or others, the dead are just as dead as if they had been lined up and shot in purest malice.

Whether in the role of Homicide or the role of Highway Fatality—to use the language of the coroner's report—Death, garbed in the robes of violence, did not pass the county by last year.

BORN TOO SOON



JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

BACKED BY SUPREME COURT DECISION

Charm Is Worthy Municipal Goal

Through town planning, zoning and special ordinances, Southern Pines is much concerned with making itself as pleasant a place as possible in which to live—for the benefit of both visitors and permanent residents. So the article below—taken from "Horizons," a publication of the Associated Institutes of Government of Pennsylvania Universities—is of particular interest here. The many local residents who have for years backed efforts to make Southern Pines a more charming community will be gratified to see from this article that the Supreme Court of the United States concurs in their notion with the words, "It is within the power of the legislature to determine that the community should be beautiful . . ."

A charming community would "delight exceedingly" its own people, would "attract irresistibly" its visitors, if we may so extend the dictionary definition of the verb "to charm." Is that bad?

Municipal charm is a composite quality. It is beauty enhanced by convenience, spaciousness accompanied by the effective use of land, the retention of historical and cultural heritage blended with complete and modern services. Municipal charm is, in short, livability.

Charm can be—has been—an economic asset. It has brought economic well-being to many a town or region. Wise municipalities have protected their attractions; others have lost theirs through destructive exploitation. But charm is not only tourist attraction. Importantly, today, it invites good people, good business, and good industry to come and stay in the community where living is pleasant.

Can Be Created

Municipal charm can be created as well as preserved. In its creation or retention, local government must play a major role.

Town planning is the basic governmental ingredient in the creation or enhancement of municipal charm. The town is studied. Its background, current assets, and current liabilities are determined and exposed to critical review. Existing streets and highways, storm and sanitary sewers, educational and recreational facilities, public and private housing, business and industrial land use are among the factors surveyed and reduced to comprehensible terms.

Based upon these findings and their analysis, practical goals are set forth, examined, revised, and

accepted. A comprehensive plan which embraces these goals is prepared as a guide to current, short- and long-range decisions. Tools to implement the plan are inquired into and put to work.

Zoning Helps

Zoning is a strong tool for municipal charm when imaginatively and creatively applied. Its application for locating, bounding, and reserving the best uses of land for residence, business and industry is more and more common. Livability, employment opportunities, and improvement of the municipal tax base are objectives possible of attainment through sound districting and district regulations.

Municipal regulations seek roads which are fitted to the terrain, seek layouts which preserve outstanding individual trees or groups of trees, seek lots which are not merely parcels of land but are true home sites taking advantage of the best qualities of the tract of land to be developed. The growth of automobile travel and of the percentage of time devoted to it makes increasingly evident the need for pleasant roadsides. Good engineering and the participation of the landscape architect in the design stage will start right on new roads or road relocations.

Streets Need Trees

Good zoning gives space at the sides and protects the traveler from billboards at inappropriate locations. But streets, old and new, need the green of trees or other proper plantings.

Communities, proud of the old shade that gave charm to their streets, pioneered in the establishment of shade tree commissions. These bodies protect and care for existing trees; they seek appropriate plantings of new trees through education, municipal expenditures, and perhaps, through land subdivision regulations.

The charm of open space looms large in a community's ability to "delight exceedingly" its residents and "attract irresistibly" its visitors.

The modern in-town playground is larger and planted to add both space and beauty to those who never enter its boundaries. The stream valley becomes a park, not only as an economical storm drainage facility, but also for its preservation of the contrast of its more rugged contours to our more disciplined private development of land.

Public Buildings

Public buildings and grounds should heighten community charm. There seems every indication that people favor public ex-

penditures to place and keep public installations on the "good looks" side of the community appearance ledger. Citizens, too, are supporting local governments which are invading the once sacrosanct field of private building design. A growing number of towns are seeking to raise the architectural level of all buildings by requiring an architectural review before granting building permits.

In the exercise of many of these governmental powers, we have had to bring graciousness, beauty, or charm in by the back door. Courts were for a long time openly hostile to the use of the police power for esthetic purposes. Public safety, morals, and the general welfare had to be relied upon for support for acts that touched on public amenities. But the courts have gradually moved up to public opinion. While not yet ready in most jurisdictions to uphold public esthetics as a single basis for the exercise of the police power, most courts now accept esthetics as a supporting factor for public acts.

The Court Speaks

The record is growing fast of state and district court decisions that have a nice word to say about esthetics. It's extra special when the United States Supreme Court says the nice word. It did just that in its ruling on November 22, 1954, for the constitutional validity of the District of Columbia Redevelopment Act. In the opinion of the court are these words:

The concept of the public welfare is broad and inclusive. . . The values it represents are spiritual as well as physical, esthetic as well as monetary. It is within the power of the legislature to determine that the community should be beautiful as well as healthy, spacious as well as clean, well balanced as well as carefully patrolled.

Oh yes! The Supreme Court also said elsewhere in the opinion:

Miserable and disreputable housing conditions may do more than spread disease and crime and immorality. . . They may also be an ugly sore, a blight on the community which robs it of charm, which makes it a place from which men turn.

If the Supreme Court can link "community" and "charm" together without embarrassment, surely it is permitted of public officials to say, "Charm is a worthy municipal objective."

Grains of Sand

Who's Going To Yield? We've been wondering about these road signs that say: "YIELD." How are they going to affect people?

It looks to us as if the reaction would be kind of mixed. There will, for one thing, be quite a few drivers who have no idea on earth what the word means. Not everybody has read "The Morte d'Arthur," let alone Howard Pyle's "Knights of the Roundtable." They weren't all brought up yelling: "Yield, thou caitiff knight!" after they'd knocked down the kid next door. "Yield," it is our guess, is a word of mystery to a good many drivers. And somehow we doubt many of them will pull up, at sight of the word on a sign post, and try to figure it out.

On those, who do know what it stands for its our guess the word "yield" will have just the reverse effect. What Southerner, what red-blooded Northerner, for that matter, is going to yield—to anybody—ever!

"YIELD!" say the signs. To which the Northerner—with red blood—snarls "Whaddayamean 'yield!'"

As for the Southerner, his reaction is instantaneous: the word is an insult to a Southern Gentleman. "Yield?" he roars, "and be called 'chicken?'"

And both of them step on the gas.

Show-off Shown Up

Our chevron can lick our cardinal.

The redbird puts on a great show of fighting spirit, but except in the presence of sparrows or anything definitely smaller, he quits.

The others know it. The sparrows gang up on him. One takes him on from the front, engaging all his attention, while two or three others go to work on the seeds behind his back. The first sparrow backs away from his red beak and cresty attack. He senses something behind him, but, too late! Whenever he turns, off they go. He rushes to the edge of the table, while the first sparrow happily comes in behind him.

But not so the chevron. When he lands, with a good hard thud, and squats down to do his foraging, the cardinal thinks another think.

The Public Speaking

Note of Appreciation

To the Editor: Just a note of appreciation and thanks that I have for your postmaster and community.

On the 1st of January, 1956, my car ran out of gas about five miles from Southern Pines. I had gotten to a gas station and purchased several gallons and was returning through Southern Pines when your Postmaster approached, stopped and insisted that he drive me to my "thirsty" car, though he was not headed in that direction.

Missed church that morning because of the car failing to get into town—through my own short-sightedness I will readily admit—but was reminded of an old lesson which I hope I too can live up to: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

This note is going to you because I too, am a printer, having grown up in a weekly newspaper and printing shop. I know the value of kindness, to a small community, is without equal, because it reflects upon the kindness and warmth of the community toward out-siders.

This time next year I hope to be back in the printing field again where the ink in my veins can again flow freely.

Thanking you for your time and with my most humble thanks to your postmaster, I remain—

Sincerely,
JAMES W. KNEPPER, JR.
Lt., US Army, Ft. Bragg

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