

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.

Warmer Interest in the Cold War

The term "cold war"—certainly one of the most brilliant creations of modern terminology—has been heard so often and in so many connotations that it is entering the ranks of the cliché and, true to its name, is received by the public much more coldly than it was in the early post-war years.

Only the most informed and astute, it appears, keep up a warm interest in the cold war—that multi-faceted diplomatic and economic effort being carried on by the free and the unfree worlds.

Yet the cold war interest of most of us warmed with the recent anti-Soviet riots in Poland. While rioting appears more in the category of active ("hot") conflict than in the economic or ideological spheres, what happened in Poland—along with other evidence of cracks in the Communist front—can be fairly interpreted as progress in the complex and expensive undertaking that we call the cold war.

Weakening of the Communist hold on satellite nations, pointed out by Secretary Dulles, received dramatic confirmation by the events in Poland only a short while later. And the Senate voted to allocate more than four and a half billion dollars to foreign aid—which is four hundred million less than was requested by the President, but at the same time was a major recovery of the more than seven hundred million which had been lopped off the proposal in the House. Then, late last week, a Senate-House conference committee reached a compromise agreement of four billion, 14 million dollars for foreign aid.

Seldom, in the post-war years, has the outlook in the "cold war" been more optimistic than at the present time. It behooves us not to let our interest flag and to realize again that billions are not too much to spend to extend the influence of the free world by peaceful means.

Think We'll Keep Our Door Locked

Shocking criminal actions—indicating that lawlessness can flare up in the most peaceful and unexpected places—claimed interest on both the national and local scenes last week.

The Weinberger kidnaping, in which an infant was taken from his carriage on the terrace of his parents' home in a good residential neighborhood of Westbury, N. Y., was the national case.

Locally, a woman was slugged into unconsciousness and her pocketbook robbed as she sat in her home in an ordinarily quiet residential section of Southern Pines.

Residents of law-abiding communities like Southern Pines and peaceful suburban neighborhoods like that in Westbury grow distrustful and, in the light of what happened, one must say careless. In such places, years can go by without an incident of violence or a major crime. It is good to feel secure, to trust one's neighbors. And then comes something like the

kidnaping or slugging. It's incredible, but it happened. And it could have been any of us, apparently secure and trustful, who might have been the victim.

We know persons who have lived a lifetime and have never locked a door in their homes. We know young people who sometimes leave young children or babies alone and unattended in a home while running an errand or visiting briefly with friends. We all know countless things that are done or not done that could be disastrous. But nothing ever happens—not in a peaceful community like Southern Pines or a pleasant suburban development like Westbury. Nothing ever happens until . . . it does.

Think we'll keep a door locked when alone or engrossed at home. And, if there is a baby in our charge, we won't let it out of our sight. And we think we'll be less scornful when knowing cynics taunt us with assertions of the unperfectedness of mankind.

Born Too Late

Pity the modern man whose pleasures are outpaced by the civilization in which he lives.

This sentiment comes to mind as we read that an SBI agent showed up prior to a proposed North Carolina "coon on a log" contest, bearing an opinion of the attorney general to the effect that such an event would violate laws against cruelty to animals.

The contest—in which dogs swim to an anchored log and vie with each other to be the first to bring to shore a coon on the log—was not held: a triumph for civilization and a disappointment to the folks who were planning to witness the spectacle.

This incident shows the futility of not going along with the times; or, if you'll have it that way, the fretful frustration of being born too late. A hundred or two hundred years ago, there would have been no such interruption.

Boys, Flags and Patriotism

The house in which we grew up had, on the broad solid plank railing of a small second-story balcony, an angled metal flagpole holder that we can see as clearly as the typewriter on which this is being written.

We had to wait quite a number of years before acquiring the strength and stability to stand on the balcony, holding the flagpole with flag attached, and then lean out so that the butt of the flagpole could be slipped back into the metal holder that held it firmly from morning to sunset on the Fourth of July and other designated national holidays.

We remember the slightly musty smell of the heavy flag material, the acrid scent of sun on the tin roof, the awkward weight of the flagpole extended in straining young arms and the relief and pride when it was firmly fixed and fluttering.

Was the sum total of what we felt patriotism? Perhaps it was. Anyway it was a good feeling and, when we left the big old house, where the flagpole holder had been affixed by Grandfather some half century even before that time, we walked down a street (pockets full of firecrackers, and whooping "torpedoes" into the sidewalk every few steps) on which every house displayed a flag, big or small, high or low. You wouldn't have had any doubt whatever that it was Independence Day.

Now, in Southern Pines, a gentleman tells us he rode all over town on the Fourth of July and saw only eight flags displayed, not counting the town's flags that are regularly put out on holidays in the business section.

We don't believe that people are less patriotic than they used to be, but they certainly don't show it like they used to. And it could be that, after a few generations in which outward displays of patriotism faded away, some of the ardor of the quality itself might be lost.

The nation is not in danger because only eight flags were displayed in Southern Pines on

In many a frontier community, a law that prevented such a contest would have been considered lunacy; and, if there had been such a law, chances are there wouldn't have been an officer to enforce it.

All this is not to defend coon on a log contests which we consider not only cruel but silly. It simply shows how values and customs change over the years and how many of us now alive on this earth might have been happier in another time, age or way of life than the one into which we happen to have been born. This is a futile form of yearning, because when we are born is one personal event about which we can do nothing. But meditation along this line is useful in illuminating character—our own and others'. We may be more tolerant of some transgressors if they are viewed not just as plain immoral, but only somewhat behind the times.

The Fourth of July. Nowadays, it appears that everybody has to go somewhere on the Fourth and we suppose they don't like to leave flags out—or, in the rush of getting off on an excursion, they forget to put them out in the first place. But did anybody ever hear of a flag being stolen? Would somebody who cared enough about a flag to have one be the kind of person who would steal it?

Whatever the reason that flags were not displayed, it is too bad the flag custom is passing. There are boys, this year and every year, who should not be denied the thrill and pride in putting out the flag. They should be able to put up the flag, go out to the street and turn around and admire their handiwork. They should be able to say to themselves, in that happy moment: "That's my house and that's my country's flag." And they should be able to walk down a street that is lined with flags: "This is my town and everybody's got the flag out."

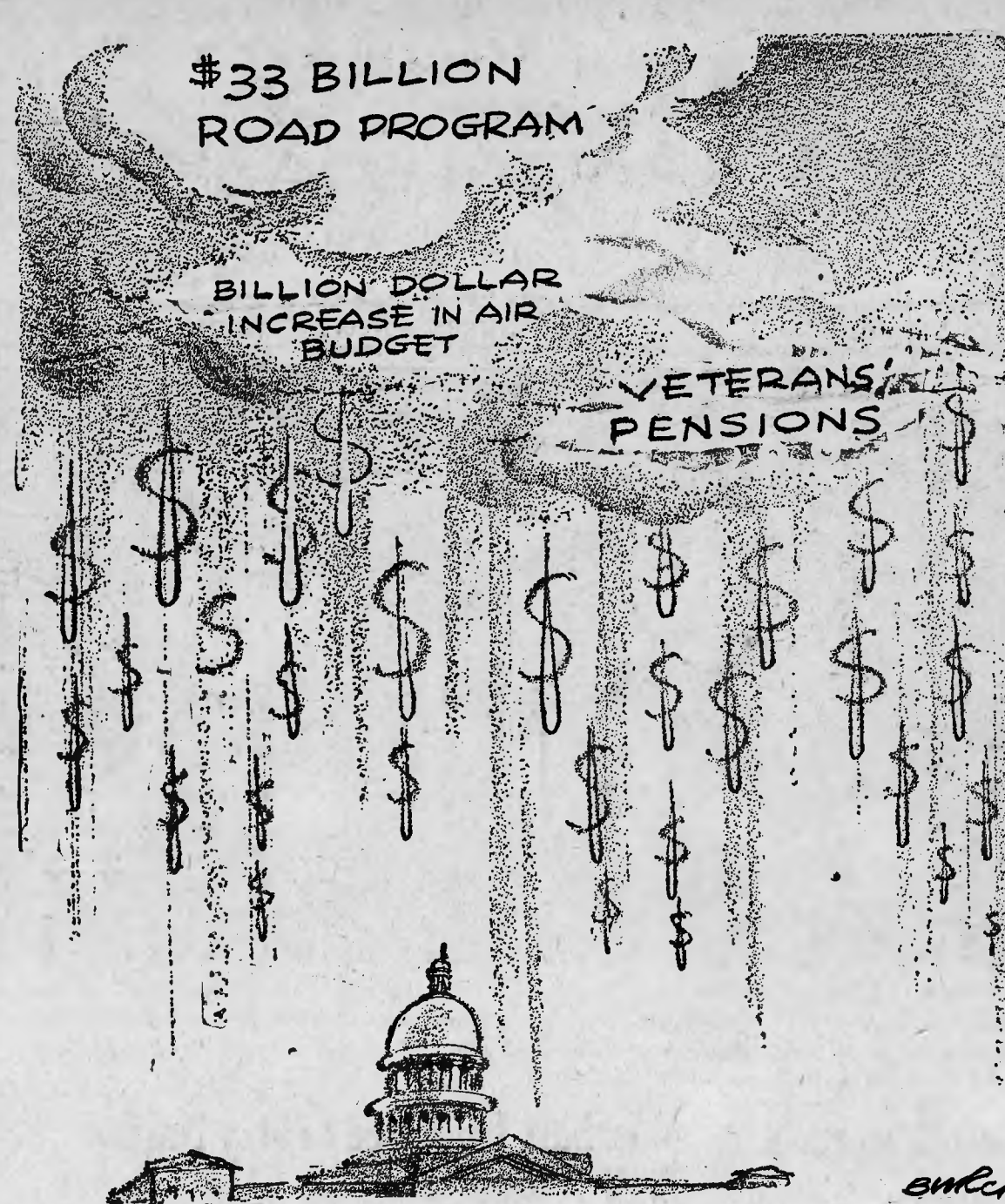
To every boy those things should not be denied.

THE PRIME SECRET

"It is the prime secret of the Open Road that you are to pass nothing upon this earth. As you travel, many things both great and small will come to your attention; you are to regard it all with open eyes and a heart of simplicity. Believe that everything belongs somewhere; each thing has its fitting and luminous place within this mosaic of human life." —David Grayson

ON PROTECTION

"Make me prosperous in my job and I will take care of myself in my other relations. How much of the history of tariff legislation, for instance, can be written in those words?" —Judge Learned Hand



Summer Showers

'Sleeping Tar Heels' (4)

N. C. Assault Crime Rate 431% Higher Than Average In Nation

The recently published booklet, "Sleeping Tar Heels," by Dr. Roma S. Cheek, a Duke University professor, is attracting state-wide attention with its exposure of many economic and governmental shortcomings in North Carolina. Aroused citizen interest in these problems and a revision of the state constitution are urged by Dr. Cheek as first steps in bettering the state's standing in many fields. Below is the fourth excerpt. The Pilot has taken from the booklet. (Sources of all quotations are cited in the original, but are omitted here.)

In the area of crime North Carolina is the highest of all the forty-eight states in aggravated assault crimes—its crime rate in this classification being 431 per cent greater than the average for the nation as a whole. Also North Carolina crimes of murder and non-negligent manslaughter are 229 per cent higher than for the nation as a whole.

It is common knowledge and a matter of court, FBI and SBI record that dangerous and completely ruthless syndicated criminal rackets have operated and do operate in North Carolina.

During the 1955 General Assembly one of the biggest gambling racket lobbies received a surprise setback by one legislator, whose naive and unusual exposures so threw them off balance that they were unable to recoup their forces and get through their intended legislation. However, they will undoubtedly lay a more thorough groundwork for success in the 1957 session.

Civic Effort Failed

"Sleeping Tar Heels" should wake up not only in those towns where syndicated crime operates but also in other North Carolina cities, towns and rural areas where local crime rings are so powerful that they are able to keep out any competition and the accepted slogan becomes "Local Crime for Local Criminals." For example, the author participated some time ago in a civic effort by some of the women's clubs in a North Carolina city to get some procedures started which would clean up the gambling, bootlegging, prostitution and other rackets in that particular city. The press cooperated but when the issue of investigation came to a test before the local governing body that body voted to investigate the protesting organizations.

A resolution for the investigation of crime by an independent "blue ribbon" grand jury was not even seriously considered by these supposedly responsible officials, even though such a jury

had been made legally available to it.

Delayed community reaction to such amazing indifference on the part of its officials began to cause embarrassment. An official request was made to the State Bureau of Investigation to investigate. However, the requesting letter, which was never made public, neatly tied the hands of the SBI in advance by specifying that it was to investigate only syndicated crime. Local criminal rackets were so powerful that they had kept out the outsiders and the SBI found no evidences of national and international crime. The words national and international crimes were not used in the public release and the citizens were informed that there was no crime.

'Whitewash' Exposed

This ridiculous "whitewash" and protection of "local crime for local criminals" was fortunately exposed a few weeks later when the city chief of police publicly named the head of the bootlegging racket who was soon after arrested by the Federal Government and sent to prison for failure to buy federal stamps. The "numbers racket king" was also arrested by the Federal Government, convicted, and sent to federal prison for income tax evasion.

"Tar-Heels" asleep to the dangers of crime and criminal rackets in the state often become aroused enough to concern themselves about juvenile delinquency. Were they to awaken to their responsibilities they would realize that there are basically no problem children—children are simply reacting normally to problem environments.

Juvenile delinquency often be-

comes the "scapegoat" in the criminal environment created by adults and tolerated by the majority of inert citizens who do not care to look beneath the surface or "stick their necks out" in order to give their children a decent community in which to live.

Antiquated Framework

In its overall governmental patterns North Carolina is operating within antiquated, costly, and unduly complicated framework and procedures. An illustration of what is happening in the governmental area while "Tar-Heels" sleep is the "Topsy-like" growth and operation of the administrative branch of state government.

For example, most of the officials and agencies of the administrative branch of state government function without being directly responsible to the Governor, to the Legislature or to the people but are responsible only to the pressure groups which created them. North Carolina now has in its administrative branch of government 178 governmental units having separate statutory basis and set up in 49 different ways. Since no provision for removal of officials is provided by law for 138 of these governmental units they cannot be considered as being currently responsible to any higher authority for their actions and are without any overall supervision.

There have been no basic revisions in North Carolina's tax structure since the depression year of 1932 and yet there have been great economic, social, and technological changes in the last twenty-four years.

(To be continued)

DEPARTMENT OF NOSTALGIA

And What Did He Get?

A thief has stolen a 1922 Ford touring car "in excellent mechanical shape" used as an ad by a St. Louis filling station. To parody a ditty:

He stole an old Ford
And what did he get?

Well—he got an equipage with seats as comfortable as benches in a depot waiting room; top as weatherproof as a town-square bandstand in a blizzard; motor as quiet as the neighbor's power lawn mower at 7 a. m.; a vehicle which must be helped over the hump by a 50-pound push on the low-gear pedal, backed up a steep hill if the gas in the under-seat tank runs low and which boils over any grade a mile long with the mercury around 90.

Punishment enough. Nostalgic

rememberers of the Tin Lizzie don't say so. Perhaps an unmerited reward. For he got also a benzine buggy which could be cranked if the battery went dead—one which could be started in Arctic weather by crank and battery if boiling water were poured over the carburetor and manifold, and if one rear wheel were jacked up; a chariot for which one once could replace a fan belt for a quarter and piston rings, a cylinder at a time, for \$2.65.

Best of all, he got a horseless surrey which didn't come complete, even replete. He can still add a foot throttle, a water pump, a vapor fuel saver, a speedometer, a motometer, a magnetic horn and real glass in the back curtain.

Oh undeserving malefactor!

Grains of Sand

Any Southerner knows that the most maligned thing in the world is the Southern accent.

To the TV comedian from New York, there is only one Southern accent, and it consists of pure saccharine: "Honeh chile, duz you-awl wann meant in you-awlz joo-lip?" This is how everybody in the South supposedly talks, and from Richmond to Houston all one has to do is to talk like an almost dead automobile battery and one will be to the manner born.

The facts are that there are as many Southern accents as there are Southern States. Not only do Southerners in different States have different ways of speaking, but as every Southerner knows, within the same State accents are likely to vary widely.

Not even the drawl is common to all Southern accents. There are Southern dialects in which the words are not wafted slowly into the air, but pronounced rather quickly and melodiously. Anyone who ever has visited Charleston, S. C., knows that the drawl is simply not spoken there. A Charleston accent is unmistakable, but it is not a drawl.

It is a kind of musical sing-song affair, in which the vowels achieve strange intonations.

Writing in the Charleston News and Courier, "Lord Ashley Cooper" has compiled a dictionary of Charlestonese "for the use of tourists visiting the Holy City." Here-with is a fair sampling:

Abode—Wooden plank.
A boot—Approximately.
Air—What you hear with.
Bare—A beverage made from malt and hops.
Bull—Nickname for William.
Coat—Where they got that judge an' all.
Cup—Place for housing hens.
Des Moines—They belong to me.
Faints—A barricade of wood, brick or stone.
Flow—What you stand on in a house.
Frustrate—Tops; initial ranking.
Go it!—An animal that eats tin cans and smells bad.
Hail—The abode of integration-ists and other evil spirits.
Halo—Greeting similar to "how do you do." See "Higher."
Harmony—Cooked grits.
Hawfers—Quadrupeds that eat hay.
Higher—See "Halo."
Hone—Something on an auto that you blow.
Mow—An additional quantity.
Packing—Maneuvering an auto to the curb.
Pain—What you sign a check with.
Poach—A verandah.
Police—Term of polite request. (A person desiring to maneuver a car to the curb might ask a pooleeceman, "Cane I police pack hair?" to which the pooleeceman would doubtless respon, "No, yo' cane not.")
Rum—An enclosed space within a building.
Sex—One less than seven, two less than ate, three less than noine.
Tide—Weary.
Tin—A number. Fo' mo' dan sex.
Toyed—Something that ebbs and flows off the Bottry.
Traffic—Something stupendous, like a movie that is beyond colossal or epic.
Yawl—Mode of address used by N'Yawkers when visiting in South.

Anyone who has listened in Charleston can attest to the accuracy of most of Lord Ashley's pronunciation pronouncements. However, his final definition is regrettably in error. "Yawl" is quite genuinely Charlestonian; we have heard too many Charlestonians use it. It means "you-plural," just as "you-all" means "you-plural."

It is never used for "you-singular," and it fills what is elsewhere a gap in the English language. Charlestonians no less than other Southerners frequently use "yawl" and we wonder whether Lord Ashley Cooper of the Charleston News and Courier doesn't come from New Jersey or some other cheaper-by-the-dozen place, the way he fails to recognize its authenticity.

The PILOT

Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

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C. G. Council Advertising
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Subscription Rates:
One Year \$4. 6 mos. \$2; 3 mos. \$1
Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.