

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.

Off To A Fine Start

Moore County leaders rolled up their sleeves and went to work, this week, to tackle the problem of bringing new industry to this area.

At a meeting held here under the auspices of the committee appointed by the mayor to start the good work, there were present the mayors of most of the county towns, as well as the assistant to the head of the State Conservation and Development department.

That this meeting should take place is a sign of the unity of the county on this topic; also of a fine spirit of progress.

This newspaper is thoroughly in favor of developing the economy of Moore County. We favor a diversified approach, with the aim of achieving a fully rounded economy for our county-community. There should, we believe, be a three-pronged attack on the problem: (1) develop the county's natural resources through diversified agriculture and forestry; (2) to bring into the county an outside income-producing force such as a stable, high-quality industry; (3) to step up efforts to further develop the tourist industry of the southern end of the county.

To these three prongs we would add one more: schools and colleges. Just because the

Presbyterian College passed us by is no reason to give up the idea of bringing an institution of learning here. The spade work has already been done, while the advantages this idea offers are as clear, as bright as ever. It is to be earnestly hoped that this "industry" will not be overlooked by the Moore County Development Committee.

One of the prongs of this approach has started to grow. The progressive farm people in the western part of Moore County are staging a spectacular advance in diversified farming, while only this week a start was made on a large poultry plant in Robbins. This is a good beginning, and the spirit evinced at Monday's meeting to secure industry is another.

There remains to be made a start on stepping up the tourist appeal of this section. This "industry" is the cornerstone upon which this town was built. It ranks third in economic value to the state. It has done much for Moore County and there is every reason to believe that it can do much again. Progress in these four fields would mean a well-rounded economy, with the county's eggs distributed in several baskets. That, surely, should be the goal.

Stevenson's 'Gospel of Discontent'

In his Yale University speech, Adlai Stevenson summed up the spirit of his campaign for the Presidency when he said:

"The central issue of 1956 is that complacency contains the seeds of decay, not of growth. . . In the few periods when its siren song has been heard most loudly in the land, it has been a prelude to a harsher melody in which the saddest note is one of mourning for what might have been. . . The gospel of discontent is the prophet of progress."

In speech after speech, Stevenson has invoked that "gospel of discontent." And it appears to be making sense to the American people, including a large proportion of those independent voters whose favor is so valuable, perhaps crucial, in this campaign.

In President Eisenhower's talk about "peace of mind," we hear echoes of Herbert Hoover's "conditions are fundamentally sound"—those words that rang so hollowly as the economy of the nation was collapsing

some 25 years ago. The Republicans presumably are contented with; the farmers' loss of income; the squeeze of small business (profits off 50 per cent, credit drying up, failures at a peak); bluff and bluster in foreign policy—remember the talk of "massive retaliation"; Russian gains in the middle east; the refusal to face up to the school crisis; the all-time high cost of living; the scandalous record of misconduct in GOP officialdom, both federal and state; the abuse of the taxing power in relieving the rich and forgetting the small-income taxpayers; giveaways or attempted giveaways of power sites and other natural resources; the attempt to hold the minimum wage increase to 90 cents; and complacency about the hydrogen bomb testing hazard for all mankind. All of these are issues about which Adlai Stevenson has expressed his discontent, speaking thereby for a vast segment of the American people.

Tribute To Courage

"He that loses wealth, loses much, but he that loses courage loses all." (Cervantes)

John Leland, who died last week, had spent more than twenty years of his life, fighting a losing battle against painful and crippling arthritis. Much of that time, he was virtually immobile, stretched flat upon his bed, with eyesight failing; for the last six months he was under oxygen. It might be said that this young man had lost all, but it was not so. For he had not lost his courage.

The courage that sustained him through the years, the courageous will to live and play his part in life, contribute his share, this he never lost. It kept him going through the years of suffering, going towards the inexorable future which he faced with steady eyes.

During those years he studied the books which he used as source material for his stories and his novel dealing with the early history of this nation. For a good many years his reading had had to be done with the aid of special glasses; as his sight failed, his wife read aloud to him and he dictated the notes and stories that he could no longer write.

Though certainly the author would not have allowed it, it is a pity that this background to the writing of John Leland's book could not have been told on the jacket of the novel which has just been published: "Othneil Jones." For one of the amazing things in reading it, is to feel the vitality, the fervor and the joy—there is no other word for it—which went into the writing. It is about a young man's adventures, full of action, of keen participation in life, of hope, held with a high heart, for the future. It is a going-forward story, told with a fast pace and a rushing eagerness of words. For such a book to be written by a man who lay flat and stiff and immovable, who could hardly see and, at the last, could hardly breathe: this is a rare feat of the human spirit.

But this was a spirit that could look the challenge of his fate in the eye and not be afraid.

This nation lost a fine writer in the death of John Leland, but his one good book is there to stand beside the other good books of America's literature, while the brightness of his courage and determination will be a challenging inspiration to those who follow.

Woodrow Wilson: A New Perspective

One of the phenomena of American political life is our faculty to rise to the supreme heights of selfless dedication in times of stress only to plunge into the valley of forgetfulness once the danger has passed.

The post-World War I era presented an example of this paradoxical behavior of the American people and there is no better example in our history than Woodrow Wilson as the prototype of the leader of vision whose counsel was heeded and then seemingly forgotten.

In 1919-1920 a curtain of silence and forgetfulness shrouded our wartime pledges to support international cooperation against future aggressors. This country tried desperately to forget the past. The fighting had ended and the "boys" brought home; the Treaty and the League were annihilated in the political arena; a "peacetime" administration replaced the "war" administration; and the return to "normalcy" was confidently awaited.

But of course it was not to be. The old problems that gave rise to World War I began to reappear and assume an ever more threatening form. The country became uneasy and took tentative steps back towards

its original wartime resolutions, only to retreat once more. World War II became an ever-growing cloud darkening the horizon that exploded in flames at Pearl Harbor and the myth of "independent isolation" was destroyed forever.

This Centennial Year of Woodrow Wilson has resulted in a new perspective on the life of our 28th President and his era.

For example, for the first time since Wilson's death, there was high praise this year for Wilson from leaders of the political party which opposed him while in office. Members of the Congress on both sides of the aisle joined in establishing a Wilson Centennial Celebration Commission and in naming a new bridge in the nation's capital for Wilson. President Eisenhower issued a proclamation calling upon the American people to join in the Centennial commemoration.

In short, the Centennial activities are succeeding in presenting to a new and unprejudiced generation, which has come of age since Wilson's time, a better balanced picture not only of Wilson but also of America—her successes and her failures, her weaknesses and her strength. All of us can profit from this.

"Man! Talk About Being Confused—"



EISENHOWER IGNORES HEALTH HAZARD

Bomb Tests Pose Threat To World; Stevenson Asks U. S. Lead Control

(From The New Republic)

"Fragments of bomb debris from the Pacific tests are now turning up in the bones of people all over the world," writes Dr. Ralph Lapp, atomic physicist, in the October issue of the "Bulletin of Atomic Scientists." He asserts that the world is 40 times nearer disastrous atmospheric poisoning than the Atomic Energy Commission admits in its latest report to the Congress.

Dr. Lapp is not here referring to the genetic effects of radiation on unborn generations, but to the effects of Strontium-90, which can cause bone cancer in persons now living.

Strontium-90, or Sr-90 in physicist's shorthand, is one of the most plentiful elements in the fireball of a fission bomb burst. Because of its initial gaseous state, it is carried into the stratosphere as high as 100,000 feet. It then circles the globe 5-10 years, falling out at the rate of 10-20 per cent a year. It is flushed to earth by rain and snow, deposited on pastures, eaten by dairy cows, passed to people through milk, and comes to rest in human bones.

Threshold of Safety

Using British data, it is now possible, Dr. Lapp writes, to establish the Maximum Permissible Concentration of Sr-90 for the human race and to figure how many bomb bursts will take us beyond the threshold of safety. Bombs totalling 260 megatons (a megaton equals a million tons of TNT) would precipitate this critical stage. So far the Americans and Russians have exploded 40 megatons, or 15 per cent of the limit. And the testing rate is rising, with British tests commencing next spring. Air force officers now regard 20 megatons as a "normal bomb" and have discussed testing a 50 megaton explosive. Only 13 of the "normal" bombs or five of the largest bombs would push the world to the brink.

The above maximum risk is calculated for peacetime, having in mind that children are far more susceptible than adults to bone cancer. But in wartime, when the calculated risks must be higher, Dr. Lapp estimates the government would set a maximum safety level 50-times higher than in peace, thus accepting the certainty that millions of non-combatants would contract bone cancer.

AEC Will Decide

These facts cannot be unknown to the AEC. But the AEC philosophy is so keyed to continuing testing that Dr. Gordon Dunning, health physicist in the AEC headquarters, stated in a recent report to Congress:

Since continuation of our nuclear testing program is

mandatory to the defense of the country, the problem then becomes one of defining these risks and evaluating them in the light of what is best for the peoples of the free world.

In plain English this means that the AEC will decide what is best for the human race.

Dr. Gioacchini Failla, a top radiation advisor to the AEC, was even more frank when he told "Life" magazine: "The question of how many H-bombs can be safely exploded is irrelevant. To remain free, we must develop powerful nuclear bombs. We must continue the testing program." We are not told how long we can do so without liberating more radioactive material than the human race can endure.

Yet in the face of all this, President Eisenhower declares that continued testing of large-scale nuclear weapons is not a proper subject for debate. He has rebuked Adlai Stevenson for even raising the question, and in his statement in reply completely ignores the health hazard involved in testing. Discussion of the matter, Eisenhower says, "can lead only to confusion at home," revealing his ignorance of the part such temporary "confusion" customarily plays in the working of the democratic process.

The only hope for an early end to this strontium recklessness lies in the sort of bold US leadership Adlai Stevenson has proposed: cessation of tests as a first step to putting the malevolent genie back in its bottle.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Two Good Towns

You can't keep a good town down.

The spirit with which the towns of Aberdeen and Robbins have accepted the severe blow inherent in the closing of the mills in both towns is a tribute to two fine communities.

Almost before the news was known, Robbins was opening a large poultry plant, set up to employ, we would imagine, more than the number of those the mill let go; efforts have already been started to find a buyer for the mill's machinery and start another.

In Aberdeen, leaders who knew of the approaching closing, long before it became common knowledge, have been working hard to try to find another source of income for the town and a purchaser for the building as soon as it is vacated.

In neither town is there repining. Both show a willingness to call it "water over the dam" and look ahead instead of backward.

With such a spirit there can be little doubt that what these two communities seek, they will surely find: the progressive, reliable type of occupation for their people, the steady employment and the deeper, fuller advantages to be gained by it, which must be the goal of every good community.

The Public Speaking

Mr. Dooley's Comments Have Timely Meanings

To The Editor: Someone has just issued a new collection of Mr. Dooley's wonderful wisdom. In the New Republic of October 1, 1956, it was reviewed and this week's issue carries a couple of letters commenting on Mr. Esty's review. I set them down herewith with the best wishes of a New York Democrat:

Mr. Esty's piece, "Mr. Dooley, Now and Forever," omits Mr. Dooley's remarkably prescient remarks on the Vice President: "Ivery mornin' it is his business to call at the White House an' inquire after the Prisdint's health. When told that the Prisdint was niver better he gives three cheers, and departs with a heavy heart. . . Some Vice Prisdints have been so anxious fr th' Prisdint's safety that they've had to be warned off the White

House grounds. "It is princip'ly, Hinmissy, because of th' Vice Prisdint that most of our Prisdints have enjoyed such rugged health. Th' Vice Prisdint guards th' Prisdint, an' th' Prisdint, after sizin' up the Vice Prisdint, con-cludes that it wud be better fr th' country if he shud live yet awhile."

And this: Mr. Esty missed Mr. Hennessey's closing question in "Mr. Dooley on Golf." In this election year of 1956 it should take some kind of prize for unabashed contemporaneity: "Is th' Prisdint a good golf player, d'ye know at all?" asked Mr. Hennessey after a moment of judicial silence.

"As a golf player he cud give Lincoln a shroke a hole," said Mr. Dooley.

With all respect, CLINTON W. ARESON Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

They Call It "Progress"

From Vermont, by way of Tish Irwin who spent the summer there, comes a comment on modern times and ways. We have heard pretty much the same kind of mournful soliloquy now and then in these parts too.

In Vermont it ran something like this:

Mrs. Irwin, the lady bringing back the laundry: "You look sort of tired today, Mrs. Bunce."

Mrs. Bunce: "Well'm, I guess maybe I am. Life seems to be such a rush these days."

Mrs. Irwin: "Is it a rush up here, too, in this beautiful peaceful valley?"

"Just like everywhere, I guess. These new machines, they're everywhere."

"Machines?" queried Tish. Mrs. Bunce nodded. "What they call 'labor saving,'" she explained with care. "They call it 'progress.'"

"But the new machines are supposed to make life easier," said Tish.

"Supposed to," said her visitor, darkly, "supposed to . . ."

"They save you steps . . . and work," said Tish.

Mrs. Bunce looked at her. "They don't," she said.

"They don't?"

"No, they don't," said Mrs. Bunce. "You just work harder. First you work hard to make money to buy the machines. Then you work so hard, learning how to use them. And then you work hard to keep up the payments. You never stop. Run around; hurry; keep a-go'in'. And all the time they're goin', too; rushin' an' roarin' an' splashin'!"

Mrs. Bunce heaved a deep sigh and then gave a sudden start: "There's one of 'em goin' back home right this very minute. An' supposed to turn off." Her eyes had a hunted look: "Supposed to . . ." she said, and turned and fled out the door.

Local Winchell?

From the Pinehurst Outlook: We don't want to mention any names, but Mr. H. is pretty upset about the Pinehurst house he rented to another Mr. H. No. 1 claims No. 2 converted the sun porch into a bar, took out some paneling, made other interior changes, and cut down two large camelia bushes, all without permission and without exercising his option to buy. Could lead to the courtroom, we hear.

Who's Afraid?

Makes you think of that little ditty, doesn't it? You know: the one that the Big Bad Wolf sang to the piggy hiding inside his house: "I'll huff and I'll puff And I'll Blow—your—house—down!"

Glamor Ads . . .

We weren't making our Christmas list. Not yet. Just browsing through one of the Big Flats. Will now pass on a few items for our readers' benefit.

Who would like to buy a marbleized goatskin carafe set?

Now ain't that sumpin'? And the two glasses that go with it—(Yes, it's a jug to hold branch water so when you git up offen yore pallet, night-time, you kin get you a sip or two)—the two glasses that "rest on the mirrored tray" are "specially selected." Well, we should hope so!

Here's Something Else!

A swish New York firm comes out with an object, the precise purpose of which mystifies us.

Advertised as the latest addition to "the game of politics," the item is described as a block of lucite, with the silver statuette of a donkey. . . or an elephant, if you insist. . . imbedded in it.

Its purpose? For holding down your piles of the Congressional Record, Adlai-n-like speeches? We wouldn't know.

Wait a minute: Lucite is unbreakable, isn't it? And a silver statuette would be reasonably hefty. How about a little game of mayhem, come election eve? But why wait till then?

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