

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.

Lost In A Maze of Contradictions

Drew Pearson's revelation that the Army has six satellites in a warehouse at Huntsville, Ala., which it believes could have been launched well ahead of the Russian sputnik, is another one of those amazing pieces of news that make us ordinary citizens just open our mouths and stare.

Pearson attributes the decline of U. S. world leadership in science to lack of leadership by the Eisenhower administration, plus big business competition on government contracts.

The manner in which the Air Force, Army and Navy have been working apparently without coordination on various missile and satellite projects is so obviously inefficient that one is appalled at the picture. The Washington columnist may be over-simplifying, but the nation's lag in this field, the administration's neglect of some of the country's best brains and the climate of hostility and suspicion that have discouraged government work by scientists—these are all matters of record.

So much has been said about teamwork by

the Administration—yet that is the one quality that seems to be missing. We are reminded of an unsuccessful athletic coach who constantly naranges his players on teamwork until they hate the word and continue to perform worse, rather than better, together.

Originally under the Army, Navy and Air Force, working together, the satellite program was switched to the Navy in 1955—and, as Pearson points out, this didn't make sense because the Army and the Air Force have been well ahead in developing a missile to shoot a satellite into outer space.

For that matter, we don't understand why any such undertaking as the satellite program, with the prestige of the nation at stake, has to be divided at all between branches of the armed forces. Why couldn't it or can't it be an all-out, coordinated government project such as the atomic bomb, with responsibility for leadership directly under the President and the nation's best scientific brains all in there pitching?

The answer seems lost in a maze of contradictions that make no sense to the man in the street.

Parents, Teachers And Discipline

Most parents, if called on to do so, would have a hard time formulating as many as 10 principles or rules of discipline they use with their children.

Except with a small group of earnest parents who read books about child behavior (and probably about adult behavior, also), there's not too much conscious thought given to the problem. Crises are met as they occur.

School teachers, though, are much more conscious about their attitude toward children in their classrooms. It's part of their training before they become teachers and afterwards, too. They deal with so many children that they can't get away with being inconsistent in matters of discipline, as parents often can.

At the recent PTA meeting when parents and teachers talked together about discipline, one parent made the point we're noting here: teachers—in their training and in the course of dealing with hundreds of children—have probably learned a thing or two that parents would or should be glad to learn.

Teachers, for instance, can cite "10 golden

rules of classroom discipline"—all of which are just as good in the home as at school, it seems to us. Of course, many parents are guided by these rules or their equivalents without having reduced them to a conscious appraisal.

Summed up in a narrative form, without the formality of listing, the rules run something like this: Show interest in every child. Be liberal with sincere praise. Praise in public, censure in private. Be consistent. Never punish in anger or to "get even." Don't punish the entire group for the misbehavior of one child. Show confidence in the child's ability to develop self-control. Keep the child interested and busy to avoid potential problems. Don't, by threats, create situations that challenge a child to misbehave. Allow children to save face when they get in a tight spot.

Parents learned this much at least from the PTA discussion: when their children go off to school they are entering an atmosphere where discipline problems are met with at least as much, and maybe more, skill and thoughtfulness as they are met at home.

Forestry In The Spotlight

By coincidence, The Pilot's series of articles about lumbering, pulp wood cutting and reforestation in Moore County coincides with the announcements of a new state-owned nursery at Morganton capable of producing 24,000,000 seedlings yearly and also the dedication of a new pulp and paper laboratory at State College.

This week, too, comes word from Moore County Forest Ranger Travis Wicker that millions of seedlings from State nurseries are still available and that the October 15 deadline set for their distribution has been extended.

The Pilot's forestry article last week pointed out that small landowners in Moore County are tempted to cut their timber wholesale because "unimproved land" is valued for taxes according to the timber on it. So, there is considerable monetary pressure against good forestry practices that preserve a part of the timber crop for growth in the future. However, State foresters point out, there's

pressure the other way now, too. Recent changes in the Federal Soil Bank act provide for paying landowners for planting trees on lands idled because of crop reduction. As the trees come free from the State, there is a way here that a farmer can "make" as well as "lose" money on his land.

We commend to the attention of landowners the articles now appearing in The Pilot, showing both the achievements and the dangerous shortcomings of land and timber management in the area.

Already among the major industries of the county, lumbering, pulpwood cutting and manufacture of wood products can have an even greater future in Moore if the land and forests are used wisely and well and if there is ceaseless reforestation.

This is part of a state-wide picture that places wood and wood products in a promising light for the future of both agriculture and industry. The new State College laboratory is testimony to the part that research can play in this outlook.

Gratifying Decision

Allocation by the State of \$4,000 for landscaping and beautification on the new Southern Pines parkway is gratifying to this community that takes much pride in its appearance.

We approve the State's decision to use native shrubs and trees to create a "natural" effect, consistent with clear vision and highway safety along the parkway.

Meeting with the State landscape engineer (there's a title that was unknown in official parlance until recent years!), the committee appointed by the town council to advise on landscaping of public property was pleased with the plans.

The town's official interest in parkway landscaping, as expressed by this committee, has certainly been influential in leading the State to plan such a satisfactory program of planting.

Incidentally, here is a good example of cooperation by various levels of government with private interests which the committee also represents, although it has official status by reason of its appointment by the council.

Of such efforts and interest is a good community made.

"Left The Road . . ."

Tragic object lessons for drivers are seen in three recent traffic accidents in this area, in two of which fatalities occurred.

The common denominator in all of these accidents: the automobile involved "left the road"—that mysterious phrase which turns up again and again in news of highway mishaps.

No second car was involved in any of the accidents. In each the automobile "left the road."

This is not to impute blame on any of the drivers or cars. We leave that to law enforcement officers and the courts. We don't know the details of what happened in each case.

There is just this to think about: two men are dead and five others injured in various degrees, because their cars "left the road."

All of us who drive have a fear, a nightmare dream, of a drunken driver hitting us head-on at 60 miles an hour on the highway. We think of traffic accidents as something spectacular, of ourselves as victims, with always somebody else to blame.

We could more profitably think of the accident threat in terms of that commonplace phrase: "left the road."

Capital Combo



Grains of Sand

Going Up . . . Not Necessarily in Smoke—But Maybe
The stock market, that, like Sweet Alice, trembles in fear at his frown, is rising. Ike has smiled again.

Asiatic flu still on the upward climb. But a local medico says it's really just about the same as the old "flues," which we suspected from the first. And that was no joke either. They said then: stay in bed, rest, drink lots of water, keep warm; send for the doc if your temp goes skyhigh. And that's what they're saying now.

Zhukov up and out. That "great soldier" and friend of Ike's gets it in the neck. Is that good or bad? Who knows? Wonder what the Russian people are thinking?

W. P. Rogers steps up as Brownell steps out. Brownell was Dewey's pal. Rogers is Nixon's. "Politics" will continue to hold sway in the Dept. of Justice.

But Sputnik begins to wobble. Good old Sput.

"Progress" Again?

Is the day of the fingernail over?

We mean the nail that opens packages. And promptly and sadly we answer: yes, it is. Over and done for. The way packages are done up, these days, you need a set of claws, not nails, to open them. Especially if cellophane comes into the picture.

You can scratch, you can dig in, you can pull, you can cuss, you can sweat. Cellophane always wins. And even if cellophane is absent, it's a tough job to get any package open that comes through the mails.

It'll be in an armored box, glued, cemented together, riveted, often. Go over it with a magnifying glass and you can't find a single tiny cranny where you can get the tip of a scissors—or a fingernail—in to start a rip. The walls of your box stand as firm, as impregnable as the walls of the Kremlin. Gone indeed are the days when you could get a slit started with your nail along the line where the sides of the box met and prise the thing neatly open, following which it could be carefully stored away for use another day. Now it's: find you an axe and wham the thing apart.

As We Were Saying . . .

Overheard at the Beauty Shop as Miz Gertrude Page was having her nails manicured: "Go easy when you come to that one," says she, "That's my screw-driver nail."

Know just what she meant. Best thing in the world for tightening that little screw that fastens the earpieces of your spectacles.

Who Killed the Doornail?

Speaking of nails: how come it's "dead as a doornail"?

Why should doornails be dead? And why DOORnails? Are they different from any other nails? What makes a doornail?

Anybody know? Fred Hall? Jim Sessoms? Leo, down there in Aberdeen? Roy Newton? Please why, when, and wherefore is a doornail dead?

Words Again

Here's a nice bit we found out the other day when we were re-reading that romantic and interesting-as-all-get-out historical novel by Margaret Irwin, "The Gay Galliard": know how marmalade got its name? Because of Mary Queen of Scots.

It seems when she was a little girl growing up in France, she took sick and her nurse, wanting to give her a treat that was also full of vitamins, (they hadn't coined that name then but never mind) her nurse fixed up some wonderful preserves made from big sweet Seville oranges. She brought them in to the child saying: "Pauvre Marie, malade" and the wee lassie tried to say it after her: "Mar-malade."

The PILOT

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

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict Associate Editor
Vance Derby News Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Bessie Cameron Smith Society

Composing Room
Lochamy McLean, Dixie B. Ray,
Michael Valen, Jasper Swearingen
Thomas Mattocks.

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.

Want A Nice Back Yard Pet?

The American buffalo—which is really a bison—is a huge animal whose massive woolly head and sharp horns must have awed Indians and early white explorers alike. One does not find it hard to see the similarity in the "devil paintings" on the Mississippi bluffs which so frightened Marquette and Joliet.

The gentlemen of the species often stand six feet at the withers, weigh a ton, and one can only guess how much they eat. Two centuries ago there were perhaps 60,000,000—a couple of hundred bison to every Indian in what is now the United States; 70 years ago there were less than 600 survivors. Through government protection that number has been multiplied almost 50 times. But they must live on reservations, for bison have never been successfully domesticated. And they must not be allowed to outrun their food supply.

This year 225 have been offered to zoos and parks at the Wichita Mountains reservation, for free, f. o. b. Thus far, six spoken for. At a price per pound "on the hoof" 89 have gone to organizations and individuals; 130 remain.

Anyone want a nice back-yard pet?—Christian Science Monitor

THE RIGHT PRICE

(Jim Parker in The Chatham News)
Herbert Andrews at the Farmers' Alliance Store was telling last week about a man who came in recently and wanted to buy a calf bucket.

Herbert was sure that I didn't know what a calf bucket was but I fooled him. Just in case you might not know—it's a bucket to which a large nipple has been attached. It is filled with milk and the calf is able to drink his fill.

Anyway this man came in and wanted the calf bucket and asked the price.

Herbert told him \$2.75 and the man replied that he could get the same bucket at such and such a store for \$2.

"Well, why don't you go to such and such store and get one," demanded Herbert.

"I would" replied the customer, "but they are out of them."
"Huh," was Herbert's reply, "When we are out of them we sell them for \$1.50."

QUOTABLE QUOTE

"I sense a new feeling, a new determination in North Carolina to expand, to grow, and to give our people a fuller life. We need further development of industry, new and old, to raise our income, to get a greater volume of revenue on a fair and equitable basis in order to furnish state services needed by our people."
—Gov. Luther H. Hodges

Nature En Repos

By MARY WINDER OSBORNE

When Autumn days are here we should not think Of death, but rest and sleep, for nature too Must pause, her year of arduous labor done, To lay her down, and thus to gather strength Anew from God for His creative work, His ceaseless work to feed and bless the world. If this were death a fitting pall of black, Or white, or ghostly shroud of ashen gray Might cover woods and fields as token of Departed life and spirit gone—but no, Under a canopy, cerulean, clear, Draped with gorgeous fringe of sunset hues And splashed with color—crimson, purple, gold— Nature makes her bed. Blankets of brown, With deep and sombre shades, supply her warmth, And thick beds of fallen leaves make soft Her couch, like billowy cushions of the East, And over all she spreads a coverlet Of ripened grain and grass that still retains The brilliant colors which from dew drops once They drank or caught from rainbows in the spring. And list! Those sounds are not a mournful dirge But drowsy notes of birds, nestling to rest 'Mid leaves and boughs that shelter them from cold, The bark of squirrels laying by their store, The cry of feathered migrants flying South, The song of blazing fire on the hearth, The organ tone of music in the trees— A blended symphony that woos to sleep Through winter's long and dark and dreary night, Yes, woos to sleep, refreshing sleep that quick Restores the gladness of a fruitful spring.

(Mrs. Osborne, a resident of Pinehurst, and her late husband, the Rev. Francis M. Osborne, retired Episcopal minister, shared an interest in literary, historical and political subjects, expressed in letters to The Pilot or in articles we have printed. While The Pilot rarely uses original poetry submitted by readers, we think these timely verses about Autumn will be enjoyed.)

The Public Speaking

Mother Protests Son's Statement About Birth

To The Editor:
I must protest against my son's statement (As quoted in a news story about Nathaniel Burt's new novel in last week's Pilot—Editor) that he was "born on a kitchen table."

It WAS in a log cabin but, for the rest, it was a normally edited edition—except that the doctor was a psychiatrist. And the log cabin became what was known as the "outfit's kitchen."

So, no doubt the table on which Nathaniel Burt was given his first bath by a Mormon nurse probably DID become a kitchen table.

These writers!
Indignant mother,
KATHARINE N. BURT

Former Teacher Would Like To See Students

To The Editor:
Perhaps you do not remember, but I was a teacher at Southern Pines High School for four years when the classes of '34, '35, '36 and '37 graduated. So, I am always interested to read notes like those written by Bertha Fowler and Harry Adams.

I would be happy to see any of the students who were in

school then if they are passing through Washington National Airport. I have been working for the Weather Bureau at that location since 1941.

MARVIN N. HUNTER
Arlington, Va.

Seaboard Executive Gratified By Efforts

To The Editor:

I have observed with interest and appreciation the fact that your good paper carried the article which I recently submitted to you on the industrial potential for development of the Sandhills area of North Carolina.

I was in Southern Pines on the afternoon and evening of October 6th when we were hosts to the party on the train trip to inspect our Hamlet yard and the next day I attended the meeting of the Board of Conservation and Development at the Mid-Pines Club. It is gratifying to see the constructive efforts put forth by the people of North Carolina toward further development of your good state. Needless to say, we are interested in cooperating to the fullest possible extent in these efforts.

WARREN T. WHITE
Assistant Vice President
Seaboard Air Line Railroad Co.
Norfolk, Va.