

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.

How Will The Town Look Next Spring?

The busy ladies of the Southern Pines Garden Club are off on new projects for the coming year.

The club plans to do some beautification work around the railroad station, a picturesque old building that has been well maintained by the Seaboard company and which should lend itself well to the work planned.

The club expects to continue its landscaping work around schools, planting near new buildings in West Southern Pines. Past work in this line includes the fine planting around the elementary and high schools on the East side of town.

The club constantly has in mind, it seems, the appearance of Southern Pines, especially how the town will look in the Spring when

most of our visitors appear and when, during the annual Homes and Gardens Tour, strangers ramble all over the community with a sharp eye for all features, favorable and unfavorable.

The Garden Club rightly points out that nothing individuals can do to help the appearance of the town is more important than planting winter rye grass, particularly along the parkways on those streets which are the main avenues of travel during the Garden Tour and where an unbroken line of green parkway, with every property owner planting the grass, makes an impressive sight.

As the Club points out, this is the last call on rye grass planting for this season, but it is not too late to plant now and have green parkways to greet our visitors next Spring.

Such Stuff As Legends Are Made Of

There is no figure, no symbol more familiar than the scientist in his laboratory. He is the wonder-worker to whom all things are possible. Or, if not possible now, will be after the necessary research is accomplished.

This figure is used in advertising to the point of caricature. There he is in his white gown and with his mysterious paraphernalia—the Wise Man of the modern world. Name it and he can do it, whether it's splitting the atom, putting TV in everybody's living room or mixing up medicine that can cure the major ills of mankind.

He's not very human, of course. You can't picture him eating a hot dog. He's all brains and no foolishness. He'd never spill ketchup on his necktie.

That's the symbol—but it usually isn't like that in real life. The discovery of penicillin was an accident. And many a great scientist has credited the importance of intuition in his work. Discoverers are imaginative people.

Humble people, too, despite the build-up accorded them whether they want it or no. These thoughts come to mind as we read of the discovery and development of spontin, the latest and most powerful of the antibiotic

drugs, which has been used to clear up infections resistant to all others.

The discoverer is 36-year-old Mrs. Alma Goldstein, a microbiologist. On a vacation trip in 1951, she was picking up soil samples in the West, knowing that mold cultures from different soils were producing antibiotics. Near Colorado Springs, she visited a park known as the Garden of the Gods. What she said happened then sounds more like a poet than a scientist:

"I felt that if something good were to come to the world, it ought to come from a place like this.

"One morning, I walked out to a meadow in front of some upturned rocks and carefully put a handful of earth into the glass jar. I had done this many times in many places, but I never felt such a strong feeling that something good would come of this act."

After two years of work on this sample and many others, the new antibiotic substance was isolated from the earth she had taken in the Garden of the Gods.

The story is such stuff as legends are made of—if any one takes the trouble to start a legend any more.

Wacky News Items Recall Old Times

It was a Monday morning and we guess news had been slow coming in the night before—but as we looked at the front page of a daily newspaper, time seemed to fall away and we were reminded of some of those dull days during the depression in the early thirties when the first World War was receding into the past, when there was no widespread feeling that there would be another war in our lifetime and when the beat-down, broke and struggling American people found in a flagpole-sitting contest as much news interest as we do today in the explosion of an H-bomb.

Flagpole sitters and the marathon dancers made headlines in those days, along with a lot of other wacky incidents with which we attempted to cheer ourselves up.

Well, in this newspaper the other Monday, it was like old times. Out in Utah a couple of young men were engaged in a 158-mile race with two horses. Somebody had written a long, detailed and loving story that quoted the trainers (for both men and horses), investigated a rumor that the humane society was disapproving (of the treatment of the horses, of course) and described the "swollen leg tendons" of one of the human runners.

Down below, there was that wonderful

story from England about the vicar who dressed up as an aristocratic and matronly "Lady Margaret" to open the bazaar of his church, made a speech and indulged in some very unladylike behavior, only to reveal his true identity when he lifted his veil.

And then, with the never-ceasing unpredictability of the British in tight spots, the vicar's superiors, including the Bishop, expressed no disapproval. It was like something out of an old W. C. Fields movie. (And don't any of you young folks say, "Who's he?")

Then, right beside the account of the vicar's folly, was the tender tale of an Illinois couple who "were married all right—but only after two blood tests and three marriage ceremonies, the last one in a car 35 miles from home against the background music of the Star-Spangled Banner." We won't trouble readers with the details which were right in the spirit of the thirties.

We were so carried away by these three items that we were about to go out and buy a package of "Wings" cigarettes (10c, remember?) but looked up at another corner of the page and saw, "Negro Retreat Only Solution, Faubus Says."

Back to 1957—and we're not so sure we like it, either.

A Limited Picture—But Still True

The recent two-week term of Moore Superior Court for the trial of criminal cases produced what seemed to courtroom observers to be an unusual number of shocking cases.

While it is clear that a term of criminal court is not likely to reveal stories of sweetness and light, it comes as a surprise to good citizens to glimpse, through testimony offered, the meanness and sordidness of some of the lives around us.

The shocking aspect of these cases is not so much the overt act that projected the principals into the courtroom, but the fact that the people involved in many of these cases appear to live from day to day and night to night with the coils of criminal behavior smoldering continually just beneath the surface of existence, ready to break into flame at what seems to be the slightest provocation.

These people that end up in court live in a world of wayward emotions—grudges, lusts, deceptions and resentments—that appear to have replaced to a great extent the moral judgments, the good will and the self-control that make existence possible for most of us in an organized society. The strange world of these folks has another characteristic: the courtroom observer cannot fail to note: it is soaked in alcohol.

Is it any wonder, you find yourself think-

ing in the courtroom, that, given this background, these people are in trouble? The wonder is that they aren't in more trouble than they are.

When a novelist chooses to depict the amoral life of such people, to set his story in one of the little pockets of iniquity that thrive on the edges of normal community life, he is often accused of falsifying. Certainly his picture is limited, but if his critics could visit the courts they would learn that it is not necessarily untrue.

It is here that the newspaper has a function to perform.

News accounts of sordid courtroom proceedings often are criticized by good people who feel that such matters are better left unwritten. With this we cannot agree.

No newspaper worth its salt would rather present the sordid than the noble; and, fortunately, in the normal course of the average community's affairs, there is more "good" than "bad" news because there are more "good" than "bad" people doing things that reflect their characters.

What goes on in the wayward shadow world of the criminal court defendants is just as "true," however, as an award made to a leading citizen for civic service and it seems to us that people should be as interested in one as in the other, if a true picture of their environment is what they want to have.



Thanksgiving.

AFTER ALBRECHT DÜRER'S WOODCUT "PRAYING HANDS"

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men.

—The Book of Common Prayer

RURAL EDUCATION STANDARDS LAGGING

Quality Proposed As Schools' Goal

(From The Chatham News)

Few people who live in small town and rural North Carolina will fail to agree with D. Hiden Ramsey's statement before the North Carolina Grange that there is a "large gap" between the educational opportunities provided for Tar Heel rural children and those who live in urban areas.

One In Four

Mr. Ramsey, a retired newspaper publisher of Asheville and for eight years vice chairman of the State Board of Education, also pointed out that only one rural high school graduate in four pursues his education while the proportion in city schools is one in two.

It could be that rural North Carolina is just getting around to the realization that there is more to building a fine school system than brick and mortar. We've been behind the cities in physical facilities for so long that we may have lost sight of the need for raised teaching standards that can be brought about through local partici-

pation in salaries that will attract better teachers to our rural schools.

There is a factor in addition to the economic which we believe results in fewer high school graduates going off to college. It could be that many such graduates, even among the valedictorians, experience the frustration that comes when they realize that with stiffening entrance requirements in the colleges they can not compete with graduates from city schools.

It is considerable shock to the parents of, for instance, a straight "A" student in high school who cannot keep pace in college even at the point of lowest grades.

Pass Up College

Many youngsters, realizing that they will have considerable difficulty, pass up college even though, as Mr. Ramsey suggests, "the future belongs to educated people as no future of any previous generation."

The honor graduates in rural high schools are dedicated youngsters. Yet they can be ex-

pected to assimilate only that which is given them. Unfortunately teaching standards in rural schools have been levelled at what can charitably be called a "minimum average."

Dallas Herring of Rose Hill who was recently named chairman of the State Board of Education said that the time has come when we must speak out strongly in behalf of the qualitative in secondary education. He and Mr. Ramsey may have been thinking alike: That we have spent more time and effort in behalf of building school buildings than we have in staffing them and in raising the educational standards of rural and small town school units.

Will Measure Up

Given the opportunity, rural children will measure up. They won't measure up, however, as long as the standards lean towards the "minimum average" that means only that these youngsters will be "put through" four years of high school without thought to what other education they may want to pursue.

Senior Citizenship: Rewarding Experience

(From an article by Harold D. Meyer, professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina.)

The period of adulthood can be divided into four cycles: young adulthood from age 20 to 35, a time characterized by the introduction into the adult world of life work and individual responsibility—concern for vocational skill, establishment of family life, rearing of children, and home relationships; middle years from age 35 to 50—a period distinguished by adult and teenage relations, prestige status in the community, vocational security and advancement, and a widening circle of friendships; free years from age 50 to 65—the period beginning with the children leaving home and ending with retirement, general economic security, and the acquisition of new leisure; senior citizenship from age 65 on, the cycle characterized by retirement, engagement in purposeful and satisfying associations, comfort and enriched opportunities for service.

A Big Question

While this lengthening of life is a real achievement, it is accompanied by a big question: how will we live the added years? Recreation becomes an essential asset. Chronological age is a wholly unworthy criteria to apply to the aging process. Aging is growing, and there is considerable disagreement on when one becomes "old." A person may be old at 40 or young at 75.

It is well to designate this period as another phase of

growth, not a penalty but an achievement—an unfolding progress toward a fuller life.

The pattern for the future is adopting a proper point of view, recognizing these years as a time for happy and productive living. It involves convincing oneself that this can be an entirely new, useful and rewarding experience.

Don't Have Hobby

There are many elders who desire to solve the gift of leisure through their own resources as individuals. All through life they have cultivated hobbies and can carry them on into later maturity. The facts prove overwhelm-

ingly, however, that the vast majority of our senior citizens do not possess a hobby and are totally lost as to what to do.

It is a responsibility of public and private recreation agencies to teach these individuals hobby activities. These arts of leisure offer the individual a deep and continuing interest, and they are as varied as the field of human knowledge and experiences. They contain the elements of exploration, creativeness, and initiative which give the individual a chance to discover himself and his world anew. They are means of relaxation, an enemy of boredom, and a vigorous release for emotions.

ADDED MEANING IN 'OPEN SEASON'

(The New York Times)

Open season, we call it, meaning a legal time to take game, a time when the hunter may go out and bag birds or rabbits, or deer or bear, in certain areas, provided he obeys bag limits and no-trespass signs. But there is another meaning for most of those who go to the woods and fields with a gun and often with a dog. It is, to them, a time to get into the open, to renew contact with the woods and the fields, the natural world, the open world of late fall.

To such, the shooting is a secondary consideration. It is an excuse to go, more persuasive, somehow, than the unreasonable urge to take a walk. It is valid reason to spend a day exploring half a dozen hillsides, preferably with only one or two companions who know the virtues of silence and the unremitting dangers of firearms. And, if possible, it will

be a time spent in familiar areas, preferably areas known long enough to rouse memories.

For the hunter—not the game hog or the despoiler—hunts memories and time past, as well as a brace of birds. He hunts his own simpler self. The self that knows the difference between a white oak and a black oak, between hickory and butternut, between hare and rabbit. The self that knows the whirr of a partidge, the hoarse call of a cock pheasant, the rasping bark of a fox. The self that can, on occasion, put up a bird, and merely stand and watch in admiration, though the game bag is still empty.

Meat hunting is a vanished necessity, the professional hunter virtually a thing of the past. But man and the open hills and fields persist, and open season is an excuse for them to renew their acquaintance. Even the hunter does not live by meat alone.

Grains of Sand

For Thanksgiving Dinner?
The Sputnik theme, on which we noted several variations last week, gets into cooking for the first time in our observation in a fantastic item from the Rocky Mountain Herald of Denver, Colo. (They say the altitude makes people's minds whirl and soar like this out there). Asserts The Herald with the straightest of faces:

"Now that the hunting season is upon us, here in Colorado, anyway, it is well to be prepared for gifts of game. Here is a recipe for use if you're lucky enough to be presented with a bear—

SPUTNIK SUPREME

- 1 Gal. vodka
- 1 Qt. olives
- 1 hunk bear meat
- 1 bowl caviar
- 1 sprinkling borsch

"Since most prefer bear meat without the hair, pull hair out or shave closely. Mix other ingredients thoroughly, or until light and fluffy.

"Pour over bear. Great care must be exercised here or substance may 'fall,' in which case the whole dish will become utterly useless and inedible.

"Cooking time has not been accurately determined, so you must use your own judgment."

Grass or Kids?

A remark that some of us might profitably consider is one attributed to William Brantley Aycock, chancellor of the University at Chapel Hill.

A neighbor who noticed the poor condition of the grass on the chancellor's lawn noted that the grass would grow faster if the kids could be kept off it for a while.

The reply: "Right now I'm raising children. When I get through raising children, I'll start raising grass."

The story reminds us of the Raleigh News and Observer editor, from which we quoted a few months ago, recalling what a wonderful place a back yard used to be, strewn with the paraphernalia of childhood, whereas now it's much more likely to be a landscaped plot where adults gather around the barbecue equipment in lawn chairs, while the kids go inside to watch television or go to amuse themselves on the municipal playground.

In Right Spot

A story we like is how scientists participating in the geophysical year discovered near the South Pole a food cache left behind by a British expedition of some 45 years ago.

Several cans were labeled "Keep In A Cool Place."

Forethought

Not to be accused of dragging its feet, looking backward, impeding progress or any other similar horror is the Junior Advertising Club of Detroit which, we are informed, is working on a code of ethics for outer space advertising (can't seem to get away from those Sputniks, can we?), lest consumers on this earth be bombarded with broad-casts from satellites playing recorded commercials or offering rental facilities on the moon.

We can't imagine an advertising medium that would offer such a temptation to make extravagant claims.

While bowling along at 18,000 miles an hour, it would be in order, to say the least, to be breezy and colorful in one's viewpoint and we can see how an advertiser's imagination might run away with him under those circumstances.

Yes, the Junior Advertising Club has its work cut out for it, all right. We admire their forethought and hope they work out a fair and conscientious code.

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