

# 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.

## Opportunity Knocks At The Door

As this is written, pledges are being made by residents of this area to assure the construction of a building for Mozur Laces, Inc., an industry that proposes to locate in Southern Pines. By the time most readers of The Pilot see these words on Friday, the deadline for pledging the large sum needed for local participation in this project will have been reached. What we write here, therefore, can have little influence on the outcome.

We have every confidence that the minimum total of pledges and more will be made and that the people of the Sandhills will not pass up this chance to obtain a sorely needed industrial operation.

While we and everyone might have wished that more time had been given the community to study and make up its mind about this proposition, that was not the case, as was made clear at Monday's public meeting: this company is racing with time to get a plant built to receive new machinery which has been ordered. The company must know where it is going to locate and it must know now.

We hope that as these words are read, the company and the town will know that the plant will go here.

The people who are investing their funds in the Sandhills Development Corporation, which will build and lease a building to the

Mozur firm, are taking a lot on faith, but actually they are taking no more on faith than they take every day.

Those of us who attended the public meeting Monday heard from people we know and trust and deal with frankly and openly in our everyday affairs the story of the company that proposes to locate here. We heard the company and the people who operate it spoken of in very favorable terms. And these words were spoken by our fellow townsmen who in this matter acted as the eyes and ears and judgment of us all in evaluating this opportunity that is placed before us.

The immediate response to the financial appeal, in which some \$30,000 was pledged in a few minutes by those in the auditorium, showed that the people of Southern Pines and the Sandhills are trusting their judgment.

If the bankers and businessmen who know the Sandhills best recommend investment in the building project and themselves plan to invest in it, it seems to us that this is a good recommendation for general participation. We don't know what more we could ask.

The fact that this project was instituted, revealed and carried along in a hurry may be the thing that gives it life. If it is good, it is just as good in a hurry as it would be slowly. From the evidence given us, we feel that it is good and will be good for Southern Pines and Moore County.

## Why Not Admit Some Movies Are Bad ?

The Charlotte firm that owns the Sunrise Theatre and controls its programs must do more than insist that it is showing the best quality moving pictures it can obtain, before this community will be satisfied.

A letter of protest about horror, sex and crime movies—sent to Charlotte by the Southern Pines Parent-Teacher Association—brought from the local management an attempt to change the PTA's opinion by handing out free passes to everybody at the PTA meeting Monday night.

All this followed by just a few days the showing here of "I Was A Teenage Werewolf." We note, however, that the passes were given out after, not before, this attraction graced the local screen.

It would be much more to the point, it seems to us, if the Charlotte firm and the local management would simply admit that local criticism of poor movies is valid. If they would pass this criticism on to the source of those poor shows—and if this same action took place in hundreds and thousands of communities over the nation, so that the makers

of these sorry shows would know how millions of people feel about them—there would be a good chance of improving movie fare at the source, which is the only answer in the long run.

As long as distributors send these sorry movies around and theatre managers show them and people attend them, bad movies will be made.

Skill, artistry, taste and other ingredients of good movies can be forgotten as long as movie makers throw in plenty of sex, crime and horror. It's cheaper and easier to do it that way—and if people will pay to watch it, why bother with anything else?

The best advice is that of the Rev. Martin Caldwell, the local clergyman who has spoken out and protested about these movies with common sense and courage: he told the boys of the Episcopal choir that the best comment on "I Was A Teenage Werewolf" was to ignore it. The same advice would apply to all other movies of this sort.

And it is up to parents to watch the programs and exercise the judgment required, to the best of their ability.

### GUEST EDITORIAL FROM THE WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL:

## The End Of Complacency

This nation has moved a long way since October 4, the day the Russians sent their first sputnik hurtling into space. No longer do we hear the kind of talk that came from too many responsible quarters in this country just after the launching.

All of us know that Sputnik I was more than "a nice technical trick," as Defense Secretary Wilson called it; and that it certainly was not "a silly bauble," the term applied by Clarence Randall, the President's foreign economic advisor. We know, too, that Mr. Eisenhower was underestimating its importance when he said last month that "so far as the satellite is concerned, that does not raise my apprehensions one iota."

Russia's success in launching a satellite has jolted this nation out of its complacency more than any event since the early days of World War II. While it has deepened the division between East and West and given new impetus to the arms race, it has also had some altogether desirable consequences:

1. The American people have been forced to take a new look at their scale of values. And we have found, as we always do when the threat of external danger mounts, that our national security takes on a new importance. At the same time, such things as tax cuts and balanced budgets become less than ends in themselves.

2. A long-overdue bipartisan note has been introduced into our foreign policy. Adlai Stevenson's acceptance of a job as administration consultant does not mean the Democrats have abdicated their position as the opposition party, but it does give the Republicans the benefit of the best Democrat thinking on foreign affairs—before the policy is shaped.

3. The U. S. and its natural allies have been driven closer together. Just how far we and they are prepared to go in our joint effort will become more clear when the NATO Council meets.

4. The educated man, and particularly the scientist, has taken on a new importance. No longer can we turn up our collective nose at the intellectual and look solely to the man of action for leadership.

5. Our whole educational process is undergoing a sweeping, though not yet systematic,

revaluation. For, coincidentally with the appearance of the sputniks, we have learned that Russia is far ahead of us in emphasizing technical and scientific education. We know now that we must provide more training in those areas. The danger, though, is that we shall fail to realize that the need is for really educated persons and not mere technicians.

These are some of the things for which we can thank sputnik. It has taken weeks for its message to penetrate the consciousness of the American people. But now we know, along with Scientist Vannevar Bush, that "the sputnik was one of the finest things Russia ever did for us." Like him, we can be "glad they fired this thing off."

## A Bird In The Hand

The Pilot shares the disappointment of a good number of Southern Pines residents that the \$2,500 appropriated for beautification of the new parkway has been withdrawn by the council and returned to the General Fund.

The reason for this action is sensible on the face of it: The State is taking on the whole parkway beautification job. The work to be done is all on State property and the town is not obligated to spend the \$2,500 now.

There is this much to say for holding on to the furd: a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—and if it becomes apparent that town money will be needed to supplement the state's landscaping (what about that special project for the Pennsylvania Avenue interchange?) it appears unlikely that another \$2,500 or even part of that sum can be found in the future when it looks as if there will be some sizeable debts, including additional funds for the municipal center, hanging over the town.

This is not to assume that the state will not do a creditable job on landscaping. State cooperation in this respect has been excellent. Plans have been discussed and approved by the Parks and Parkways Commission and there is every reason to think that the landscaping will be well done.

We just have a feeling that the \$2,500 will be missed some day. And if the town hung on to it now, it would be there.

## "Sit Y'Self Right Down—Have A Seat, Guv'nor"



## THEY TOLD HIM TO GO TO SLEEP

### News Can Appear In Many Faces

(From Publishers' Auxiliary)

When those two young men, Orville and Wilbur Wright went down to North Carolina to fool around with their concept of something called a flying machine, instead of staying at home to take care of their bicycle business, their home town paper noted that:

"Orville and Wilbur Wright, local business men, are in North Carolina but will be home for the holidays."

It ignored the elements of what may have been one of the big news stories of our times.

There was another case, a Texan editor received a news bulletin from his wire service machine one afternoon in 1914. It was printed on those pink "flimsies" wire services use and the wind, coming into the office, blew it away. He didn't mind. He had read the first few words and he decided that he could go to press without it. After all, who in Texas cared that war had broken out in Europe?

This all happened before newspapers were as alert as they are today, you say. It couldn't happen again, you say.

Well, in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, there lives Ukrainian-born George Chaplenko. He lives with his wife and children in New Jersey after a life that saw him have to flee the Ukraine upon its capture by Soviet troops in 1944. He emigrated to the USA in 1949 and is employed as a chemist in New Jersey. His favorite hobby is short wave radio. He was tuned to Moscow on the 20 meter band on November 2.

The Soviet commentator interrupted a program and stated "stand by for a special news bulletin." Mr. Chaplenko switched on his tape recorder and took down the news broadcast in Russian which began: "We have just launched the second Earth satellite." The bulletin continued with information about its canine passenger.

Mr. Chaplenko called the New York newspapers immediately. They considered him a hoaxer, and told him to turn off his radio and go to sleep. He insisted upon leaving his name and telephone number.

Within an hour, his phone was ringing without interruption. The following day, the nation's newspapers were using his recorded news bulletin from Moscow as the basis for their headlines.

Having established himself as a reliable source of news information, Mr. Chaplenko has already received an assignment from the New York Times to check out stories by tuning short-wave bands. On November 5, he spent the entire night monitoring Moscow for an expected

announcement of a rocket launching to the moon. The rocket was never released, but Mr. Chaplenko was able to record the complete speech of Nikita S. Krushchev on the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Later that day, Mr. Chaplenko reports,

the wire services had still not received the complete text of the speech via London.

The morale? You never know; news has many faces and it talks in many different ways. It sometimes comes into your office as casually as the breeze.

## Warfare — Now And In Middle Ages

(From "The Story of Our Civilization" by Phillip Lee Smith)

"Feudal battles, while they could be gruesome enough, were not ordinarily very devastating. The medieval chroniclers who relate the slaying of thousands in a single encounter are known to be capable of exaggeration. Even if their figures were accepted, the casualty rate would seem extremely low by modern standards.

"So, members of twentieth century society are ill-advised to reproach the Middle Ages with being warlike. Before the conflicts which we unleash, even in periods of 'peace,' the petty jousting of that era pales into insignificance. It would take a hundred years of medieval warfare to equal the devastation in which we can encompass in a few weeks—perhaps days.

"There is a curious reversal of practice between then and now. Feudal society originated in

force and embraced warfare as a legitimate means of settling disputes. But the technique and rules of combat were carefully stipulated and its intensity circumscribed.

"Our modern Western societies are founded upon free consent and their objectives are peaceful. War we declare to be abnormal and reprehensible. Solemnly we 'outlaw' war, and then proceed to devote the bulk of our resources to making it more destructive. Contemporary holocausts engage whole populations, they demand the services of the entire citizen body.

"The medieval belief was that each class should hold to its own special function. There were the peasants to toil, the nobles to fight (and govern), and the clergy to pray (and govern). In that age the right to fight carried with it the power to govern. Now the right to govern carries with it the power to make other people fight."

## "To Make Sad Hearts Bright..."

Fred G. Brindley of 305 S. Ashe St., herewith breaks into verse again on a subject that has in the past inspired poetry from him at the Christmas holiday season: the Thrift Shop operated by St. Ann's and St. Mary's Guilds of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, on Pennsylvania Avenue across from the A&P store. The author's wife is manager of the Thrift Shop and many ladies of the church help in its operation. Through its sale at low cost of used clothing and many other items, all of which are donated, the shop aids persons who buy there, and then the proceeds are given to church projects. Mr. Brindley is a native of England who has lived in Southern Pines for several years, following a long business career in New York.

Seated one day at the Thrift Shop,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the locker keys.  
I know not what I was doing  
Or what I was thinking then,  
But I knew darn well old Santa  
Would soon be strolling again.

It made me feel we should help  
him  
As we had in former years,  
And 'twas then I glanced around  
me  
With plenty of ground for fears.  
Rain had been falling all morning  
And the few goods we had looked  
damp.

It appeared that what was needed  
Was a touch of Aladdin's lamp.

When, wham!, the shop door  
opened,  
In bounced three parts of the  
Guild!  
Before I could say, "My good-  
ness!"  
The racks and the shelves were  
filled.  
Then I heard the sleigh bells ring-  
ing;  
I could see the six reindeer,  
Old Santa himself, so happy,  
And grinning from ear to ear.

It may be he's smiling broadly,  
On noticing such a sight  
As women gladly working  
To make some sad hearts bright.  
It may be this little message  
Of hope will ring a bell—  
Then here's to a Merry Christmas  
As we happily sing Noel.

## Grains of Sand

### Full Moon and Drunks

The Rockingham Post-Dispatch, which last Friday celebrated its 40th anniversary under the editorship of Ike London, remains in a class by itself, one of the liveliest weekly papers we've ever seen—packed with dozens of big and little news items, along with comments and jokes originating from or appealing to its inimitable editor who was 72 years old Wednesday of this week.

We note that in connection with the full moon last weekend, Mr. London again pointed out that there would probably be more drunks and law-violators in jail over the weekend than usual. "It seems," he wrote succinctly, "the full moon affects the inclination to get drunk."

A typical London headline (front page) is over this story: "Will There Be More Drunks This Week?" We'll bet that very few persons who picked up the paper failed to read that story.

### Save The Bluebirds

Our favorite Tarheel nature writer, Roy Parker Jr., of Ahoskie, notes in the Bertie Ledger-Advance that the State Federation of Women's Clubs and other organizations are concerned about the many bluebirds that die in the flues of tobacco barn oil burners.

Many of these burners, he points out, have tee-shaped flues which appeal to bluebirds as nesting places, but when they go into the flues, they are trapped, falling through the downpipe into the heating tunnels inside the barn.

It's reported that thousands of bluebirds are dying in this way in the tobacco country and it's recommended that farmers screen these flues to keep the birds from getting into them when the barns are not in use during the nesting season.

The Women's Clubs are working on the problem too from another angle: they're promoting the sale of bluebird houses as part of a state-wide "Save The Bluebird" campaign.

Sounds to GRAINS like a good project for Miss Flora McDonald and her Home Demonstration clubs throughout the county. That would be taking the problem right to the ladies who could get the job done: those who live on farms.

Just how big a problem tobacco barns as bluebird traps are around here, we don't know, but we have heard of a few such instances and there may be many more. Anybody have an information on this subject?

The bluebird, with his wonderfully sweet call, "Bermuda," and his friendly habit of building close to the habitation of man, when he has the opportunity, is one of the most likable of the songbirds. We hope the campaign to eliminate barn death traps is successful.

### Getting The Spirit

If anybody has a hard time getting in the Christmas Spirit, as that wonderful holiday feeling of good will is called, he ought to go to the VFW post home when the Christmas cheer baskets are being made up.

Each basket contains food items worth about \$7.50. It's a real gift, not just the traditional token mixed fruit and nuts Christmas bag.

Most touching, perhaps, are the baskets going to families with children. You can see wide eyes light up as this unexpected gift, with toys and other items just for the children on top, arrives at a home where there is little other evidence of Christmas.

Any old toys on hand? Leave them now on the porch of the VFW Post Home, across from the post office. They'll make some child happy at Christmas.

## The PILOT

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