

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.

Blood Bank Plan Depends On Response

As outlined in an announcement from the Moore County Red Cross chapter, the new program for using the Regional Blood Bank at Charlotte appears to be in the public interest.

Under the new system, to begin this fall, blood for the county's two hospitals will be obtained through the Charlotte bank rather than from donations made under pressure of necessity by friends of hospital patients or by local donors called in for that purpose.

It is often a difficult and frustrating task for the family of a patient to obtain donors. The need comes when family members are likely to be distressed and occupied with other matters. The Red Cross has done a fine

job in providing local donors when called on to help, but there is always an element of uncertainty, as well as much effort and time consumed by all concerned.

As the Red Cross put it in the announcement, the establishment of the new system throws two big responsibilities on the people of Moore County: one, to give an extra \$2,500 to next month's fund campaign, to cover the administrative costs; and, two, to respond to the call for donors when the bloodmobile collection unit visits here in October and once or twice a year subsequently.

Without adequate response to both these requirements, the program will fail. It is now up to the people of Moore County to assure its success.

Festival Shows Cooperation At Its Best

Interest in singing in the schools of Moore County has been fostered for many years by annual competition for the "Picquet Cup," sponsored by the Sandhills Kiwanis Club. A large part of this interest traces back to the cup's original donor, the late C. W. Picquet, whose participation and encouragement in musical events extended through several decades in Sandhills history.

Now comes a new event that will, it appears, carry forward in an effective way this extensive interest in vocal music in the schools. This week's "Moore County Chorus Festival" at Aberdeen, in which glee clubs from six schools took part, points the way to greater things to come in this line.

It is pleasant to have an event in which competition plays no part, but where the keynote is friendly and informal cooperation of

all concerned. The competitive approach to everything involving young people—reflecting the ideal of the age in many fields of adult activity—is sometimes overdone. This is not to belittle the Picquet Cup event which always somehow turns out to be good fun as well as keen competition—a legacy, we suspect, from the sunny nature of the founder himself. It's just that we have almost forgotten the peculiar reward of a strictly cooperative endeavor: the sense of accomplishment in joining together for a productive or creative goal, without any side issues of winning or losing.

It may not be too much to hope that as the young people who have taken part in these concerts leave school, some of them will be interested enough to continue singing in an adult chorus that would also have county-wide membership.

Spraying Program: Health and Life At Stake?

Looking ahead to next summer, we think the town council should give serious consideration now to the question of whether the town-wide insecticide "fogging" program is to be continued.

Last summer, this newspaper went on record as opposed to this program—both as a possible health threat and as a smelly nuisance that most aggravatingly fouled the pleasant summer night air several times a week.

It seems to us that town officials and the many proponents of the spraying program accept all too complacently assurances by the U. S. Public Health Service and the North Carolina Public Health Department that this kind of spraying is not harmful to human beings. It may be treason to say this, but it will not be the first time that a government department has misled the people.

Here is testimony that may carry more weight than this newspaper's humble opinion: In United States District Court in New York, two weeks ago, Dr. Malcolm M. Hargraves, a blood specialist from the famed Mayo Clinic, testifying under oath, linked the recent increase of leukemia, Hodgkins disease and aplastic anemia to the increased use of pesticide poisons, such as DDT, and their petroleum solvents.

He said that all—not some, but all—of the 200 patients he has treated during the past two years for these three terrible afflictions had been directly exposed to DDT or similar

pesticides and their solvents. Most of the victims recovered, but several died, he said.

Moreover, Dr. Hargraves added, the majority of blood specialists at Mayo share his views. The physician testified that pesticides were not the only causes of these blood disorders but said he was "absolutely certain" that they were a contributing factor.

As The Pilot has pointed out before, the plain fact is that most pesticides are so new that it simply is not known what their effects on human beings are over the course of some years. Without mincing words, we think it is unmitigated folly for the Town of Southern Pines to run risks with the health and perhaps with the lives of its residents because of an insect nuisance in the summer.

We would condone carefully controlled concentrated treatment of insect sources—stagnant water, trash piles, animal pens, garbage dumps and so forth—but we cannot understand the need to throw great choking clouds of poison into the yards and homes of everyone in town, night after night.

The Mayo Clinic physician testified during trial of a suit brought by 14 Long Island residents who were seeking an injunction against future mass spraying by State and Federal authorities in their area.

This suit poses for the town council a question that it should not treat lightly. If what Dr. Hargraves says is true, the council has the health and possibly the lives of Southern Pines people in their hands.

Don't Mess With The Moon

Wait a minute: do we really want to hit the moon?

Is that a nice thing to do? Is it a wise thing to do?

Somebody had better come up with some very good reasons for doing such a thing, before we go any farther. And it's got to be somebody big. At the moment we can't think of anyone... but not anyone!... big enough to decide such a thing.

Is it going back to the black days of superstition to feel that way? There was that old phrase; "tempting fate." They used to say about some wild idea: "You'd better not tempt fate." It looks, right now, as if mighty little was known about what might happen if we hit the moon. Wouldn't it be tempting fate to try?

What about the tides? What about that mysterious pull of the moon that sends the salt water creeping up the beaches of the world to pause and then slowly recede again: up one side, down the other? The poet, Francis Thompson called the moon "innocent." But there is a catch in that "innocent." "The innocent moon that nothing does but shine, Moves all the laboring surges of the world."

Don't you believe the moon is all so innocent, Thompson warns. Look what she does by just being up there, shining.

What about the tides if the moon should suffer injury? Supposing they paused and then came on, instead of going back?

What about farmers planting their crops?

Root crops plant in the dark of the moon, other crops plant in the full o' the moon.

What about the great bronze platter of the October Moon, shining through the trees like a bonfire as it rises to light the hunter on his homeward path, throwing his shadow before him, humped with the game he is carrying and the long black stick of his gun reaching before? That was the Kiowa moon, the time the bloody tribe waited for to raid lonely settlers; to lie in the thicket while the white moonlight lit the poor defenses of the frontier home from which the rifles rang and the bullets whistled till all the shooting was done and the moment came to rush in and burn and ravage and kill and ride back across the mesa under the Indian moon with the scalps dangling from the ponies' hackamores.

What about music? No Moonlight Sonata? No Clair de Lune? No Mister Moon? No Moonlight Bay? Lord save us, no Carolina Moon? And what, oh what, about Love?

What will become of all the Romeos if they cannot swear their love by yonder blessed moon? Even if Juliet disapproves swearing by anything so inconstant. What will lovers do without the moon, or with only a poor battered moon? How will they stroll down Lovers' Lane, or go paddling along the moonpath of the silent lake, or watch the moonlight come creeping across the floor?

"See that moonlight on the floor? You put the cat out; I'll lock the door; Time for lovin' is the full o' the moon."

No. Better not mess with the moon.

"My! Jumpy, Isn't He?"



ECCLESIASTICAL ORNITHOLOGY NOTEBOOK

Ever See These Birds Hereabouts?

The following is the annual report of the Ornithological Society of Ecclesia, (as contributed to **CHRISTIANITY AND CRISIS** by its "secretary," Frank M. Weiskel, minister of the Congregational Church in Amherst, N. H.):

ECCLESIASTICUS CRITICUS: A rather common species of birds that inhabit most parishes. It is a close cousin of the ruffed grouse because it is easily ruffled and makes grousing noises when disturbed. It rarely joins in the activities of the flock but hops around on the outside uttering critical cries: "Why-did-they-do-this?" and "They-should-do-something-about-it." Often it builds a well-feathered nest in the better part of the parish and other parish birds tend to respect it highly.

BACKWARD LOOKING DODO: Though this bird is an odd creature, it is not a rare species. Its head is turned backwards most of the time—it wants to see where it has been. It is disturbed by change. When other birds start to build new nests it utters plaintive cries: "Things-are-not-what-they-used-to-be." Some normal birds become dodos when they reach a certain age. When there are a great many of them, they can stop the normal growth of the flock.

GREGARIOUS CONFERENCE-US: This bird likes to travel. It flits from flock to flock and its favorite haunts are the large bird conferences held throughout the country. It will often neglect its own nest and young to attend these gatherings where it may chirp loudly about what it thinks or thinks others should do. It becomes very enthusiastic about group action, but never really

does anything because it is too busy going to another gathering. This bird lives in the reflected glory of the bigger birds who conduct flock gatherings. Its one wing is likely to be over-developed from continually patting other birds on the back and from shaking wings with bigger birds.

STATISTICUS PRIMUS: This bird is distinguished by its great love for numbers of any kind. It likes to gather with big groups and count them over and over again. It can add and divide and get an average which it readily quotes. Its chief food is dry statistics which it eats in huge amounts. It can be easily frightened by small numbers and has been known to go into a frenzy over the quotation: "Where two or three are gathered together." It doesn't seem to care what the numbers are about as long as they are more and larger than last year. Recent increases in church attendance have given a great impetus to this species, and it flourishes especially in growing churches.

PEGASUS FIDELIUS: This animal is not exactly a bird, but a relative of the horse family. It is distinguished by its rounded and worn back, deformed by its willingness to carry heavy burdens over the years. The female of the species predominates in most parishes. It hardly ever utters a cry, but it is always found where the greatest amount of work needs to be done, carrying more than its share of the burden. Great care must be taken of this useful creature lest it break its back by its willingness. Cases have been known where one slight straw has broken the back of a willing Fidelius. Once this happens, they usually retire into solitariness, uttering a moan-

groan: "I've - done - my - share." **DROPIT:** This bird has multiplied very rapidly in the past generation. It lives chiefly in the suburbs and exurbs. Its chief activity seems to be the dropping and picking up of its young. As a result it has developed almost an uncanny sense of timing. With split-second accuracy they can drop their young at church and return one hour later to pick them up, having had several cups of coffee in the interim. An odd metamorphosis has been noted by observers among the young (called "Driplets"); their feet turn under them in circular fashion resembling wheels. This makes it impossible for them to walk any distance greater than a block without being picked up. Male birds can be observed sitting and waiting for their young almost any Sunday morning. It is not wise to approach them, however, for they are likely to be morose and sullen at such an early hour.

LOYALUS LABORUS: This bird provides basic structure in an otherwise flighty flock. Having no distinguishing call or feather markings, it is often mistaken for the common sparrow because of its humility and modesty. While the rest of the flock flits here and there and leaves for warmer climates, the Loyalus stays put and pecks away at whatever needs to be done. If attention is called to what it is doing, it makes chirping noises, quickly distracts attention and disappears into the anonymity of the flock. Some ornithologists claim that under the right atmospheric conditions and in the right light, this bird has a kind of golden aura around its head. Legend says that the ancestor of the Loyalus was among the birds that listened to the preaching of St. Francis of Assisi.

The Public Speaking

It's Dangerous To Run Through 'Stop' Signs

To The Editor: What does the word "stop" mean to the people of Southern Pines? Complete disregard of this word will one day soon cost some one his life or seriously injure persons or property.

In a little over a year since arriving here, my car has never before been so close to so many wrecks. One man blamed me for being in the way when he ran through a sign. But let me try it and I would no doubt be the immediate recipient of a ticket.

I pity the poor strangers who do not know that the word "stop" has a different meaning here. Last week I saw a man run for the curb and the poor dog with him killed, when a lady disregarded the word.

What is the matter here? I have driven in many cities of our nation and in some European

cities. Never in 20 years of getting behind the wheel have I experienced such tension as I do while driving in Southern Pines. Can't something be done? Maybe if enough tickets were passed out, it might make those whose pocketbooks it hurts heed the little red sign with the important four-letter word that could save a life.

Let's do something now, before it is too late.
BARBARA S. KEITH
Southern Pines

Says Dec. 22 Is Not Beginning of Winter

To The Editor: I did enjoy reading the editorials in the issue of The Pilot, Thursday, February 13. They were well worth reading and educational.

I trust you will accept my correction of "All Right, It's Cold — But . . ."

Winter does not begin December 22, as many people believe.

December 21 or 22 is really mid-winter or the winter solstice, after which the days gradually begin to grow longer, even though the coldest days of winter are likely to follow the winter solstice.

Having been a country-bred girl from the cold North, I really do know something about climate and weather.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH M. FITZPATRICK
Pinebluff

(Ed. Note: With all due respect to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, we note nevertheless that Webster's International Dictionary says: "North of the equator, winter is popularly taken to include the months, December, January and February . . . Astronomically, north of the equator, it may be considered to last from the winter solstice, about December 21, till the vernal equinox, about March 21 . . ." The Pilot was speaking "astronomically," not "popularly.")

Grains of Sand

More Beauty Magic
The beautifiers are at it again with new magic for milady. Recent papers were full of potions and nostrums. Macy's, in The New York Times, is advertising a cream with a base of mink oil. Yes, mink oil. It seems somebody noticed that the men who handle mink pelts daily "have hands softer than any woman's." It's the oil in the mink pelts keeps them that way, it seems. So now, it's going on milady's face which will then become, we suppose, softer than any woman's. (Or mink's?)

Another company—we forget who—was claiming to have duplicated chemically a substance that nourishes unborn babies. This, 'twas proudly stated, has been incorporated into a beauty preparation containing "the very secret of life itself" or words to that effect. If it makes a lady look like a newborn child, we don't want any part of it. Anyway, it's another "latest" in this business of looking pretty.

But ho! What's this? More beauty secrets: from France, noted in a feature, is an item beginning: "There are all kinds of ways for a woman to be beautiful in France. . ."

Some of the kinds: raw potatoes to combat swollen eyelids, strawberries as a facial mask. (Now, that would be something!). Of course, you can also drink the waters of Vichy or Evian. They'll make you beautiful, too, from the inside out.

Not to mention another new one: "The translucent look" which a certain preparation is said to give.

Ho hum. Wonder what will come next?

Steady Now
A do-it-yourself project recently described by one of our news networks, in a slap-happy moment, deals with decorating the walls of the stair-well.

Says the adviser: "A working platform should be provided. The easiest way to do this is to place a stepladder on the landing to support one end of a stout plank. The other end rests on the upstairs banister."

"Before starting . . ." But our advice is: stop right there. Take an aspirin, lie down and just try to forget all about it.

The title to this article, by the way, is: "Put Drama In Stair-well."

Spelling a la G.B.S.
Bernard Shaw, wittiest of the witty and orneriest of the onery, didn't think much of English spelling. He thought it was crazy and he spent a lot of time and money, and when he died, left a lot more money to be spent, to promote a simplified, sensible . . . as he said . . . method of spelling the language.

To make his complaint against spelling entirely clear, he'd take an ordinary word and show how it might be spelled if you followed the way some other word of similar sounds, was spelled. This is one of Shaw's examples of what he meant . . . with the typically Shaw hilarity of it.

The word is F I S H . Shaw maintained that it could just as well be spelled G H O T .

Here's how come: The GH is like the GH in ENOUGH. The SH is like the T in NATION.

Like almost everything Shaw ever wrote or said: he's perfectly right.

Neatest Trick of The Week
The fashion designer Cardin, leader in the new movement in women's clothes, has this to say: "The body is out of style. Nowadays, it takes the form of the dress."

Considering the shape of the new balloon dresses, we can only think of one way in which this feat might be accomplished. Page Lane Bryant, M. Cardin. And take it away!

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