

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.

Faith In This Area Remains

Writing the obituary of the Mozur Lacey plant project has not been a pleasant task for this newspaper—just as it has not been pleasant reading for a community which had centered on this project its hopes for a welcome industrial operation.

The project failed because of the inability of the Mozur firm to reach a satisfactory agreement with a contractor. This was a matter that was out of the hands of the local industrial development committee—and certainly out of the hands of the residents of the Sandhills who had pledged some \$180,000 to help finance the cost of the proposed plant.

The feeling of this community was well expressed by Robert S. Ewing, president of the local development corporation, when he said last week:

"We have seen a wonderful spirit developed among our citizens. People in

this area want industry to help round out the economy and I don't believe we'll stop now. . . This is a blow to us all, but it isn't the end of the world and I assure you that every member of the committee stands ready to work even harder when we get another opportunity to have something good locate here. . ."

To this we would only add—knowing that we speak for the people of Southern Pines—our appreciation for the time and effort devoted to this project by members of the local committee and others who worked with them on the lace plant project.

This community should stand behind them, as well as the larger Moore County Industrial Development Committee, in subsequent industrial projects which may be undertaken.

Our faith in the diversified economic future of Southern Pines, the Sandhills and Moore County remains unshaken.

A Successful Half Century

The Pilot joins the many other newspapers, organizations and individuals who are congratulating Carolina Power and Light Company this month on the 50th anniversary of its founding.

Elsewhere in today's Pilot is an article tracing the history of this company that now serves about half of North Carolina's 100 counties as well as a large area of South Carolina. This article is interesting; we commend it to readers as something most Americans love—a success story.

It is a story that has involved each one of us in the company's territory. It is a story that shares in the sweep and drama of American industry. Seen in perspective, after half a century, the accomplishments of the Carolina Power and Light Company, like those of other American businesses which have advanced technologically while constantly

growing, seem almost incredible. It is a story that has its human side—whether it be the constant courtesy of company employees or the feats of linemen and others at time of emergency, illustrating a type of selfless service that has become a legend in and out of the industry.

Speaking locally and for ourselves alone, we at The Pilot have had the most cordial relations with CP&L people at local and division offices of the company. They have been frank and cooperative in all the varied contacts that a newspaper has with a public utility, taking time always to supply us with requested information, sometimes on occasions when we know it must have seemed to them that they had more important things to do.

Again our congratulations to CP&L and our appreciation for its high quality of service to the public.

'To Make A Better Community'

The announced purpose of "The Voice," a new mimeographed information sheet to be published monthly by the Civic Club of West Southern Pines is "to stir up the minds" of its readers "so that they will become more alert to their opportunities to become better citizens, to make a better community."

This is an aim to which all of us, on whichever side of town we live, can subscribe.

We are pleased to see this renewed evidence of enthusiasm and activity by the Civic Club of West Southern Pines, an organization that has played a part in community affairs for the past 20 years, "to increase the public interest in all matters relating to good citizenship."

We have frequently heard Negro spokesmen in town council meetings, appearing on behalf of some need or project, who have presented

themselves as speaking for the Civic Club of West Southern Pines, thereby giving their requests or ideas considerably more authority than if they spoke for themselves alone.

While we would not deny the need or the effectiveness of racially militant organizations which are focussed primarily on the protection and extension of Negro rights, we see an equally important place in any Negro community for organizations such as the Civic Club of West Southern Pines which apparently directs its attention to the ways and means of good citizenship as such, emphasizing the responsibilities that are incumbent on all good citizens, Negro or white. This ties in with our conviction that there will be progressively less hostility to Negro rights drives, such as the school integration effort, as Negroes demonstrate increasingly the responsibility that ordinary citizenship implies.

'I Was Born July 4, 1776 . . .'

One of the most original and interesting July 4 items to appear in the nation's press this year was the following, called "A Nation's Credo," which was published in the Chicago Sun-Times:

"I was born July 4, 1776, and the Declaration of Independence is my birth certificate. The bloodlines of the world run through my veins because I offered freedom to the oppressed. I am many things and many people. I am the nation. I am 165,000,000 living souls—and the ghost of millions who have lived and died for me.

"I am Nathan Hale and Paul Revere. I stood at Lexington and fired the shot heard 'round the world. I am Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry. I am John Paul Jones and the Green Mountain Boys and Davy Crockett. I am Lee and Grant and Lincoln. I remember the Alamo, the Maine and Pearl Harbor. When freedom called, I answered the call and stayed until it was over, over there. I left my heroic dead in Flanders Field, on the rocks of Corregidor and the bleak slopes of Korea.

"I am big. I sprawl from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 3,000 miles (before Alaska) throbbing with industry. I am more than 5,000,000 farms. I am forest, field, mountain and desert. I am quiet villages and cities that never sleep. . . You can look at me and see Benjamin Franklin walking down the streets of Philadelphia. I am Babe Ruth and the World Series. I am 169,000 schools and colleges and 250,000 churches, where my people worship God as they think best.

"I am a ballot dropped in a box, the roar of a crowd in a stadium and the voice of a choir in a cathedral. I am an editorial in a newspaper. A letter to a congressman. I am Eli Whitney and Stephen Foster. I am Tom Edison, Albert Einstein and Billy Graham. I am Horace Greeley, Will Rogers and the Wright Brothers. I am George Washington Carver and Daniel Webster and Jonas Salk. I am Longfellow, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman, Tom Paine.

"Yes, I am the nation. I was conceived in

freedom, and, God willing, in freedom I will spend the rest of my days. May I possess always the integrity, the courage and the strength to keep myself unshackled, to remain a citadel of freedom and a beacon of hope to the world. This is my wish, my goal, my prayer on July 4, 1958—one hundred and eighty two years after I was born."

Comforts And Pioneers

That news story out of New York about the trend to "sissy" Boy Scout camps is a sign of the times.

National Boy Scout leaders, the story says, are worried because about half the Scout camps over the nation are "babying" boys with such comforts as dish washing machines, potato peelers, hot showers, deep freezers, air mattresses, heated cabinets and even vacuum cleaners.

We hate to say it, but we're inclined to believe that the advocates of the "pioneer spirit of self-reliance" are waging a losing battle. Many years of gadgetry have made us a nation that will take our comforts with us, wherever we go, whether as infants, Scouts or adults.

The fact is, the pioneers lived roughly because they had to. If they'd been able to have hot showers, vacuum cleaners or a potato peeler, don't think they wouldn't have used them.

As the American frontier advanced, a community had no sooner been settled than along came scads of ingenious fellows who turned out, in the 18th and 19th centuries, an amazing series of inventions to make work easier and existence more comfortable. Many of these things seem crude today, but were heaven on earth to the hard-pressed people they were invented for.

We don't say all this emphasis on comfort is good for the nation's moral and physical welfare. It probably isn't, but people, even Boy Scouts, won't give up their comforts, except under dire necessity.

Old Hugh's Notebook: 'WHAT IT WAS WAS HUMAN NATURE'

Once upon a time there was a BIG BIG TOP starring Uncle Sam and headlining such BIG important things as a COLD WAR, DISARMAMENT, A SPACE RACE, and I don't know what all...



THEN CAME A LITTLE BITTY SIDE SHOW...

ADAMS' GOLDFINE APPLE



WITH ELEPHANTS!



AND HOTEL BILLS

AND HOTEL BUGS!



AND A FLYING (PERSIAN) CARPET!

AND DISAPPEARING ACTS!



AND-UH-WHICH SHOW ARE WE WATCHING?

FATHER OF BOY IN FATAL WRECK SAYS, 'NO'

Should 16-Year-Olds Drive Cars?

Worthy of attention by all parents of teen-agers and by young people themselves are the following excerpts from an article written by the father of a 16-year-old boy who was the driver of a car that went out of control at high speed, killing one high school student and injuring five others, including the driver. City Councilman W. B. Myers of Tampa, Fla., father of the boy, was asked by the Tampa Times to write his reactions to the tragedy.

It was a wholesale tragedy. We realize that Tommy must face the fact that the boy lost his life in the car Tommy was driving.

There is nothing in the world to compensate for the loss of a life. If I could I would give my own life for that boy's. I surely would. I feel that with all my heart.

Whatever charge they place against Tommy he is going to have to take it. I'll stand by him as a father, but not as a public official.

If every parent of a teenager who drives could stand by help-

lessly in a hospital and see their children lying on an operating table, wondering if they will live or die, I'm sure they would wish that the automobile had never been invented.

Yet you realize that you can't lock your children in the house and tell them they can't be a part of society. And you can't be with them every minute. So what is the answer?

I know that much of the problem is centered around speed. Ever since we have had a television set in our house, all I can remember seeing on automobile ads is power, speed, pick up . . .

How can you explain to a child, or even an adult, that he has to go under 40 (the limit where this accident occurred) when he is constantly shown examples of cars which go more than 100?

My son had been told not to

drive fast, not to exceed the speed limit, to be careful and look out for the other fellow.

One of the problems confronting me now is whether to let him drive again. Frankly, I don't know if I'll ever let Tommy drive until he's 18. But it will be a long time before I have to make that decision, due to the extent of his injuries.

I think that except in extreme cases a boy probably should not be permitted to drive until he is 18. The two-year difference between 16 and 18 will give him much more maturity and common sense. The law gives a child 16 years old the right to drive. But I feel that each parent should examine his own child as an individual and determine whether the child is fit from the standpoint of maturity and common sense to operate a lethal weapon such as the modern car.

HERE'S A VOTE FOR THE ROSE

What For A National Flower?

By Rena B. Lassiter In The Smithfield Herald

Newspaper columns that are usually cluttered with political wranglings, crime disturbances, weather disasters and the like have recently had stories of a different sort of bickering. Not sordid or unpleasant was the controversy that had to do with recommending a national flower for these United States. It was a group of women who did the disputing and no less a group than the General Federation of Women's Clubs in its 67th annual convention in Detroit.

One faction upheld with ardor and spirit the rose. An opposing faction championed the corn tassel. Rose supporters pointed out that the rose could be grown in small gardens as well as in large ones, and that a poll has shown the rose to be the favorite flower of a majority of the people. Minnesota delegates were quite as outspoken for the corn tassel.

Hal Boyle, New York columnist, advances the cause of the lowly dandelion. He calls it the "golden democrat of lawn and pasture, a true all-American flower, a rugged individualist that stands above class or creed, or local partisanship." He points out that Congress may cause statesmenlike heads to roll like petals of the first frost, as Congressmen undertake to name an official U. S. flower. "Garden lovers are a passionate folk," he says. "Knock their favorite flower and it's worse than kicking their dog around."

None Lovelier

As far as I am personally concerned I'd sooner name the nut-grass flower than the dandelion. It is just as persistent a grower if not more persistent, and it will certainly grow anywhere. But without any facetiousness, I am wholeheartedly for the rose. If there is any flower lovelier than a perfect rose I have never seen it. Our North Carolina flower, the dogwood, has its points. I am glad it was chosen for our State. All of the flowers chosen by the other States have something to recommend them. Three states—New York, Arkansas and Georgia—saw fit to select the rose as their state flower. I am for the rose as our national flower.

—Harry Golden in The Carolina Israelite

TROUBLES OF INTELLECTUALS

In several of the intellectual enclaves along the Eastern Seaboard, places like Nyack, N. Y., Bucks County, Pa., and others, the drive for STATUS does not miss a single beat. The big thing there is NOT to have a television, and the folks are having a pretty rough time of it, hiding the set in the broom closet every time the door-bell rings. The reception is very bad, too, because they wouldn't think of installing an outside aerial. Now if some smart yokel or hillbilly invented a sort of invisible aerial or one that could be hidden down the chimney, he'd be doing the intellectuals of the North a very great service.

Grains of Sand

That Nightmare Again Well, the home safety press releases from the National Safety Council have come in again—and they've just about spoiled our quiet summer. Makes us think we'd be better off trying to sail a 30-foot boat across the Atlantic, join an expedition to study the head-hunters of Brazil or maybe even volunteer to be the first person shot at the moon.

One thing about the good old Safety Council is that it doesn't pull its punches. Opening its nice white mimeographed folder, we read: "Mrs. Housewife—there's a killer in your home!" We close our eyes and shudder. Then: "The killer? Poisons. They lurk everywhere . . . They take a steady toll throughout the year—about 120 lives a month. . ."

Then comes one designed to cheer the old folks. The Council eases into this horror story in a tone that reminds us of the sepulchral, booming voice that used to announce the March of Time newsreels:

"The pattern is pretty much the same:

"The time—July or December. The place—the home. Or more specifically, the bedroom. The victim—someone 65 years of age or older.

"Yes, that usually is the story of home deaths from falls, which take about 14,000 lives annually."

Then we turn a few pages and one of the Council's new slogans—we know it's a slogan because they put it in quotation marks—leaps at us from the chaste white page, as though written in letters of flame:

"Let's not kill off the man in the home."

"Women can keep their men alive," goes on the Council ponderously. "Encourage your husband or boy friend to play it safe when working around the house."

"Play it safe? You bet we're going to! And our first step to safety is going to be to quit reading press releases from the National Safety Council. No matter what else happens to us then, our nerves will not be shattered by the Council's good advice."

Yoo Hoo! Look What I Got!

Readers across the nation should be grateful to Helen G. Myers, the Long Beach, Calif., elementary education supervisor who collected first graders' descriptions of everyday things over a period of two years.

For example: "Arms are to hold your hands on."

"Eyebrows are something women shave off."

"Little stones are big rocks chopped up."

"Cats are for dogs to chase."

"Dogs are made to like people."

"A door is to answer."

"A dream is something you think when you're asleep."

"Ears are something that big people put hearing things on. . . Ears are to wriggle."

"A face is a thing that holds your head and hair in place."

"Ground is to grow grass."

"A hat is a thing to tip and say, 'How do you do! . . . A hat is for magicians to take rabbits out of.'"

"Mashed potatoes are things to have steak and gravy with."

"Mountains are a place that's hard to go up and easy to come down."

"A mustache is something old men get. . . A mustache is something else to wash."

"A package is something to say, 'Yoo hoo! Look what I got!'"

"The world is where you jump up in the air and always come down again. . . The world is something to come down to after you've been up in space."

Commenting on this list, Publishers Auxiliary, a trade newspaper that is read by most of the nation's editors, draws the conclusion that editorial writers could learn something from the "sparkle, enthusiasm and clarity" of the youngsters' definitions.

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