

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.

Human Values Versus Nuclear Weapons

One year ago on this page, we listed contradictory statements about the dangers of "fall-out" from nuclear weapons—concluding that for the first time in our history, Americans are beginning to feel like victims. We feel that there is little we can do about a situation that is alternately described as harmless and as a threat to the health and life of thousands of persons alive today, as well as untold thousands in the future.

A year ago, Dr. Edward U. Condon, a top atomic scientist, had just told us that "thousands of persons in the world will suffer agonizing death from bone cancer and leukemia as a result of the poison put into the air by hydrogen bomb tests which we have already conducted."

Last week, the Associated Press quoted Dr. Linus Pauling, winner of the Nobel Prize, who estimates the fallout hazard as 1,000 times greater than the estimate recently given by Gen. Herbert B. Loper, assistant secretary of defense. Radiation from the present fallout (from bombs tested only up to now), says Dr. Pauling, will cause fatal cancer in 50,000 Americans and can be expected to produce mental defects in 23,000 persons as yet unborn.

The average man's frustration, when faced

with such statements, is that he, of his own knowledge or common sense, has no way to know what or whom to believe. And for this reason, lacking any tangible evidence of this unseen, unfeared threat, the average man can do little but put the matter aside.

Drew Pearson says that there is a "secret report" in the White House, detailing grave health dangers from fallout, including Strontium 90 which causes bone cancer. This report is alleged to urge that the fallout problem be taken away from the Atomic Energy Commission and put under an entirely separate government agency, preferably the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Certainly it would seem that the responsible leaders of this nation, faced with such reports as those we have quoted, would set up some agency, other than the one that is trying to make bigger and better bombs, to evaluate the fallout threat on other than military terms.

And our conclusion now can be no different than it was a year ago: mankind must, in the face of these terrible nuclear dangers, find "a solution beyond any proposal so far: an all-out search for peace that is based on enduring human values, not on weapons of devastation."

More Inept Handling In Foreign Affairs

This newspaper commented last week on the welcome news that a distinguished bipartisan committee of senators, congressmen and civic leaders had organized, under the chairmanship of Senators Kennedy and Cooper, and Representative Chester Bowles, to try to do something about the economic development side of the foreign aid program. The emphasis was to be placed on sending emergency aid to India, as the bastion of neutral power in the East, and, these men believe, the great hope of the West in its struggle to save the world from the sweep of communistic imperialism. Now comes a piece of news supremely calculated to dash the hopes of this group and jeopardize its goal.

The administration announced this week the despatching of nine jet bombers to Pakistan, as part of military aid.

Pakistan, carved from two pieces of the former British Indian Empire, has been at odds with India since its creation. This strongly Moslem country, by its religious nature, an enemy of Hindu India. Intense bad feeling exists between the two countries and violence to the point of massacre has more than once broken out. However, as a member of the Baghdad Pact, Pakistan has been getting military aid, despite the fact that India feels—and many observers agree—that such aid is destined for use against India. It has been an extremely sore point in India-United States relations, probably accounting for a good deal of Nehru's persistence in his decision to keep his country neutral in the great East-West struggle. It has, of course, supplied fine propaganda for the Communist powers.

So, at the moment when it looks as if something might be done to counteract

past exasperation by this country of the Indian-Pakistan trouble, more fuel is piled on the fire by the gift of these military planes.

But there is far more to it than that. For, from another angle, there had suddenly loomed far greater hope than before of a widening rift between India and the Red China-Soviet powers. The sudden outbreak of violence in Tibet, ruthlessly put down by the Chinese, could very easily be the force to bring Nehru into the western camp; at the least to greatly stimulate his resistance against the growing danger from the north. Surely this is a crucial time in Indian-U. S. relations: a time when if ever we should watch our steps and act with utmost caution and care. There would seem strong grounds for hope that this is the time when generous, friendly action towards India in her struggle to build up her domestic stability, action such as that contemplated by the newly-formed committee, might tip the scales our way. Yet right at this moment the administration sends bombers to India's potential enemy.

Such wretched bungling is typical of the bad planning, the poor timing, the reckless bull-headedness that has plagued our foreign policies in these recent years. It is enough to discourage profoundly the bipartisan committee working desperately to improve relations between India and the United States; and to cause our friends abroad and in India itself to be about ready to give up in their struggle to work with this country towards their mutual welfare and the peace of the world. It is enough to cause Americans to wonder with utmost discouragement how long this nation can get by with such inept handling of its foreign affairs.

'Passport To The World's Knowledge'

The happy little figures in the drawing along the bottom of this page are reversing the more usual order of values: they are putting reading ahead of everything else.

While we are sure that traffic safety experts do not advocate reading while driving; that chiefs of police do not instruct their officers to read on duty; that the Post Office Department does not encourage mail carriers to read while on their appointed rounds; that house painters are not urged to keep a book in one hand when they climb a ladder to work—we nevertheless find it refreshing to have depicted in this drawing a world in which reading comes first, rather than, as with most of us, last, in the busy rounds of mid-20th century existence.

National Library Week, with which the Southern Pines Library is cooperating, is the occasion for the literary parade below. One of the week's slogans is the "Wake Up and Read" exhortation that appears there. Another, on posters that will be displayed next week over the nation, is "For a better-read, better-informed America."

A library card, says another Library Week display, is a "passport to the world's knowledge." This is a truth to which persons who have become accustomed to use public libraries will enthusiastically testify.

The point is that, at a public library, you can get what YOU want to read or study—not merely what is presented to you in magazines, radio, TV and yes, even newspapers. In all of these media, you have to take what somebody else has decided you will want to see or hear. At a library, the whole range of the world's recorded knowledge, poetry or entertainment in fiction is available to the seeker. Most libraries, including the one here, have arrangements whereby they can obtain—through State or university or other libraries—volumes which space does not permit them to keep on their shelves.

We take the occasion of Library Week again to urge local residents to make gifts of books to the Southern Pines library, as memorials to deceased persons, thus permitting the library to put on its shelves volumes that it might otherwise be unable to obtain.

We also commend the operation of the Southern Pines Library under municipal management and acknowledge the helpfulness and courtesy always shown to the public there.

We urge persons who have been putting everything else ahead of reading to become acquainted with the library and its services and to discover for themselves the rewarding experience of using it regularly to obtain reading of their choice.

"And Now A Few Words About My Sponsors"



WANDERLUST PART OF THEIR TRADITION

Roving Scots Settled Sandhills

A subject of never-failing interest in this area is the settlement of the Cape Fear valley by Scottish immigrants from whom most of the native residents of the Sandhills can trace their descent. Two articles appearing recently in "The State" magazine relate the history of the Scots from ancient times and conclude with an account of how they came to America. The articles were written by Malcolm Fowler of Lillington in neighboring Harnett County, who for many years has been a student of the history of this area. Following is the concluding portion of Mr. Fowler's second article which tells how, after discovery of the New World, "the Highlanders were on the loose again":

Thus we find them pouring into this new world and especially into North Carolina, concentrating their settlements in the territory south of the Deep River and the Granville line, the Cape Fear River on the east and the Yadkin River on the west, with a spillover into South Carolina. This then is the Hie'lan' Country of North Carolina, embracing the following present day counties: Cumberland, Harnett, Hoke, Lee, Montgomery, Moore, Richmond, Robeson and Scotland.

Another Scotsman—although not a Hie'lander but Edinburgh-educated—was responsible for the first wave of Scottish emigrants into the Cape Fear Valley. He was Gabriel Johnston, who became governor of the province of North Carolina in 1732. He established his seat of government at Wilmington, and wrote glowing letters back home to friends and relatives extolling the virtues of the Cape Fear country, much like Moses describing the Promised Land to the children of Israel. Thus the wave of Scottish settlers.

Not The First

True, they were not the first to settle in this area. A few Al-bemarle and lower Cape Fear gentry—land speculators mostly—began taking up choice tracts on the Cape Fear above Rockfish Creek as early as 1730.

Folks like John Baptista Ashe, Governor Samuel Swann, the Rowans, people who bled strictly blue—when they bled at all. It is doubted that few of them ever set foot on the land they were granted.

It isn't until 1733 the first Scottish names appear on the land grants: in that year Hugh and Magdalene Campbell took up land between Rockfish and pres-

ent Fayetteville and Thomas Forbes twelve miles above them. They were followed by James Innes with a 1735 grant nearly opposite the mouth of Lower Little River.

Beginning in 1740 and starting at Rufford's Creek, the names on the land grants read like a gathering of the Clans: Armstrong, Buie, Campbell, Clark, McAllister, McCranie, McDougal, McGill, McKay, McLauchlan, a raft full of McNeills, Paterson, Stewart and others.

Around 1750 the McAuleys, McDonalds, McDuffies, McLeans, McPhauls, McPhersons, Blacks, Camerons, Morrisons, Monroes, Ochiltrees, Rays and many more began showing up.

Westward Spread

When Cumberland County was formed in 1754 the westward spread toward the Yadkin was well under way. Up Rockfish Creek and the two Little Rivers the Highland tide flowed, lapping over Drowning Creek into Montgomery and Richmond counties. In the meantime other Scots had ascended the Pee Dee—the Lumber River in N. C.—and were taking up land in Robeson and Scotland counties.

The Highland push stopped abruptly at the Granville line. A few had penetrated into what is now Chatham County but when the Granville line reached the Cape Fear a few miles below the junction of the Deep and Haw rivers in 1746, they came scamp-ering out of his territory like hot-footed cats. They wanted no part of Lord Granville and the fiscal chicanery of his land agents.

By the time of the Revolution this nine-county area was almost solidly Scottish-settled except around the borders. For the most part they were loyal to England

during the fracas that followed, though the early settlers before the Blood Oath of Culloden in 1746 were intensely patriotic. This led to some of the fiercest fighting of the war, pitting clan against clan and, in many cases, family against family.

With the end of the Revolution the Wandering Scots settled down and began to exploit this new land of theirs. That they did—and are doing—a good job of it is shown by the records.

But the spirit of wanderlust remained in them—it still does. It is a part of them, along with their traditions and their fierce pride in their clan ancestry.

About every generation, as new territory south and west was opened up there would be a fresh wave of emigration from the Hie'lan' Country of North Carolina. These successive waves finally reached the Pacific coast. They could go no further.

Then came World War II and many descendants of the original Celts found themselves stationed in India and Iran through which their ancestors had passed so many thousands of years before. The Celts had circled the world in their wanderings.

Hairy Cousins?

Today we find their descendants, these Wandering Scots, stationed in Japan, only a few miles from the Hairy Ainus, who really aren't very hairy, but might be their cousins hundreds of times removed.

And in God's Own Time, when the Sputniks and Vanguard and other earth satellites shall have revealed the secrets of space travel, the first manned space ship will blast off for the moon. It is also a safe bet most of the crew of that ship will be descendants of the Wandering Scots!

He's Sold On Small-Town Living

I was reared in a city, but I consider myself a small-town boy.

Whenever I go to the city now I'm completely lost, and I find myself longing for the less complicated life of the small town.

Some of my big city brethren seem to have the idea that life in a small town is all slow and easy. I run into it all the time when I'm comparing notes with my colleagues on the city daily newspapers.

These Fourth Estates always seem to have the idea that those of us who work on the small town weeklies have a snap.

The truth of the matter is that any small town business-man must work about twice as

hard as the city man simply because the small town business is generally understaffed.

Regardless of whether it's running a small newspaper or a retail store, one man usually does the job of two or three people. Usually there isn't the volume of business for a person to specialize in one particular line. A smalltown merchant, for instance, usually is the manager, salesman, buyer, bookkeeper, credit manager, and oftentimes chief floor sweeper.

It's an interesting life, though, and even without some of the advantages the cities offer, I'm sold on small-town living.

—Nudy James in the Montgomery Herald

Grains of Sand

Well. Think of That! On the wrapper of a newspaper that recently arrived by mail there is this stamped message from the National Post Office: Found in Supposedly Empty Equipment At Mail Bag Depository Washington, D. C.

It calls up a harum-scarum picture of mailmen poking around in a great cavern ("depository") filled with mailbags, shaking this one and that one, feeling around, and then: "Hey, Bill! Hold on! There's something still in this one," and Bill groans and comes back and fishes inside and finally hauls out the wrapped newspaper.

At that, they found it within the week. And they put that special stamp on it, all set up for such oversights. And then they actually remembered to put it back in the mailbox again. "Efficiency," all hail!

Sportsmanship vs. Brinkmanship
No longer can the U. S. retreat into "fortress America." It seems that British cricketers are thinking of throwing the ball in their national game instead of bowling it along the ground, with that over-the-shoulder, stiff-arm delivery.

This possibility looms because of the fact that the British Marylebone Cricket Club was beaten in Australia by the Aussie team which copied the U. S. style of pitching.

And now an Australian, Norman O'Neill, has been invited by the Yankees to take part in spring training.

Maybe we're getting somewhat. Now if Nikita would just take up golf. . .!

Coffee Break

Seems the Antique Fair opened with a real bang this year. When the ladies started to get everything in order opening day before the crowd arrived, Mrs. Ed Schneider, in charge of the food counter, made a startling discovery. The large coffee urn, which the National Guard was allowing the ladies to use, had vanished.

Mrs. Schneider had noticed it on the counter when she arrived. She had gone out to her car to get something and when, on returning, she looked for the urn to start her coffee. . . it was gone!

Constitution! The word spread! "Coffee urn, coffee urn, who's got the coffee urn?" everybody asked everybody else. A whisper of "Thieves! Robbers!" went round the armory. Antique dealers began to hover suspiciously over their wares: respectively glances darted about.

Said Mrs. Ives: "Call the police!"

And in seconds the police arrived: one officer in uniform, one in plain clothes. They asked: "Did anyone see anyone?"

"Yes," the ladies said: "there was a man. . ."

"How big a man?" asked the officer.

"About his size," they said, and pointed at the plain-clothesman.

"What!" said the plain-clothesman.

"How was he dressed?" asked the officer.

"In a check shirt," they said: "like his check shirt!" pointing again.

"Hey!" said the plain-clothesman.

And just about then came the sergeant in charge of the armory: "It's OK," he said. "Don't worry. The Elks took it!"

"What?" said everybody. "The Elks?"

"Ay lord, the Elks," said the sergeant. "They always come and borrow our urn on Tuesdays. And today's Tuesday."

Yes. The Elks got it back just in time to make the coffee to wash down Mrs. Schneider's bouffant eats.

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