

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.

An Issue To Test The Town

A letter on this page, from a committee of the West Southern Pines Civic Club, indicates that there is deep dissatisfaction on the part of Negro citizens with the manner in which their request for one or more Negro police officers was handled at town hall.

While there are a number of practical difficulties—foremost of which is the simple matter of money—involved in the employment of additional policemen, the request of the West Southern Pines group is reasonable. Negro policemen are working successfully in many Southern towns and cities. Correctly or incorrectly, Negro citizens here appear to feel that the door has been too hastily closed on them in this matter.

We think the council made a mistake in turning the problem over to the chief of police. While it is true that it is the chief's privilege to hire and fire whom he will and that he is in the best position to judge the needs of the police department, we doubt if any town that has employed Negro policemen has done so without approval at the council level. Policy is the council's business—and we think that the decision to employ or not employ a Negro in the police department involves policy, a policy for which the council itself must take the responsibility, pro or con. Of course the chief would judge the fitness of applicants for any police position.

The crucially important point now is that there must be an easing of tension, a resumption of communication between the council and Negro citizens. We urge the council to give the Negro group convincing assurance that their request will be accorded the most careful study—from the point of view of financing, efficiency of law enforcement and racial relationships. We think the council should show its good faith by appointing a committee of Negro and white citizens—including the chief of police and a representative of the council—to study the proposal objectively and be motivated in their conclusions by what appears to them to be in the best interest of the entire community.

Here is an issue to test whether the white and Negro citizens of Southern Pines can keep their lines of communication open; whether they can think and plan together on a basis of facts, rather than emotions; whether it is possible for the two races to work out their destiny in dignity and good will.

The police matter is one small issue in one small Southern town, but it is symbolic of the greatest domestic issue of our time. The council must face this issue and take the lead in resolving it with energy and wisdom. We are confident that Negro citizens will meet them more than half way.

The Sandhills And Expanded Air Service

Southern Pines finds itself in the middle of a controversy between the Raleigh-Durham airport and a number of cities on a proposed Piedmont Airlines flight route that would operate between Charlotte and Goldsboro by way of Southern Pines, Fayetteville, Wilmington, Jacksonville-Camp Lejeune and Kinross; and beyond Goldsboro by way of Rocky Mount and Richmond on one segment, and to Washington via Elizabeth City, Norfolk and Newport News on the other.

Southern Pines is the smallest community in this line-up and has, in the way of existing air service, only the East-West Piedmont service that is enjoyed only on a seasonal basis, October to May. Southern Pines is hungry for north-south air service and, on this matter, is in almost a beggars-can't-be-choosers position.

Patriots in Rocky Mount and we presume other cities on the proposed route are up in arms about the assertion of the manager of the Raleigh-Durham airport that the Piedmont route outlined above—which has been recommended to the Civil Aeronautics Board by the Bureau of Air Operations—is an attempt to by-pass Raleigh-Durham. They, like we

here in the Sandhills, are tired of the long drive to Raleigh, to catch a plane. Besides, the new route is seen as a mighty factor in opening up the Eastern part of the state—comparable, according to the Rocky Mount Telegram, with what the Union Pacific was for the Far West.

Yearning for north-south, year-around air service is so strong here in the Sandhills that we are thankful for any efforts that are being made to make it a reality. We must, in all honesty, be frank to say that a direct service to Raleigh-Durham would best serve the industrial and resort interests of this area. Yet we do not propose to throw any wrenches into any plan that would bring us relief from air isolation.

It has been estimated that north-south traffic here in summer would equal or exceed the east-west traffic in winter. We think that Piedmont should give north-south service a fair trial here. We see the justice of the Eastern cities' contentions, though direct service to Raleigh would suit us best. Certainly we are gratified that efforts are being made to improve the service here.

Literacy Program: A Great Opportunity

How literate are the people of North Carolina, after a half-century or so of compulsory public education?

It is a shock to us to learn that there are 75,000 adults—out of a population of two million adults of 25 and over in age—who have never had any formal education.

Moreover, there are 425,000 "functional illiterates"—adults who have had less than five years of formal education, many of whom have, through lack of use, lost what ability they once had to read and write.

This means that 21 per cent of North Carolina's adults have been to school less than five years and 3.75 per cent have never been to school at all.

The figures come to us from one of the most remarkable education programs ever conceived—the Literacy Movement in the Southeast by Television, a project that is being coordinated by the John C. Campbell Folk School of Brasstown, N. C.

Starting in January, the Literacy Movement, with the cooperation of television stations in the Carolinas, Alabama and eastern Tennessee, will attempt to reach as many illiterate persons as it can with broadcast lessons.

Meanwhile volunteers are needed, all over

the area to be covered, to act as teachers of watching groups, once the broadcasts begin (they will be given three mornings a week), and other persons are needed to organize the program at the local level: find places for classes, arrange for TV sets, enlist students and so forth.

Persons volunteering as teachers will receive training in the internationally known Laubach method of teaching illiterates, at the John C. Campbell Folk School, September 27 through October 16.

It is suggested that civic clubs, home demonstration clubs and other organizations assume the organizing tasks. Teachers and organizers receive no pay. Students pay \$4 for books and materials.

Information about either teaching or organizing can be obtained from any of the cooperating TV stations, including, in this area, WBTB, Charlotte; WMFY-TV, Greensboro; WBTW-TV, Florence, S. C.; and WTVB, Durham. Correspondents should address "Reading Program" at those stations.

All this is most interesting and offers an opportunity for a social service that would be highly rewarding. We commend the program to the attention of all who might be able to help.

What's The Hurry?

Will anything less than a revamping of basic attitudes toward life, the pace of our living, stop the highway speeding that is claiming more and more lives?

What can a young man do but bear down on his car's accelerator when he reads in the papers that the U. S. A.'s "astronauts" will, within a few years, be circling the earth, in orbit, at some 18,000 miles per hour? What's running 90 or 100, compared to that?

Why? What good is it to put a sign in front of young people, "Slow Down and Live," when everywhere they turn they encounter the latent philosophy that might be summed up in paraphrase, "Speed Up and Live Better?"

That characterful weekly newspaper, the Vineyard Gazette of Edgartown, Mass., on the island of Martha's Vineyard, recently commented, "For the past generation or two, our

civilization has been breeding a fast variety of the human race. . . A lot of people among us are in motion because their nature abhors a state of rest. . ."

Then come the words that we wish could be printed up and handed to every 16-year-old when he gets his first driver's license:

"It still requires a year for the earth to circle the sun, and an unimaginable vastness of time for light to reach the earth from a distant star. A whole summer produces an unimpressive growth ring for a tree, and there is no hurrying the harvest of apples or goldenrod or acorns. And how long does it take, in preparation and study and fallow times, to produce one nicely rounded human thought?"

To be given to 16-year-olds, did we say? Why confine it to them? Is there one of us, with maybe a rare exception who is blessedly not a typical child of these times, who could not profit from pondering those words?

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY ESSENTIAL

Conserving Natural Resources

(From an article in "Wildlife in North Carolina," by Ernest Swift, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation)

Too many conservationists today—professionals and amateurs—have been deluded by the philosophy that resources can be saved simply by appropriating money and passing laws.

Some professionals, so-called, have never exerted their mentality to thinking the matter through to a conclusion. The individual responsibility of citizens is too little emphasized.

It is plain to see that with all the legislative mills grinding out appropriations and a myriad of other laws, we have arrived at the dubious point of progress in the management of resources where either we have to subsidize, bribe, police or pass other restrictive laws to save anything.

How Genuine?

When I hear professionals check off their legislative victories for big appropriations and more laws, I wonder how genuine these victories are. Probably their way is the only immediate solution, but to me it simply reflects a cesspool of mass ignorance and poor citizenship. If individuals had more sincerity about resources, we would have less need for appropriations and laws.

Stating the issue bluntly: Should a supposedly patriotic farmer, who would go to the defense of his country in time of war, be subsidized to carry out sound resources practices on his own farm? Is protecting his farm not a patriotic and civic duty? What will he profit from his dollars in the bank when his farm has eroded to the sea?

We must consider the industrialist just as patriotic. Then why doesn't this patriotism extend to cleaning up the stream pollution he has caused? Take the red-hot, avid sportsmen who eternally criticize public conservation agencies: If they are so pure and sincere, why is it necessary for the states to spend 30 per cent of their fish and game revenues for law enforcement?

Is patriotism and civic responsibility simply a short-term proposition for the citizen?

Unsung Heroes

For a long time now, much has been said about the dire need for public education in resources. There are many diverse opinions about who to educate, what to stress and how to educate. What subject continues to be debatable, and let us recognize there are many unsung heroes doing a masterful job at the community level.

There is no question that education is a strong force to forestall ill-advised and unwarranted change, as well as to promote sound and intelligent planning for the future.

Resource education should not be a heterogeneous mass of material crammed into the minds of people like force-feeding a Christmas goose with noodles.

Conservation education should start with the small child and should relate to his daily living habits to instill in him an awareness of the problems. But above all conservation education should create a reverent attitude for resources and then a deep sense of individual responsibility will follow.

If that time ever arrives there will be much less need for appropriations, laws and lobbying.

"I Think This Time I'll Walk"



Remember The Model T?

(From The Elkin Tribune)

You youngsters who guide the high-powered cars of today over smooth asphalt or concrete highways would find it hard to believe that in the day of the T-model the ruts along the roads were so deep that once you got the wheels of your car in them you didn't have to bother about steering. It was just like a train on a track. The wheels followed the ruts. Sometimes it was sort of hard to get out even when you wanted to.

And that was the reason the famous T-model was such a hit. It was a car that boasted no luxuries. Its axles were high off the ground. It was light in weight, and its motor could generate sufficient power to pull it through mud, snow or ice—provided, of course, one put the chains on.

Gum And Wire

When we came to Elkin almost 28 years ago we came in a T-model Ford. It wasn't a 1910 model, but a 1925 model, and basically it was about the same. It was a car that one could repair with a wad of chewing gum, a piece of baling wire, or a strip of rubber cord fabric from the side wall of an old tire. We used to use this to line the transmission whenever the occasion arose. There were no profound mys-

teries under the hood. Whereas today the modern engine looks like something out of this world, with even the air filter of the carburetor bigger than the entire T-model engine, the T-model had a simple engine, a simple carburetor, and a distributor that had no mysteries for even the novice. The gas tank was under the front seat, and when you drove into a gas station (which was usually a lone tank in front of the grocery store), you had to get out and lift up the seat to refuel.

With The Feet

We sometimes wonder if some of the drivers of today, with their manual gear shift or the automatic shifts, could have driven one of the things. It was all done with the feet, with three pedals side by side. At the left was the clutch, which you pushed in to start, let back to go into high, and put in an in between position for neutral. The center pedal was the reverse, which you pushed in with your right foot while you held the left pedal between high and low with your left foot. Or if you wanted to apply the brakes, you pushed in the right pedal, being sure to hold the left pedal in neutral.

But it was a wonderful old car, and we guess it really did put America on wheels.

The Public Speaking

Club States Position On Negro Police Request

To the Editor:

We, the appointed committee of the West Southern Pines Civic Club for Town Improvement, wish to express our feelings on the attitude our mayor has taken toward our efforts to bring about a more balanced, and we believe improved, Police Department by the addition of one or more Negro officers.

This is not an attempt to try and change the mayor's way of thinking or his attitude on the issue. He had the request in the form of a letter in his possession for days before the issue came up for discussion, which gave him plenty of time to digest its contents and decide which position he would take. Therefore,

our mayor left no doubt in the minds of the committee nor the minds of the people of West Southern Pines about how he feels regarding our many and varied situations.

We feel that any tax-paying citizens have the right to recommend a change in the policy for hiring police officers, in view of recent incidents. We know that the head of the department has the right to select his employees, but recommendations from town officials can very easily remove from his mind the feeling of being alone on issues of this type. That was the purpose for our being at the meeting on August 11, 1959. But the mayor's attitude prevented us from reaching the point of making the request.

We followed the recommended procedure of seeing the Town Manager about having our topic placed on the docket, and we acted in what we thought to be the best interest of all concerned. However, the mayor placed us in an embarrassing position by demanding names, incidents, and dates; which could only mean that he did not believe what we were saying.

The fact that he, our mayor, apparently had no faith in the letter or respect for our right as citizens to appear before the council on the issue, and that he does not seem to be concerned about the policies of the Police Department—which we consider the most important department in town—only leads us to believe that certain changes have taken place in our town government, and that he has no interest in our welfare.

Inasmuch as he is not in agreement with us; we want him to know that our fight for full citizenship is just beginning.

HOLLY FAISON
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MRS. FRANK WADDELL
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

Old Clothes

It may be silly for this column to pick a quarrel with the British Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers Association, whose officials, we feel confident, will never read these words—but a recent pronouncement of the Association touched a sensitive nerve.

The BWCMA (we bet nobody ever calls them that in England) undertook to instruct girls on judging men as marriage prospects by what kind of clothes the men wear and how they treat their clothing.

One of the signs that a man is not fit to marry, it was loftily decreed, is that he likes old clothes.

Hold on, there, BWCMA. Not only do we think you're wrong, but we think that the reverse of this proposition is true. Our judgment would be that a man who likes old clothes would make the best kind of husband.

This characteristic shows: that he is not extravagant; that he is not a gad-about. (Who ever put on his OLD clothes to make a round of the bars or slip off with another woman?); that he has a sound sense of values (if the clothing hadn't been of good quality to begin with, it would have worn out before it could ever get old); that he cares less for superficial appearance than he does for inner conviction and simple comfort; in short, that he would be a very pleasant man to have around.

Parting jab: now, look here, BWCMA—what kind of a reflection is it on the girls of Britain when, as the first point in your catalog of how to judge a man for marriage, you warn the girls not to marry a man who throws his pants on the floor at night? For shame, sirs, for shame!

Waste of Time

While on the theme of marriage we are constrained to quote a neat aphorism coined recently by the Chapel Hill Weekly:

"In marriage, as in the 100-yard dash, it is good to get off to a fast start but a waste of time and effort to jump the gun."

The writer, having been studying the latest U. S. Population Reference Bureau statistics, had reference to the fact that the marriage age in this country is getting younger all the time—but that a quarter of marriages last year were re-marriages, and that one out of every 20 divorced women remarrying was a teenager.

'So Beautiful'

If there is, in Southern Pines, someone dreaming about the beauties of old Vienna, in Austria, there is also in Vienna a man who is dreaming of Southern Pines.

Full information about this community has been sent by Mrs. Don Traylor of the town Information Center to a gentleman named Frank Spur, apparently a native Austrian, who sent a card with this message to the Information Center recently:

"Gentlemen: As announced in the fascinating pamphlet issued by your Department of Conservation and Development 'Variety Vacationland—North Carolina' under the heading 'Mid-South Resorts' I would like to receive a descriptive pamphlet about your so beautiful city and its environs. Thank you! Very truly yours. . ."

How the C. & D. Department's pamphlet came into the inquirer's hands was not explained.

Thriving

Proof that this has been a good growing year is offered by Harold M. Fowler of 710 N. May St. whose paulina plant has shot up about 14 feet. This plant, a native of the orient, has leaves measuring 24 and more inches across. Last year, the plant grew up only a few feet and did not produce the gigantic leaves. The plant was pictured in The Pilot several years ago.

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"Wait A Minute — This One Might Shoot Back"

