

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.

A Terrible Disservice to the State

I. Beverly Lake has done his state a terrible disservice in calling for a second primary. Lake is apparently consumed by a desire to be governor at all costs. He is an intelligent man. He knows that his two major issues—segregation and "spending"—are phonies. He can't reverse the Supreme Court decisions on school segregation. A progressing state must spend and continue to spend to provide the services that its people need. And, of course, both issues are actually in the hands of the General Assembly, not the governor whoever he may be.

There are those who say that if Lake were elected governor, he would soften on both segregation and spending, that he is using

them only as stepping stones. The more to his discredit, if this be true. In the meantime the furries will be loosed. A Harvard Law School segregationist like Lake, sophisticated enough to distinguish between a campaign issue and reality, is vastly different from the rabble his views will rouse. Nor can he control what they will do and say. And he knows this. Therein lies his shocking irresponsibility in calling the second primary and making segregation its primary issue.

We can only hope that the good sense of the majority of the people of North Carolina will prevail and that they will reject for governor a man who, for personal ambition, would risk throwing the state into the turmoil and discord that a race-based campaign would bring.

Parking Space or Alternate Route 1?

The Pilot has never felt very strongly one way or the other about the proposal to have an alternate Route 1 go through town using Pennsylvania Avenue and May Street.

This would bring more traffic to the busiest corner in town—which was an argument against it, and it did seem as if most people with sense would have little trouble finding their way as things were now. However, the argument for bringing the motoring public past the Information Center was certainly valid, if this could be managed without undue difficulty. Now the "undue difficulty" has loomed up on the scene and, for this newspaper, the case was decided.

The undue difficulty turns out to be the terms under which the state would consent to the proposal. These are: the loss of 28 parking spaces on Pennsylvania Avenue with parking confined to parallel parking along the curbs.

This, we are convinced, would be too great a sacrifice to pay for the, at best, uncertain gain involved. This town simply cannot afford to lose parking spaces. One could well inquire, even: what good would it do to bring people into town if there's nowhere to park when they get here?

The Pilot, which lives on the block in question, is well fixed for its own parking: the

yard behind the building is adequate and handy. Just the same, when the A & P was our neighbor there was very seldom a free space for customers. This situation will doubtless return to plague us when the big building is occupied again.

We feel strongly that the Highway Department has been extremely generous in attempting to comply with the request for the Route 1 alternate, considering how much they have done already for the convenience of Southern Pines. They are entirely right, too, we believe, in the terms they laid down for cooperating with the advertising committee and the town on the new proposal. Unless parallel parking were established along this block, such heavy traffic along it as would be expected would create a terrific problem. The resulting traffic snarls, inconvenience, and danger would be out of all reason and inadmissible in a well run town.

Much as we might like to endorse the proposal of the local committee, backed by the Council, we cannot do so. We believe the plan should be abandoned.

As an alternative we would hope that clear directional signs to the Information Center might be placed on all exits from the bypass. Through this means it seems quite likely that much the same result could be obtained.

Beyond the Hodges-N & O Controversy

Most sensible readers of the controversy between Governor Hodges and the Raleigh News and Observer will understand that the truth lies somewhere between the extreme points of view expressed.

While it cannot be hidden that nearly twice as many people left North Carolina in what the N & O called the "doleful decade" of the 1950's than in the previous decade, yet it is also clear that the industry-promotion campaign with which the Hodges administration is associated has resulted in jobs for thousands of the state's people—100,000 in the past four years, the governor said.

Again, if, as the N & O asserted, the administration's "glowing reports of what we are going to get have run . . . far ahead of the facts," so, too, the newspaper, in its recent comments, has resorted to intemperate language. It is ridiculous to deny progress in North Carolina during the past 10 years, because the state's rate of population growth has slowed down.

What neither the governor nor the N & O has told us—and we don't even know whether this is known or can be found out—is who the people who left North Carolina were and why they left.

Somebody, indeed, might take the bull by the horns and ask if a great proportion of the persons leaving have not been Negroes and if that be true, no program of industrialization would have made one whit of difference so long as the Negro is systematically and uni-

versally excluded from engaging in or even training for skilled and semi-skilled industrial work. It is for jobs like this, or the hope of them or the hope that at least their children may get such jobs, that Negroes leave North Carolina and the South.

What a vast boost it would be to the economy of this and other Southern States if the young people, white and Negro, from displaced farm families or from hundreds of little towns that offer them little or nothing to inspire their ambition, were given an opportunity for industrial or trade training that would, later, bring them incomes allowing them a better standard of living!

The vocational or industrial colleges now being set up over the state are, of course, a step in this direction. Perhaps the doleful out-migration of the fifties might not have been so heavy if such schools had been set up a decade ago and certainly not if they were open to Negroes.

The whole South has sapped its prosperity and lost many thousands in population because of its refusal to accept the Negro in industry and train him to take a place there. And the best Negroes—the smartest and the most ambitious—are the first to go.

Many other factors, of course, are involved in both the governor's and the News and Observer's points of view. But we wonder if both are not overlooking a problem that neither the governor's rose tinted glasses nor the News and Observer's gnashing of teeth will lessen or take away.

Missions of Mercy

Army and Air Force Personnel from nearby Fort Bragg and Pope Air Force Base moved out last week on missions of mercy to earthquake-stricken Chile where thousands of persons have been killed and many more injured.

The missions are a dramatic episode in the peacetime lives of the military people concerned. They are also in the best tradition of American assistance in time of need. One can imagine, for instance, the gratitude that is attending the arrival in isolated areas of Chile of the helicopter ambulances from one of the units sent from Fort Bragg.

The helicopters—new turbo-jet craft designed for just such a mission as that in which they are taking part—were flown to Chile in big Air Force planes. Another detachment of the helicopter ambulances was flown from Fort Meade, Md.

Preceding the helicopter units to Chile was a field hospital unit from Fort Bragg along with 18 communications men and six linguists,

from other Fort Bragg units. The hospital unit can be set up for 400 beds in the field. Another one of these units, too, was sent from Fort Meade, Md.

Six doctors and 33 Army nurses are among the personnel flown to Chile from Fort Bragg. Big trucks, already loaded with rations and medical supplies, were flown to the stricken areas.

Undoubtedly, lives are being saved and vast amounts of suffering eased because of the American units. New shocks in Chile since their departure mean added work for them.

Certainly these missions will tend to build good will toward the United States in South America.

The missions form a rare adventure for the young men and women from Fort Bragg and Pope AFB—something to tell their grandchildren about, just as the arrival of the North Americans and the performance of their tasks of mercy will no doubt long be recalled by survivors in the mountain huts of Chile.

"Remember, Now, No Rest Stops In The Second Race!"



AN AWARD-WINNING CECIL PRINCE EDITORIAL

A Southern Century?

The recent death of 37-year-old Cecil Prince, associate editor of the Charlotte News, has shocked and saddened North Carolina newspaper people and his many friends and readers outside the profession. One of the most promising careers in Tar Heel journalism was tragically cut short. Not long before his death, an editorial by Mr. Prince, "A Southern Century . . ." received the annual award of Sigma Delta Chi, a national journalistic fraternity. The editorial, a challenge to every Southerner, follows:

No risk, no marching, no bleeding. The pose is there for the taking.

The central tragedy of the modern South is that even its best efforts are so terribly tentative. Its leaders often speak grandly of economic revolution and social progress, on the one hand, while pledging allegiance to dusty concepts of the 19th century conservatism on the other. If there is any such thing as southern liberalism in the nation today, more often than not it masquerades demurely under the label of moderation.

Moderation has its virtues—if the choice is between two violent forms of self-destruction. But, logically, there can be no moderation on the broad principles involved in the safeguarding of human rights, in the advancement of elementary democracy, in the promotion of economic progress, in the protection and improvement of public education and in the development of the health, mental aptitudes and physical vigor of the region's human resources. Only the vibrant qualities of a South that is extremely concerned, extremely determined and extremely enlightened can make gains which are permanent and enduring. Moderation in these matters has no legitimacy whatsoever.

The exciting fact is that this could be the Southern Century. All around us are the resources of social and economic greatness—resources which, so far, have been barely touched in four centuries. There is a compression of human energy within one orbit, a potentiality and vitality of people. True enough, the South is brash, sensitive, unsure and provincial. It is an unpredictable and intractable region. But these very qualities give it an explosive promise unmatched anywhere in America. Together with its rich abundance of untapped resources, its forests, its minerals, its water and its magnificent climate, it offers the promise of unimaginable wealth and progress.

It is perfectly true that human

problems are posed here with singular directness and nakedness. For better or worse, it is the unique place where the great social dilemmas of our age inevitably take hold of the individual. Furthermore, the South in 1959 is still a pandemonium of harsh voices.

But the voices have turned sour. More than sound and fury, the Modern South needs bold and enlightened leadership. More than rant, it needs reason. It needs men to voice its true aspirations and direct its true destiny, men who will not permit American's profession of faith in equal opportunity and freedom for the human spirit to be watered down, whether in the name of expediency or the plea of exterior menace. Nor can such leaders be satisfied with the knowledge that progress has been made. Of course, progress has been made. But the distance the South has come must stand always as a reminder of the distance yet to be traveled.

Despite the cynics and the hot-eyed prophets of disaster, we maintain that southerners will respond to such leadership if it is offered.

But there must be a sense of revival, a renaissance of something old in new and enlightened terms. The best of the southern tradition must be preserved and the worst discarded. Furthermore, the battle is here. It must be fought here with our own people. The response must come as much from the rednecks and wool hat boys as from the professors and the politicians and the manufacturers of the dominant middle class.

With wise and courageous leadership, the region can triumph over the cobwebs of pride and prejudice. For the nay-sayers of the North are wrong. The story of the modern South is not that it exists as an enduring embodiment of human wrong but as an enduring embodiment of human possibilities. The possibilities, fully realized, can make this the Southern Century.

Chemicals and Our Food

(From The New York Times)

In the wake of his efforts to protect the health of the American people against any potential health menace that may exist in the growing use of chemicals to increase food production, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Fleming has come under increasingly sharp attack in recent months. The peak of this campaign was reached when representatives of eleven major farm organizations—embodying essentially the massive political might of the entire farm bloc—went to the White House and, in effect, demanded that President Eisenhower repudiate Mr. Fleming.

It would be unfortunate, indeed, if the President were to give in to this open use of political pressure aimed at curbing a devoted public servant engaged in

a vitally important job. The many chemicals used in producing our foods today have had many beneficial effects in increasing output per acre and lowering costs. But the multiplication of such chemicals and their uses have raised ever more serious questions of the impact upon the health of our people of the residues of these chemicals remaining in the food we consume.

Of course, nobody supposes that the farmers of our nation want to poison our people. And of course farmers eat the same food that the rest of us do. But as the White House visit showed, farmers' organizations tend to put more emphasis upon the financial interests of their members and less emphasis upon the health problem than would organizations representing consumers.

Grains of Sand

Ho-hum. . . Beware of the chairman who, when called on for his report, starts off with: "Well now—just briefly. . ." You'll be there all night.

Whang! According to hints contained in a recent report from that wonderful place in New York, the Museum of Natural History, putting your collection of ancient musical instruments in order runs up against the major argument against ever trying to put your books in order.

In the latter case, you simply put up two books on the cleared off shelf, or at most three—then you stop, and read for the rest of the day.

The museum staff set up two instruments. . . then everybody stopped and played. Starting off with a resounding "WHANG!" on the huge African signal drum.

Oh Music, Music! Making this compulsion to music especially irresistible was the pleasant fact that most of the primitive instruments were for primitive people, (and so especially suited to the museum's primitive staffers? Well. . .)

There were rattles made of gourd or turtle shells; a kind of violin with a strand of bamboo raised on a bridge, like a violin bridge. You hit it and it went "bing." Or "bong" depending on how big. How hard a hitter you were.

There were things you just blew into; others you scraped with your fingernails—if you could stand it—and one played by passing the damp hand softly across the strings: like "Shush-shush." Even eggheads of the highest caliber represented in the museum staff could get somewhere with those.

Those Lonesome Blues In the Museum of Natural History's collection of ancient musical instruments, there is a Tibetan trumpet made of a human thigh-bone, and a drum made from two human skulls.

What couldn't a blues player do with those!

Council Entertainment It's often entertaining at a council meeting. Depending on the things they talk about and who's there.

Bessie Chandler Clark, for instance. If she's present, there'll probably be a lively moment or two.

One time they were having it back and forth over zoning for business out her way, and she was crowding them pretty close. John Ruggles put in a mild and it seemed eminently reasonable oar. "Why, Bessie," he pointed out, "you're operating a business right there in your back yard."

"Huh," huffed Mrs. Clark. "You call selling flowers a business? Why it's just romance."

Whisper from behind us: "Just foolish—if you want to make a living."

It All Depends Mrs. Clark joined in again when a reluctant landowner was being edged into voting "right."

"Suppose you want to go on living in your house when the street gets zoned for business," he asked, "Can you?"

Council: "Sure. You can keep on living there."

Mrs. Clark: "If you can stand it."

But nobody threw anything. Throwable objects all fastened down in Tom Hayes' model town hall, we guess. These modern folks are too conservative. (Or is it just as well?)

New Twins Sympathy goes out to the new "Seaboard Coastline" in its attempt to think up a name for itself. Naturally they'd want to hang onto at least a bit of both the old names, but really now. . . Isn't this a bit redundant?

How about "Surfboard" or even "Roller Coaster"?

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