

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.

'That Green Town...'

The startled expressions on the faces of people looking up at the singed leaves of the trees on West Broad Street Friday was telling evidence of the place which their trees hold in the hearts of Southern Pines people. (See news item, front page.)

This is a town of tree-lovers and it's a good thing that this is so. For there seems little doubt that, since the first settler looked around him as the big pines, and decided this was a pretty good place to stop, until the present time, the pines of Southern Pines have brought more people here than anything else.

This week, actually, it is possible to pinpoint that "present time"; for last Thursday, as last week's issue of The Pilot was going to press, two men entered the office and, as they sat down to tell of the meeting they were attending here, they said almost in chorus: "The trees in this town are so beautiful! How ever were you able to save so many of them?" And the older man said of the younger: "He's making all sorts of inquiries already. Says he's going to come here to live some day!"

When these men spoke glowingly of trees they were on familiar ground. Both were Federal Government foresters, leading officials in the Forest Service, and were directing the week's school on new techniques which was being held in this area. They knew about the "Greener Carolina" campaign of past years and the forestry situation hereabouts, but it was the number and size and beauty of the trees along the town's parkways and in the people's yards that impressed them so forcibly.

The enthusiasm of the foresters brought to mind the occasion when, on the train coming into Southern Pines, a couple

was overheard to exclaim as they rushed to the window: "Oh, this is that green town with all the lovely trees! Some day we'll just have to stop."

Early pictures of Southern Pines do not show nearly as many trees as are here now, that is: not right in the center of town. But there are clusters of the big pines and a good many sycamores here and there, the latter lining the streets, and great stands of pines show in the background always. In most of the yards small trees are growing, the babies that are the big pines of today. In those early days, when you built your house, there were no bulldozers to roar and clank over the lot with every tree cut down and the earth scraped bare. The small trees were protected when houses were built and thereby got a head start. Hence the big trees here now, as well as most of the loveliest stands of dogwoods.

The magnolias were planted. Most of these trees, that attract so much attention now, were imported by a few far-sighted women among the founders of the Civic Club. They bought a carload of the young trees, then sold them at a slight profit which was the start of the fund that built the present clubhouse.

Southern Pines today is in truth a town of greenery. So it's not surprising that her citizens showed some alarm last week when it seemed possible that some damage to her prettiest trees might have occurred. Though, as the poet said, there is only one Maker of Trees, still man can unmake them all too easily. Southern Pines has been lucky to have possessed an appreciative citizenry, alert town officials, and a vigilant and effective Garden Club—the ideal team to assure the continuing beauty of this Green Town.

In the Name of Patriotism

It is queer the way organizations formed for the purpose of opposing other organizations or movements seem often to act much like those they denounce. This has been the case with many of the groups formed in this country to combat Communism: too often these earnest patriots have ended by adopting some of the tactics of their adversaries.

Here is the John Birch Society, for instance, letting the world know that it is presently engaged "in building up the most complete and accurate (page J. Edgar Hoover!) files in America on Comsymps, Socialists and liberals." According to reports on the Society's latest Bulletin, it is asking its estimated 60,000 members, all over the country, to send to Headquarters lists of all the information they can collect "on the backgrounds, connections, and activities of all the leading liberals" in their communities. "Liberals", of course, just about equals "Communists"—or maybe "Comsymps"—in the super-patriot lexicon.

The first reaction to this preposterous do-it-yourself FBI project is to say: "So what?" But that word "list" jars on the memory. The mind jumps back to a grating voice saying: "I have here in my hand a list..." that famous list of "the leaders of the American Communist conspiracy," or "the master spies in the State Department," lists that never quite materialized but whose eerie threats spread doubt and suspicion and fear, undermining confidence in the government and even in the American people themselves.

Another strange thing about these groups of super-patriots: though constantly asserting their "Americanism" and praising the glories of "The American Way", they clearly have the lowest possi-

ble opinion of their fellow-countrymen. How explain their extraordinary conviction that Americans raised on the words and actions of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln and the other Greats, natives of a country so rich in opportunity, so vigorous in its traditions of freedom, of progress, of generosity and decency—how explain this odd belief that Americans could be such fools as to fall for the Communist ideology or that of any other totalitarian society? What could be more "unAmerican" than to so downgrade the American people's intelligence, not to mention loyalty!

As for this "list of liberals", such adventures could be fraught with danger. It must not be forgotten that totalitarianism, whether Communist, Fascist, or Nazi, rose on the crouching shoulders of the Informer. People were encouraged to spy on each other, carrying tales to the Leader: the parishioner reporting the ringing words of defiance of the young minister; the neighbor peering through the window, watching his neighbor as he listens to the verboten radio, the spy lying his way into the Resistance, and then leading his masters to the printing press and his comrades lined up against the wall. Such scenes, it must not be forgotten, too often climaxed the terrible dramas of those terrible days of life under the degrading cruelty of the totalitarian war-regimes.

It is no exaggeration to say that these regimes were helped to power because evil men were able to goad or to tempt the weak and the frightened and the greedy to do just what McCarthy tried to do and what the Birch Society advocates today: to make lists.

And they too did it in the name of Patriotism.

Recognition for the Aging

This week, July 16-22 has been designated by Gov. Terry Sanford as a "Special Week on Aging," throughout the state, to give "special consideration to the health, happiness and welfare of North Carolina's older population."

"Our attention must turn," said the Governor, "not only to their physical and economic needs, but also to their various other needs."

The meaning of this Special Week on Aging is emphasized for the Sandhills because this area has more than its normal quota of retired persons. In Southern Pines, the forthcoming construction of the Episcopal Home for the Aging and the opening of the Hollywood Hotel this fall as an apartment hotel for older persons, will increase the number of the aging in this community.

The Sandhills has called freely on its older persons for participation in municipal, civic and cultural activities and the area has benefited from their talents, enthusiasm and efforts. There have been a number of cases, indeed, when the older persons outshone their younger co-workers.

There have been notable instances of civic leadership that continued not only after age 65 but late into the decade of the 80's.

These, of course, were outstanding individuals who all their lives had made a habit of community interest and leadership. But the "interests, problems and desires" of less talented and vigorous older persons offer a challenge to the community—churches, clubs and not least, it seems to us, individual citizens who, in the final analysis, can do more than any institution or government agency to express personal appreciation, interest, friendliness and kindness to older persons.

Southern Pines, as a municipality, could well begin to plan for spending a portion of its Recreation Department funds for public services for older persons. The town might consider setting up a special committee on the aging, aside from the Recreation Committee, to examine ways in which municipal services could help meet the needs of older persons living here.

"We'll Never Make It At This Rate, Pop!"



A NATIONAL CHALLENGE

'America the Beautiful' -- How Long?

By WILLIAM H. STRINGER

In The Christian Science Monitor
Some Americans seem to have forgotten they grew up in a green and beautiful countryside, with clear-flowing streams and unspoiled nature.

They having thus forgotten, it is the purpose of this column to remind them. My favorite boyhood picnic spot was by a shallow stream from which watercress could be picked, cold and fresh, to be eaten on the spot.

That isn't exactly the kind of America we are building today, not along the foul-smelling Potomac, not where harbor bottoms are overlaid with a sludge, of sewer refuse and oil residue, not on the city approaches with their honkytonks and auto graveyards, not along the highways where the billboards compete with the trees.

Like the Romans

Maybe we do not care about this America which we are so rapidly filling with population. Maybe we are like the Romans, who, in Britain, persisted in living a cramped city life amidst the rural beauty, leaving it to the Celts and the later Angles and Saxons to admire the greenwood tree.

But all one has to do is travel in the great, remaining wilderness areas, or visit some Montana valley where even the irrigation ditches flow sparkling pure, like water from an alpine glacier, and we realize the heritage we may be throwing away permanently if we are not more thoughtful.

There Is Hope

But thoughtfulness does appear these days, and there is hope. Here and there, at least, the hamburger stands are prettifying up, whereas flowers grow on the banks of the Seine in Paris, warehouses clutter the city shores of many American waterways.

Senator Maurice B. Neuberger (D) of Oregon and others have won—barely—this year's battle against the billboard lobby; the tiny bonus to states which ban advertising billboards along the new interstate highway system has been extended for two years. A bill to expand the drive against

water pollution is moving through Congress.

But we are not out of the woods yet. This will require constant vigilance. It sometimes seems that when people cannot find anything else to do with their refuse, they dump it into their rivers. And the people who must make a living selling oversize hotdogs, oversize milkshakes, and undersize quality never sat at the feet of Walter Gropius before designing their emporiums.

Top Problems

We know that water has become the United States' leading resource problem. By 1980 the population will grow to 220,000,000. But today, according to Representative John D. Dingell (D) of Michigan, more than half that number "get their drinking water from rivers carrying sewage and industrial wastes."

Sure, the water-treatment plants siphon off many pollutants, but new chemicals unheard of prior to World War II are complicating the problem. The ex-

plants cannot remove some of the detergents which, as the congressman observes, put a foaming head "on the chlorine cocktail which flows from our city faucets."

"Repeated reuse of waters will become the rule, not the exception," Mark D. Hollis, chief engineer of the Public Health Service, declares. "Sixtime reuse of the same water must be anticipated." This means more technical resources must be allocated to the problem.

If We Care

One cannot halt the growing urbanization of the United States. But it can be made more palatable. This is, unfortunately, not merely a local challenge nor a state problem. It is a national problem, and portions of it must be tackled at that level.

When and if you drive back from that mountain or seashore vacation this summer, look about you. America can also be "the beautiful" nearer home, if we care sufficiently.

The Public Speaking

Says Film's Accusations Against FDR Were Justified
To the Editor:

In regard to your editorial, "Anti-Communism Isn't Everything," of July 6:

I attended the showing of the film, "Communism on the Map," and found it to be most enlightening and authentic. I believe the time has come for us to awaken the American people from their deep slumber and tell them of the terrors of Communism. I can find no harm in shouting from every street corner that nearly every department and agency of our government has been infiltrated. Your editorial stated that the filmstrip accused FDR of being a traitor to the American people and our way of life. I believe the filmstrip to be correct in its accusation and I support this belief by State Department data released on Saturday, June 17, 1961, and printed in the New York Daily News of June 20, 1961.

The Daily News on its editorial

page, printed an article from official data entitled "Now It Comes Out," that President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Red Czar Josef Stalin secretly agreed, at Tehran in 1943, that Russia after World War II should have eastern Poland and Poland's western border should be moved to the Oder River.

Roosevelt compounded his secret crime against Poland by writing Rep. Joseph Mruk of Buffalo, N. Y., in 1944, that "there were no secret commitments made by me at Tehran."

This proves by official State Department papers that FDR donated Polish territory to the Communist Conspiracy and so helped them to further the cause—that of conquering the entire world. This is just one way that FDR furthered the Communist cause. One other way is by his New Deal Socialism, a carefully planned program to transform our nation into a Welfare State and weaken it, so the Communist takeover could be made easier.

I would like to ask why Anti-Communism isn't everything. For unless we stop this Conspiracy, and soon, we will be suffering under Communist domination. I say we must be anti-communist if we are going to retain our great American Heritage for ourselves and our children.

I salute the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars for their efforts. It took weeks to locate and obtain the film, "Communism on the Map." I ask the people of our area to attend the next showing of an anti-communist film and decide for themselves.

For God and Country,
WILLIAM L. WICKER
Aberdeen

—G. Friedrich

Grains of Sand

Le Peekneek?

The FDRs gave their British royalty guests hotdogs and hamburgers at the farm at Rhinebeck on the Hudson—thereby pleasing some folks and annoying others; President Ike proposed and himself took charge of a cookout in the garden of the American Embassy in Paris the very evening after the news of the U2 incident had broken—thereby astounding most everybody, especially the Embassy cooks; now come the Kennedys with their fete champetre on the lawn of Mount Vernon—and everybody, except a few sourpusses, seems pleased.

There are picnics and peek-neeks and this one was done in style, even to having the National Symphony Orchestra as music for the occasion. Congrats, Mme. Jacqueline!

No Tar and Feathers!

If Town Manager Bud Rainey looks a bit wider-eyed to you it's best not to comment. After all, it must be something of a shock to have your first month in office signalized by the leaves dropping off the town trees!

Good Enough for Him

Judge: "So you and your wife aren't getting along?"

Defendant: "That's the truth, Judge."

Judge: "Have you gotten a separation agreement?"

Defendant: "Well, Judge, I tell you: when she hit me on top of my head that last time, that was my separation agreement."

No Hidin' Place

The prying eye of the TV camera has gone about as far as it can go.

In their explorations of the ancient burial grounds of the Etruscans, Italian archeologists are using new techniques and, last week, for the first time, an Italian TV audience was treated to a look right into the inside of the burial chamber of an Etruscan king.

The electronic methods used should make it possible, it is said, for archeologists to peer into unopened tombs and so to know in advance whether they have already been entered and robbed of their contents, as is so often the case.

No hidin' place, not even down there.

Help Wanted...

For the past few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. (librarian) Stanley Lambourne have been planning a vacation trip to the Bahamas and have been reading up on the islands.

Last week, a friend loaned them a copy of a newspaper published at Nassau on New Providence Island, the capital of the Bahamas. Leafing through the paper, Mr. Lambourne came upon this classified ad placed by the airline with which the Lambournes had booked their flight from Miami to Nassau:

"HELP WANTED — Bahamas Airways Limited require applications for flight stewardestes. Applicants must be nineteen years of age or older, of good educational standard and able to swim. A first aid certificate would be desirable. Apply in writing..."

Note: The Lambournes left on their trip Monday, planning to fly from Miami to Nassau on Wednesday, a flight taking about 50 minutes by turbo-prop plane.

It is presumed that they arrived at their destination without having to swim.

Disillusioned

State College informs us that "laboratory tests show that women actually use four per cent more energy when sitting, rather than standing, to wash dishes and do ironing." Bet they can't prove standing is easier on the feet, though!

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