

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.

Interest, Apathy and the Schools

There is much talk about the need for citizens to take more interest in their schools; but everywhere, it seems, there is far more talk than action.

The recently completed citizens study of the East Southern Pines schools shows that a large number of local residents have been interested enough in the schools to take part in this study which is, indeed, a tribute to Southern Pines. But the study, though indicative in itself of citizen interest, revealed also citizen apathy and ignorance that are, in the words of the report, "beyond comprehension." Some parents questioned did not even know, for instance, the name of the superintendent of schools. Many had no knowledge of or interest in the schools' curriculum nor any notion of parents' responsibility to work with

their children and school officials and faculty in a way that would be advantageous to the student.

Another indication of apathy is the poor attendance at Monday night's Parent-Teacher Association meeting when the report was discussed and explained by chairmen of the various divisions of it.

That parents find it possible to attend PTA to see Junior dance or sing but will not go to learn about and help improve what he is taught in the classroom is no tribute to those parents' sense of values.

The School Study Group's report—itself evidence of citizen interest—is certain to arouse more interest. We hope that its publication marks the beginning of an upswing in active parental concern about the schools.

Travel Increase Challenges Sandhills

Travelers spent \$408 million in North Carolina last year, 4.5% above 1959, a survey by the Travel Council of North Carolina shows.

President Lynn Nesbet of Raleigh said the increase was caused both by new attractions and highways in the "Variety Vacationland" State and because "more people are traveling everywhere."

The report was presented recently as a feature of the meeting of the Travel Council in Winston-Salem, at which the speaker was Voit Gilmore of Southern Pines, director of the new U. S. Travel Service in the Department of Commerce.

Against this background of increasing tourist volume and dollars, Southern Pines and the Sandhills open their fall and winter "season." The statistics offer an encouraging stimulus to all local resort interests.

Owners of hotels, motels, restaurants

and other travel facilities have been making improvements in their properties over the summer, in order to put their best foot forward with visitors who will be coming to the Sandhills during the coming months. Again, The Pilot urges all residents of this area to share the duties of hosting visitors by keeping their business property and private dwellings in good repair, by cleaning up yards and lots, by planting winter rye grass (you'd be amazed how much winter lawns and green parkways impress northern visitors) and by being prepared to extend a warm welcome to strangers even if only casually met on the street.

As we noted in a recent editorial, The Pilot has sound faith in the future of Southern Pines. And everyone has a share in the responsibility for building that future.

Jail Is the Wrong Answer

The judge leafed back through the pages of his big book and then he looked at the man slumped in the chair before him.

"Will," he said, "do you know how many times you have come before this court on charges of drunkenness?"

The sorry figure in the chair slumped lower and painfully shook his head.

The judge heaved a sigh: "I don't know what to do with you," he said. "I've done everything I can to keep you off the bottle; I feel almost as if I'd adopted you by now."

In the end the judge did the only thing he could: added another thirty-day sen-

tence to the long list under Will's name.

Will's case—or Jim's or Tom's or many another's—is an example of a tragic problem. It is widespread in this state, as it is in many others, the terrible problem of the degeneration of human beings through addiction to drink, and the great difficulty of doing anything much about it, especially under present laws. It is this problem of the confirmed "public drunks" and their overwhelming numbers in the prison system, that has prompted Governor Sanford, as noted in the press this week, to suggest the establishment of rehabilitation programs in the state prisons.

In cooperation with Alcoholics Anonymous, a plan has been formulated to set up counseling units in the prisons, while at the same time courts will be urged to make greater use of the parole system for such offenders.

Both these steps could be beneficial among young and first offenders, but it would seem likely that they could give little help, with the best will in the world, to such as Will, who make up the great load of this burden: a burden to the state, to their families and friends, and, certainly, to themselves. For these there is a far more basic need to be met. The fact remains that none of these people should be in jail at all.

According to Judge Fullenwider, who must conduct the weekly struggle with such unfortunates in the local recorder's court, the basic overriding necessity is to keep these people out of jail and, instead, place them where they can be properly taken care of. This means the law must be changed to allow a judge to commit an alcoholic to a suitable institution. At present the only way such an individual can go to a state rehabilitation center is voluntarily, or through petition by a near relative. A court is powerless to act except to send him to jail for a short period of time.

Obviously the suggested change is a matter calling for intensive study. Such a law would have to be carefully drawn and as carefully enforced. Furthermore, if it were put into effect, the ruling would create a flood of tidal wave proportions descending on the few institutions capable of giving the required medical and psychiatric care. The state already has some of the finest in the country in this category but they would be nowhere near adequate to care for all the poor souls now dragging around county jails and state prisons.

But the difficulties that may be anticipated in taking the measure suggested should not overshadow its dire necessity. This problem of the repeater, the chronic "public drunk" offender, calls to high heaven for remedial action. Governor Sanford is to be congratulated on his recent move to bring rehabilitation methods into the prisons. Better still will it be if he can go further and get the "public drunks" out of the prisons and into the hospitals where they belong.

Outdoors in October

The series of cloudless, mild days with which the Sandhills was blessed over the weekend—and up at least until this is being written Tuesday—cast a kind of magic spell upon this area.

The golden, early-autumn light fell kindly on the land as it lay balanced between summer and fall, creating a quiet expectancy. People shared the mood of Nature. There were leisurely street-corner conversations among persons standing in sunlight at last not too hot for comfort, yet warm enough to be felt, it seemed, clear into the marrow of the bones. "Too pretty a day to go inside," was the frequently heard, utterly inadequate description for the dreamy glory of simply being outdoors.

Pity the people who could not or did not go into the woods some time during these magic days. Luminous, dappled, hushed, fragrant—the woods surrounded the visitor, dominating all the senses, cutting him off from everything but their warm, bright world.

So must the ancients have felt in a forest peopled in their minds with deities—spirits of tree and water and animal, all personifying some mystery, some idea applicable to human life. In the glowing stillness of the Sandhills woods this week, one felt close to revelation. One almost listened for a voice that would speak some truth that one had until then felt vaguely but not quite known.

But no voice speaks. A squirrel chatters, out of sight down the slope—startling as a machine gun. A breath of breeze stirs the yet-green leaves of a tall oak against the bluest of skies, picked up in a moment by the burnished dogwoods at a lower level. At one's feet, a beige caterpillar with big black tufts of hair, fore and aft, inches its way on some important errand along a twig.

Leaving the woods is like closing a door on a restful, well-loved room. But the woods visitor, like the caterpillar, has business elsewhere. The spell, like all spells must be broken, the dreamer must wake.

But everywhere the sun is shining and there are many more things to see.

United Nations



SEEKING 'MAXIMUM ADVANTAGE SHORT OF WAR'

Expediency Rules Soviet Policy

Joseph C. Harsch, special correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, is one of the most respected commentators on international affairs. The following article, written by him in London, is reprinted by permission.

Diplomats of both East and West have been prudently silent about the substance of the several talks held between them since they met in New York in mid-September.

But it is clear there must have been some promising ground uncovered in United States Secretary of State Dean Rusk's explorations with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko. Mr. Rusk would not have proposed having Mr. Gromyko go to Washington and presenting him to President Kennedy without some reason to believe that some points, at least, were sufficiently mature to justify presentation to the President.

The mere fact of the White House meeting is enough to tell an anxious world that the experts of East and West are on the threshold of negotiation.

If 43 years of life on the same planet with a powerful Soviet state have taught the West anything, they should have taught that Moscow does not make treaties or enter into agreements with the West for simple love of peace or from any desire to establish permanent good relations with the West.

The time may come when the process of evolution will temper the fanaticism of communism. It is conceivable that some day there will be Communists who regard non-Communists as human beings like themselves and non-Communists states as something other than institutions to be overthrown when possible and used when they cannot be overthrown for whatever purpose they might momentarily serve.

That time has not arrived yet.

Glories and Fun of Reading

From The Saturday Review

Reading is a habit. Once you've got the habit you never lose it. But you must somehow be exposed to reading early enough in life to have it become part of your daily routine, like washing your face or breathing.

Many an unfortunate grade school child in our highly seasoned, electronic, picture-conscious age has never been exposed to the reading habit and cannot, therefore, read without effort.

Some modern children seldom if ever read for fun. Like muscles that are almost never used, their concentration and interest give way quickly. They long for the automatic, pictorial sensation of TV (which can be highly instructive and entertaining at times) rather than the tedium of moving the eyes from left to right, from left to right, on line after line of unillustrated print.

We still live in the era in which Communists both by precept and by practice regard unbelievers much as each side did in the Crusades—as enemies to be destroyed whenever and wherever possible.

Moscow's dealings with the West still are governed by the rules of expediency. Moscow will deal with the West when it serves Moscow's purposes to do so—not otherwise.

The question we must attempt to assess is whether there are points in the German crisis which can be resolved, because it is both expedient to Moscow to resolve them and in the interest of the West to resolve them.

Reason would indicate there are such points of common interest.

The men of Moscow are sufficiently well informed to know that their cities and industries would be destroyed in a nuclear war as well as Western cities and industries. It is to their palpable interest to avoid nuclear war—at least as long as the West possesses credible retaliatory power which at present it still does.

It is to Soviet interest to curb but not eliminate what Soviets like to call the "German menace." This is presently the strongest bond between Moscow and the capitals of the Eastern satellites. If the "German menace" disappeared, Moscow would have to invent a substitute to hold the Warsaw Pact countries together. Moscow may not truly fear Germany, but Poles, Czechoslovaks, and the rest actually do and rely on Moscow to protect them from the specter large in their minds of a revived and reunited Germany.

It is to Soviet interest to maintain the ability to improve relations with the West so long as the West cannot be conquered, or captured by other means. The ability to deal with the West is Moscow's most effective balance against Chinese independence within the Communist family.

Mr. Khrushchev frequently of recent years has used the threat of settlements with the West to bring Peking to terms.

In other words, so long as there continues to be a condition in the world which approximates a fairly even balance of power between East and West, Moscow has reasons for playing power politics with the West. The game would end abruptly in a nuclear exchange—and the Chinese, not the Soviets, would be the most likely survivors. It is to be doubted that Moscow would seek the destruction of the West at the price of China's survival as the world's most powerful state.

For these reasons it is a tenable assumption that at any forthcoming summit Moscow will seek to extract maximum advantage from the West short of nuclear war.

The maximum advantage short of war which it can get is a chance for Walter Ulbricht to attempt to convert East Germany from a Communist disaster into a Communist success.

This the West is prepared to grant. It is prepared to go that far partly because it is the price for avoiding nuclear war and partly because the chances are probably even that as East Germany becomes prosperous, if it ever does, it will become less Communist and less dependent on Moscow.

ROLLTOP DESK HAD ITS POINTS

There is much to be said in favor of the old-fashioned but nobly functional rolltop desk. Modern desks are less bulky, more streamlined; they have impervious gleaming surfaces. Modern desks, however, lack two interesting and useful features which graced the old rolltops.

Item: The rolltop itself. This enabled the weary man, at day's end, to close up shop without having to secrete in locked drawers whatever papers he sought to keep from prying eyes. With a rolltop, he simply rolled 'er down over the cavern, leaving all intact, turned a key and went home.

Item: Pigeonholes. Not as efficient as modern filing devices, certainly not as neat. But what a joy—to reach up and pluck forth the desired envelope or paper without fuss. Keeping the pigeonhole contents up to date was something else again. But handy they were. All of which proves that newer is not invariably better.

—Charlottesville (Va.) Progress

LEARNING

Learning should come in an offhand, cavalier fashion. An artist, especially, should be able to go right through college with one brain tied behind him.

—ROBERT FROST

Grains of Sand

Watch Out, Judge!

Last Thursday morning, Judge Harry Fullenwider felt a few hairs turn white—or, so he claims.

It was the day after Recorder's Court and the judge was sitting peacefully at his desk in the office when a big strange man came stalking in. He fixed Harry with what the latter thought was a highly threatening glare and, pointing his finger at him, cried: "You the judge who sent my boy to jail?"

Harry slid to the edge of his chair and got ready to duck. Then the man grinned: "Best thing that ever happened to him," he shouted. "Just thought I'd stop by and tell you!"

"Th-th-thank you, sir!" said the judge.

Boy On Picnic

He knows more about how to get where you want to go in the woods than anyone else. And he really does know.

He carries the baskets cavalierly but safely and uncomplainingly. He sets them down with a nice anticipatory clunk.

He spies a caterpillar immediately on arrival at the picnic spot. Is it the deadly poisonous kind whose picture was in the paper? Nobody knows. But everybody yells: "Don't touch it!" He does not touch it. Having quite as much sense as everybody.

He scrounges around and finds mile-long boughs of dead trees and whangs them industriously against live trees. They break with a shattering crash sending debris flying. Everybody yells: "Go away! Farther!" But the debris has NOT gone into the picnic. He conceals any disappointment.

He eats with admirable perseverance through his lunch, then lies down flat and gets the hiccups. Does he recall that with the Chinese this is considered an expression of the highest elegance and appreciation? It is possible. It could also be possible that it is the peanut butter, bacon and jam combowiches.

He would certainly have chosen a better place to turn around, when starting back, than the driver selected, but, (miracle or good judgment?) he does not say so.

Fearing he might forget, he speaks out on the ride home: "Thank you very much for a fine picnic," he says.

He is a very pleasant boy to have on a picnic.

Reds and Reds

Reading newspaper headlines during the past week has been a mite confusing: trying to sort out which "Reds" the headline writers were dealing with—the Cincinnati sort or the Russian sort.

Two of these heads rated top billing in last Friday's Raleigh N & O: "Reds Square Series" and, right beside it, "Red Threat Stuns Atom Conference."

Somebody not familiar with Americanese could wonder what both or either of the headlines meant.

Foreigners, who call all Americans "Yankees," might well think that international tension was the subject, not baseball, in stories telling how the Yanks are opposing the Reds. Even the term "World Series" sounds more like international affairs than a game.

As for "Red Square"—what on earth! Why that's in Moscow! That's practically the Kremlin itself!

Wounded Vet

John Hemmer of Pinehurst, broken arm still in a cast but bouncy as ever, after his injury while photographing the USS North Carolina ceremony at Bayonne, N. J., says he told Gov. Terry Sanford he deserves a Purple Heart as first member of the "North Carolina Navy" to be hurt in line of duty.

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