

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.

The DAR and the Nation

We are sure that numerous members of the Daughters of the American Revolution are not wholly satisfied with the DAR's heavy-handed, humorless obsession with the status quo (or preferably even with a departed status), but we suppose they are inclined to drift along, often ignoring on the local level certain of the atavistic edicts of the top management.

Mrs. Ernest Ives of Southern Pines, descendant of one of the founders and early leaders of the DAR recently solved the problem of divided allegiance (to the organization versus what she felt is in the best interest of the nation) by resigning from the DAR. The Pilot commends her action which, by the national publicity given it, may inspire healthy debate on DAR policies, if not actually leading to policy revision.

Mrs. Ives's disagreement with the DAR involved the group's opposition to various aspects of the United Nations, primarily the Children's Fund to which millions of Americans contribute in Halloween neighborhood collections and which dispenses food and medical care to millions of the world's children who otherwise would be denied these saving services. Certainly the majority of Americans

support this activity of the UN, just as the majority of Americans feel out of tune with the DAR's Far Right opposition to progressive, forward-looking or humanitarian U. S. policies in other fields of action. Moreover, most Americans do not so easily as the DAR become hysterically enthusiastic over anyone who waves the flag and denounces communism, such as Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina. Other qualifications for patriotism, some of them in fields denounced by the DAR, seem to many Americans not only essential but far more in tune than the DAR's viewpoints with the spirit of the nation's founding fathers.

This is a big nation, whose citizens have many and varied opinions—and the Constitution says we are all welcome to them. We would not have DAR members muzzled, any more than we would have spokesmen for more liberal and forward-looking points of view muzzled. But we agree with Mrs. Ives that a long, clear look at what the DAR stands for is in order—as compared with what most Americans think is good for the nation, and as compared with what the patriotic ladies' revered ancestors were fighting for, too.

Trees Belong to the Town

As has been made abundantly clear in many issues of this newspaper, the trees that adorn the streets and shelter the homes of this town are very dear to the hearts of its people.

It is gratifying, even a bit amusing, to find that visitors seem to catch the tree fever, along with the spring fever, as they wander about our streets. One often overhears the exclamation: "But this is such a GREEN town! Your trees are so beautiful. How did you ever keep it this way?" and there will sometimes follow the comment: "It's such a contrast to the average town of this size."

Such comparisons are odious, as everyone knows, evoking vainglory and sinful pride, but how is it possible to refrain from gloating at such gratuitous and delightful appreciation of what everybody knows. When the visitors actually takes up cudgels in the cause of town trees, local hearts must truly rejoice.

This happened during one of the recent "weeks" when the town was full of teachers or garden clubbers or shriners or some other cohorts of welcome visitors. It appears that several members of a group were lunching at one of the Broad Street restaurants just when a large tree, growing in the parkway, was being cut down. Details of the incident are unclear except that this was done at the request

of the owner. The visitors saw the deed and were indignant. "It almost spoiled our lunch!" one said, adding the question: "Why is this allowed to happen?"

Echo answers "why." Certainly trees that need to come down for valid reasons should be taken down, but if vigilance is the price of liberty, so it is—at the risk of twisting an aphorism out of shape—the price of looking out for the trees. Destruction and maiming of valuable trees has happened over and over again in the past, and it is likely that this one town problem is as hard as any other to watch out for and handle properly.

From much that has passed at Council meetings of late it seems certain that the members are well aware of the problem and the need for vigilance. That this will involve occasional hassles goes without saying. There are always people who want action for the benefit, as they see it, of their yard regardless of other people's or the parkways; and there are always the sometimes reckless activities of those over-active gentlemen, the "tree trimmers", (see GRAINS). But, with the splendid results accomplished here by those who have gone ahead as a constant inspiration and a staunch precedent to lean against, it should be possible to preserve what we have and go on to foster greater beauty for tomorrow.

Means to What End?

It seems evident that any day, now, we may expect to hear that this nation has resumed nuclear testing.

The papers over this last weekend and the magazines have been full of articles on the subject. It almost seems as if there had been a concerted last effort to alert the people to keener awareness of what this step may mean. Along with the stories of the coming test and its implications have been articles on the "lightray" or "deathray," now, it is said, on the drawing board and—one of the most unnerving—an article by Hanson Baldwin describing the attempts to build an "anti-missile missile" with its statistics, among them: 95 million slain by the burst of the two or three enemy rockets which, it is said, would inevitably penetrate whatever number of these "protective" missiles we might possess.

To the peoples—and there are many, who fear the United States just as much as so many others fear Russia—the resumption of nuclear testing brings fear and to the Japanese who survived the Bomb it holds despair. Two of the Japanese women from Hiroshima have been touring the country to protest against the testing. They say: "Our bodies are radioactive now. Fifty of us survivors died after the last blasts set off by the Russians. If this planned testing takes place our degree of radioactivity will soar above the safety mark and we will die." We have seen no denial of this prognosis.

We, who are responsible for resuming testing, try to believe what is told us by the authorities: that testing will discourage and cow our enemies; that it will make us stronger and that we cannot rely on the weapons, the vast stockpile of bombs these same authorities had recently assured us were enough. In all official writing these so-called advantages and necessities are stressed but never any disadvantages. But the writings of scientists and the flow of articles recently released show that there are many disadvantages and many wise men who be-

lieve they outweigh the advantages.

The disadvantages of continuing the arms race which this testing will inevitably stimulate can be reduced to only a few: one is the factor of fear which drives men to desperate action. The fear that the other fellow is getting ready to attack will drive a man and a nation to attack first, and that fear may come for valid or invalid reasons: for instance: though inaccurate intelligence. This nation has made grave mistakes through bad intelligence; it could do so again and the result would be nuclear war. And the spark could be lit, not through any intelligence—after all, both countries are in a state of complete alert—but simply because tension had become so high and pressure to act so great that the fatal move became inevitable. Again, the spark could be lit by the troubles in other nations, such as this present slowly increasing warfare in Viet-Nam and in half a dozen other potential powder kegs where the East and the West are gradually coming face-to-face.

So the question becomes in a way simple, though its answer is far from such: is it actually safer to continue the arms race, this escalation of tit-for-tat testing, or would it be safer to stop?

One of the New York Times's wisest commentators, Max Frankel, writes an article of unrelieved pessimism, in which his own opinion may be read between the lines:

"Cruel April is going to end with a bang, the bang of Western thermonuclear tests in the Pacific . . . The bang will demonstrate a total disregard of world opinion . . . It will underscore a cold decision that if an arms race is what the Russians want, Washington will spend and spend in proportions that even Moscow will find chilling . . . The new round of tests will be proof, at an as yet incalculable cost, that there is not much this country can 'do' about the Russians."

Such unalloyed gloom was the tone of most of the articles released to the public over Sunday. Tough fare for an Easter weekend!

"My Dear—We Were Meant For Each Other!"



ANTICIPATING THE TERCENTENARY

Our Long Look At Yesterday

BY DORIS BETTS

In February, Mrs. John F. Kennedy opened the White House to a huge television audience, and for many it was one of those rare moments when history is directly experienced. Sometimes we need to hold one rusted musket ball in the hand before we can believe in old battles, previous pains or heroism, and earlier deaths.

Gertrude Stein's rose may be a rose may be a rose, but the bed Lincoln slept in has somehow outgrown the word "bed." The sight of it touches the imagination. Here a real man lay, had dreams, had insomnia, offered prayers. When the precise majesty of the Gettysburg Address is read aloud, we believe in the abstract Lincoln; but when we walk the floors he must have paced with worry, we believe in that man, that person. We believe the lines in his face and a tilt of his head and the sharp look of appraisal from underneath those brows.

"That Feeling"

Something of this feeling we should preserve in all the planning and details of this state's 300th birthday. What we should think of creating is never just some granite marker, but that feeling someone may sometime get reading the words off that marker.

We of this Commission are not spinning the thread which unites man across time and generations—that thread is already there—but we are helping it to be visible, traceable. We are helping our

fellow citizens to see it and feel pride in it.

Sir George Carteret? Sir William Berkeley? Who were these Lords Proprietors?

First of all, they were men, human beings as we are. Only if we remember that can we conclude they are of use to us now, that we can reach back three centuries and wonder about them and feel glad in our state's beginnings.

And King Charles II with his financial and political debts to pay—can we see him clearly?

Can we say to ourselves:

"This is our yesterday," and add that it is good to remember and value yesterday, as it is also good to create a "today" which another generation may find worthy of memory.

Excitement

The life of one man is short, a flickering; but the life of Man builds on himself and lies behind us like a road traveled to this point. What we hope to impart to fellow Tarheels is not merely a list of dates, facts, testimonials; but a certain excitement.

Do you recall how, when you drive up into the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains, you

concentrate on curves and oncoming cars; and then at last stop and look back—and the breath suddenly swells up to the throat at the panorama of where you have been, and are! Our perspective on that mountaintop gives us unity of view, coherence; and peering downhill at an ant-sized car we think in wonder, "There's a real man in there as big as I am, going to buy eggs for supper."

So looking back at the panorama of yesterday, we need to remember there are real men in there, doing errands, having loves and hates, learning and quarreling and changing.

"They were real men. I wish I knew more about them all!"

If we can help our fellow citizens feel that stirring of curiosity, then they will learn more about them, and our long look at yesterday will be an enrichment to us all.

(Mrs. Betts, feature writer and novelist, lives at Sanford. She is a member of the North Carolina Tercenary Commission which is supervising the state's forthcoming observance of the 300th anniversary of the granting of the Carolina Charter in 1663.)

Agra Revisited In Verse

An odd coincidence brought to The Pilot the poem, printed below, whose author is Mrs. Wallace Irwin. Mrs. Irwin, whose late husband honored GRAINS with some of his light verse, had been reading of the visit made by Jacqueline Kennedy to the Taj Mahal in India. She herself had spent magic hours there, wandering through the rose gardens, gazing at the famous tomb, the extraordinarily beautiful building constructed for the Indian queen. Not long after, looking through some old papers, she came across a poem she had written about the Taj Mahal. The story of the love of the Indian monarch, called "Mad" by his people, and of the cruel fate he inflicted on the architect of the marble edifice, so that he might never build such another, are here given lyric expression by this author and student of the Orient, now returned to live in the Sandhills.

IN THE ROSE GARDEN

Jehan, the Mad, on your commands
 Beside the placid Jumna stands
 A dreamstone built by
 Black slave hands
 Forever to proclaim
 That here immortalized lies she
 Who lit your flame of dynasty,
 Who bore your princes, ten and three,
 And, dying, blessed your name.

Splendor in the sunlight,
 Magic in the moonlight,
 Crying love undying
 To the winds of the world
 Beyond the skies.
 Yet to genius who taught dead stone to fling
 A bubble of grace on a rainbow's wing,
 That never for another king
 Should marbled prayer with passion sing,
 They say you did a damned thing
 And burnt out both his eyes.

Splendor in the moonlight,
 Magic in the moonlight,
 Crying love undying
 To the winds of the world
 Beyond surmise
 Of Paradise.

AGRA

—LAETTIA IRWIN

The Public Speaking

John P. Kennedy Has Warmth, Forcefulness

To the Editor:

We would like to suggest to those people in the Eighth District who are not familiar with the forceful John P. Kennedy that they learn more about him and give him their support in the approaching Democratic Primary. In fact, we urge them to know this man who has the interest of North Carolina at heart. What has he done? Look at his record in the N. C. General Assemblies of 1959 and 1961.

1. He fought for and won extension of the State's minimum wage law.
2. Worked diligently for improved educational facilities.
3. Opposed the food tax.
4. Took an active part in passing court reform legislation. He served on many committees during the two sessions of the General Assembly. No novice has made more friends in the Assembly than John Kennedy, nor has anyone grown so quickly in stature and influence in Raleigh. This man has warmth, sincerity and forcefulness not demonstrated by the opposition.

HAROLD BLUE

Eagle Springs

Grains of Sand

Not So Lovely

I think that I shall never see
 A lightpole lovely as a tree,
 But if those "trimmers" soon
 don't stop
 There'll be no tree that has
 a top

—Jeff

Ding-aling-aling

A certain bank telephone came in for a lot of ringing last week, according to reports. The conversations were one-sided and went something like this:

"Hey! You been to look at the windows of that old building you rented down on Pennsylvania?" (Silence) "We all worked so hard to get them to use old brick and put in those nice windows and now—! Well, they're all the colors of the rainbow and you ought to go and look!"

Ding-aling-aling!
 "Hey! What about those bamboos? Your new place grown a fringe? Or What?? You mean 'em to stay like that?"

Like the tarbaby, that telephone ain't sayin' nuthin'. But the bamboos got themselves defringed, (except for a clump of real pretty ones. Hope they stay.)

Speaking of Operations

First Lady: "My dear, it was the most terrific operation. They took a foot out of my intestines!"
 Second Lady: "Gracious! But how did it ever get there?"

"Loud Groans Dept."

John G. Fuller, who has added a new department of that name to his column in the Saturday Review, must have had his readers groaning louder than ever this week. Best of the lot—or worst—was this:

There's a legend that when J. S. Bach was composing his masterpieces he always worked up a huge appetite. So he got in the way of packing a lunch and taking it to his studio every day.

"From that time on," states Mr. Fuller implacably, "it was known as a Bach's lunch."

Cheery?

Know what "laser" means? According to Neal Stanford of the Christian Science Monitor, it stands for "light amplification by stimulation of radiation."

This formula embodies the secret of the weapon of the future upon whose construction, it is happily stated, both Russia and the U. S. are now engaged. Mr. Stanford says: "it will make nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles look like sling shots."

Well, well. And we always thought the monitor was such a cheerful paper.

Worse And Worse

According to the Monitor's staff writer, General LeMay, chief of the Air Force, says there is no limit to the destruction of which this light-ray weapon will be capable. He says the Russians are working hard on it and so are we. "It could change the balance of power and knock us out and we mustn't let them get it first."

And while General LeMay is saying this, Nikita's generals will be saying: "It could change the balance of power and knock us out if the Americans get it first and we mustn't let them. . . ."
 Oh hush.

Two Letters To a Draft Board

Dear Sir: Please at once send me a letter showing I was rejected from the Army on my left ear—(signed) Silas G.

Dear Draftsmen: I want to inform you that my status has changed. My wife gave birth to a baby and I want to thank every member of the local board. (signed) Robert S.

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