

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.

Big Doings Coming Up

The National Amateur Golf Tournament, to be played at Pinehurst next month, is casting its shadow before it. And a broad shadow it is (see news story today). Like many another Sandhills resident, we're just waking up to what big doings will be afoot hereabouts, September 17-22.

All resort facilities—clubs, motels, hotels, restaurants—are expected to see capacity use, with numerous visitors spilling over into private homes able to accommodate them.

"Visitors"—that's the key word that is music to the ears of any resort community. A resort area is happy to welcome visitors who are old friends and even happier to be host to newcomers—persons who, if they are pleased with their stay,

will become invaluable goodwill ambassadors.

For some time, The Pilot has been preaching from the text that this area is only beginning to realize its potential—an attitude that has been justified during the past few years by such developments as Whispering Pines, the new Watson's Lake project, additional golf courses and expansion and new construction in hotels, motels, industrial buildings, businesses and private homes.

A visitation by great numbers of golfers and golf fans, from over the nation, could not be coming at a better time. It's none too soon to be preparing to receive these visitors in a manner that will create lifelong friends for the Sandhills.

Stitches in Time

It's good news that the town council voted unanimously this week to include \$25,000 for a public library addition and improvements in the proposed forthcoming bond election.

The council had not previously actively rejected this proposal, but had simply taken no action on it two weeks ago when authorizing other projects to be included in the election. After further study and a harmonious planning session of the library trustees, the councilmen made up their minds.

All of the proposals—sewer system improvements, water system improvements, a West Southern Pines swimming pool and the library work—will be listed as separate items and voted on separately in the election, letting the public be the

chooser as to what will or will not be done.

From The Pilot's seat at the press table in the council chamber, arguments on behalf of all four bond proposals have been solidly convincing.

All the proposals are geared to the future and can justifiably be classified as those "stitches in time" that all growing communities must take to make possible their efficient development. As noted here last week, some imagination, some foresight must be exercised by citizens who want to understand what the bond issues are about and why they are necessary.

We'll try to provide food for such thoughts between now and voting time.

'What Can You Do Now?'

Whatever else TV viewers and radio listeners will remember of Governor Sanford's "Report to the People" traffic safety address in June, they will not soon forget the governor's quotations—with which he began and concluded—from a letter written to him by an anguished mother whose son had recently been killed in a traffic accident, a letter ending, "What can you do now that he is gone?"

What the governor recommended, it may be recalled, was: Special legislation for young drivers, aged 16 to 21, permitting the state to take the driver's license of young people who commit various traffic offenses.

Special legislation for drinking drivers—specifically, mechanical methods of establishing intoxication.

More traffic engineers, to make roads safer.

More highway patrolmen, to step up enforcement.

Needed court improvements—made possible by popular approval of this fall's constitutional amendment empowering the General Assembly to authorize a uniform system of courts throughout the state.

And the governor asked Tar Heels also to "give some thought to" required inspection of auto safety equipment and to the compulsory use of safety belts.

He added that he would be interested in hearing from citizens about any other ideas to foster highway safety.

Don't Gawk—Complain!

In the flurry of attention that humane-ness to animals has received in the past few weeks in North Carolina, commentators have suggested that remedial action be taken by the State Department of Conservation and Development, the Wildlife Resources Commission, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and The Bureau of Indian Affairs of the U. S. Department of Interior, to cope with situations that are not only objectionable to many Tar Heels but have also brought unfavorable publicity to the state in nationally circulated newspaper and magazine articles.

Referred to, of course, are the rabbit hunt with clubs in Iredell County, several incidents of "coon on a log" exhibitions and, most recently, the display of caged bears in what the Wildlife Commission calls "deplorable, unsanitary and inhumane conditions" on the Cherokee Indian Reservation way out yonder in the Western tip of North Carolina.

No doubt all of the named agencies, plus the next General Assembly and, subsequently, law enforcement officers and the courts, may have to take a hand in eliminating such mistreatment of animals, but these matters could be cleaned up in short order, if there is active expression of disapproval by the public.

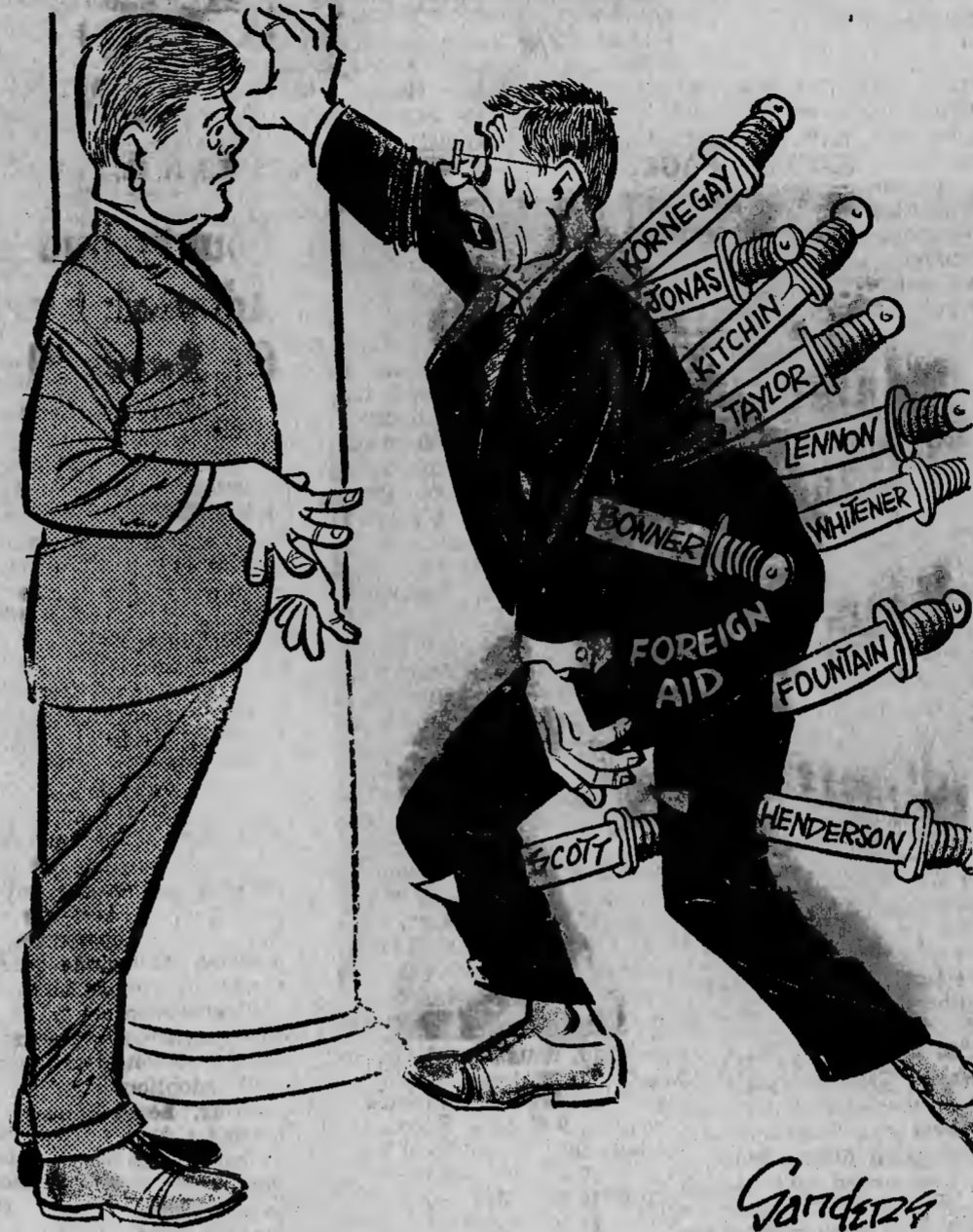
There are simply an advertising agency and the human animal's propensity to rubberneck at

other less fortunate creatures in cages—and a sorry pastime it is, we must say, except in the best of the zoos (and we don't even like the way they smell in the hot weather). If any considerable number of persons could be persuaded to stop at bear-advertised establishments and tell the proprietor that they despise his methods and would trade with him only if he got rid of the bears, we'll bet the woods would be full of released bruins before very long.

If only, say, 500 persons over the state would write letters of disapproval to the "bunny-hoppers" and the coon-on-a-loggers, sending a copy of each letter to the Governor—when such "sports" attractions are scheduled—fur would fly, and it wouldn't be the rabbits' or the coons'. And if another 500 persons could get their friends out of the state to write C & D's Advertising Division in Raleigh saying that henceforth they'd take their tourist dollars to Florida rather than visit such an uncivilized territory as Tar-heelia, and would advise all their friends to do likewise, some big guns of one sort or another would be rolled out in Raleigh.

Nobody is more jumpy or sensitive to the public's mood than an advertiser—somebody who wants the public's business. Once a majority of the public becomes actively scornful of commercial displays or entertainment involving mistreatment of animals, an end will be written to this distasteful chapter in American development.

"Are You Sure North Carolina Went For You In The Election?"



DISCIPLINE, RESTRAINT, DEDICATION

New Men Needed For New Worlds

By ADLAI E. STEVENSON
U. S. Ambassador to
The United Nations
(In the Saturday Review)

"How beautiful is our earth!" exclaimed Major Gagarin as he came down from space.

"Man, that view is tremendous!" shouted Colonel Glenn, looking at the same view.

These two men have more in common than either has with the ideologists of conquest. This is not just Pollyanna talk. Wars start in the blind, angry hearts of men. But it is hard to hate those who toil and hope and discover beside you in a common human venture. The Glenns of our world could be new men in a quite new sense—the new men who, having seen our little planet in a wholly new perspective, will be ready to accept as a profound spiritual insight the unity of mankind.

When I had the good fortune to conduct the astronauts and their families around the United Nations, and to witness the thunderous spontaneous welcome that roared from room to room among all the nations, I had a sense that men such as these belong to a new fellowship which could one day be a great strand in the web of peace. And I believe they felt the same. Colonel Glenn said, I recall:

"As space science and space technology grow . . . and become more ambitious, we shall be relying more and more on international team work. . . . We have an infinite amount to learn both from nature and from each other. We devoutly hope that we will be able to learn together and work together in peace."

Generous Vision
These are the words of our "new men"—not a narrow arrogance, but a generous vision of the great human family. Let no obstacles, however forbidding, ever blind us to that vision.

This same spirit must animate us in other realms. I am deeply convinced that the tranquility of the human family in the next three or four decades depends upon bridging the great and growing gap between the wealthy, industrialized northern hemisphere and the underdeveloped, poverty-ridden south.

After a decade of fairly sustained effort, we are beginning to learn that to move out of the cramped, ignorant, pretechnological conditions of a static tribal or feudal society is fully as difficult as breaking the bounds of space.

All the forces of tradition, all the gravity of ancient habits hold the nations back. Each national "capsule," small or large, has to find its own idiosyncratic way into orbit, and a lot of them are still on the ground.

The process of modernizing nations involves an exceptionally complicated and difficult set of interlocking actions, decisions, and discoveries. There will there-

fore be delays and disappointments.

Some projects, like some rockets, will explode in midair. Some will take paths that were not in the plans. Yet failure is often the prelude to success.

In the matter of international assistance, we can say without doubt that we know more than we did. Our techniques are wiser, our sense of what we have to do more sure. Some underdeveloped areas—one thinks of parts of India and parts of West Africa—are beginning to show unmistakable signs of momentum. This is no time to write the program off as a costly failure. We are learning by doing, and results are already beginning to show.

Recognized

To those who have observed the U. N. for many years, let me say, also, that the peculiar merits of multilateral aid programs under U. N. auspices are being recognized more widely than ever. This is especially true in the new nations of Africa. I am told that the delegates to the recent meetings of the U. N. Economic Commission for Africa, in Addis Ababa, were unanimous and emphatic in their desire to see the U. N. become a major partner in their development program.

None of this can be done quickly. Changing an economy means in fact changing a whole generation of men. I doubt if that can be done in less than two decades. So I would say: Look on the full program of modernizing what

the French call the "third world"—the world of the poor and dispossessed—as on the program for probing the planets. Expect failures. Rejoice in successes. Never doubt the job can be done. Indeed it must be done if misery is not to turn to despair, despair to wars, and war to ruin for us all.

But it must also be done because of a much profounder reason: for it is wrong to leave children to starve who could eat with our help, wrong to let youngsters die when medical skill can save them, wrong to leave men and women without shelter, wrong to accept for others, in the midst of our own abundance, the iron pangs of degrading want.

In a slack age, we can still be moved by the prospect of discipline and dedication, qualities evidenced by the astronauts. We can still recognize and acclaim a simplicity of doing and being and giving from which great enterprises spring.

Great Tasks

Perhaps there is salvation in the new image of the immense patience and discipline and stripping down of desires necessary in the lives of those who are fit enough to venture into the new dimension of outer space. Here we can perhaps glimpse some reflection of the kind of discipline and restraint which we all need in some measure if our generation is to achieve great tasks, not only in the upper air but here and now in this bewildered and floundering world.

THAT PHRASE POPS UP AGAIN

'Soft On Communism'

The annual foreign aid bill is always the vehicle for election-conscious Congressmen to prove they aren't soft-on-Communism.

Senator Goldwater isn't soft on Communism! You can tell because he is always demanding "total victory" (whatever that is). The Chicago Tribune isn't soft on Communism. It disclosed that the head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, Walt Rostow, had a "mysterious" foreign policy paper, allegedly advocating something less than atomic war against Moscow. Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois isn't soft on Communism, you bet; he is the mellifluous GOP Senate leader who immediately secured an examination of Rostow before the Foreign Relations Committee on the Tribune charges. The session was secret but Rostow apparently dominated affairs and left Dirksen with little to say, which is no mean feat.

Can We Afford It?
Running foreign policy from the legislative floor is something to ponder. In a sudden fit of economy, House conservatives recently killed an appropriation to pay

off a war debt a commission said we owed the Philippines; the Filipino president promptly cancelled his visit here, the islands changed their Independence Day from the 4th of July, and good relations were soured even though the House hastily retreated. In a terribly complex and dangerous world, can we afford old political habits like this?

Cutting Off Our Nose
India's Krishna Menon is a peculiarly trying gentleman; shall we cut back foreign aid to India to spite him and thus actually help him politically while damaging the best hope of democracy in Asia? Or again, take proposed US aid to Yugoslavia. We want to encourage its divergence from Moscow. (Moscow reciprocates by trying to drive wedges in the West.) But any cheap politician in Congress can rise to denounce "softness to Communism" in trade concessions here. Some are sincere, others demagogues willing to aid Communism if it helps get re-elected.

—T.R.B. in The New Republic
(Reprinted by permission)

Grains of Sand

Insects Take Over?
Dr. H. Bentley Glass, a member of the advisory commission on biology and medicine of the Atomic Energy Commission, says that insects can withstand 10 times as much radiation as man and that they, "not man or other proud species are really the only fitted for survival in the nuclear age. . . ."

The insects' durability after a nuclear attack, the scientist says, would derive not only from their hardiness but also from the fact that birds and other natural enemies of the insects would have been wiped out.

Watch Those Shirt-tails!
The accident prevention section of the North Carolina State Board of Health, in a harrowing recitation of the hazards of back-yard barbecue cooking, advises men to tuck their shirt-tails in so the tails won't catch fire while enthusiastic priests of the hamburger rite labor at their sacrificial brazier. (That's our way of putting it, not theirs.)

All the accident prevention and safety advice that comes to our desk from various organizations has got us scared to distraction. The Motor Vehicles Department has about fixed it so that we're afraid to get on the highways. The National Safety Council can take the bloom off the prospect of practically any outdoor activity by listing the horrible hazards involved. And now comes the State Board of Health telling us how people set themselves on fire trying to cook a steak—not to mention the 15 persons who moved a charcoal grill into a garage when it got too cold to stay outdoors and proceeded to asphyxiate themselves with the resulting carbon monoxide.

"Fortunately, all recovered, but in similar cases victims have died," the state's report adds cheerfully.

No place to hide!

Makes You Think—
To listen to the folks describing the speedy driving that brought them into the clutches of the Law is enough to make your hair rear up with fright. It's even worse when the officers get going.

Recently in the local recorder's court one of the patrolmen was testifying in a case: "He was speeding 70, weaving down the road. He was weaving from side to side of the center line. Went clear over on the shoulder once or twice. Then he'd weave back . . ."

You could feel the folks listening sort of shifting in their seats. They were right out there on the road with him and they could see that car coming at them. "He weaves—" said the officer—and what do you do? You have to weave, too, with him coming at you. He weaves, you weave, he weaves, you counter him. . . .

The officer leaned right and left, illustrating, and everybody leaned a bit along with him. To judge by the sigh that went up when he got through, and the settling of chairs, a good many folks there were about ready to let out a "Hallelujah!" when they found themselves back in the Southern Pines town hall and not out there weaving on that Lake Bay Road.

Run? Never!
These fight cases put a strain on a man. Joe and Bill are picked up for fighting in the street. Joe says: "Okay, he's guilty, but Bill says he isn't."

"He hit me," says Bill. "The officer says you were on top of him," says the prosecutor. "That's right," says Bill, "I was. But he hit me first."

"You didn't have to fight, did you?" says the prosecutor, "You could have run away, couldn't you?"

Bill, young, crewcut, from Fort Bragg, standing up: "NO SIR!"

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