

# 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.

## Happier Next Christmas, Mr. Nash!

We print below a sad lament by Ogden Nash, which will doubtless ring a kindred note in many a fond parent's heart.

But there was one item left out, it seems to us. Tell us, Mr. Nash, didn't you end up having a big time with all those presents yourself? Even to the un-Christmassy point of not allowing the kids to even touch those trains-and-all that Daddy had so delightfully put together?

### April Yule, Daddy!

Roses are things which Christmas is not a bed of them  
Because it is the day when parents finally realize that their  
children will always be a jump ahead of them.  
You stay up all night trimming the tree into a veritable  
fairyland and then in the joyous morn you spring it on  
the children in a blaze of glory and who says "Ooh?"

You.

And you frantically point out the dictator's ransom in  
building sets and bicycles and embarrassingly lifelike  
dolls with which the room is checkered,  
And the little ones pay about as much attention to them as  
they would to the punctuation in the Congressional  
Record,  
Because they are fully occupied in withdrawing all the  
books from the bookcase to build a house to house the  
pup in,  
Or pulling down the curtains to dress up in,  
And you stand handgoggedly around because you haven't  
any place to go,  
And after a while they look casually over at the dictator's  
ransom and say: "Are those the presents? Oh."

And you console yourself by thinking, Ah happy apathy, as  
long as we haven't had an emotional climax maybe  
we won't have an emotional anticlimax, maybe we'll  
get through the day without hysterics, ah happy  
apathy,

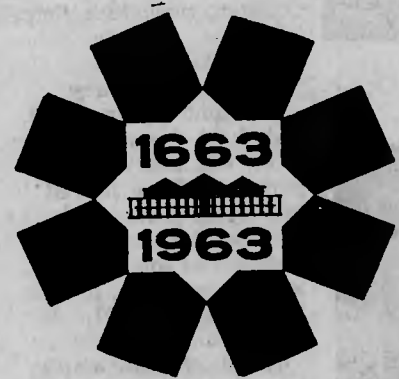
Ah, may this Yuletide indeed turn out to be the Yuletide  
without misapathy.  
Ah, could this sensational lull but be permanent instead of  
pro tem;

Ah, and double Ah, if Christmas could but end at eleven  
A.M.!

But it doesn't, but the lull does, and here's something  
else you discover as you keep on living,

Which is that Christmas doesn't end for about two weeks  
after Christmas, but it starts all over again right after  
the following Thanksgiving.

## Tercentenary Year To Begin



SYMBOL FOR THE CAROLINA  
CHARTER TERCENTENARY

That the North Carolina legislature will convene in the new State House during the State's 300th anniversary in 1963 provides novel significance to the symbol which will represent next year's state-wide, year-long celebration.

Though not until 1711 was North Carolina distinguished from the territory of Carolina, the State's formal beginning dates from March 24, 1663. On that day King Charles II of England granted the Carolina Charter to the eight Lords Proprietors.

From the political freedoms granted in the Charter, North Carolina evolved. Two

years later, in 1665, the first General Assembly met under the rights and privileges stated in the Charter.

Therefore, the 1963 legislature is a lineal descendant of the first General Assembly of 1665 and will enter the new State House during the year of North Carolina's anniversary, or commemoration of the granting of the Carolina Charter.

Based on the original seal of the Eight Lords Proprietors of Carolina, the symbol has eight modified shields radiating from a central core. Although similar to the original Proprietor's seal, the shields are represented in abstract form for easier and quicker recognition.

Within the star-shaped core are the dates which give time reference to the Tercentenary celebration. At the center, is an abstraction of the new State House.

The Charter Commission is urging business, professional, civic and cultural organizations to take part in the Tercentenary. Displaying the symbol throughout 1963 in conspicuous places and on papers such as stationery would assist in keeping the citizens of North Carolina aware of their 300th anniversary.

Further information and instructions on how to participate can be obtained from the Charter Commission's office at Box 1881, Raleigh.

## Stevenson Affair In Retrospect

Though the National Security Council may not have been reduced (by the published stories about its secret deliberations) to the harassed, embarrassed and frustrated state pictured in Bill Sanders' cartoon on this page, the controversy of a few weeks ago—especially as it involved Adlai Stevenson—has undoubtedly jeopardized the status of this centrally important group of men with the American public.

Perhaps it would be better to say that the aftermath of the affair leaves the public cynical about the operations of the Security Council and disgusted with attempts to reveal its purported decisions and mode of reaching its conclusions.

The Alsop-Bartlett Saturday Evening Post smear of Adlai Stevenson, a smear that was prodigiously inflated by the magazine's handling of the article, was followed by Life magazine's revelations that what the Post said had happened, in those fateful first days of the Cuban-Russian crisis, hadn't taken place at all. Life credited Stevenson with helping to formulate the basic essentials of the successful Kennedy strategy on Cuba. There was no question, said Life, that he wanted to trade U. S. bases for Cuban

missile installations or that he was "soft" in any of the ways implied by the Satevepost.

When journalists of the top rank in Washington differ so radically in their conclusions and findings, the public's confidence is bound to be shaken. Can we assume that Life was any more right than Satevepost? Divergence in accounts of the "inside" of the Cuban crisis was not simply in matters of interpretation. In plain facts, there were huge, all-important differences.

The President has made it clear that he has faith in Stevenson and was grateful for his counsel and assistance, in and out of the UN, but the President left too many unanswered questions. Nothing except his direct denunciation as untrue of whatever it was that was false and misleading, and whoever it was who wrote the lies, in any of the "inside" articles, will ever set matters straight.

This he failed to do. And the trustworthiness of certain men close to him (whoever they may be) as well as of American journalism, has taken a terrible beating because he has not assumed this unpleasant responsibility that none but he could take.

## "Speak Up, Men! All I Asked For Was Your Honest Opinion!"



GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

## LAND CONSERVATION FUND PROPOSED

### Outdoors Not 'Free' --- Crisis Seen

By STEWART L. UDALL  
Secretary of the Interior  
Today we face perhaps the gravest threat in history to our resources of land and water—and particularly to the once plentiful "green acres" which traditionally have played a vital role in shaping the character and destiny of America.

And this is at a time when some 90 per cent of our people—turning back by the millions to the spiritual solace of the land—take part in outdoor recreation of some form.

Two Problems  
While heartening, this vast movement to the out-of-doors presents two thorny problems: First, our people are multiplying and more people need more land, both to live and to relax; and, second, the demand for industrial, commercial, and residential development for this burgeoning population is chewing away a million acres of remaining open space a year, wiping out suitable outdoor recreation areas at an alarming rate, and, at the same time, through ever stiffer competition for use of the land, sending the prices for the remnants of our natural, unspoiled wilderness and waterfront to levels swiftly approaching the astronomical.

Obviously, a solution must be found. But to find it we shall have to pay a price because, for better or worse, in the 1960's the out-of-doors is no longer free. An example of the cost may be seen in this Administration's vigorous efforts to save needed land to preserve our wildlife. Before 1961, land acquired for Federal wildlife refuges cost an average of \$12.40 an acre; in fiscal 1961, this average price rose to \$69.39 an acre; while in the 1962 fiscal year—as suitable land grew scarcer—the average price had soared to \$86.71.

Spurred by the President's leadership, the conservation-minded 87th Congress took unprecedented action in setting aside three superb strips of seacoast as National Seashores at Cape Cod, at Point Reyes, near San Francisco, and at Padre Island, along the Gulf Coast of Texas.

Praise from President  
In May 1962, President Kennedy called the first White House Conference on Conservation since the turn of the century. At that extraordinary gathering of conservation leaders from throughout the country he said: "I can think of no more suitable effort for an administration which is concerned with progress than to be identified with efforts to preserve this

land and maintain its beauty." Congress will act this year on a proposed pay-as-you-go Land Conservation Fund to be financed by those who now enjoy our superb outdoor recreation areas and from recreation and land related Federal receipts.

The bill establishes modest user fees for campers, picnickers, boaters, and others who in 1961 comprised more than 300 million visitors to national parks, reservoirs, and seashores. Revenues would be utilized by the States and the Federal Government to plan cooperative and comprehensive outdoor recreation programs and to acquire suitable new recreation areas.

Annual Permits  
Further financing for open space acquisition programs would be provided through a car permit which would entitle annual admission to all national parks, forests, fish and wildlife recreation areas, dam reservoirs, and other federally financed recreation areas throughout the Nation.

With sufficient public understanding and support, this is the program which, in President Kennedy's words, will enable us to move ahead in 1963 toward repayment of our debt to the past—and meeting our obligations to the future.

## Bomb Scare Affecting Children

BY PETER B. YOUNG  
In Raeford News-Journal

Just last week I came face-to-face with a pretty 6-year-old girl child, who had a bad case of bomb jitters. This was not a pleasant sight and, of course, I had to face up to the degree of responsibility I had for her condition. Various writings of mine had persuaded her parents to make some minimal Civil Defense precautions which, in turn, considerably upset the child. (Of course, this child also watches television, which was a spook thing to do during the Cuban crisis.)

Anyway, as I looked at this upset child, and thought about children in other parts of the world who have been equally upset (or worse) by preparations for bombs and, in some instances, bombs that were actually dropped, it occurred to me again that life in the 20th century carries risks and psychological burdens that our forebears could not and would not have believed possible.

I know of no military leader, politician or scientist who thinks that both the USA and the USSR can continue to manufacture nuclear stuff without some of that "stuff" going off—either as a result of deliberate choice or

"accident." I know of no military leader, politician or scientist who thinks that these two great countries can continue indefinitely in a sup-

pressed state of conflict without some final resolution.

I do know that three American Presidents have made intermittent and haphazard pleas for a consistent and realistic civil defense program. I do know that the nuclear trigger fingers on both sides quivered during the recent Cuban crisis. I do know that never again can American children be brought up with the certain knowledge that they are safe and secure when Mommy and Daddy tuck them in at night. American children now will know the terrible anxiety that has afflicted the children of other lands.

## The Public Speaking

Bouquets Tossed to Post Office Workers

To the Editor:

Right now is a good time to toss a few bouquets to overworked and underpraised friends at the post office.

Think for a moment about how much of your Christmas depends directly on the services of the people who work in your postal system. Considered in any way, you can't get more for your money than by investing in a stamp.

So let me give them our thanks and best wishes for a happy new year—that is the time they have been able to dimly sense is beyond those mountains of Christmas boxes and acres of Christmas cards.

MRS CHARLES PHILLIPS  
Southern Pines

## POEM FOR THE NEW YEAR

Defenseless under the night  
Our world in stupor lies;  
Yet, dotted everywhere,  
Ironic points of light  
Flash out wherever the Just  
Exchange their messages;  
May I, composed like them  
Of Eros and of dust,  
Beleaguered by the same  
Negation and despair,  
Show an affirming flame.

— W. H. AUDEN

## Grains of Sand

New Year's Wish: Peace

Writing of the huge public relations budget of the military to promote more armaments and the disruptive news that promotes more armaments, Drew Pearson summed it up neatly:

"The military this year has \$31,000,000 to spend on public relations to educate the country on war while the State Department is allotted only \$1,500,000 to educate the country on ways to win the peace."

Poor Peace!  
But must it always be: "poor" peace?

Good For Man And Beast

The Pilot was handed a prescription by an eminent Fayetteville physician the other day. Written on the regulation prescription blank it said:

"Grains of Sand. . . one each week for 1 year. Take in Southern Pines Pilot. . . Refill p r n." At the top where it says AGE, the blank is filled in with "Old enough to appreciate The Pilot."

Couldn't Make It

Once more we clip a stirring tale from our favorite sheet, the Potomac Almanac. This is about a business crisis that recently took place in that town.

It seems that "a do-it-yourself type gal," as the Almanac calls the heroine, decided to stop up some holes in the walls of her stable. So she got in her tiny Corvair and drove down to the local gravel pit for the makings. When she lined up with the big gravel trucks to be weighed, her little car didn't even register. But let the Almanac tell it:

"Finally her turn came to move in under the huge conveyor belt that had been spewing tons of gravel into the trucks. The man peered down at her. "You lost, lady?" he asked.

"When she showed him her two burlap bags, saying she wanted one filled with large gravel and one with medium, he looked stunned: 'St. Peter!' he said, 'We'll need a shovel! Anyone got a shovel?' Upon which the whole automatic operation of the gravel company came to a halt while everyone looked for a shovel.

"An hour later, with sacks filled, the little Corvair went poketa-poketa to the weighing-out platform. It still registered nothing. When the heroine tried to pay anyway, the gallant gravel man shook his head: 'Why, lady, we spill that much off our trucks and never notice!'"

Try, Try, Try Again

"Happy New Year," the phrase goes back a long time. Carolers at Christmas ended many a Noel with the hopeful voices as the next year came close.

The message of peace on earth, good will among men must have seemed just as impossible, just as foolish, in those days as it does today. Then as now the world was beset by the sufferings and wrongs of human existence, with the evil of war, then as now, the greatest enemy. And still they knew, as we know today, that war is the result of man's cruelty to man, his bad will getting the upper hand.

And so it is the second part of the angels' message that is the important part. The carolers knew this as, through the years with staunch hearts they sang their enduring message of good will to all:

Fast away the old year passes,  
Hail the new, ye lads and lasses,  
Heedless of the wind and weather,  
Sing we joyous all together:  
Love and joy come to you  
And God bless you  
And send you  
A Happy New Year!

## The PILOT

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