

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.

Home Folks Help Home Folks

Moore County's most thoroughly home-grown charity holds its fund drive this week.

Saturday is the day: Tag Day, to be exact. On that day the small white and green tags with the picture of the mother and baby will be placed on sale in the towns of the county by the Moore County Maternal Welfare Committee.

The "sales talk" for touching the hearts of potential givers to the many causes that come before the public repeats the time-worn phrases: "your pennies will do so much. . . you may be able to save a life if you will give. . . this child (or old lady or blind man, or amputee) needs your help." Each plea is one more in the multitude of calls upon our sympathies and our pocketbooks. And so we figure up where we stand and dig down, doing the best we can.

The work of the Moore County Maternal Welfare Committee came to life some thirty years ago in response to a dire need. It was, in fact, an emergency measure—we'd call it a "crash program" today and the primary aim was simply: to save lives. The mortality rate among

needy mothers and babies of the county was shockingly high, as high as that in some of the most uncivilized and poorest parts of the world.

The public, well-read, probably, on conditions in less-favored lands, was completely unaware of the situation at their own doorsteps. It needed only the energetic approach of a group of their own people, women of Moore County, combined with the dismaying shock of the conditions of child births among the needy mothers of the county, and the response was quick and generous.

This has always been the case with this charity. A do-it-yourself project from the start, carried on by the people and for the people of the county, the cause has appealed strongly to all.

Changing times have brought a change in need. The funds of the committee are now concentrated in the support of the free bed at Moore Memorial Hospital where a needy mother and baby may be cared for through the funds collected on Tag Day. The committee now operates under the sponsorship of the hospital's auxiliary.

Relax, Study, Speak Up

Rep. Cliff Blue hit the nail on the head when, in one of the recent meetings of school officials, he said that decisions on school consolidations, locations and so forth should be based on what is best for the children involved—how they can get the best education and be afforded the most opportunity.

This is the same goal that is pointed out in a letter on this page. It is one that we all should keep in mind.

At Monday's county commissioners' meeting, when representatives of all three school administrative units met with the board to make capital outlay fund requests for the 1963-64 year, there was general approval for a meeting of

the three boards of education with the commissioners to talk about the future of the schools and the proposed Community College. The atmosphere was generally relaxed as though everybody realized that Rome was not built in a day.

The public, by interest shown in the future of the schools and in the college project, holds the key to what will be done. We don't believe there is a school official in Moore County who would deliberately flout clearly demonstrated, strongly expressed public opinion.

Relax, study and speak up—that's our advice to the public at this stage of Moore County's somewhat controversial but by no means chaotic school situation.

Shameful News From Alabama

The news from south of us is that negotiations are being carried on between the State of Alabama and the Federal Government.

Well, if you have a situation that presents problems about which the parties cannot agree, presumably the time comes when negotiations are in order. In the present case, however, it is hard to see what there is to negotiate.

It was decided nearly a hundred years ago, that, while state lines were useful geographic boundaries, many of historic significance and practical under the present governmental set-up, they were non-existent in a good many ways; certainly when it came to people going about. We can understand that it would sometimes be convenient for some people if this were not so. It would undoubtedly be a source of comfort to some if people of another way of thinking, people liable to be "troublemakers," perhaps, could be kept out behind the boundaries—pushed back across the state line into somebody else's state—if they become obstreperous.

It would be nice, some may feel, if such other people could just vanish. But how? The Bolsheviks, when faced with such a situation, pushed people way off into Siberia. The Nazis, not having so much room, herded them into concentration camps, where most of them conveniently passed out of the picture in short order.

Such practical arrangements were used by the leaders of totalitarian governments come to power through conspiracy and revolution. The methods they used were the methods of tyranny: police brutality; the power of armed might and cruelty tightening the stranglehold of tyranny over individual freedom.

Down on the borders of Alabama, down there in Birmingham, the police are

using savage dogs, tear gas, fire hoses, against Americans peacefully protesting against infringement of their rights. They are also using prod rods.

This is a new gimmick in storm trooper tactics. The three-foot rods, equipped to administer an electric shock, are, however, familiar in such rural sections. They are used to drive cattle to the slaughterhouse.

Could anything be more revealing of the depths to which human beings can be brought when their evil passions are aroused? That is what is happening in Alabama and let no one fail to grasp its full significance. In refusing to treat with the marchers as human beings and as citizens, in encouraging the brutality of the police and the mob spirit of that mountain area, Governor Wallace and those behind him are playing with a fire whose fuel is from the same source that fed the fires of Dachau. The lure of cruelty, of brutality, that lies so terribly close beneath the surface of the human character is a constant and fearful danger in times like these. The Birmingham police are not to blame; they are acting according to their training. It is those who give the orders who must be held responsible.

What do these men hope to accomplish? The further they proceed down this path, the harder they will make things for themselves and everybody else. The harm they have done their nation is incalculable, as it is. It will be long indeed before the pictures of the last few days—of charging dogs, of little children drenched with water carted off to jail, of policemen with full armory of helmet, hose, prod rod, gas bombs fade from the memory. Americans are sick at heart, discouraged and ashamed, at what has been going on down in Alabama.

Farming: As Hazardous As Battle

According to "Research and Farming," the quarterly magazine published by the Agricultural Experiment Station at State College, "wireworms are thumbing their noses at once-deadly insecticides in most North Carolina tobacco growing areas. . . Last season they survived broadcast applications of aldrin, dieldrin, heptachlor and chlordane—chlorinated hydrocarbons that had proved effective in the past. . ."

Tobacco wireworms—the larva form of the insect known as the "click beetle"—feed and tunnel in plant roots in the spring, stunting or killing the plants.

What then? Experiments are made with stronger insecticides—parathion, a fantastically toxic substance derived from a German nerve gas formula, and with diazinon, another organic phosphate considered "considerably safer, but must

be handled carefully."

The "Research and Farming" article warns that parathion should not be mixed with transplanting water for plant setting by hand, but said diazinon can be so used, "but one should avoid as much skin contact as possible."

Certainly, a tremendous responsibility devolves upon farmers in the use of these substances which are so lethal that they can cause a man's death by only slight contact with the skin. And one wonders whether even a responsible man could assure safe and proper use of the chemicals by hands in his employ.

Tilling the earth, traditionally one of the wholesomest, healthiest occupations, characterized by a deep emotional bond with the eternal mysteries of fertility, life and growth, has become a game of tag with potential poisoning and death, with all the hazards of a battlefield.

"It Operates On Promises!"



MacMILLAN, KHRUSHCHEV SEE ADVANTAGES

To The Summit Once More?

By JOSEPH C. HARSCH
Staff Correspondent
The Christian Science Monitor
(Reprinted by permission)

London

As in 1959, summitry and British politics are walking hand in hand again through the tulips of spring.

In 1959 Prime Minister Harold Macmillan got summitry going by traveling to Moscow himself. The summit which ensued a year later was a foreign-affairs disaster, but in the meantime the Conservatives had won a startling 100-seat majority in the House of Commons and another five years in office.

Mr. Macmillan is not planning another personal mission to Moscow, but he has succeeded in organizing a joint visit to Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev by the British and American ambassadors in Moscow on the subject of nuclear testing, and it would be a mistake to dismiss out of hand the possibility that this will burgeon, before summer is out, into a full-blown and three-cornered summit.

It will take three to make a summit in 1963. Standard summitry as evolved during the Truman-Eisenhower era involved four countries, namely the United States, Soviet Union, Britain and France. That ended with the Paris crash landing of 1960, followed by the blackball France cast against Britain for the European Common Market.

At the present moment it is assumed that French President de Gaulle would decline anyway, so why ask him? Besides, since the British currently are not showing an interest in common marketing, they are not concerned about French sensibilities. France could be left out of this round.

But Mr. Macmillan could not be left out. He was left out of the second phase of summitry, which was the two-sided Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation of 1961 in Vienna. That fitted the needs and moods of that time when the great question was whether the

new frontiersman from Washington could coexist with the old backroomsman in Moscow. They had to meet together and alone.

It is different now. The real impetus for a summit this time grows out of the mutual current political needs of Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Khrushchev. Both need a summit for local status-symbol purposes.

Mr. Macmillan's Conservative Party is toying with the idea of seriously trying to win its fourth straight general election. By standard British political rules it should relax and accept a turn in opposition, there to refresh itself for a return five years later.

Mr. Macmillan himself would like to break all precedents and win his own second and his party's fourth election. His principal followers are increasingly willing to let him try, on the theory that they have nothing to lose and possibly something to gain.

If the serious effort is to be made, then the Macmillan and Tory images need to be dressed both with most modern domestic clothing and the tried-and-true raiments of the indefatigable seeker for peace.

Another Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation would be useless to

the inventor of summitry, 1963, Harold Macmillan.

As for Mr. Khrushchev, he has had so many setbacks, failures of policy, and just plain defeats over the past two years that he must welcome anything his propagandists in Moscow could present as being a grand and glorious thing to the various plain people of the Soviet Union. The two things they do apparently always like are consumer goods and peace.

It can be assumed, therefore, that both Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Khrushchev, for their respective domestic political reasons, want a summit and are arranging pieces on the chessboard of diplomacy toward that end. But to date President Kennedy of Washington has yet to commit himself.

With two of the three who would meet already working for it, the question really is whether Mr. Kennedy wants to exercise his veto.

He has one. He can use it providing he uses it promptly. He had better do it promptly, because otherwise he is likely to wake up some spring morning and discover that it is already too late to prevent it.

The Public Speaking

The Goal: Best Education For The Most Students

To the Editor:

Items of interest in the Pilot of May 3 were a statement issued by the Southern Pines School Board and the editorial opposing the purchase of the Southworth property. The leading editorial from the Moore County News also relates to the problem of adding to our schools and the Community College.

Many facts of public interest are now beginning to make an overall clear picture. One of the most significant is that to provide East Southern Pines with adequate high school facilities in the next few years, a rather large sum of money would be required beyond that required to consolidate Southern Pines, Aberdeen, Pinehurst, and West End High Schools.

There are two important unanswered questions, however: First—Would this money provide BETTER education for Southern Pines High School students? Second—Would this extra expenditure endanger passage of a bond issue which will be necessary for our Community College?

Mr. Hodgkins has presented the side against consolidation in a statement in the Pilot.

Proponents of consolidation say that a consolidated high school would provide a better curriculum, greater choice of

courses, better teachers (since the better teachers want to teach in larger schools where they can teach only the classes for which they are best qualified), a full-time guidance counselor, a more comprehensive business course of which Southern Pines has only a meager offering, more advanced math classes, four years of language, more than one language, more trade and vocational courses of which Southern Pines has none and other advantages.

If the proponents of consolidation are correct in these advantages, one must in honesty evaluate the expenditure of a large sum of money for a separate Southern Pines High School for 250 to 300 students against a consolidated school for approximately 800 high school students.

I am sure our County Commissioners will take the overall view of doing what is best for the majority of students. Perhaps an independent survey of our high school needs in the county, with comparative costs to the taxpayers, would be in order, prior to the expenditure of these large sums of money.

Of the issues involved—local control, transportation, quality, cost and integration, only one stands out—QUALITY. Are we getting the best education for the most students?

CHARLES PHILLIPS, M. D.
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

Maytime: What's Coming Up? The lists have been made, the seed catalogues and their glossy unbelievable colored pictures put away, and the seeds have been long in the ground. Now they're beginning to sprout. This is the exciting time: what's coming up?

The volunteers from past years are already high, having come through the drought surprisingly well; the perennial phlox and other hardy friends are sending out sturdy shoots; with this continued cool it ought to be a good year for perennials. Now come the tiny seedlings, bravely struggling up and, in some of the more eccentric, hit-or-miss gardeners, the hundreds of tiny, tender shoots prompt boundless curiosity.

"What did I put in there?—Did I just scatter them broadcast—or maybe the packet spilled"—and the wails: "It looks like that awful pinky-mauve phlox and, right next it, the label says: 'Zinnia, Mexican, orange to brown'—that's a help in the color scheme, all right, all right!"

Do they do all this better in England? A recently come-across poem would indicate as much.

Windflower, Asphodel,
Fritillary, Thrift,
Bee Balm, Pimpernel,
Snowdrops adrift.

Spikenard, Meadow Rue,
Speedwell, Thyme,
Primroses wet with dew,
Bluebells to chime.

Rose of Heaven, Cherry Pie,
Love-in-a-mist,
Indigo to match the sky,
Myrrh to round the list

Plait a wreath of flower words,
Wear it as a crown,
Flocks of small and singing birds
Perch on every noun.

—Fanny DeGroot Hastings

So THAT Was Why-

Jokes about the ruling family of the moment are in vogue these days. Everybody's telling them, so here goes:

It seems that one evening Jack came in tired and slumped down in his chair. Jackie decided to lend a hand.

"Dear," she said, "I'm calling off the engagement for tonight. We'll just have a lovely quiet evening together."

"M-m-m-m," said Jack. Jackie got up and fetched a pillow, a little soft one and put it behind his head. She decided to let him rest while she slipped into something more comfortable: those new lounging pyjamas she'd picked up at Bergdorf's last week. When she came back, she brought his slippers, the ones she made for him, and the dressing gown she gave him at Christmas. It felt soft as silk as she slipped it behind him and he sank into it. "You haven't put it on for ages," she said reproachfully.

The president relaxed, let his head drop back, sighed deeply. He slipped a hand into one of the deep pockets of his dressing-gown. There was something in it. Slowly, unwillingly he drew it out.

It was a small card: a memo marked "from JFK." It said: "Remember to remind McNamara about that air cover for the Bay of Pigs."

The most recent discovery in the frightening world of automation is an electronic cherry sorter, capable of handling 3,500 cherries per minute or almost a ton an hour.

It has an electric eye that scans each cherry, held in a suction cup, against a special background. If a cherry has a bruise or other mark, a jet of air kicks it out of the cup into the discard.

This will not particularly interest those, if any, who do not like cherries. But take watermelons. That will be the day when a suction cup can hold one and when a jet of air can kick it out of the cup into the discard.

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Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina 1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

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Subscription Rates
Moore County
One Year \$4.00
Outside Moore County
One Year \$5.00

Second-class Postage paid at Southern Pines, N. C.
Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.