

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.

Off To A Good Start

The Good Neighbor Council named last week to promote understanding between the races in Southern Pines got off to a good start Monday, members reported, with the naming of an executive committee and sub-committees to consider problems in job opportunities, public accommodations, health, education, recreation and crime.

While the council will no doubt prove invaluable in helping this community "peacefully meet the demands of the time" (as one of its members described its task) it does not, and cannot, shoulder the burden of responsibility that devolves, in this time of Negro unrest, upon churches, civic clubs, school officials, professional organizations, and most of all perhaps, on citizens as individuals. This newspaper should be included on the list.

James Reston of The New York Times, who is extraordinarily adept at catching the tempo and temper of American life in any time of crisis, calls the Negro's drive for first class citizenship the "central domestic issue of the age." And he points out that unless the citizenry of this nation becomes involved in the accompanying moral crisis, legislation alone cannot be successful in assuring progress toward the Negroes' goal or in preventing further discord and violence.

It is essential, therefore, that residents of Southern Pines not view the Good Neighbor Council as the representatives or substitutes to whom all involvement and moral decision can be relegated.

The time, of course, is late, late, late. If the necessity for involvement and moral decision had been much more widely sensed by white America in the past, we would not now be talking in terms of crisis. The proposed sweeping federal civil rights legislation that can be viewed, in part, as threatening private property

rights might never have been necessary if the issue of discrimination against Negroes in a dozen different connections had been widely apprehended years ago as the moral crisis it is. Like a neglected illness, the Negro's revolt against racial discrimination has broken out now with a virulence that only chronic festering could have produced.

Millions of white Americans—and we don't know by any means that they are all living in the South—apparently still have trouble in grasping, intellectually and emotionally, the perfectly reasonable, essentially simple, routine desires and demands that are the cause of all the Negro marching, praying, demonstrating and the rest. Negroes only want to be treated like anybody else and have assurance of the everyday acceptance accorded any sane, ordinary person in the course of daily living.

The making of this point—the comprehension of the simple, blessed, noble fact of plain acceptance within the framework of law and responsibility that affect all Americans—is all that the Negro asks.

Viewed thus—stripped of all custom, myth and prejudice—it seems fantastic that special legislation would be needed to assure a way of life that, every school child is taught, is the birthright of us all.

No law, no Good Neighbor Council can open the windows and let the fresh air and sunlight of this great truth into the hearts and minds of the people of Southern Pines or any other community. We must all do it for ourselves, some of us against deeply powerful forces ingrained over a lifetime of thinking and feeling differently.

This is the task. As guide, interpreter and practical negotiator, the Good Neighbor Council is the key agency. But all other organizations and individuals must do their part.

Well Done, 'Miss Flora.'

In designating Friday "Flora McDonald Day" in Moore County, the county commissioners called attention to a remarkable career of public service—30 years as home economics (formerly home demonstration) agent by Miss Flora McDonald of Carthage, who will retire July 1.

A gathering of co-workers, Home De-

monstration Club members, county officials and friends of "Miss Flora," to be held tomorrow night at the courthouse in Carthage, will, we are sure, be a lively and interesting occasion. The hospitality, good cheer and fellowship which have marked the Agricultural Extension Service program for women since its beginning will no doubt be much in evidence. One of the remarkable features of this work that has accomplished wonders over the past several decades in improving the quality of rural living in Moore County is that the women involved have had a good time doing it. And we credit Miss McDonald, whose characteristic facial expression is a smile, with setting this tone for the program many years ago.

There's not a single aspect of rural home life that has not been touched and bettered by the Home Demonstration program—diet, food preparation, furnishings, personal appearance, intellectual interests, pride in home or rural community and many more. Moore County residents with long memories can testify that not only change but a veritable revolution has taken place in these fields.

The Pilot joins the many, many friends and admirers of "Miss Flora" in gratitude for her years of work and her notable achievements and wishes for her the best of everything in the years to come.

Unfortunate Bill

It is too bad that the General Assembly, in the pressure of the closing days of the session, approved after little or no debate a measure that would prohibit a "known communist"—whatever that may be or however that status might be determined—from speaking at any state-supported educational institution.

Our disapproval does not imply that we would like to fill the lecture halls of state schools and colleges with communists. We simply believe that schools, colleges and universities should be centers of free expression and that no harm could come to North Carolina, its institutions or any of its citizens if one of the world's millions of communists were allowed to air his views.

The bill is an insult to the intelligence and patriotism of educators and students, with no more real meaning than a law barring left-handed, red-haired persons from the halls of learning.

Too Much ZIP For The Season

We wish the Post Office Department had sprung this "ZIP Code" business on us at a more propitious time of year.

If the news had come on a sparkling October day—maybe on a late Friday afternoon while packing fishing tackle for a weekend beach trip—we would have been better able to cope with the depressing knowledge that more numbers had been thrust into our life.

As it was, ZIP Code swam into our ken on a hot AND rainy Monday morning and we were forced to contemplate the translation of the delightful name, "Southern Pines," which we pen so proudly and happily on return addresses, into "28387." On top of mulling over the town and county tax rates, worrying about what the Internal Revenue computers are conniving as they mess around with our Social Security number, wondering if we've made another disastrous \$100 error in keeping up the check book balance and watching the super market cash register take a big bite out of the weekly pay envelope, this turning of Southern Pines into a number by government fiat, like something the witch did with her magic wand in a fairy tale, was almost too much.

A few nights later we woke up in a distressing pre-dawn hour and realized, with a thud, that we couldn't remember our ZIP number. However, a Seaboard freight making a terrible racket up the grade from Aberdeen assured us we were

still in Southern Pines, whatever the number might be.

Is this treason? We're going to try. We really are. We're going to ZIP our number in return addresses and ZIP everybody else's number on outgoing mail.

We just wish the dogwoods were in bloom—or something—to cheer us up while we do our duty.

Raising High Hopes

The new Pope Paul VI has begun his reign in a manner to assure the admirers of the late John XXIII that Vatican leadership will continue in those fields that embody the deepest concerns of a yearning and anxious humanity—the search for peace; individual dignity (especially as expressed in social justice); and the Ecumenical Council pointing toward Christian unity.

Some observers have predicted that Paul VI will exercise, along with the human warmth of John XXIII, a keenness of intellect that may be even more in evidence than was this quality of his predecessor. Certainly both the qualities are amply evident in the first utterances of the new Pope.

The election of Paul VI — superbly qualified to maintain the moral prestige of the Vatican in this groping, insecure mid-20th century—raises high hopes in all persons of good will.

"I Don't Think He Realized Who He Was Dealin' With!"



RESEARCH IN ANTHROPOLOGY CITED

Race Differences--Facts And Myths

In the following letter addressed to Sen. Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, Frederick Osborn of New York City—who has had a long association with the Sandhills—discusses facts and myths of race differences, as brought out both in his work as a research anthropologist and in his Army service.

A retired major general, he attended Princeton University with the late James Boyd of Southern Pines—novelist, poet and former Pilot editor—and has visited here frequently over the course of many years. The letter was made available to The Pilot for publication.

Dear Senator Ellender: I have been for years a Research Associate in Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, with race differences as a particular field of interest.

My concern has been with hereditary differences, that is to say, with differences in the frequency of genes which are the basic units of heredity and which make for different capacities for growth, including differences in physical, mental and emotional growth.

As you know, it was thought by many people until some time after 1900 that blood was the carrier of heredity, and if two people of different types had children, the children would be of mixed blood. Now we know that heredity is transmitted by some 50,000 genes which are separate entities, and transmitted separately, each affecting a different aspect of development, and most of them widely distributed among the different races. As for blood, the same types of blood are found in varying frequencies in each of the races; there are Whites with "A" blood, and "B" blood, and "O" blood, and Negroes with each type. If you should have a transfusion, and are, for instance, type "A," type "B" from your White neighbor would probably kill you, but you would be quite safe with a transfusion of "A" blood from a Negro.

We have made exhaustive

AWAKENING SPARK

Laws just or unjust may govern men's actions. Tyrannies may restrain or regulate their words. The machinery of propaganda may pack their minds with falsehoods and deny them truth for many generations of time. But the soul of man thus held in trance or frozen in a long night can be awakened by a spark coming from God knows where, and in a moment the whole structure of lies and oppression is on trial for its life.

—WINSTON CHURCHILL

studies on the genetic capacity for intelligence of Whites and Negroes, and we can find no differences in average genetic capacities; intelligence is something that develops only in an environment, and relatively slight differences in the environment greatly affect the development of intelligence. The difference in the average environment of Negroes in this country as compared to the average environment of Whites is wholly sufficient to account for the known differences in their average developed intelligence.

During the last war, I was in charge of the Information and Education Division of the Army and Air Force. When, in 1943-44, for the first time General Eisenhower sent Negroes in as infantry replacements, to fight alongside White combat troops, without segregation, we interviewed all the company commanders (White), both before the colored men came in, and again after they had been in combat. Before they had been in combat, the officers thought the Negroes would not fight well and would spoil the morale of the companies they were assigned to. After combat, the officers said the Negroes had fought well and their spirit had raised the morale of the companies they had been in combat with. This was a tremendous surprise to the Army; most of the officers had previously thought that Negroes were not good in combat. This experience was an important factor in the complete integration of Negro with White troops which took place not long after.

It may be possible that in their present condition in this country and in Africa, Negroes have less capacity to govern than Whites. But we Whites, with our superior education, long experience in government, and training for leadership, are not doing too well, witness the present troubles; who can say that given education, experience and training equal to ours, the colored people will not do as well?

Most people in this country feel strongly about these matters; as strongly perhaps as those in the North felt about the liberation of the slaves during the Civil War. But this time the overwhelming majority is for change in the status of the colored people. We can only hope that you and other leaders of the old South will see the inevitability of this change, and not take a futile and rather inglorious stand trying to hold it back, like King Canute or the late unlamented Governor Wallace.

FREDERICK OSBORN
Major General,
A. U. S. Retired

Local Residents Willing To Unite Their Efforts

To the Editor: People who have chosen Southern Pines for their home are very fortunate. Southern Pines is not only a Mid-South resort where nature provides a temperate climate the year long, it is a resort where the people also provide a temperate climate the year long. Southern Pines provides a kind of atmosphere that is hard to equal whether one lives in California, Alabama, New York, or Europe. Such an atmosphere is possible because the people are willing to unite their efforts and work out a better way of life for all citizens.

I believe that much of the understanding and good will which exist in Southern Pines is due to having had over the years The Pilot to inform the public and to help influence their thinking.

REV. J. W. PEEK
Southern Pines

Bus Speeding On Midland Road Noted By Motorist

To the Editor: Daily through every media we are being reminded about "safe driving," speed limit observation, safety belts, new legislation with severe penalties for drunken driving, and fines paid for viola-

tion. However, it has been my observation for some time that the speed limit laws set for automobiles and trucks do not seem to apply to common carriers such as public buses.

Specifically, I have been concerned with the excessive speed employed by the Trailways buses up and down the Midland Road between Southern Pines and Pinehurst for some time. As an example of my concern, yesterday, Thursday, June 20, 1963, at exactly 4:34 p.m., E.S.T., a Trailways passenger bus proceeding East to West on Midland Road passed me at such excessive speed and without warning (approximately 500 yards West of Radio Station WEEB property) that, after speeding up myself to 55 miles per hour, I could not even obtain the bus's license number. In less than 20 seconds, this bus was out of my sight and such performance would indicate speeds in excess of 70 miles per hour—IN A 45 M.P.H. ZONE.

This road is rarely patrolled by the police in spite of these speed violations and in spite of the frequency of accidents along this three-mile stretch.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Sheriff's office.

ROBERT C. FISHER
Box 710, Midland Road
Pinehurst

Grains of Sand

Sign of Summer There haven't been many signs of summer lately but there was one big bright one last week. This was the car of the Misses Allen of Candor, filled to the brim with the most gorgeous glads you ever laid eyes on. You know summer's here when those girls come to town.

Names "Crab-grass" is what we call that ornery stuff that spreads its many legs like a crab and comes pushing up everywhere that it isn't wanted. It seems the British have something that must be a good deal like it. They call it "squitch-grass," or just plain "squitch."

Here's what that fine British writer and countryman, John Moore, says about it:

"The word is a corruption of 'quick' and it refers not to rapid growth but to tenacity of life. In fact, we use it just as the Apostles' Creed uses it in that phrase which had a certain strangeness when as children we had to learn the Creed by heart. From thence He shall come to judge both the quick and the dead."

"We had to be told that it meant 'living' and later we met with the same usage in 'quick-thorn' in hedges.

The quickthorn is called so because it is deathless and ineradicable. Cut it, plough it, dig it, let the beasts graze it down to the very 'quick' yet it will spring up again as soon as your back is turned. It once composed the forest floor of England and if some plague were to wipe out all Englishmen it would do so again, marching out from the hedges to fill the fields between them, splitting open the tarmac roads, butting its way through the empty houses, toppling over the decaying furniture within them.

"Quick" comes from Old English 'cwic.' 'Wick' is another version of it. In parts of England they'll say: 'Wick as a cricket.' "

If that isn't a perfect description of crabgrass—a polite description!

Big Arguments! Had a chance to talk to Ralph Page in Aberdeen a few days after that Community College meeting in the Carthage Courthouse, a month or so ago. Found him excited over the idea as he recalled the days when his father, Walter Hines Page, was one of those leading the fight for better education in North Carolina.

Said Ralph: "Those were the days for Big Arguments! The Aycock, McIver, Dabney, Page War against the Confederate brigadiers and 'Mummies' and the work for the successful development of the public school system and the A and M College generated considerable excitement during my youth." Ralph chuckled. "The Aberdeen family were perpetually upset," he said with his impish grin.

And now we're still working for education, still having arguments, and still—let's underline that—planning to succeed.

Wise Words From Dr. Dallas Herring at the same Carthage meeting. "Think about the value of education and what the lack of it can lead to. The Nazis, in their highly taught technicians, had the most perfect war machines in the world, but they had no knowledge of the past, no knowledge of history. It could have told them that their methods never had worked and never would."

Muck Is British For Manure Sir Francis Bacon was a practical man. Like most Englishmen, he knew about country things as well as The City and the Bank of England. He put it neatly on both counts.

Said he: "Money is like muck; no good unless it be spread." Incidentally Bacon has just had a grand new book written about him by Catherine Drinker Bowen. As you may read in The Pilot's book review column today.

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