

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.

Can The Blood Program Be Saved?

A news story elsewhere in today's Pilot relates the shocking failure of the Red Cross blood program in Moore County—a failure that can result in the loss of this practical, sensible and economical method of meeting the blood needs of this county's hospital patients.

A big factor in the failure, it appears, is the irresponsibility of persons who sign "pledge cards," promising to donate a pint of blood to replace a pint used by some relative or friend. Only 40 per cent of the persons making these pledges actually show up and make good on their promise, when the bloodmobile comes to their community.

Blood that costs patients \$20 or more per pint in some hospitals elsewhere is free to persons in both the hospitals in Moore County, because of the Red Cross

program.

The whole system operates on generosity, responsibility and plain, old-fashioned neighborliness. We cannot believe that the people of Moore County are losing these qualities as steadily as the blood program has been getting behind in its quota, year after year.

The time for Moore County residents to wake up to what loss of the Red Cross blood program will mean is now—not after it has been withdrawn because the county failed to meet its obligations. It can be saved, if the people of the county respond with generous donations, when the bloodmobile visits Carthage next Monday and Southern Pines on Tuesday, and at each of the subsequent visits in the seven Moore towns to which it returns twice each year.

Most Rewarding 'Right' Of All

The "Job Opportunities" category in the various fields of racial relations under consideration by the recently formed local Good Neighbor Council is one which, we think, could become especially rewarding and challenging to the community.

Any town, by general agreement of establishments involved, can open its stores, restaurants, theatres and other such facilities to Negroes overnight—but the matter of admitting Negroes to kinds of work from which they have traditionally been barred is a longer-range proposition. Yet, of all the varied moves that can be made in a community to assure the acceptance of Negroes as first class citizens, the opening of employment opportunities would seem to be the most rewarding for Negroes, both emotionally and practically.

Certainly no aspect of the civil rights drive more surely makes clear the responsibilities that go with rights than does the widening of the Negro's field of employment. The knowledge that jobs heretofore closed are available will give young people new ambition to complete or extend their schooling or other training.

Real progress in this field of race re-

Spraying — The Council Should Reconsider

We note with distaste and regret that the town this week began its summer insecticide spraying.

During the years this program has been in effect, The Pilot has voiced its objections on three grounds:

1. We can't prove it, but we don't see how regular breathing of a fine mist of fuel oil, including an insecticide whose long-range effects on human beings remain largely unknown, would not be injurious to health, especially for infants and the numerous persons in this area with respiratory ailments.

2. We question the right of any public or private agency to pollute the air. The case is not comparable to fluoridation of the water supply, to which it is sometimes compared. Nobody has to drink treated water. But anybody living in town is forced to breathe the oil-insecticide fumes unless (as some residents actually do) they leave town while the mist is in

the air.

3. Regardless of health threat, the oil-insecticide spray is just downright unpleasant, with its nauseous odor permeating the normally sweet night air for hours. Persons unwilling to breathe the adulterated air are driven from cool porches back into hot houses which, if one is to escape the spray, must be closed up tight when ventilation is most needed. There is also a practical traffic hazard on spray-clouded streets.

That's the case, as we see it. We know from past years that a number of persons in town agree. Many others don't.

We do think that the council, especially in view of the past year's nation-wide revelations in the abuse of insecticides and the threat this abuse poses to both human beings and wildlife, should take a long and careful look at this municipal policy that may, some day, be the occasion for serious regrets.

Great Effort By Devoted People

Last week we went to the Folk Festival in Asheville. It was a great effort carried out by a very small band of devoted people, to whom this State has every reason to be grateful. For it was a remarkably fine achievement in bringing together so many of those who have kept alive this mountain music.

The performers included ancient ballad-singers with their dulcimers, one a very old lady fiddler, who grinned as she sawed away, fingers flying nimbly, hair wild like a small merry witch. There were the old-timers and the newer ones, singers, guitar and banjo players, right up to the star of folk-music, Pete Seegar. And there was a girl, Judy Collins, of Denver, Colorado, on the same program, who sang to charm the heart out of a stone.

These two alone made the long trip across the state—and would have made a trip ten times as long—worthwhile. Their songs were the rare jewels of folk music and they sang and played their guitars — Seegar's was a big 12-stringer—with skill and exquisite understanding. The saddest of laments for lost love, the spiciest ballads were given the full treatment. Your hair rose on your head to hear Seegar sing his "Give me a hammer of justice," and when Judy slitted her long smudgy eyes, flung back her dark chestnut head and, with a slap of her guitar and twang on the strings, soared into the crazy jig-tune of mountain homelife it was, as the youngsters say,

"sumpin!"

That the well-spring of this music, rising overseas, flowed from the cold mist of the British Isles to find a home in the softer cloudbanks of the Smokies is a wonderfully lucky thing for this nation.

A good deal of the renewed interest in folksongs can be traced to this man Pete Seegar. Brought up in the North, he went to Harvard and then took off, tramping the country, singing wherever he went. It was not until we heard some of his own compositions that we realized the source of the deep feeling, the heart-break, in his music. It is profoundly interpretive of the time through which he has lived. His wanderings took him to hobo camps, soup kitchens, "depressed areas." He heard the stories of the people on relief. He picked up songs and he made his own: a music of protest, of revolt, a crying out against injustice. Seegar's record cannot convey the strength of his personality. There is about him, apart from his fine voice and his integrity as an artist, a belief in the message of these songs that has tremendous impact.

Pete Seegar is more than a ballad-singer, great as he is in that role. His music places him among the understanding people, the people with pity in their hearts who want to help, who want—as his own words sing it — to "bring love among the brothers and sisters all over this land."



COOL WATER, GOOD BREAD, APPLE DUMPLINGS

Hot Nights Bring Old Memories

Insomnia, anyone? Could be, these warm nights. A way to get the better of it is embodied in excerpts, printed below, from a delightful book, "Mrs. Appleyard's Year" author Louise Andrews Kent. Published in 1955, it has charmed and excited readers old or young, sleepy or not sleepy. Though Mrs. A.'s thoughts, on the hot nights, have a distinctly New England flavor, (maple leaves, elms, sleighbells, Rhode Island johnny cake) much that she remembers about her childhood will be shared by most old-timers.

MRS. A. REMEMBERS
On those hot nights when sleep is always just around the corner, Mrs. Appleyard likes to say over Henley's "Ballade in Hot Weather," that list of cool refreshing things that begins:

Fountains that frisk and sprinkle
The moss they overspill;
Pools that the breezes crinkle;
The wheel beside the mill
With its wet, weedy frill;
Wind shadows in the wheat,
A water cart in the street . . .

Suddenly one June night—one of those nights when leaves rustle like hot silk—she remembered that watering carts had vanished. How many years ago was it that the last one visited the corner of Blackthorn Road and paused in the shade of the trailing elm branches for its morning drink?

Ten? Fifteen? Mrs. Appleyard could not remember but she knew how cool the water sounded as it splashed and gurgled into the empty tank.

How placid the driver was as he read the paper in the shade! He never hurried away even after he had turned off the water and detached the limp and dripping canvas hose from the tap. He was old and slow, with a drooping moustache as white and drooping and shaggy as his horse. He had blue eyes as faded and misty as the blue paint of his cart—that blue of ancient wheelbarrows that have stood for years in sun and rain.

Children would sit on the curbstone and hold their bare toes under the dribble of the sprinkler. Sometimes a lucky one would be permitted to mount the seat beside the driver and, as the horse ambled off with a lurch and a rumble of wheels, be allowed to pull the string that started the fans of cool stinging spray. How refreshing it sounded as it turned the glaring white dust to slimy, gray mud and trickled into the gutter making little worms of moisture in the dryness! What a wave of cool damp air it sent into sun-parched rooms!

Improved Away
The watering cart has been improved away along with waistlines with stiff belts around them and pins in the back that caught unwary fingers, French pugs, leg-of-mutton sleeves, porter-house steak for breakfast, sleighbells and lambrequins.
There were old ladies then and

they wore lace caps. Thrift and generosity were both virtues and could live in the same house. If a man's egg was boiled too long, he could slam the door and go to breakfast at his club. His wife would be crying at home as a decent woman should, not hurrying in town to manage her little Tea and Gift Shop. When she dried her tears she would think up something he would like for supper. Perhaps it would be Rhode Island Johnny cake (or hush puppy—Ed.). It might be a deep-dish apple pie with hard sauce. A slice of bread made from whole wheat and served with powdered maple sugar and thick cream had a very soothing effect on some temperaments.

In the days of the watering cart no one had thought of making bread out of plaster of Paris and of slicing it to the thickness of a folded bath-towel. It did not taste like a bath-towel either. No one had discovered that sulphur and arsenic improve the flavor of apples. For placating angry husbands there were dried-apple turnovers, without sulphur, and fresh apple dumplings, without arsenate of lead, and with caramel sauce.

Perhaps, lulled by that mellifluous sound, "caramel sauce," Mrs. Appleyard fell asleep about then. Anyway, this is the end of the quotation, for the time being; more to come, it is hoped. Meantime: may Pilot readers enjoy good sleeping these warmish ("ish") nights!

The Public Speaking

Sen. Goldwater—The Man Who Can't Stop Talking

To the Editor:
The video track of TV is invariably kind to the well set up Junior Senator from Arizona, who so ardently desires to become President of the United States. But, alas, too often the audio track reveals the mental vacuity that afflicts so many compulsive talkers.

On June 27, NBCTV showed a smiling Goldwater being welcomed by a shouting, banner-waving crowd of Young Republicans in convention at San Francisco, several hundred at least, maybe a thousand of them. It was a reception to gladden the heart of a candidate—except for a most unfortunate coincidence. Just a few days before the same NBCTV had shown a million Germans according President Kennedy the most tumultuous welcome ever given a foreigner on German soil. The champion talker of Arizona could not resist the temptation to say a few words. He opened his mouth—and this is what I understand him to say: "President Kennedy is running around Europe right now. We have a lot of problems here at home. I think he ought to stay home and tend

to his job."

This is the candidate who already is the darling of the fascist wing of the Republican Party, the John Birchers and their ilk. He must be conceded a fair chance to win the Republican nomination one year from now over abler men such as Rockefeller, Romney, Scranton. Somehow I am reminded of a dialogue between a worried citizen and the local Justice of the Peace.

Citizen: "Judge, I need your help—it's about my wife."
J.P.: "What's the matter with your wife?"

Citizen: "Judge, that woman, she talk, and she talk, and she talk—she don't never stop talkin'."

J.P.: "What does she talk about?"
Citizen: "Judge, she don't say." DONALD G. HERRING Southern Pines

Assembly Praised For Communist Speaker Ban

To the Editor:
I was amazed to read the editorial entitled "Unfortunate Bill." I beg to submit my opinion of the prompt action of the General Assembly. I believe that it is fortunate that we have men serving in that body who are so quick to recognize that we do not need "known communists" on any program at our state-supported educational institutions. To them, it did not appear necessary to "debate" the issue.

It seems to me that it is high time that we invite some American citizens to speak on the meaning of Americanism, our Flag and the Flag Code, and also require that much time be spent

Grains of Sand

Biography, Mountain Style
Up in Tom Wolfe's country, where they write long, long books about folks' lives, a ballad-singer put it into four lines.

Pappy loved Mammy,
Mammy loved men,
Pappy's in the graveyard,
Mammy's in the pen.

Mountain High Jinks

There was singing up at Asheville last week at the Folksong Festival: there was singing and playing and there was dancing, too. Another thing that lent variety: the performers were of all ages.

There was an old old man from way back in the coves who sang ballads, playing a quick-step accompaniment skillfully on his guitar. And then, when an encore was called for, he hopped up and danced to his own music.

It was something to see him strumming away on the big guitar, his nimble feet twinkling in and out to the jig-tune, never pausing, never missing a note or a step.

Heel-toe, he'd go, with a slip and a long slide on the strings. He'd whirl around a bit dizzily but slowly and always with a sedate carriage, always in perfect time and he kept on and on. He seemed hardly even out of breath when he finally came to the end with a strumming chord on the guitar and a little bow. The audience gave him a big hand.

The others who danced also went on and on and though they were young folks their dancing was so strenuous you thought they'd drop in their tracks.

This was the dance team of 20 youngsters, teen-agers from the school at Henderson.

They called it a "clog-dance," but it out-stomped and out-jumped any clogging we ever saw. Dancing at the terrific tempo set by a hoe-down played by guitar, banjo, and fiddle, that kept up a lightning pace, the dancers stamped out a thunderous rhythm, the lead boy calling the figures for the drill of whirrs, capers, turns, marching figures, finally linking arms across the entire stage—all without varying for an instant the pounding deafening beat. It was great dancing carried out with the éclat and precision of professionals.

An extraordinarily fine performance. As, in its way, so also was the little old ballad-singer's. And all, the dancers and the players, old and young, full of the joy of themselves and of the music.

Wrong Vowel

Being up in the Smokies recalled old times and one thing and another. There was the time Tom Wolfe consumed two whole big hotel dinners, just the same courses, one right after the other—and hardly realized it; hardly stopped talking. There was the time he talked all night long, telling one of the stories he later wrote, almost word for word.

There was the time James Boyd offered to the mighty mountaineer a suggestion that exasperated him more than a little. Wolfe's great novel: "Of Time and The River" had just been published and Boyd was congratulating him.

"It's a fine book," he said, "but you ought to have called it: 'Of Tom and The River.'"

No Time

Pete Seegar, best folk-song singer we ever heard or hope to hear, was asked at the Asheville Festival why so many of the songs were about unrequited love.

Pete's answer: "Maybe it's because when the love is requited, folks are too busy to sing."

THE PILOT

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

Katharine Boyd	Editor
C. Benedict	Associate Editor
Dan S. Ray	Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council	Advertising
Bessie C. Smith	Advertising
Mary Scott Newton	Business
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff	Society
Composing Room	
Dixie B. Ray	Michael Valen,
Thomas Mattocks, J. E. Pate, Sr.,	Charles Weatherspoon, Clyde Phipps.

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.

SIMPLE LIFE BEST

Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury—to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.

—ALBERT EINSTEIN