

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.

Boost for the College Project

This week's announcement that Mrs. C. Louis Meyer—who owns a large tract of land in the area between Pinehurst and the Southern Pines-Pinehurst Airport—has given about 100 acres for the proposed comprehensive, two-year community college to serve this area, is a mighty boost to the project.

Happily, assurance of the gift was received Monday, in time to list it along with other salient information in today's presentation of Moore County's request for such a college before the State Board of Education at Raleigh.

Gift of the college site continues a record of extraordinary generosity by Mrs. Meyer and her late husband, a Chicago industrialist, to this area. Recalled especially is Mrs. Meyer's gift of \$55,000 to Moore Memorial Hospital in 1955, in memory of her husband who died in 1953, for construction of the children's wing.

Since counties are obligated to build

community colleges, under the enabling legislation approved by this year's General Assembly, donation of the land would markedly reduce the amount of a contemplated county bond issue for the college. The tract given by Mrs. Meyer is appraised at around \$40,000.

The site is large enough so that it can also be considered as a possible location for a consolidated Aberdeen-West End high school, to be constructed separately from the college. School officials said Mrs. Meyer is aware that a portion of the land might also be put to this use. This would also reduce the bonds needed for construction of such a school, if the county decides to build its consolidated high schools, as well as the college, via the bond issue route.

Gratitude for Mrs. Meyer's generosity will be deeply felt throughout the area to be served by the college.

The Bald Eagle—Going... Going...

The extent to which DDT, one of the most widely and carelessly used insecticides, is permeating living matter and, directly or through a chain reaction, destroying wildlife, is apparent from an item in "Conservation News," a bulletin of the National Wildlife Federation.

Within recent months 45 bald eagles—the magnificent bird that is the nation's symbol—have been analyzed for pesticide residues, after being found dead or in the throes of death. All but one contained DDT in the tissues, apparently obtained from eating fish which, in turn, had been poisoned by consuming small forms of aquatic life which absorb and concentrate pesticides from the water which surrounds them.

Because it's estimated that there are fewer than 1,000 bald eagles remaining alive in the 48 mainland states, it's clear that this bird is on its way to extinction,

unless the present trend can be arrested. One can imagine, if 45 eagles were found, how many others died and were never found in wild and inaccessible areas. Bald eagle nests in Michigan and the Chesapeake Bay area are drastically reduced from last year—and in only a few of the nests were young birds observed.

In the less than 20 years that DDT has been on the market for general use, it has so permeated our environment that it appears in the fatty tissues of most living things, including meat consumed by human beings, not to mention the tissues of human beings themselves. It is not disposed of by the body, but is stored in the tissues. What its effect is on man, over a lifetime, cannot be known, because no man has lived out a lifetime since DDT was introduced.

Folly, obviously, has not yet been eliminated from human affairs.

Sinister Background of 'Speakers Bill'

Two weeks ago, just after a confused and tired and by-no-means unanimous General Assembly railroaded the "visiting speakers bill" into law, The Pilot denounced the measure as "an insult to the intelligence and patriotism of educators and students." It is just that.

The new law has met with almost universal disapproval and scorn from the press of the state. North Carolina's editors are as honorable and patriotic a group as could be found anywhere in the nation. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination could any of them be called communist sympathizers. They simply saw, perhaps because they are used to sticking their heads through or around smokescreens of one sort or another, that a ban on speakers who are communists or who have pleaded the Fifth Amendment, while sounding like a righteous rejection of subversion and a protection for young minds, is in reality a low blow against a basic American right—freedom of expression.

It was a low blow—a foul, a stab in the back—because the law means that, to prevent one rare or occasional communist or Fifth Amendment pleader from speaking at a state supported educational institution, hundreds of other persons would have to be subjected to humiliating investigations or questioning.

Not only would such a task be fantastically difficult for university and college officials—who are charged with enforcing the new law—but laws like this are held in such great contempt by the American

Goodbye, Bill Sanders

Bill Sanders, the cartoonist whose work has appeared in The Pilot for nearly four and a half years, has left the Greensboro Daily News—from which his drawings were syndicated to numerous North Carolina daily and non-daily newspapers—and will soon become editorial cartoonist for the Kansas City Star.

We have been proud to publish the work of Mr. Sanders, which has provided for The Pilot and other small papers lively and pithy graphic commentary on state, national and international affairs. Such a service, at a cost that a small paper can afford, is a rarity in the field of journalism and will be sorely missed.

At this writing, The Pilot has no plans for a service to succeed that of Mr. Sanders. Previously unused cartoons will tide us over a few weeks until a replacement is obtained.

Numerous newspapers over the nation and overseas have honored Mr. Sanders by reprinting his work during his tenure at Greensboro. His going to the Star means a larger audience and, we are confident, increasing recognition as one of the outstanding young cartoonists in the nation today. The Pilot's gratitude and best wishes go with him on his venture in Kansas City.

academic and intellectual community that top people would be repelled from serving on the faculties of state educational institutions or visiting the campuses in any official capacity.

Some of the editors dug even deeper, finding sinister overtones in the origins and purposes of the new law. Ed Yoder of the Greensboro Daily News traced the background to a television broadcast by WRAL's Jesse Helms, that doughty commentator who daily sets up and knocks down a host of fancied threats to the Republic. An Ohio proposal like the one eventually adopted in this state was praised by Helms. Secretary of State Thad Eure (at whose suggestion it is not known) obliged by writing to Ohio for the text and then, with unbroken courtesy, and very quietly, drafted the North Carolina bill which was pushed through the House while the rules were suspended, and steamrollered through the Senate by Sen. Clarence Stone, presiding officer of that body, who cut off attempted debate like a machine chopping off fish heads in a canning factory.

The sinister aspect is that this whole process was a hush-hush affair, making it clear that the sponsors—whenever they all were along the line—knew that their project could not stand the light of day—adequate debate, consultation with the University officials and trustees, subjection to discussion by the press and consideration in the forum of public opinion. The bill was a creature of the twilight, from the start.

And that's not all. The Chapel Hill Weekly, one of the state's most sophisticated smokescreen dispellers, sees the speakers bill not even as a misguided attempt at patriotism, but as a consciously hostile retaliation by certain legislators against State-supported institutions because students and faculty members from these institutions had taken part in demonstrations on behalf of Negro civil rights, and were unrestricted in these activities by University or college officials.

The speakers bill was a substitute for direct race-baiting that disgruntled legislators knew could never be written into law, the Weekly asserts. "So," says the Weekly, "the phony anticommunist butler was used to grease the legislative skids and enable the honorables to slip a knife into the University." The law's real purpose was "to embarrass the University administration, attack the public's confidence and brandish a big club..."

This is sinister indeed—an example, if it be true, of a despicable linking of race and communism, two explosive issues on which there is a vast amount of irrational and violent emotion.

So have the waters been muddied. And the State, by needless, disrupting, internal controversy, as well as the crippling of academic freedom, has been done no end of harm.

"Gee Whiz, Dad! Don't Be So New-Fashioned!"



VERBAL ATTACKS NOW MADE IN OPEN

Russian-Chinese Rift Is Traced

BY JOSEPH C. HARSCH
Special Correspondent
Christian Science Monitor

London

One measure of the present shape of relations between Communist China and the Soviet Union is that they now openly identify each other in verbal attacks on each other. Nikita S. Khrushchev has specifically named Chinese leaders as being responsible for "extremely aggravating their difference" with the Soviet and other Communist Parties.

It is particularly interesting to recall that when Harold Macmillan was in Moscow in the spring of 1959 and when President Kennedy met Mr. Khrushchev in Vienna in the spring of 1961, Mr. Khrushchev refused to admit that he was having serious troubles with the Chinese. Needless to say Messrs. Macmillan and Kennedy used to the utmost their opportunities to try to obtain an accurate reading. Nothing came of their fishing expeditions on those two occasions.

There apparently were hints in the overtones of remarks made by Mr. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei when he visited the White House in November, 1961, but this seems to have been the first time that any high-level Soviet admitted to a high Westerner that matters between Mos-

cow and Peking had become serious.

Of course we know that the difficulties date from far back, indeed from the very consummation of the Communist revolution in China itself. Stalin tried to limit the extent of the Communist success and was not pleased to have the Chinese Communists win a decisive military victory over all of mainland China. Stalin favored keeping China weak and divided.

We also know in retrospect that the issues between Moscow and Peking continued to be manageable down to the time of the Hungarian uprising. At that time Peking appeared very briefly to play an avuncular and protective role in Poland at the time when Moscow was on the brink of unleashing a military repression in Poland like the one unleashed on Hungary.

The first major policy difference found Moscow and Peking on opposite sides from the ones they now occupy. In late 1956 Peking was preaching "let a hundred flowers bloom" and protecting deviantist Poland against orthodox Moscow. Now China preaches orthodoxy and Moscow grows closer to the arch deviantist of the Communist world, President Tito of Yugoslavia.

The expulsion or withdrawal of technicians and students, we are not quite sure which, took

place in August of 1960, and two years after the last Soviet consulates in China, Harbin and Shanghai, were closed down. Soviet-Chinese trade dropped steadily during that period and by 1962 had ceased to be important in volume or value to either party.

However, a review of the record would appear to indicate that both parties avoided any final definitive action up to the period of the Cuban crisis. It was apparently assumed among most Communists until that time that the differences could somehow be composed and compromised.

There must have been many reasons why a rapprochement did not take place. Perhaps one was a Chinese overestimate of Soviet military power. Another must have been Chinese resentment of the higher Soviet living standard and Soviet unwillingness to deprive its own people to feed the Chinese.

Charles de Gaulle thinks the Russian people are at heart European and are drawn by cultural heritage and folk memory back toward Europe. Perhaps abetting this is a Chinese folk arrogance which can never tolerate playing junior partner for long to any Western people, and to the Chinese, Russians hardly seem the most civilized of Westerners.

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The Public Speaking

Mount Hope Cemetery Care Being Neglected

To the Editor:

What has happened to our cemetery? In days past, Mount Hope was considered the loveliest cemetery in this area. Today the beauty has been dimmed by weeds, resulting in an unkempt look.

When placed on a grave, beautiful bouquets of flowers are quickly hidden in a veritable jungle of un-mown grass. It seems to me that this kind of neglect is unworthy of our otherwise beautiful town. It was my understanding that with the purchase of a cemetery lot, perpetual care was included, or was I mistaken?

(MRS.) VEDA B. SMITH
Southern Pines

Goldwater Would Be Best Possible Candidate

To the Editor:

In regard to the somewhat subtle attack upon Senator Barry Goldwater in "The Public Speaking" column last week, I should like to submit the following in his defense.

I believe that Goldwater is the best possible candidate that the GOP can run next year for four major reasons. First, his candidacy would strengthen the party organization in the South where today it is just beginning to grow. Second, it would give the

voters of the nation a real choice between the "liberal" and "conservative" philosophies—between government control or laissez faire. Third, Goldwater would provide a sparkling personality combined with deep-rooted conviction which has been lacking in recent candidates such as Nixon. And fourth, the nation is well-acquainted with Goldwater's ideas on domestic and foreign issues.

As to his popularity, he is one of the most sought-after speakers in the nation today. He spoke at a rally of 18,500 conservative college students last year in New York and last week, July 4, 7,000 Republicans gathered in Washington to launch a draft Goldwater effort on a national scale.

I believe Goldwater is the best candidate because of the excellent chance he has to win and his popularity within his party.

WILLIAM L. WICKER
Vice President, North Carolina
Teen-Age Republican Clubs
Aberdeen

Birch Society Member Resents 'Fascist' Label

To the Editor:
The hoopla and publicity attendant to President Kennedy's European trip to the contrary notwithstanding, the political outlook for Donald G. Herring's hero is not very bright. Members of the Democratic National Com-

mittee, meeting in Washington week before last, were told of one poll that showed that President Kennedy's popularity had dropped to 39 per cent. Other national commentators say JFK's popularity is under 50 per cent.

If Mr. Herring is a regular reader of The Public Speaking column of The Pilot, he knows that I belong to the John Birch Society. Therefore, you can bet your favorite cliché that he hit a sensitive nerve when he referred to Barry Goldwater as "the darling of the fascist wing of the Republican Party, the John Birchers and their ilk." (He doesn't tell us whose darling JFK is.) It seems to me that Mr. Herring is calling members of the John Birch Society Fascists and that since I am a member of the Society, he is calling me a Fascist. Theirs fightin' words, you know. The reason I resent being called a Fascist even by implication is that to me a Fascist is the ideological kissing cousin of the Communist, the Socialist, the Fabian, or even the liberal. In other words, they are all anathema to me.

By the way, there were upwards to three thousand delegates at the recent young Republicans Convention and seventy five per cent of them were pro-Goldwater.

(Mrs.) PAT VAN CAMP
Southern Pines

Grains of Sand

He Made It!

You often hear someone say, as he pours over a Sears catalogue: "Wonder when they'll start carrying automobiles among their merchandise?"

Maybe Town Manager Major Rainey was thinking along those lines the other day when he made his unexpected and spectacular entrance into the Sears store on lower Broad Street.

It was quite an entrance. He went in (1) through the big plate glass window and (2) sitting in his—or the town's—car, firmly grasping the wheel, foot tramping down on the brake that had quit cold.

Car and driver nestled beside a big refrigerator, having pushed it aside a bit to make room, mid the tinkling of glass. Then Hail Columbia broke loose as all the A & P staff and customers, the folks at Austin's and the next door paint shop came running. Dental specialists came, white coats a-flying pursued by indignant patients, ladies burst from the Stylorama all dolled up or dripping, all these and many more, so it is alleged, converged to hail T.M.M. Rainey (1st cl.)'s unique achievement.

Also came The Law. "Just one more little break-in," murmured We-won't-tell-who.

Keeping in Line

Coming up Connecticut Avenue towards Ridge last week late one afternoon we were startled to see approaching a long line of cars headed by a patrolman. They were travelling at a very sedate pace and the line reached as far as we could see.

What was it? A funeral? Or maybe someone hurt? Another bad accident out on the Fort Bragg Road? A man had dropped off the last car, the fifteenth or sixteenth, at least, and as we turned into Ridge Street he was walking along. We slowed down. "Some accident?" we called. "You all driving so slow. Was there a smash-up, or a fire or something?"

The man turned with a grin. "Not a thing, lady," he said. "Only That Law up in front. Ain't a one of us was going to pass him, no, sir! We come like that, all the way."

Pigtale

Up in the Smokies, there lived two brothers named Johnson. Finding themselves short of meat one evening, they waited till it was dark then drove over to the next cove, sneaked in and stole their neighbor's pig. They got him into the back of their pick-up but he set up such an outcry of protest when they started off that they finally put him between them on the front seat.

Driving homeward they were suddenly stopped by the sheriff and deputy, cruising round on the prowl for just such playful folks as the Johnsons.

The sheriff flagged them down and walked up to the truck. He looked in the back; nothing there. Then he came round to the front and squinted into the dark cab at the driver:

"What's your name?" he asked. "Jim Johnson," said the first brother.

The sheriff walked around to the other side:

"What's your name?" he asked the other brother. "Jack Johnson," was the reply.

Then the sheriff leaned in the window: "What's your name," he asked, "you there in the middle?"

"Oink!" said the pig. The sheriff consulted his deputy. "Seems okay," he said "You can drive on, boys."

As the truck shoved off, the sheriff shook his head. "You know," he said: "those two Johnsons, Jim and Jack, are right good-looking boys but that Oink Johnson sure is the ugliest feller I ever did see."

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