

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.

Judge Preyer: Man Of Stature

The Pilot is delighted that Judge L. Richardson Preyer of Greensboro has announced his candidacy for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination next year.

Within hours of the announcement, here in Southern Pines, we heard both a man who voted for Sanford and a man who voted for Lake, in 1960, commend Preyer's move.

If this is a forecast of the breadth and power of the Greensboro candidate's appeal, the Democrats will be grooming a champion in the months to come.

Informed opinion in the judge's native Guilford County reports that his appeal there is cutting across party lines in that stronghold of supposedly burgeoning Tar Heel Republicanism.

Said the politically precient Greensboro Daily News (before the candidacy was definite): "... Tar Heel Republicans are vastly disturbed by the possible Preyer candidacy. He is strategically located and personally attractive enough to pull a

Charlie Jonas in reverse."

There is no question that Judge Preyer is in the race because of his devotion to North Carolina and all that is best in her heritage. No stronger evidence of this could be cited than that he is giving up a \$25,000-per-year, lifetime Federal judgeship to make the race—a judgeship in which he has acquitted himself with distinction, receiving acclaim that would deter many a man from casting so notable a post away.

In Judge Preyer, the Democrats have a candidate whose essence can be summed up in one word—stature—a quality that is the very essence of what the party's standard-bearer must have for the '64 campaign and for the succeeding four years in Raleigh, if elected.

Stature, to our mind, implies integrity and ability and steadfastness, built through a lifetime of exercising responsibility. From all that we can learn of Judge Preyer, the word fits the man like a glove.

Contrast With A Warning

It requires a considerable effort of the imagination for a North Carolinian to put himself in the frustrated position of a resident of one of the Alabama cities where state troopers, at the command of the state's governor, have been turning children way from the schools.

It seems incredible that such a situation could develop anywhere—and we hope that it keeps on seeming incredible in North Carolina.

Governor Sanford spoke in the prevailing spirit of this state when he made the forceful assertion culminating in the words: "We are against closing schools by anybody for any reason."

What a contrast this is with Alabama

where schools have been ringed by troops sent there at the whim of a governor who is apparently going through the compulsive motions of a personal drama he has written for himself and is determined to act out to the bitter end, come what may!

As Tar Heels breathe a sigh of relief that there is little likelihood of such affliction in this state, there is implicit in this situation this warning: If Governor Wallace and Alabama's closed schools are what happens to a state that elects a segregationist to its top office, North Carolina voters must be very careful whom they seat at the governor's desk in Raleigh.

And So We All Get Blown Up

Senator Goldwater's proposed formal "reservation" to the nuclear test ban treaty—that its effective date be made conditional on the withdrawal from Cuba of Soviet nuclear weapons, missiles and military personnel—is one of those exasperatingly appealing and plausible propositions that won't stand up under investigation.

It is a typical Goldwaterian off-beat, negative maneuver. It would certainly be rejected by the Senate—a rebuff to "Americanism" on which the senator can expatiate from now to eternity.

But just what would happen if the Goldwater proposal were officially embraced?

Sen. Mike Mansfield, Democratic majority leader, called the tune:

"We will ask for a reservation that the Russians withdraw from Cuba

and the Russians will then ask that the U. S. withdraw from Greece or Turkey or Berlin or somewhere else. And Egypt will ask for an Israeli withdrawal from Palestine and Israel will ask for a comparable Egyptian withdrawal, and Pakistan and India will ask for a mutual withdrawal from Kashmir.

"In the end, about one-half the world will ask reservations of one kind or another to the effect that the other half withdraw from the earth. And since the feeling will be mutual, we will be back where we started from—with each half urging the disappearance of the other, even though a nuclear disaster will provide for the extinction of both."

And so we all get blown up. How crazy can you get?

Those Deadly One-Car Wrecks

A startling September Harper's magazine article, "The Case for Fast Drivers," now arousing controversial national comment, makes contradictory reading in this area.

Four Moore County men have been killed, in the past two weeks, in three one-car traffic accidents showing evidence of excessive speed, according to investigating state troopers. Three of the four were in their twenties (one was 40) and three were the fathers of one to three children each.

The Harper's article challenges the general conviction that speed is a major cause of highway accidents, maintaining that over 85 per cent of U. S. highway accidents are caused by other factors. The author draws his examples primarily from turnpike-type driving in which it may well be true that sustained high speed is much safer than a shifting current of fast and slow vehicles and where what he calls "deadly simple slip-ups" in drivers' judgment are the true cause of most accidents, rather than the speed of the vehicles involved.

This reasoning hardly takes into consideration a type of accident that seems to predominate in this area—a type illustrated by all three of the wrecks that killed the four Moore County men recently. This is the one-car smashup, often happening with a driver alone in the vehicle.

Officers' reports on these accidents frequently add up to a nightmare of spectacular driving folly, with speed THE central cause of the tragic ending. (Behind the speed itself, of course, may lie such factors as alcohol, emotional instability, or sheer youthful exuberance; but such factors are often nebulous or inconclusive. The plain fact is that, from whatever underlying influence, speed itself did the killing.)

Many such accidents occur on secondary roads, winding and narrow, where the road itself is ample warning of danger and is actually a built-in control of speeding, except for drivers that seem, sometimes, almost determined to destroy themselves. When such drivers do die in accidents, it is as absurd to say that speed didn't kill them as to maintain that not a gun, but the way the trigger was pulled, kills a man when he puts it to his head and shoots.

A Good Resolution

Like many residents of this community, we have been distressed and saddened by the recent drowning of a child in drainage water that had collected in the municipal swimming pool under construction in West Southern Pines—an accident that took place when there were no workmen at the site. A photograph taken soon after the drowning showed no barriers, warning signs or other devices installed there for the protection of the public.

We are gratified, therefore, that the town council, in a resolution adopted this week, directed the town manager to make certain that all future contracts for municipal construction contain an assurance of proper warnings and safeguards at the work sites.

Where children are involved, it is, as was pointed out in one comment at the council meeting, practically impossible to afford them absolute protection: "They'd climb a 12-foot fence if you put one up around the work."

But the council's resolution will tend to make everybody—the public, officials, police and the contractors themselves—more conscious of hazards around construction work, in an effort to prevent a repetition of the recent tragic occurrence.

The Public Speaking

Questions Asked About College, School Plans

To the Editor:

Information and discussion concerning two recent actions by the county authorities, both of vital significance, have for some reason, not received the publicity they deserve.

First, all taxpayers would be interested in knowing if the anticipated receipts of county taxes based upon the recent revaluation, will equal or perchance exceed those collected in the immediately preceding years, and if so, how much?

In the absence of any information whatsoever about this, some of us are, and I believe justly so, suspicious that the confusion attendant upon the revaluation and the readjustment of the tax rate has served to screen a substantial county-wide tax increase. At least in the two special-tax school districts, though the rate was reduced, the total take was increased, with only the statement that "we need the money."

Who doesn't? The second proposal to build a "Community College" has been merely that and nothing more.

What are the purposes and aims of this college? What will it teach? What calibre the faculty? Under whose supervision will it be operated? What will be the source of funds for its operation? Will the students be charged tuition? Will they be transported to and from their homes? Assuming that some will come from outside the county, will these counties contribute to the building of the plant? Will a mere million dollars be sufficient to complete this plant? If not, who will supply the deficiency? Has a survey (not merely a count of heads) been made of the actual need and demand for such an institution? How many students in its area who want and are qualified to receive a college education, have been unable to attend existing colleges, and why? Will it be operated upon an integrated basis? This is not a biased question. Like it or not, its answer will determine the complexion

of the entire student body.

Concerning the consolidation of the high schools, I believe the statement has been made that the projected four million dollar bond issues can be financed without an increase in taxes. What legerdemain is this? Does this mean we may borrow four million dollars; pay say sixty thousand interest plus two hundred thousand on the principal annually for say twenty years, and still not raise the tax rate? If this is correct, then the answer to my first question will send shivers down the spine of many a family no better off than mine.

For many years past, this county has financed its schools on a pay-as-you-go basis. The accomplishments during that period are surely needless of apology. Will the substitution of this crash program guarantee better teachers, more practical and better taught curricula, and graduates who can read, write and figure better than the current production? Or will these plants be merely another group of buildings to which one may point with either pride or derision, depending upon his appreciation of beautiful architecture—whited sepulchers; monuments of folly? Verily as a noted educator once said, "a college is a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other."

But, if these plants must nevertheless be built, can this not be done better by applying the two hundred and sixty thousand dollars annually, directly to their construction? Surely with that sum available, one plant can be built each year, and when that is done, the people could then, not twenty years later, demand an immediate reduction in their taxes.

It is sometimes said that Moore County and North Carolina enjoy an excellent fiscal position. As entities, this may be correct. Nevertheless, combined as we are into a federal government, we are rapidly, and at an increasing rate, approaching national bankruptcy. Yet there is no halt—nay there is a vast and continuing increase in city, county, state

and national indebtedness—all merely in order that we may have today what we may perhaps pay for in the sweet bye and bye, and the devil take the hindmost.

Could not little Moore at least, distinguish itself, not for its prodigality, extravagance and ill-advised spending, but for a sensible, safe, sane and conservative policy of continuing to live within its current means?

Or is that too much to hope for?

These arguments might be extended indefinitely but to conclude and make them short, the county commissioners, the board of education and particularly the newspapers of the county have a duty and an obligation to the public, to present, even at this late date, these matters in full and unbiased detail so that the electorate may have an opportunity to consider and discuss them before being asked to vote upon themselves this additional and not insignificant burden.

To date, I maintain, this has not been done.

R. E. WICKER
Pinehurst

(Editor's Note: The Pilot has relaxed its usual length regulation for letters, in order to permit publication of the above letter in full, because of its pressing public interest. A number of Mr. Wicker's questions, particularly as to the Community College, have been answered in various reports appearing in the county's papers over the past few months, but we agree that full answers to all Mr. Wicker's queries are in order at this time and The Pilot will print answers, to the extent that they can be obtained, in a special feature on this page next week. We have been informed that the county board of education is planning a public information program on both college and school proposals, in advance of the \$4 million bond elections to be held October 29.)

Opposition To Test Ban Treaty Advocated

To the Editor:

Is there some deficiency in the thinking processes of the American left-winger that renders him or her incapable of understanding the true nature of the Communist Conspiracy? Or does it just seem that way because the goals of the so-called Liberals and the Communists are practically identical?

If someone had the time to go through the back issues of The Pilot, how many editorials would they find that made Communism look like our enemy? How many cartoons would be found poking fun at the pretensions of the leaders of this world-wide threat to our hard-won freedoms or showing Khrushchev as the incredibly depraved butcher he is, no matter how many times W. Averil Harriman embraces him?

The liberty-loving people of the United States must ask their Senators to vote against ratification of the nuclear test ban treaty.

PAT VAN CAMP
Southern Pines

THE PILOT'S EDITOR DISCOVERS:

Echoes Of Scotland In Maine

Today Frenchman's Bay, here in Maine, has looked like a Japanese print. The mountains stood out deep grey, almost black at times, against a steely sky; the Bay itself was a sheet of burnished steel. Towards sunset a little breeze crept over the water, ruffling its surface here and there, in darker strokes of the brush. A gleaming "slick" spread its arrow-shaped pattern with the point straight at the ledge where the gulls roost. Every now and then a gull or a wide-winged black cormorant would fly in, following the line of the slick, close above the water. Even when the sun was dropping low behind the overcast, there was little color, but a only strange invisible brightness in the air. Now, a bit later, a few of the smallest low clouds have caught the summer light and, to the south, way across the water, the sky behind the black mountains has turned coral pink.

We were talking to a Scot from Edinburgh, the other day. A most interesting man, he is financial adviser to the British delegation to the United Nations. He remarked on how much this Frenchman's Bay, into which Sorrento Point stretches, reminded him of Scotland.

"This bay is so like some of the sea-lochs that lie along the west coast of Scotland," he said; "the same colorings, the rocks, the cold, icy sea, and the way the hills of Mt. Desert rise right up out of the water."

There must be many among the local people around these parts who are of Scottish ancestry, though right around Sorrento the names are mostly English. But we recalled the thrill we got once, over in Scotland, on that same west coast, to hear a fisherman speak of the cormorants as "shag," the same name as is used around here.

Then there's the word "gorm," used in both localities to describe an awkward, fumbling person. A Maine fisherman sailing with us one day shook his head over a friend of ours when he grabbed the job sheet instead of the main.

"Ain't he a gorm in a boat, though!" he exclaimed.
—KLB

Grains of Sand

Skunk Crisis

"Well, we had our first real skunk crisis yesterday," writes The Pilot's editor from Maine. "It will be some time before we forget it; for more reasons than one."

"This place is alive with all manner of varmints: skunks, coons, porcupines, noisy red squirrels above and skittering chipmunks below. The last time our Dog Tuffet was here, two years ago, she tangled badly with a porky, emerging with a bunch of quills in her poor nose and chest. It took a wild ride to the vet some fifteen miles away, and an anesthetic to get them out. This time: no quills but it was the onlookers at the skunk drama who needed the anesthetic."

"It started with a great hulla-balloo up at the cook-house: shouts, yells, tuffet roaring like a lion. Everybody ran."

"Luckily, and contrary to their usual tactics, the skunk didn't stand his ground, but made a run for it through the high grass and dove under the boardwalk leading into the kitchen door."

"As the skunk dove under and then turned to fire, Tuffet jumped up on the walk. So there was the skunk letting fly with all he possessed and there was Tuffet raging up and down over his head. There seemed no way of terminating the marathon. Miraculously she was out of his range of fire, but nobody could go near her. Eventually, Tuffet's roars grew fainter, in company with the desperate onlookers, or perhaps the skunk ran out of ammunition. Anyway, she suddenly heeded the yells of her people and took off for home."

"She was stopped and thoroughly examined, as you can imagine, before she was let into the house. Thanks to the boardwalk she had come through completely unskunked."

"But for some time we shall be entering the cook-house from the other side."

Bright Spots

For newspaper readers and TV viewers who like to find little gems of incongruity or absurdity beneath the surface of the raging news, the past week has been rewarding.

There was, in one of the state papers, a reprinted article about Governor Wallace of Alabama, written by a newspaper editor friend. And guess what? It said the governor is so sensitive, so sympathetic that he can't stand to shoot birds or deer and can only just bring himself to eat a steak.

The article didn't mention what happens to the governor's sympathy and sensitivity when it comes to human beings of darker skin who ask no more than to be treated like anybody else.

Also this: Senator Goldwater pushed back the frontiers of liberalism about a hundred years in a TV interview Tuesday.

Readers may recall that the senator, a few months ago, called Lincoln Steffens, the "muck-raker" of the early 1900's, one of the few recent liberals he could name, implying that there hasn't been much in that line since Steffens and Teddy Roosevelt.

In the TV interview, the senator revised this opinion. He referred to Thomas Jefferson as "maybe the last of the liberals ..."

Who next, as Goldwater moves back through history?

Oliver Cromwell, perhaps? Kids Go, Too

GRAINS LIKE the way members of the N. C. Horseless Carriage Club (see story elsewhere) take their children along on their tours and conventions. Numerous children were with the group convening here over the weekend, the youngest, who attended banquet, sight-seeing excursion and all events, only three months old.

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