

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.

This Could Be A Turning Point

The outlook seems particularly bright for the Sandhills Music Association in the coming 1963-64 season. Its four attractions—a Spanish group, a pianist, a program by folk singers and the annual visit of the North Carolina Little Symphony—have wide appeal and seem likely to draw exceptional interest from young people.

We point out to those not thoroughly familiar with the Music Association's operations that season tickets can be obtained without taking membership in the organization—and vice versa—though members are privileged to enjoy one or more special concerts that have proven especially delightful. Moreover, funds from memberships are vital in maintaining and expanding the Association's activity.

Students get the biggest bargain of anybody—admission to all four attractions at a season ticket fee of \$2. We hope parents and teachers will encourage them to subscribe to this pressed-down, running-over offer. Three of the four events fall on a Friday or Saturday night, mak-

ing attendance by young people easier. It is no secret that the Sandhills Music Association has not had the quantity of support—both here and throughout Moore County—that it deserves as a feature of the community's cultural life. And the number and quality of the attractions the Association can schedule are wholly dependent on the extent of that support.

If a large number of potential supporters of the Association hold back, as we believe some people have been holding back, because they don't think the Association is presenting enough events or sufficiently outstanding artists, the progress of the whole project is crippled. This on-the-fence group has it in their power, if they will, to provide the only kind of support that will put the project where they think it should be. We hope they understand the power they hold, for success or failure, and use it constructively.

The 1963-64 season, with its attractive programs and the current enthusiastic and vigorous membership and ticket campaign, could be a major turning point in the Association's fortunes.

What's Ahead For Schools Here?

The Southern Pines Board of Education seems to be going about its planning for the future in a thorough manner, calling in outside advisors, not only to help the board work out its proposed spending of the more than half million dollars that will come to the district if the \$3 million bond issue for schools is approved by voters on November 5, but also to get a "re-evaluation" of the local schools made by educators from the State Department of Public Instruction and the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

We hope that the results of these surveys will be made public in full. Certainly no one is more interested than the parents of students in "what needs to be improved" in the schools here—to use the words in which Supt. J. W. Jenkins described the purpose of the re-evaluation by the educators who are being called in.

The superintendent's statement last week, at the East Southern Pines PTA meeting, that the possibility of introducing vocational courses in the high schools here is being studied, with possibly some preparatory vocational work also in junior high, is welcome news. Facilities for such courses presumably might be made possible by some of the bond issue funds.

Growth of the local schools has begun

The Appeal Of Local History

Recent publication of reports on vandalism at the tomb of Gov. Benjamin Williams, a revered early North Carolina chief executive who died in 1814, brought the Moore County Historical Association into the news in an accustomed role: restorer, repairer, preserver—a role that it has played effectively over the county for many years.

Looking back over the story about the vandalism, which appeared in The Pilot three weeks ago, it occurred to us that there must be many newcomers to the Sandhills—and also numerous young people whose interests are broadening with maturity—who know very little about the Historical Association. There are those, indeed, who might have been learning for the first time that there is such a group, in reading that the Associa-

Stroke Of Genius

It seems almost too good to be true that we had the chance this week to see again at the local theatre the old "David Copperfield" film of 30 years or so ago.

We had assumed for many years that we'd no more be granted the inimitable experience of watching the late W. C. Fields play Micawber than to enjoy other heady pleasures of the era, such as driving a Model A roadster with the top down—or even occupying its "rumble seat," which often turned out, as we recall, to be more fun than driving.

"David Copperfield" is one of a series of fine old films playing at the local theatre, as presented in cooperation with a widely circulated publication for students, coordinated with school English courses.

To have devised such a program was a stroke of genius on somebody's part. It lets children see films their parents enjoyed and which otherwise would be lost forever for them—and it gives parents a regular nostalgic free-for-all in watching the old movies themselves.

Three cheers for the local theatre management in making the series available here!

tion quickly and vigorously shouldered the task of repairing the broken and battered tombs of the Williams family in their remote, forest-surrounded little cemetery in Deep River Township. And very likely these new residents or young people also might not know that, a few miles from the tombs, across the big horse-shoe bend of Deep River in the northeastern corner of Moore County, there is a pre-Revolutionary house, beautifully restored and furnished by the Moore County Historical Association, a house that is open to the public and that can be reached in less than an hour's driving from Southern Pines.

In the very nature of things, older people are more often interested in history than young folks and there is a certain generally held misapprehension that people who enjoy looking backward are inclined to be stuffy and pedantic.

Though this estimate may hold true among scholars in academic halls (we doubt even this), we can testify with assurance that the membership of the Moore County Historical Association is as keen and lively as any group you could name and that their devotion to Moore County today seems to increase in direct proportion to their knowledge of its past.

Our purpose here is simply to put the history bug in bonnets of newcomers or young people who may not realize there are doors easily opened and a welcome inside for all who want to know more about the area's past. (For our part, we don't see how anybody can stand to live for any length of time anywhere and not want to know something of the people and events that preceded him).

No doubt the Historical Association will be announcing its first fall meeting soon—and visitors, whether potential members or not, are always welcome. Available at the Library and at bookstores are the two volumes of the History of Moore County, from early colonial times to recent years—an essential introduction to delving into the local past.

WE CREATED BIRMINGHAM'S TRAGEDY

The Challenge: A Nobler Resolve

An editorial written for The Atlanta Constitution, on the day after the Birmingham, Ala., church bombing that killed four Negro children, has drawn nation-wide attention. Though it has been broadcast on television and radio and widely reprinted, The Pilot presents it here because of our full agreement with its conclusions and because some readers may want to clip it to save. We feel that it is destined to become one of the classic documents of the American racial crisis—these mid-20th century years that are proving to be among the most stirring and important in the nation's history.

By EUGENE PATTERSON
In The Atlanta Constitution

A Negro mother wept in the streets Sunday morning in front of a Baptist church in Birmingham. In her hand she held a shoe, one shoe from the foot of her dead child.

We hold that shoe with her. Everyone of us in the white South holds that small shoe in his hand.

It is too late to blame the sick criminals who handled the dynamite. The FBI and the police can deal with that kind.

The charge against them is simple. They killed four children.

Only we can trace the truth, Southerner—you and I. We broke those children's bodies. We watched the stage set without staying it; we listened to the prologue undisturbed.

We saw the curtain opening with disinterest.

We have heard the plea. We — who go on electing politicians who heat the kettles of hate.

We — who raise no hand to silence the mean and little men who have their "nigger" jokes.

We — who stand aside in imagined rectitude and let the mad dogs that run in every society slide their leashes on our hands and spring.

We — the heirs of the proud South who protest its worth and demand its recognition — we are the ones who have ducked the difficult, skirted the uncomfortable, caviled at the challenge, resented the necessary, rationalized the unacceptable and created the day surely when these children would die.

This is no time to load our anguish onto the murderous scapegoat who set the dynamite of our own manufacture.

He didn't know any better. Somewhere in the dim and fevered recess of an evil mind he feels right now that he has been a hero.

He is only guilty of murder. He thinks he has pleased us.

We of the white South who know better are the ones who must take a harsher judgment.

We, who know better, created a climate for child killing by those who don't.

We hold that shoe in our hand, Southerner, let us see it straight, and look at the blood on it.

Let us compare it with the unworthy speeches of Southern public men who have traduced the Negro; match it with the

spectacle of shuffling students whose parents and teachers turn them free to spit epithets at small huddles of Negro children for a week before this Sunday in Birmingham.

Hold up the shoe and look beyond it to the State House at Montgomery, where the official attitudes of Alabama have been spoken in heat and anger.

Let us not lay the blame on some brutal fool who didn't know any better.

We know better. We created the day, we bear the judgment.

May God have mercy on the

poor South that has been so led.

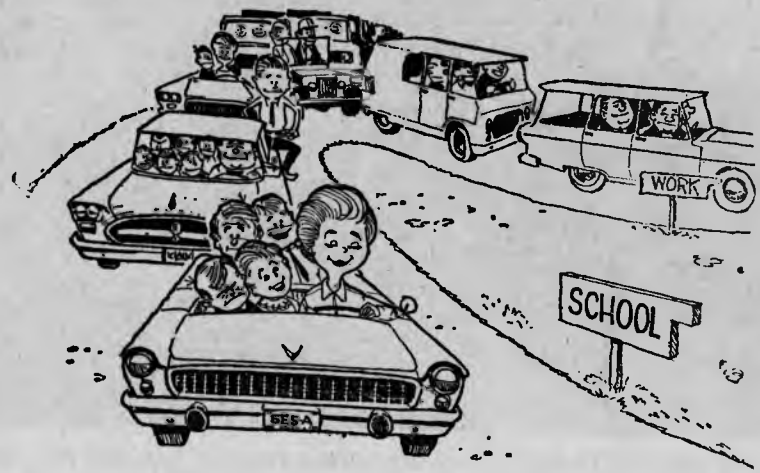
May what has happened hasten the day when the good South, which does live and have great being, will rise to this challenge of racial understanding and common humanity in the full power of its unasserted courage.

The Sunday school play at Birmingham is ended.

With a weeping Negro mother, we stand in the bitter smoke and hold a shoe.

If our South is ever to be what we wish it to be, we will plant a flower of nobler resolve for the South now upon these four small graves that we dug.

BACK TO SCHOOL OR BACK TO WORK



DRIVE CAREFULLY

The Race To The Intersection

A stranger from afar or from some remote past might well wonder why the motorists drive at such speed through the streets of our town. The answer isn't easy to come by, but once the mystery is explained, a whole philosophy of modern times becomes plain.

They drive so fast, these summer motorists, in order to get to the Intersection. Getting to the Intersection is one of the great goals of modern life, and it keeps repeating itself, again and again.

What is it about the Intersection that demands speed and indefatigability and the exclusion of all other considerations? A tenable theory is that the Intersection represents a pause, a necessity perhaps a compulsion of fate, without any determination

—for the reason that another Intersection lies ahead. Something that is reached at the cost of effort and the machine, without settling or satisfying any human need or problem, is bound to appeal to the generations of the atomic age.

Not to eat, not for love, not to arrive, but to get to the Intersection. To reach the place of getting nowhere. If this isn't covered in the philosophy of existentialism, it ought to be. The motorist who gets to the Intersection first and then can do nothing about it, because he must await his turn for a traffic signal, is the winner of the sweepstakes for performing without doing.

—From The Vineyard Gazette
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Grains of Sand

Fall Leaves
Golden September has come to an end and its October now: Autumn is here.

The garden is dried up. The ground, with so little rain, was hard as flint until the rain Saturday night. Even then, the drought has made it tough to work. The flowers, the few that are left, are at their dreariest. The zinnias, turning black, spill out their rattling seeds. They look like battered old deadbeats, shaking in the breeze, the few flecks of brightness of their wrinkled petals adding to their dissipated air. But now comes the time of turning leaves, bringing brightness again for a short space.

Slim pointed leaves flicker in a golden mist on the crepe myrtles, the weeping cherries are turning too. Behind them the jeweled ruby of the dogwoods glows deep and strong. It will be some time still, unless we get a storm, before they fall.

It was interesting, driving down from Yanceyville Sunday, to notice how the colors had brightened just since the night's rain. You wouldn't have thought it possible but it certainly seemed so. They have had a little colder—as always—than we have here and the drive down was beautiful, every corner bringing the bright shock of scarlet and gold. But you notice the sudden difference when you reach Sanford, the northernmost line of the big pines. There the scrub oaks start, coming south, still green, if a bit tarnished, and there's only the occasional flash of sumac or gum, and a few dogwoods that have turned early, to tell you that Autumn is here.

Raised in the maple country, the crisp fall days meant extra fun to us. It was grand to go shuff-chuff-chuff, kicking them around in a lordly way. It was extra fun to lurch into them. You raked them into huge piles of gleaming gold, then you ran at them and jumped. If you made the pile under a wall or even a window, and made it really big, you could teeter on the edge horribly and then jump or fall. If you made the pile big enough your feet wouldn't sting much and the leaves would fly up and nearly cover you. You rolled around almost drowned in their crispy, slippery rustling splendor, till you could scramble out. leaves in your hair, dust up your nose. Then do it again. Sometimes you would just jump into the big piles the yardman had collected, but that often had unfortunate consequences.

Radcliffe Is Bored

That was a pleasant picture in the papers Sunday of Miss Christine Bernadotte as she sat with classmates on either side, hair-does much alike, dresses much alike, each face much alike in its expression of resigned boredom. It takes more than royalty to wow a Radcliffe undergraduate or upset the reluctant politeness with which ladies—princesses or otherwise — tolerate the news photographer.

Cheery Note From Korea

Dear foster mother and father, How have you been dear foster parents? It is summer here now which cockoo's songs. On the garden there are some of pumpkins. In our orchard there are grapes and peaches.

June 6 was our Memorial Day and we all went to the army cemetery to honor the war dead. June 25 will be the 13th anniversary of Korean War outbreak and we wish the speedy unification of our land. June 25 is another holiday called "Tano Festival" on which Korean girls traditionally wash their hair in iris water and enjoy swinging contest.

Well, I wish you a happy summer. Love,
Kim Doo Whan

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WEAKNESSES

We all have weaknesses. But I have figured that others have put up with mine so tolerably that I would be much less than fair not to make a reasonable discount for theirs.

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

REP. BLUE'S RECORD WIDELY PRAISED

From The Chatham News

In a session of the General Assembly in which outstanding leadership was sadly lacking in many instances the record of one man seems to stand out.

We refer to Speaker of the House Clifton Blue now being prominently mentioned as a candidate for lieutenant-governor in the Democratic primaries in 1964.

In conversation with members of the House of Representatives from various parts of the state we have been impressed with their comments about Speaker Blue.

His fairness, his avowed policy of giving everyone a chance to be heard, his quietly efficient handling of controversial issues have been listed as his chief attributes in the handling of a difficult job.

Blue is an experienced legislator and knows North Carolina as he does the back of his hand.

His seeming soft approach to politics tends to disarm his detractors and they usually express surprise when he comes up with a political coup when it is least expected of him.

If Speaker Clifton Blue has his mind on seeking the number two spot in state government those who know him best can say with reasonable assurance that he'll make a real run for it. If his past record is any criterion he may be counted upon to be successful, for this quiet, unassuming newspaper editor from the Sandhills of Moore County has a way of getting what he goes after.