

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.

The Ground Is Shaky Underfoot

Ever since Sir Walter Raleigh wheedled Queen Bess into letting him go on another expedition to the Spanish Main, by gift of loot acquired in the previous one, the game of tit-for-tat has been vigorously played.

Indeed it may well have started with the serpent of evil repute. With serpentine subtlety he didn't actually give Eve the big juicy apple, he simply talked her into taking it, thus assuring the expulsion of these interfering humans from his garden paradise.

Down through history the great, the powerful or those who were just in the way have been fair game for the unscrupulous. Given the general frailty of human nature and the vanity so often found in high places, this is not really very surprising.

General Eisenhower, who seems still unaware of the degree to which his gullibility or carelessness was exploited, says acceptance of gifts by such as he must depend on the receiver's judgment and restraint. Quite so, but surely these excellent qualities should come into action long before the gift-giving stage is reached. Those holding high positions of au-

thority, especially in government, need to have a built-in sense of the dignity required of them, a sense that approaches actual suspicion when it comes to intimacy, to making friendships, or even acquaintances. For there are always sycophants about the powerful, court favorites, wheedlers looking for a chance to profit. In these days of quick fortunes parlayed to fabulous heights within months in hands that amassed them too quickly, often by questionable means, of presents given for favors received, potential customers or influence peddlers wined, dined, entertained at tax-deductible expense, of the tit-for-tat entertaining, where half the guests at a party are there not as friends, not for fun, but "because it's good for business," in the sort of living too prevalent today—the false glad hand, the synthetic smile—the ground is shaky underfoot.

The Bobby Baker affair is, of course, a vivid case in point. It is to be earnestly hoped that the two North Carolinians in charge of the investigation will pull no punches as they carry out the important duty with which they have been entrusted.

Camp Easter In The Pines

A bright spot in recent local news is word that construction is due to start soon on Camp Easter in the Pines, the facility for North Carolina's handicapped children, at a site near Southern Pines.

This camp is a project that has long held the interest and good will of the people of the Sandhills. It has been delayed for various reasons, including a fund-raising campaign, but it has lost none of its appeal and we are pleased that the camp is expected to be in operation by this summer.

State and county officials of the North Carolina Society for Crippled Children and Adults ("Easter Seal Society") tell us that the cooperation and interest of many persons in this area continue to aid the

camp project. Volunteer assistance is being offered and it will be the camp's policy to seek the participation of as many local persons as possible.

This area's growing importance as a medical treatment center ties in well with the camp. We hope that the Easter Seal Society's long-range plan of establishing a permanent facility for training and care of the handicapped—as well as their recreation and general therapy—can eventually become a reality.

The Sandhills already owes a debt of gratitude to the enthusiastic and dedicated people who have brought the camp here and are seeing the project through the demanding early stages of its development.

A Strong Voice For Medicare

It has frequently been pointed out, in connection with "Medicare" proposals in Congress, that a program of medical insurance through Social Security would have a salutary effect throughout the whole of American life, not simply for the older people who would receive direct benefits.

It remained, however, for Dr. Benjamin Spock, the most widely read and trusted authority on child care in the nation today, to make millions sit up and take notice when he testified before the House Ways and Means Committee, in Washington, that Medicare would help children as much as it would help the oldsters it is designed to aid.

Why? Does that make sense? Indeed it does. Dr. Spock told the Congressman. A family's children often suffer, he said, when savings are wiped out in the all-too-familiar, desperate effort to pay for hospitalization and other services to old people for whom their married children feel responsible.

Dr. Spock even went on to give Medicare a general endorsement on the basic issue that this newspaper and countless other supporters of Medicare have frequently pointed out: "It would leave

people their dignity and sense of security." That is what the good doctor said.

The American Medical Association this week circularized newspapers with a green booklet nearly half an inch thick, in which it purports to show that there is really no need, after all, for a government medical insurance program of any description.

The booklet could be an inch thick or two inches thick and it could not contravert the basic issues raised by Dr. Spock nor could it convince us that the American people should not have the right to medical-expense security in old age by contributing a tiny fraction of their earnings during their working years.

Every civilized, advanced nation in the world, except the United States, has such a program—many of them going far beyond the partial coverage for old people that is proposed in the Medicare bills expected to come up in the 88th Congress before the year is out.

Dr. Spock is talking plain common sense—and sooner or later the American people will so heartily agree that Congress will make Medicare the law of the land.

'Christmas All During The Year'

Government - financed public welfare work is necessary because private kindness and charity can never reach all the persons—old people, abandoned children, the disabled and others—who need assistance. Private aid, with no facilities for wide-spread investigation and with limited funds, is too much of a hit-or-miss affair.

On the other hand, public welfare leaves gaps that nothing but private generosity can fill. This is realized in Moore County each Christmas time, when all communities donate generously, so that needy families may have a little better meal on Christmas day, a few goodies and playthings for children—something to break the bleakness of the marginal existence that is the normal life for "welfare cases."

An item from the county welfare department in last week's Pilot reminds us that there are in the county, the year around, opportunities for individual help—families who have been burned out or for other reasons need furniture and other household equipment, also a fund maintained all year to help solve a problem that is very real and pressing—shoes for children who would not be able to attend school unless shoes were provided.

The welfare department will pick up

contributed items and has storage space in Carthage. And financial contributions may be made at any time to the "Shoe Fund" in care of the welfare office in Carthage.

All property owners, through county taxes, help support the public welfare program. Some may find special satisfaction, as the welfare director put it last week, in providing "Christmas in a small but important way all during the year."

Flourishing

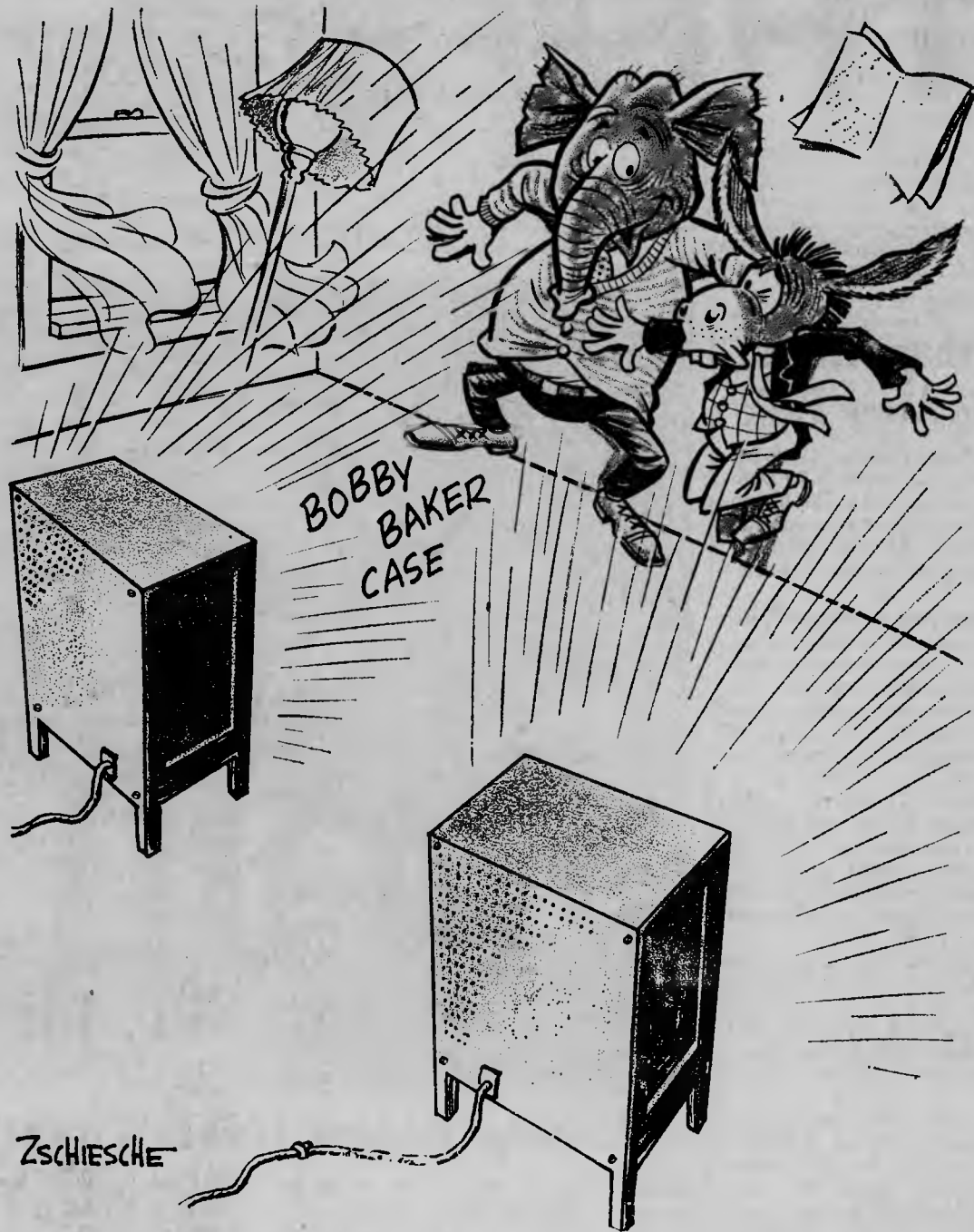
The "horse country" out Youngs Road is flourishing: new people moving in, new homes and stables built or planned, the Moore County Hounds going out regularly with native and visiting riders.

The Point-to-Point events were held recently and the Hunter Trials are coming up February 15—each year attracting more and more public interest.

In March there will be the Trail Rides on the 11th and 12th and the incomparable Stoneybrook Steeplechase will follow on April 11. Sunday afternoon horse shows, with the public welcome, take place at two-week intervals.

Yes, the "horse country" adds much to the interest, color and—let's not forget it—the economic well-being of the Sandhills.

"Now, If You'd Like More Volume . . ."



SUB-SURFACE CHAOS REVEALED

Preachers Of Fear Staying Busy

Little known to many Americans is the extent to which the nation is subjected to radio and TV broadcasts that encourage suspicion, fear and hatred. Some figures on this activity and examples of the sort of radically reactionary ideas put forth are given in an article by "T.R.E." Washington commentator for the magazine, "The New Republic." (Reprinted by permission.)

We have before us an outline map of the United States sprinkled over with fly specks and each speck represents a center where right wing broadcasts are currently being made. We devoted space recently to oil millionaire H. L. Hunt's "Life Lines," whose propaganda programs are tax deductible as educational.

Six thousand times a week, in more than 500 communities, this right wing propaganda is beamed into the American sitting room,

by radio and TV. We mentioned buying a candle at the Lincoln Memorial to help dispel the shadows of "hate." These programs often help, we believe, to disseminate this hatred.

It is extraordinary how omnipresent they are and how little publicity they receive. Day after day, they go on, preaching fear of the Federal Government, the United Nations, the Supreme Court, the public school system, civil rights, trade unions, liberal groups and the intellect itself. John Kennedy symbolized the effort of reason to combat chaos and chaos finally slew him.

Listen to some of these broadcasts (Carl McIntire's Twentieth Century Reformation Hour, 530 stations; Life Lines, 324; Manion Forum, 313; Billy James Hargis, 200; Howard Kershner, 148; Dan Smoot, 133; Church League of America, 14). Judge how near to the surface chaos is in America.

"There are ample grounds for

impeachment, not only of Warren, but of all nine Supreme Court Justices"—Dan Smoot.

"(The 16th, income tax, amendment) is the very prescription given by Karl Marx. . . The Communists want it!"—Manion Forum.

"The . . . UN has through the years been used as a forum to advance Communism" — Life Lines.

" . . . The Negro in America will soon realize that liberal politicians and agitators have led him to disaster. The whole nation will suffer."—Dan Smoot.

It is hard to find a citizen who hasn't heard radio statements like these, but often they are treated jokingly as one man tells another about "the crackpots." They are the kind of programs, however, that the brooding Oswalds, of the left or right wing, listen to and sometimes act on.

Close Kennedy-Humphrey Relationship Recalled

At the time of President Kennedy's assassination it was widely remarked that of all the outstanding men who appeared on TV to offer a tribute to their President, Senator Hubert Humphrey seemed to suffer the deepest anguish.

It is likely that this emotional reaction to the tragedy on the part of Humphrey came as somewhat of a surprise to many for there was little awareness of the strong friendship that existed between the two men. However, last August in an article on Humphrey by Samuel Shaffer, published in the New York Times Magazine, there are several paragraphs dealing directly with the Kennedy-Humphrey relationship. Because this description adds to our knowledge of John F. Kennedy, because it adds, also, to the public's understanding of a leading figure, likely to go far in our government, the recipient of an accolade of exceptional respect and trust from President Kennedy, we reprint below the pertinent paragraphs in the Times article.

The fact that the writing is in the present tense adds a jarring note, but it also contributes to the reality and depth of the description and of the tragic aftermath of grief for the lost leader.

The Times article said, in part:

The Humphrey-Kennedy relationship goes far beyond the normal alliance of two leaders of the same party at opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. They battled each other, sometimes bitterly, in 1960. But they also shared the same yearnings and routes over the snow-covered farmlands of Wisconsin and the green hills of West Virginia. When it was over, each man forgot the conflicts and remembered the shared experience. They emerged from

these trials with a greater political respect for one another and a warmer friendship.

The two rely on each other in different ways. Humphrey has access to the White House whenever he wants it, for anything from arranging a picture of a constituent with the President to relaying a complaint or a request from another Senator—and for backing for his own crusades and programs.

The President relies on Humphrey for his political judgment, his almost instinctive grasp of the realities of Congress (marred occasionally by his ebullient optimism, which tends to negate caution), his forcefulness in fighting Administration battles, and his expert knowledge of such specialized areas as disarmament, civil rights, agriculture and Soviet strategy.

Humphrey brings something else to this relationship which is rare and precious to a President. Humphrey and Kennedy are so comfortable in each other's company that they can kid one another. Thus, the dreadful isolation imposed by the Presidency is pierced. For example, last March Humphrey was called to the phone by the President. "Hubert," the President said without pre-

amble, "what are you going to say tomorrow night in your Gridiron Club speech?"

"Well, I almost hesitate to tell you, Mr. President," Humphrey replied. "I'm writing the speech now and I am thinking of putting in a paragraph ribbing Nelson Rockefeller that will read something like this: 'Gentlemen, the American people would never tolerate a President who might appoint his brother, Winthrop, to head the Peace Corps; his brother Laurence, to a Cabinet position, and let his brother, David, run for the senate. This nation would not permit a dynasty.'"

The President roared with laughter at this sally at the Kennedy family. "That's a good line, Hubert," he said, "go right ahead and use it."

When the President returned from his most recent trip abroad, brimming with stories about his reception in Ireland, Humphrey told him:

"Mr. President, while you were off seeing your relatives in Ireland, I was back home in Minnesota. The Chippewa Indians made me a chief. I am now Chief Leading Feather. And what's more, Mr. President, they all have votes."

Kennedy's laughter over such fooling was a sign of the perfect trust that existed between the two men, of their belief in each other. Perhaps, too, it was a sign of the innate simplicity and lack of vanity basic in both their characters, rare indeed in such public figures.

In view of these details, adding depth to the picture, the remembrance of the grieving Senator from Minnesota on that November weekend should come as no surprise.

CONSIDERATION

The greatest luxury of our wealth is that we can afford a consideration toward other people's feelings and . . . pride and nationality. We're a very considerate nation, and it makes us look hesitant and weak sometimes. It's important to understand just how far you can indulge your consideration.

—ROBERT FROST

Grains of Sand

According to Armour
"February gets its name from a Roman festival of purification that was held on the fifteenth of the month. The festival was a great success, most Romans eating and drinking themselves into a stupor. However, a few purer-than-thou types, like the Vestal Virgins, would not have any part of it."
Too bad.

Cupid Goes To Ground
It's February; Sunday was Groundhog Day, and this is Leap Year.

Well, it couldn't have been a finer day, with the sun shining full force from morn till eve. So the groundhog must have seen his shadow, been scared to death and leaped back into his hole. As he is supposed to remain there, now, during forty days more of winter, it looks as if his girl friend would have to leap down after him if she wants to accomplish anything.

Good luck to them. After all, it must be nice and cozy down there.

A Lift To Town
The car slowed to a stop.
"Want a ride?"
"Yessuh, sure could do with one."

Breathing hard the old man climbed in, tidying his worn coat close around him and over his thin knees.
"Walked a long way?"
"Well not SO long; not like I useter. You know how tis: gettin' old; yessuh; gettin' old."

He sat back, relaxed, his breath catching up after a while.
And so they rode along and talked; about the weather and how the frost didn't quite hurt the crops but came mighty nigh, and about if maybe the satellites and hitting the moon and all that stuff had made the weather extra ornery but the birds were coming through early this year and maybe that meant Spring was coming; well anyhow on the way. And how you almost never saw a mule anymore.

The old man shook his head then: "Old folks and mules," he said; "we the only ones knows mules; won't be anybody at all knows them pretty soon."

As they neared town the old man pointed to a big soft drink sign at a roadside stand up ahead. "You can let me out there, mistuh," he said.

"You want to get out here? I could take you on in town. . . ?"

The old man shook his head. "Nossuh," he said, "thank you; I best get out here." He gestured toward the bench outside. "Better rest and get me a pepsi before I goes on," he said. "Seems like these days I get kinda faintified." The trembly gnarled old hand reached for the door: "I'll just set here a while and rest."

Helter Skelter
Run For Shelter

February prophesy from "Horoscope":
Feb. 13-20: "Should be marked down as momentous period for weather records as coldest weather of winter gets under way."

Writes the Weatherman: "The old saws about animals and weather still abound. But some of them have seen better days. Some folks made a great deal out of woolly bears, a caterpillar whose banded-back used to be examined each fall (wideband, hard winter) as a signal of what was to come. But a couple of years ago, Dr. C. H. Curran, retired curator of insects at the American Museum of Natural History, after several seasons of experiments indicated he doubted if woolly bears would ever replace the personnel at the U. S. Weather Bureau. Sometimes, he said, the woolly bears are pretty fuzzy."

And what about the weather-men?
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