

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.

Lights Out! - With A Reservation

Like it or not, there is something appealing about President Johnson's turn-off-the-lights (when not in use) campaign—a reduction of high level problems to the plane on which harassed householders operate daily.

Though the campaign has drawn such satirical comment as Bob Zschiesche's cartoon today, there is no avoiding the attractive, homespun quality of the mandate. Even the resulting satire is benevolent.

The economy move, extending to far more significant issues such as cutting the Defense budget, has taken much of the wind from the sails of a big Republican issue. All in all, it is a masterful election-year development, setting a tone of popular approval that builds general good will toward the Administration.

Lurking in the background, however, is an issue that remains unsolved by the economy campaign: the hard truth that

the Federal government is not to be compared with a family in its financial operations and that "deficit financing" is being successfully used in the promotion of a prosperous economy by all the major, modern, capitalistic nations.

There is every evidence, apart from the current lip service to economy, that the Johnson Administration is committed, for the long run, to deficit financing and the day may come when it will have to win over to that philosophy the voters who are now charmed and comforted by turning out the lights.

In so far as the "economy campaign" is a genuine effort to eliminate waste, nobody can quibble. The Administration, however, cannot afford to let the impression be given that it is truly attempting to balance the federal budget—that it is rejecting the deficit financing on which the national prosperity, to such a great extent, now and in the future, depends.

Heartwarming Small-Town Experience

The Pilot welcomes to the Sandhills, for concerts today and tomorrow, the North Carolina Little Symphony, its director and conductor, Dr. Benjamin Swalin, and his wife who for many years also has had an active part in the orchestra's concerts, from one end of the state to the other.

No regular event that occurs in this area is as heart-warming and as inspiring as the Symphony's visit—an atmosphere that is shared by dozens of communities over the State during the traveling "season" of the full Symphony and the smaller orchestra that visits Southern Pines.

Responsible in large part for the Symphony's special appeal are its children's concerts—presented charmingly by Dr. and Mrs. Swalin and received with wide-eyed excitement by the youngsters. While the general public is not privileged to witness these children's events (when

you come right down to it, is there anything more wonderful than children, hundreds of them, responding to music and singing?), everyone can find special pride and pleasure in the knowledge that this orchestra which all of us in North Carolina help to support is giving children from all backgrounds in the community the rare privilege of seeing and hearing a symphony orchestra perform. That the children themselves sing with the orchestra and have previously studied and gone over the music with their teachers adds immeasurably to the depth of their experience.

And for many adults, as well, the evening concert affords the only chance, from one year to another, to hear a "live" symphony orchestra—a small-town experience which, outside North Carolina, is rare indeed.

Yes, it is a great day for any community, when the North Carolina Symphony comes to town.

A 'But' To Be Reckoned With

New Hampshire is not the nation—but the results of Tuesday's Republican Presidential primary there are surely indicative of distrust or apathy, or both, on the part of the public toward the two "leading" contenders for the nomination—Goldwater and Rockefeller.

Whether the vote accorded Lodge—who was thousands of miles away in South Viet Nam, while Barry and Rocky were campaigning their hearts out and losing votes, apparently, thereby—means that the voters are for him or only against the "leaders," remains to be seen.

Even the somewhat discredited Nixon did well—he and Lodge, the write-ins, had considerably more votes between them than did Goldwater and Rockefeller together. Again, these votes may have

been primarily a protest against Barry, with his odd brand of paleolithic politics, and against Rocky's divorce and remarriage.

What the primary does show is that the Republicans have no single outstanding contender: one might go so far as to say they have no outstanding contender at all. Lodge, top man, just grins and says he has no plans to come home from the Southeast Asian rice paddies and jungles.

It all must be pretty disconcerting to the National GOP headquarters: like the man who woke up to find his bed hanging upside down from the ceiling.

New Hampshire is not the nation, but . . . That "but" this week loomed frightfully large in the Republican future.

Long Overdue Humane Legislation

Recognizing two glaring omissions in federal law protecting animals, Congressman George M. Rhodes (D. Pa.) has introduced two major humane bills in the United States House of Representatives. They are H.R. 10138 to require humane treatment of animals used in experiments and tests, and H.R. 10026 to require humane treatment of livestock transported by truck from one state to another.

Livestock travelling by train are protected by a federal law passed in 1906 which provides for feeding and watering after 28 hours en route. Crippling and death of livestock moving by truck is much greater than by rail, but an attempt to extend the 28-hour law to trucks which now carry the vast majority of livestock in interstate commerce, was defeated by trucking interests a decade ago. As a consequence, there are no humane controls on the shipment of most lambs, calves, cattle and swine, and a large proportion are abused.

Legislation to prevent abuses in the care and treatment of experimental animals is even longer overdue. The bill introduced by Congressman Rhodes is based on the time-tested principles of the British Act of 1876 which has the support of British scientists and non-anthropocentric humanitarians because it prevents cruelty without hampering research.

Far from placing obstacles in the path of trained medical researchers, the proposed legislation, by safeguarding against unregulated performance and needless cruelty and neglect, will aid scientific research.

The Pilot has long urged enactment of such research animal legislation and en-

dorses also the bill on transportation of livestock.

Interested persons can obtain further information from the Society for Animal Protective Legislation, 745 Fifth Ave., New York. This organization, through the years, has won great respect for its reasonable but firm approach to legislation designed to protect animals from needless cruelty.

Getting Things Done

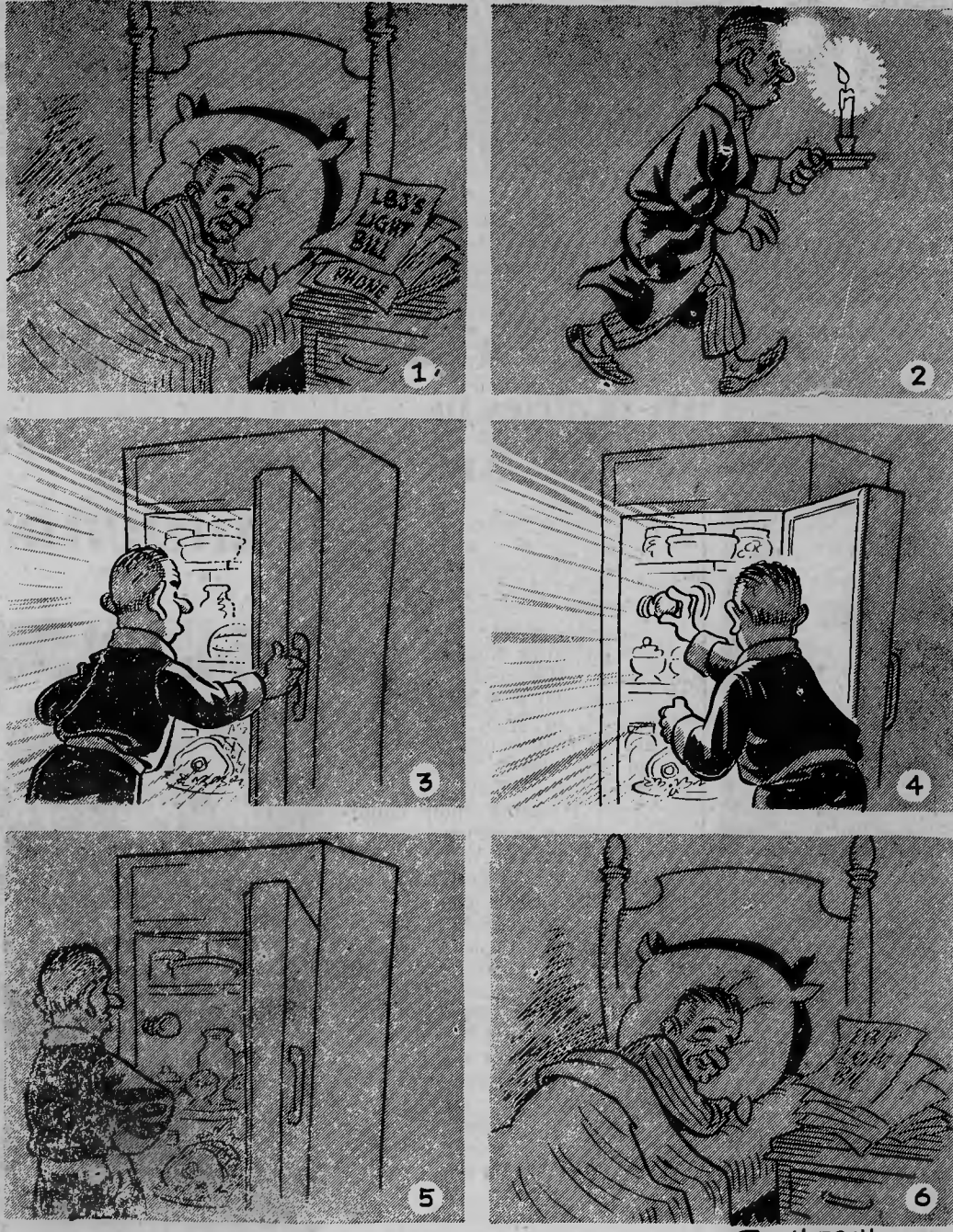
The upcoming county-wide Sabin oral polio vaccine program, announced last week, shows what can be done with a combination of private and public sponsorship.

If results in Moore County prove as successful as they have elsewhere, the financing of this major public health effort will be handled adequately by small, voluntary contributions from persons taking the three "sugar lump" doses, with no direct appropriation of public money required.

The public sponsorship of the commissions, however, means that if more money is collected than is needed to pay for the program, it can be turned back to the county treasury which is supported by all taxpayers.

Numerous service clubs and individuals are working with the commissioners and the County Medical Society in the vaccine plan—a fine example of the red-tape-eliminating cooperation and efficiency that are characteristic of a unique method of getting things done in the United States.

Every Little Watt Counts . . .



ZSCHIESCHE

HIS LIVE TELEVISION NEWS CONFERENCE

President Johnson In The Lions Den

By ALISTAIR COOKE
Washington Correspondent,
Manchester (England)
Guardian Weekly

President Johnson went before the press and the nation, in his first live television news conference, like an emergency substitute for Olivier's "Hamlet."

The air of dogged melancholy which attaches to all "show must go on" decisions hung over his aides who were no longer the jolly Salinger, the restless "Hatcher," but resigned attendants loyally conducting the new chief to a painful duty.

Republican Challenge

It is not like Lyndon Johnson to envy this man's skill or that man's style. But envy had nothing to do with the reluctant decision to ape Daniel in the lion's den. The Republicans, Mr. Nixon in particular, have been challenging the President to repeat the pledge President Kennedy had given before his death: to accept the face-to-face television debate as a new and now irrevocable tradition of a Presidential campaign.

Incumbent Presidents from Wilson on, have usually shirked open debate with the challenger, for the sound reason that the man in power is always on the defensive. It was the reason why Kennedy forced the debates with the then Vice-President Nixon.

The reason why Kennedy agreed to exchange roles in the next campaign was the knowledge that, after three years of the televised news conference, he was at his best in the free-wheeling public display of his knowledge of affairs. He was handsome, authoritative, witty, and immensely well-briefed.

The Republicans lately admitted, even embellished these views, if only to invite the odium of unflattering comparison with Lyndon Johnson, the shrewd strategist who is garrulous and foxy with his aides, but, like all the best politicians, leery of leaking his plans or his tactics to outsiders. The Republicans have recently begun to ask, with crocodile piety, if perhaps the American people were not now consigned to the outer rooms of their own government.

The Natural Man

The President has had no public press conferences. He trusts, as he said he would, to "what comes naturally," to calling in a few veteran reporters as the mood takes him. The theatrical display of the "natural" Johnson not only does not appeal to him; it is a political impossibility, for the natural Johnson is a very natural man indeed and might swing too alarmingly between humility, rage, cunning, and earthy humour.

But if only to convince the country that it had not been cheated, and to repeat that he would henceforth handle his press relations in his own way, he had to come before 190 million of his countrymen. As if to show that this is not to be a regular ceremony, he gave the occasion the

formal excuse of a report on his "First Hundred Days" . . .

Apart from the disclosure of the 2,000 mph jet (a bulls eye the Republicans had not bargained for), it was not the substance but the style, the President's performance not the script, that drew most comment.

The reporters in the room imbibed a sense of confidence that somehow evaded transmission to the television audience. The President, anxious to look easy, looked fatigued. Meaning to take his time he seemed unduly hesitant. Respectfully declining to emulate the Ph. D. lecture, in which Kennedy revelled, he seemed almost too chary of facts and figures.

Disdained Imitation

In short, he plainly disdained to imitate his predecessor. The trick was to reject the Kennedy bravura without implying that he was incompetent to perform it. . . . Curiously, he succeeded. At the end, he seemed to have said:

"Well, now, you see, I cannot be rattled. This kind of thing may be very impressive, but it's not my speed and it's not going to be my habit. If you'll all relax, we'll run the country my way and you may be surprised to see how masterful that way can be."

Plenty of Time

The key, both to his quiet disdain and his determination to have his own way, was flashed in his reply to a question that certainly had the citizenry agog: Would he debate the Republican opponent? His mouth wrinkled into the slightest smile. "I haven't been nominated yet. We'll have plenty of time to decide that one after the Convention, and I'll cross that bridge when I come to it."

It was a simple but impressive confirmation of what his intimates regard as his most remarkable political gift: that he never agitates himself with the future construction of possible bridges.

The Public Speaking

Midland Road Called 'Unsafe, Treacherous'

To the Editor:
In regard to your editorial, "Midland Road Wrecks" (March 5), I would like to express an opinion of my own.

Practically the whole length of Midland Road is lined with pine trees, with less than five feet of clearance on either side. The road is poorly engineered, with many dips. A blowout or front end failure would surely send even the best driver to sudden death.

The road is very unsafe in freezing weather and is icy two or three days after all other roads are clear. There are the usual "hotrod" drivers, along with a large number of pokey sightseers who drive along gazing at the countryside.

The general consensus of opinion of people who drive on Midland Road is that it is a treacherous road and should be driven with extreme caution. I, for one, drive each way twice a day and welcome the opportunity to write a complaint about this dangerous piece of road.

The people who survive Midland Road not only read warning signs, but have Someone From Above riding with them.

DICK FERRIS

Pinehurst

'Isolationism' Editorial Seen As 'Untrue, Unfair'

To the Editor:
"Isolationism—Old and New" (March 5) is a shocking example of untrue and unfair editorializing.

It is untrue that HUMAN EVENTS was founded in 1940 or that its founder was General Robert E. Wood or that this publication has recently made an "appeal for subscriptions." HUMAN EVENTS was founded in 1944 by Frank C. Hanighen who was its

editor-publisher until his recent death. The men you named were among the seven patriots who ordered the first 127 subscriptions to HUMAN EVENTS. Instead of an "appeal for subscriptions," what regular subscribers received was an invitation "to contribute to The Frank C. Hanighen Memorial Fund to sustain HUMAN EVENTS as a living memorial to its founder."

Henry Regnery of the distinguished publishing house of the same name was "the writer" of the article from which you quoted in the second paragraph of your editorial. This article appeared on the back page of the February 29, 1964, issue of HUMAN EVENTS and, as you wrote, described their very, very great need for funds but also gave a brief history of HUMAN EVENTS and next to it was a short biography of Frank C. Hanighen.

I think I understand why their need "offers ground for encouragement to all those . . . who are in strong opposition to the policies championed by this magazine" (HUMAN EVENTS is a weekly newspaper, not a magazine). However, the great generosity shown by the thousands of devoted friends of HUMAN EVENTS in the past would make it a bit premature of you to dance at the wake before the patient is dead.

PAT VAN CAMP

Southern Pines

(As to General Wood, a fund-raising letter from Mr. Regnery — from which The Pilot obtained its information — said: "It was he who sponsored the luncheon in Chicago 20 years ago which launched HUMAN EVENTS. . . ." This statement we took to be as good a definition as any of "founder."—Editor)

Grains of Sand

How Big?

A waitress at the coffee shop in the Ho-tel in Mon-roe, when asked about the size of the town, replied:
"Well, it ain't so big; in fact, it's kinda little; but it's right good size to be as small as it is."

Moved Fast

"When I turn on the light, judge, and see him standin' there with that baseball bat in his hand, I'm tellin' you I swivelled up out of that bed fast—yes suh, judge, FAST!"

Definition

The expression "pilot project" is defined by the author of the best-seller, "The Affluent Society," Kenneth Galbraith, as:
"A modern device for simulating action without spending money."

Skunk Outskunked

Always on the alert for illuminating accounts of the fascinating ways of birds and beasts, GRAINS shares with readers the following report.

The family was in their summer cabin in the mountains and Mother had just come back with the children from an evening walk in the woods. She shooed them into the living-room and started to get supper. There was a sudden hush; the children came running.

"Mother! Come quick! There's a skunk asleep in the living-room!"

Mother came, quick but not too far. She grabbed the children and they all looked across the room at the little black and white animal curled up cozily in the corner, fast asleep.

"What'll we do?" they whispered. "Can we keep him? He's so cute."

"You won't do anything," said Mother firmly. "We'll just let him sleep quietly till Daddy comes. He'll know what to do."

So the skunk slept on in his corner, and the mother and children carefully closed the door and had their supper in the kitchen. They waited and waited, wild with impatience. Why didn't Daddy hurry up and come!

Finally, pretty late, there was the sound of a car and in came Daddy with two pals. It seemed, as was soon quite evident, that they had been spending the evening in a beer parlor down the road. They listened fascinated to the story of the sleeping skunk and then they opened the door softly and crept in, with the children behind them, to get a closer look at the visitor.

And so they all gazed at the skunk and after a while the skunk opened one eye. Then he opened the other. Then he sat up. He looked at them and he wrinkled up his nose and sniffed in their direction. He seemed to shudder slightly, then rose and with tail in air walked with dignity to the open front door. There he turned, sniffed again, shook himself and slipped out into the night.

Medical Advice

"Go to the doctor, judge? I done go to the doctor. He say: best thing I can do to settle my blood pressure is leave my husband. Yes suh; only way to settle my nerves."

The Sphinx Speaks

Question, to a member of a new "development":

"Driving around the place today, we came to a spot where there was a huge pile of sand. Is that the place where the hotel is going to be?"

Member: "Sir, that IS the hotel. We are in our 'desert' phase."

Splicing the Split

Say the headlines: "Splinter Vote in N. H. Primary"—"Malcolm X Splits With Muhammad"—"Racial Splinter Groups Fall To Join"—"Romanian Split Threatens Moscow"—and "Dem. Forces Split On Civil Rights." But in the last column it's: "Pope Pleads For Unity With Protestants." Hurray for The Pope!

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