

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.

Problems, Old and New

It looks as if Southern Pines is tackling its problems in a forthright way; new problems as well as the old ones inherited from former administrations and neglected through the years.

To take one of these first: there is the town dump—or landfill as it is more elegantly called. "Dump" is the good old word. And landfill is the new factor that makes the dump better in every way—when it works.

But its work depends largely on having a large enough area to operate in and this, it would seem, is one of the inherited difficulties that this administration is now rather belatedly trying to cope with. Certainly to the average citizen passing by, it looks as if much more land was needed to allow the landfill system to do the job.

There are plenty of other inherited difficulties, many clearly visible to the ordinary person: we need better care of our trees and shrubbery, we need new furniture for the town library, we need stricter enforcement of the various ordinances such as the one against putting too many signs on a building and allowing signs on the parkways, also allowing a practice disfiguring to the tidy appearance of the streets. And there are plenty of other more important "we needs."

Of the new things: most interesting is the decision to set up a planning committee and take advantage of the services offered by the Division of Community Planning of the Department of Conservation and Development. The town has at present a Planning Board, its duties confined almost exclusively to zoning. The committee now being considered would be concerned with long-range planning

and development of the town. This long view should—and, we believe, would—take into consideration the outskirts of the town as well as the land within its boundaries.

This is no new idea, but it has grown increasingly urgent. Ten or twelve years ago the matter was investigated by a group of citizens concerned over the fact that this town and Aberdeen were growing closer and closer, with every indication that they would soon meet. Furthermore, on both sides the area involved was taking on a more and more hit-or-miss aspect, with the misses noticeably more numerous than the hits. A meeting was held to ascertain public sentiment but the idea of outside zoning was rejected, with lack of understanding deemed responsible.

Things are different now: it must be clear to all that the quality of the outside areas—our "suburbia"—strongly affects the growth and quality of the town. That the town council is acting so wisely, in getting professional outside help on such problems, is a clear indication that they will move with respect for the rights and wishes of all involved. This matter of the outside areas is complicated, to say the least, and it seems possible that the new board might have to include a joint town-and-county subcommittee to assure complete representation.

It may well be, as we look at the rapid expansion of Southern Pines, that this matter of outside-town planning, which would involve both town and county interests, will be one of the most important and rewarding among the vital matters to come before the new planning committee when it is appointed and starts to function.

Great Event For The Area

Sunday's dedication and open house at the new Clement R. Monroe Wing of Moore Memorial Hospital—marking also the completion of remodeling and renovation in other portions of the hospital—will be a great event for this area.

The whole story of the hospital—its new wing, its history, its many fine facilities, the people who have worked devotedly for it in many ways through the years—is told in a remarkable special supplement, prepared by the hospital, going to readers along with today's Pilot. The abundance of effort and financial support that have culminated in the impressive institution which the public will see Sunday is obvious from a reading of this story. Hundreds of the area's citizens

have contributed to the hospital's building program, with gifts large or small. Thousands of residents have known or will know, with gratitude, what it means to have adequate facilities for medical care available in the area.

It is entirely fitting that the new wing is named for Dr. Clement R. Monroe who for some 35 years—almost his entire medical career—has been identified closely with the hospital, as outlined in detail in the special supplement, revealing a record of service that is seldom matched in the annals of any institution.

Our congratulations to Moore Memorial Hospital and our best wishes—now and in the years to come.

First Step To Chamber of Commerce

Visitors to Southern Pines frequently express surprise that the town does not have a Chamber of Commerce. And a longtime resident, thinking back and wondering why former Chamber of Commerce efforts have failed, realizing that there exists a measure of regrettable apathy and uncooperativeness in the business community, is hard put to make a reply.

The town now has two organizations that are attempting to carry on, separately, functions that are usually combined and coordinated in a Chamber of Commerce. The Information Center, with a full-time (except summer) paid secretary, is concerned primarily with resort interests, receiving most of its financial support directly from a Town of Southern

Pines subsidy and the rest largely from hotel, motel and restaurant owners, along with some general business contributions. The Town's Advertising Committee, appointed by the Council, supervises the Information Center and spends the bulk of its funds in advertising local resort attractions.

The other organization is the Merchants Council, with no professional employees, which puts out an information brochure about the community, meets monthly to discuss matters of special interest to business and attempts to enlist the enthusiasm of local retail firms in cooperating for their common advancement.

Recently, the Merchants Council itself has been discussing the possibilities of having a Chamber of Commerce here, while at the same time support of the council (attendance at meetings, general enthusiasm among merchants) has been so lacking that members of the council, while seeing the genuine need for a Chamber of Commerce, are wondering if such an all-out venture could be set up with prospect of successful functioning.

This much seems clear, from our post on the sidelines: strong support for the Merchants Council, as it now exists, is an indispensable prelude for any successful future Chamber of Commerce project. If so simple, inexpensive and informal a group as the Merchants Council cannot enlist the wide cooperation of local business firms, we doubt that the more elaborate and costly Chamber of Commerce could succeed.

On the other hand, the Merchants Council, which The Pilot has strongly endorsed from its beginning a few years ago, seems an ideal transition stage from total disorganization of the local business community to a strong, coordinated Chamber of Commerce effort on behalf of the business, resort, industrial and all other interests of the town.

The Merchants Council meets the third Monday night of each month at the town hall. We urge that business people who have not been attending the meetings join this group which, whether or not a Chamber of Commerce is the outcome, is performing a vitally important function for the community.



FIGHTING AMONG THE PEACEMAKERS

They Called It Grand Old Party

By CHARLES McDOWELL, JR.
Raleigh News and Observer

Once upon a time, dear grandchildren, there was a Republican party.

It was not a party where they had ice cream and cake and pinned the tail on the donkey. It was a party where they fought and called each other funny names, and often they forgot all about pinning the tail on the donkey.

That may sound like a strange kind of party and in a way it was, but the Republicans were used to it and they seemed to enjoy it. They must have enjoyed it or they wouldn't have kept on fighting all the time.

Sometimes, after a big fight, they would do something called "rebuilding the party." That is when they were really rough. Rebuilding the party was not just an ordinary fight. It was a riot.

In 1964 the Republicans held a big convention to pick a man to run for President. They fought and called each other funny names for a whole week, and picked Mr. Goldwater.

He could not have been elected President, but he could beat the other Republicans at the convention. That was the object of the rough game the Republicans were playing at the time.

The Republicans who were not for Mr. Goldwater called the Republicans who were for him a bunch of extremists and reactionaries. Those were bad words.

The Republicans who were for Mr. Goldwater called the Republicans who were not for him a bunch of liberals and moderates. Those were very bad words.

Mr. Goldwater ran for President against Mr. Johnson, who was a Democrat. Now Democrats, as you know, also like to fight. But Democrats know when to stop, temporarily.

Mr. Johnson was very good at getting the Democrats to stop fighting and get together for the election. When he saw Republicans wandering around in a dazed

condition, tired of fighting and getting bruises on their heads, Mr. Johnson knew how to get them together with the Democrats where they could find peace. Peace was a big issue in the campaign.

The Democrats and Mr. Johnson won most of the votes in the election, and the Republicans had to turn to "rebuilding the party."

As always it was a very rough and terrible thing. Mr. Rockefeller said everything was Mr. Goldwater's fault. Mr. Nixon said Mr. Rockefeller was a "spoilsport" who had got "his pound of flesh." Mr. Romney said that was a bad thing for Mr. Nixon to have said. Mr. Rockefeller said Mr. Nixon was "peevish" and "a divider" of the party. Mr. Smylie said Mr. Goldwater and his friends were "on the wrong side" of everything, and he, Mr. Smylie, thought he could call some Republicans together to take over the party. Somebody said the rest of them

ought to quit rocking the boat, and Mr. Lindsay said "How can you rock a boat this is already sunk?"

These were the peacemakers who were talking that way. The Republicans who weren't peacemakers were talking rougher.

Nobody could tell exactly who was running the party in most of the country because the peacemakers were having fights all over the place. In a few states in the South, some men called Redixicans—a mixture of Republicans and Dixiecrats, don't you see?—were running the party. They were fairly happy, but that made a lot of the peacemakers madder than they already were.

Anyway, a big meeting of peacemakers was arranged to rebuild the party. The police or the National Guard should have stepped in right then, before it was too late. It should have been obvious that any more peacemaking was more than the Republican party could stand.

The Public Speaking

Correction Made In Item About Mrs. Joan Bracey

To the Editor:
Two weeks ago, when I saw the account of the death in Norfolk of Mrs. Joan Silver Bracey, I knew there was an error in one of the names. However, I thought someone would correct it, thereby identifying the family a little better, especially to those who knew them when they lived here.

The mother of the young woman who died was Mrs. Ruth (not Joan) Welch Silver, wife of Henry, a bricklayer, later a policeman here. Ruth's sister, Mrs. H. H. (Buster) Elder of Siler City was the daughter of Mrs. Decia J. Welch, who bought Mrs. Hayes' Shop from Mrs. Claude Hayes. As I recall it, Mrs. Welch died about 1946, but Ruth Silver (mother of Joan) died as a young woman.

Henry and Ruth Silver lived in a brick house just across the avenue, on Page Street, from the R. W. Tate's (where my husband and I had an apartment), when Joan was small, before we built our house on Rhode Island Avenue.

MRS. DAN R. McNEILL
Southern Pines

'Medicare' Not Wanted, Retired Person States

To the Editor:
The following is an expression of the many people with whom I have talked:

Most of us retired people do not want "Medicare." It will only give all the psychosomatics a free call, when really ill people need the doctors' time. Obviously, those who cannot afford doctors' fees should be cared for. Some system ought to be worked out by clearance as to need, between the doctors and the local welfare society. This would bar the indolent and lazy who prefer to go on unemployment relief rather than work.

Many doctors I know are giving free service to needy persons without making an issue of it.
HAZEL B. McDONALD
Hollywood Hotel

(Editor's Note: To avoid confusion, we remind the writer that doctors' fees are not included among the payments proposed in the "Medicare" bill now before Congress. Presumably, with "Medicare" paying hospital, nursing home and certain other medical bills, more patients would be able to pay their doctors. There is already, of course, a well established system for paying the medical bills of indigent persons on welfare rolls.)

ELEVATION

It takes a great deal of elevation of thought to produce a very little elevation of life.
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Grains of Sand

Ingenuity

Some time ago on a trip to Wyoming, we had a close-up view of the ingenuity of a prairie-dog, one of the marmot type of small animals. The little fat creature was close outside the low window of our cabin, and he was nibbling about in the tall grass that grew there.

It was some kind of wheat or rye and the tops were thick with seeds. The prairie-dog kept looking up at them, but they were way out of his reach; even when he sat up they were more than a foot high up above his head. He peered and peered and thought and thought.

Then the idea came. Swiftly he reached up and grabbed hold of a tall spear of grass, then, hand over hand, he drew it down, gobbling off the top with its juicy seeds and let go. It snapped erect again, and then immediately he grabbed the next spear and hauled it down.

Before you could say "prairie-dog," he had topped the heads of every stem and was heading for the next patch of tall grass.

Gourmet

From Billy Arthur's column in The Chapel Hill Weekly comes an amusing definition and a bit of cooking lore with a surprise ending:

Stuart Sechrist likes to cook and otherwise putter around the kitchen.

He was telling us about a chicken dish he recently concocted.

"Some almonds, some mushrooms, some wine..."

The Missus interrupted him. "You sound like a gourmet."

"I am," Stu said. "You know what a gourmet is?"

"He's a glutton in a tuxedo."

Then, he went on to tell what else he put in it and how long he cooked it. "But I never make it the same way twice."

The Missus wanted to know what he called it.

"We call it Chicken a la Here King," Stu said. "If it doesn't taste good, we take it to the back door and holler, 'Here King, here King.' King is our dog."

"Play It Again!"

"There's an old fiddler's dance tune that goes by the name of 'The Last of Callahan.' A gay tune, it is, but the story that goes with it is grim.

There was a fiddler called Callahan and there was none could equal him at the dances. But Callahan got in trouble, bad trouble. He was sentenced to be hung. As his last wish Callahan asked that he be allowed to play one more tune. And they said: yes; because there were many fiddlers in the crowd and many who had danced to his fiddling.

So Callahan stood in the wagon and, with the noose about his neck, he played the best dance tune of all, the one that only he could play. And at the end he drew his bow in a long strong chord across the four strings and there was silence.

And then Callahan spoke to the crowd. He said that now his end was come he would give his precious violin to the one who would come forward and play the tune. But still there was silence and no one offered. He had played so wild and fine there was not a man would attempt it after him.

So then Callahan raised his fiddle high in air and smashed it down against the rump of the mule and the wagon moved out from under his feet.

But there was no one would fiddle for Callahan's dancing.

Here's How!

Remember Molotov and his namesake cocktail? Now we meet, as the new Soviet Premier, Mr. Kosygin.

Are the Russians slipping? If it was vodka or calvados, now, it would be more in character, but gin, and cozy gin at that! Sounds more like Dickens's old Sary Gacy than a Russian head man.

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