

# 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.

## Goldwaterism: Dead-End Road

As told without words in today's cartoon, the discredited followers of Senator Goldwater, from both parties, are the center of national attention and appear puzzled as to what comes next.

It seems incredible that the Arizona Republican who dragged the GOP down to the worst defeat it has experienced in nearly 30 years can continue to lead his party. The defects of the Goldwater philosophy are so abiding and inflexible that they will be just as repugnant to the bulk of the American people in 1968 as they are in 1964. Because that philosophy—challenging the basic premises of modern democratic capitalism—is not one that can be expected to change, grow or develop with the times. It is looking backward today and can be counted on to keep on looking backward, no matter how far it is extended into the future.

"Goldwater Republicans," therefore, must either resign themselves to continuing defeat and rejection or adjust themselves to support a new and more enlightened leader.

As for "Goldwater Democrats," we hope that they, too, will see the light and that they can then adjust their conservatism to the sort that can function constructively, as a certain brand of conservatism has in the past, within the Democratic Party. Or, if they can't in good

conscience return to the Democratic fold, let them join the non-Goldwater Republicans in wresting the GOP from the Goldwater extremists during the next four years.

Extending the analogy of the cartoon, we'd say that the real extremists who latched on to Goldwater (and received his encouragement) — isolationists, racists, sowers of doubt and suspicion and fear—are the true political black sheep in the United States today. Yet, in their characteristic misreading of the temper of the times, they now see themselves as riding high, basking in the glow of some 26 million votes cast for the Arizona senator, only a fraction of which votes, thank goodness, actually endorse their radical views.

The crushing defeat handed Senator Goldwater must surely have given pause to many Americans who voted for him. No matter how thick-skinned they are, they must, in large numbers, be asking themselves why the nation as a whole voted two to one against them.

A good question, indeed. No wonder the black sheep in the cartoon look perplexed. The nation can only hope that this perplexity, as often happens, is a prelude to a new kind of understanding and a change of course.

## The Congo Grows Darker

The state of things in the Congo is growing more and more confused, more and more threatening. As in Viet Nam, the United States seems to be sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. Why—the question is on many lips—why should the United States be so deeply involved?

The nature of the last involvement and the circumstances surrounding it add to the mystery and the unease. American planes were used to transport Belgian paratroopers for the attack on Stanleyville and the hoped-for rescue of the white hostages. It is wonderfully lucky that the planes were available and were so well-manned. We must be ever fervently thankful for every life that was saved from that dreadful holocaust of savagery; at the same time it is not possible to keep from wishing that the make-up and subsequent actions of the passenger forces had been different, and Americans not involved.

From the start of the Congo troubles, the Belgians have been under a cloud, and it is a cloud which has darkened their reputation for many years. The history of Belgian colonization, starting with exploitation of the natives under the old emperor, Leopold, and the discovery of

the diamond mines in Belgium's Katanga province, has been a blot on the escutcheon of this small but powerful country. Belgian mercenaries have been severely criticized during recent years, for their severity and even cruelty and the Belgian government's hasty and irresponsible departure from Katanga, leaving virtual chaos behind, has been blamed for much of the present trouble. For these reasons, it is a pity that American planes had to be used to transport the Belgian paratroopers, thus involving the good name of this nation in the vengeful slaughter of rebel tribesmen carried out by the Belgians.

It is all very well to say that such things don't count and that the rebels fully deserved their fate. That is not the point. The tribesmen were acting as they have always acted in such a crisis: beating, killing, even, it is reported, horribly eating the flesh of their victims. But the rescue troops had centuries of civilization behind them. It is sad that the Belgian troops forgot their training and the implications of their UN role. It is unfortunate, for the American image, that United States forces should be associated with the undisciplined Belgian actions.

## What Price Progress?

When you see a dam being built, or hear about it, that means progress is going on. It means power, light, heat. It means good things. It also may mean bad things. Sometimes the bad may cancel out the good.

Up in Alaska, for instance, progress is coming—and with it a great, tragic loss.

On the Yukon River, 700 miles from the settlements of the coast, the Army Engineers and Alaska power interests are all set to build Rampart Dam.

This will be the biggest dam in the western world. The lake which it will create will be as large as Lake Erie and will take 30 years to fill; power generated at the dam will reach to lower California and back into the western states as far East as Idaho and Montana. And the

## Good Job, Well Done

After years of community service, Southern Pines is finding the Junior Chamber of Commerce—more familiarly known as the Jaycees—about as close to indispensable as any private organization can be. They are long on doing and short on talking. And the community benefits.

Recently, it was the Jaycees' fine management of the Golf Carousel—an event that pleased hundreds of visitors to the Sandhills—that led us to praise them. Today, we are thinking about the new downtown Christmas decorations for which they not only took the initiative in raising funds from business people but actually hoisted into place, with an assist from some local firms' equipment, giving their time and energy at an early Sunday morning hour which anybody feels he has a right to claim as his own.

We like the new decorations. We think they add to the attractiveness of the town at this fast-approaching holiday season. They are a good compromise between the necessary sparkle and the excessive garishness that too often characterizes such displays.

For the town, we say: Well done, Jaycees!



IF TAIWAN INDEPENDENCE IS ASSURED

## For Recognizing Communist China

From The New York Times

The General Assembly of the United Nations will soon meet again, and there is a chance that it will seat Communist China among its members.

Even if this development is postponed for a year, it is surely going to take place sooner or later. When it does happen, over the protest and against the determined opposition of the United States, American prestige will suffer a blow, American influence in the Assembly will be sapped and the United States will find itself at odds with its major allies.

There is no good reason why all this should happen. On the contrary, as we have said many times in the last few years, there are sound reasons why the United States should seize the opportunity to break with the barren record of the past, take a fresh look at the alternatives at hand, recognize Communist China and withdraw opposition to the seating of Communist China in the Assembly—always provided, of course, that the people on the Island of Taiwan are assured of the right to determine their own future, including separate membership in the UN. This proviso is essential; and if the mainland Chinese refuse to accept membership on such terms, the fault would be theirs, not ours.

The first sound policy for adopting a new Chinese policy, and doing so boldly and promptly, is the basic wisdom of the

doctrine of "universality"—that is, the belief that all countries should be brought into the fold of the United Nations, where they can at least be consistently exposed to its moderating influence. Similarly, diplomatic recognition of China would be in accordance with the doctrine that such recognition should be extended to any de facto government without passing judgment upon its morals or its policies.

The second sound reason for both recognition and admission to the UN is that the United States cannot dodge the fact, particularly now that Communist China knows how to construct the atomic bomb, that it is impossible to make any realistic agreements concerning such matters as disarmament without reference to the position of the most powerful nation in Asia. The United States knows this to be true and has at least partially admitted it to be true: for a dozen years this Government has pretended that the Chinese Communist Government did not exist, yet has simultaneously carried on negotiations with it through diplomatic channels in Poland.

A third good reason for adopting this aboveboard approach is the chance, at least minimal, that it will help to break the dreary and exhausting deadlock now prevailing in the Far East. The United States is shoulder-deep in the morass of an almost hopeless

war in South Vietnam and skirting by a narrow margin other troublesome involvements. The power of Communist China is a basic factor in this situation. A shift of policy in Washington and in the United Nations might conceivably help to break this deadlock elsewhere.

The new Administration, in which the electorate has just overwhelmingly expressed its confidence, is in an excellent position to undertake this change of direction. We believe, and have believed for years, that the American people are adult enough and perceptive enough to recognize both the existence of Communist China and the wisdom of bowing to the inevitability of its admission to the United Nations.

## The Public Speaking

Visitor Finds Cemetery Appears More Run-Down To the Editor:

I am a former resident of Southern Pines and have just returned from a two-week visit there.

My wife is buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery which is owned and operated by the Town. In recent years I cannot help but note the pretty little cemetery which used to be so well kept looks more run-down each time.

I spent a couple of hours weeding my plot—and weeds are numerous all over the cemetery. The roads are full of ruts. Some pine needles have been raked and left in piles, but in the old part of the cemetery, the pine needles have been left all over the graves. In former years, rye grass was planted and a tinge of green appeared during the fall. The grave next to my lot had a cave-in.

There used to be an attendant who worked in the cemetery five days a week from 9 to 5. At the town hall, I was told I would find him there, but during my stay I drove through the cemetery around 3 p. m., on three different days, and he was not there.

A longtime resident of Southern Pines said the former city manager had a deep interest in keeping the cemetery and town pretty and that the town employee at the cemetery had a full-time job, but that now this worker probably spent part of his time elsewhere.

I hope you can bring this to attention of the citizens of Southern Pines and that some good may come out of it.

DOUGLAS JOSCELYN  
208 Greenway Road  
Salina, Kan.

Reader Praises Article On UN Dues, Last Week

To the Editor:  
Thank you for publishing, in last week's paper, the explanation of the USSR position on the UN dues. Ordinarily, I look for such material in New York or Washington dailies, but nowhere else, so far, have I seen as clear an account of the case.

W. W. WHITMAN  
Southern Pines

## Grains of Sand

You Have To Be Somewhere

A 16-year-old boy is in court charged with stealing an automobile. The car belongs to his grandmother with whom he was living and the grandmother swore out the warrant for her grandson's arrest.

The judge's questions turn loose an avalanche of troubles and complaints from the old lady.

"He live with me but I can't do anything with him. I tell him don't do this an' don't do that, he go right on an' do it. I tell him he can't have the car less'n somebody be with him but he pay me no mind. He take it, run around in it. And then he stole it, yessir, judge, STOLE it. Make off with it an' got stuck. . . ." The old lady glares at the boy where he sits, slumped down, long thin legs twisted around the legs of the chair.

The judge asks the boy: "How long you been living with your grandmother?"

Boy: "About a year, maybe."

Judge: "You know, you must do what people say when you stay in a person's house." No answer. "Do you like living there with your grandmother?" the judge asks, and, as an afterthought: "How many people are living in the house?"

Boy: "Eleven."

"Thirteen," cuts in the grandmother.

Judge: "Thirteen! In that house?" He is gazing at the boy, then: "They say your mother lives here. Why aren't you living with her?"

Boy: "She don't want me."

"Do you want to go on staying with your grandmother?"

The boy starts to speak and the old lady bursts into protests: "Judge, I can't take him. He too hard. He just want to get in my car again and ride. You know he will."

Judge: "You know your father wrote from Florida and said he'd send money for a ticket so you could go down there and stay with him. You want to do that?"

Boy, after long pause: "How long does I have to stay?"

Judge, sighing: "That's not the point. You're going to have to be somewhere. There's no room at Morrison Training School; they have a waiting list of more than 60 now. You have to be somewhere."

Boy: "Does I?" The judge looks at him blankly. "Yessuh," says the boy.

Result? The case was not pressed.

"I'm not going to list this case," says the judge. "At least I won't give him a criminal record."

Happy Dogs

From the Cyrus Butler's daughter, Nancy, via her Aunt Helen of Valhalla, out on the Morgan Road, comes an exuberant letter that should tickle all who love the sun, love something gay and love dogs. (In other words just about everybody.)

The letter was written from La Paz, in Bolivia, where Nancy is teaching mathematics in the University as a member of the U. S. Peace Corps.

Here is a bit of it: "Our weather is approaching summer. Today has been exquisite. I got up early and took a walk in the bright sunlight."

"As I strolled through the streets I came suddenly upon a number of dogs, a common sight hereabouts, but there was something most peculiar about these dogs. Every one was decked out in bright ribbons. Someone had felt for these unfortunate wanderers and had dressed them up."

"One in particular caught my eye. He was seated in a patch of warm sun in a quiet side street, enjoying the glory of the day. A pink ribbon hung from his neck and there was a red bow on one front paw and a soft blue bow on the other. In himself, this dog was decorated, his white coat was a mass of curls. Never have I seen a dog look so happy!"

## THE PILOT

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—JAMES BOYD