

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.

Police Chief C. E. Newton

When a community loses a beloved and deeply respected public officer, something happens. The feel of the place is affected: its streets, its parks and playgrounds; its people are different. It is as if a piece of the community's structure had suddenly fallen away.

A void is there, in that community backdrop, where before there was a strong wall. A person could set his shoulders against such a wall and because it was there behind him, could face with greater confidence life's problems. In the death of Chief Ed Newton, the town structure has been shaken; the town feels lost and bereft.

Chief Newton was not only the finest police chief that Southern Pines ever had, he was one of the finest in the state, looked up to by his fellow officers, by the Bar, by all who associated with him and knew his work. He was known for his ability, his fairness, his kindness, his devotion to his duty. Beginning police work as a young officer with little experience, his official stature grew as he reached out constantly in search of knowledge, until this police department became one of the best equipped and best run in any town of this size.

All this must be noted in any estimate of Ed Newton's career, but when it comes to the Chief's character as a person, only the people of this town can testify to the full measure of its excellence and its influence.

Ed Newton was the grandson of Squire Shaw, the first mayor of Southern Pines. He was brought up in the old Shaw House, now a historic shrine. He has known and followed the fortunes of every child who went to school here, where his own children went to school. His love of young people and his kindness to them was proverbial. He has entered into the

pleasures of the town and into its difficulties and, many and many a time, he has stood by those in trouble. He has worked unceasingly to maintain order and decency here and he has succeeded to a remarkable degree.

In the sudden shock of the news of his tragic death, there was anger, horror: "Why?" people asked, "Why should such a fine man come to such a violent, seemingly uncalculated-for death?"

It seems likely, as one considers the terrible event, that it happened as it did partly because of Chief Newton's character. On the surface the police action appears a blazing gun battle, the kind of "raid" that was actually very seldom carried out by this department, for Chief Newton did his work as quietly as possible; he believed in trying everything before recourse to arms. It is perhaps this which brought about his death. For, though there had been threats and the man was known to be unbalanced and vicious, still the Chief tried to talk to him. He had talked to him before and he was trying to talk to him again when he was mowed down on the stairway where he stood, his gun still in its holster.

Chief Newton's death was in the highest tradition of courage and devotion to duty of his calling. It is a calling that is constantly demanding of its followers that they expose themselves to mortal danger in their battle against crime. The mission on which the Southern Pines police force was called Friday night seemed likely to be a very dangerous one. When there was such a mission to be carried out, Chief Ed Newton went with his men.

Surely this fine man's record of understanding service to his community, of devotion to duty, of indomitable courage will live to be an inspiration to the people of the town he loved so well and to those who will follow in his footsteps.

Safeguarding Children

The last talk we had with Chief Newton, on the morning of the day he was killed, was about what a community could do to protect children from molestation by sexually abnormal persons.

The subject, of course, has been in every one's mind since the terrible New York case—the rape-murder of a four-year-old girl.

We agreed that the parents have primary responsibility here; they should warn children not to accompany a stranger anywhere—into a car, to a house or room or to vacant lots or any lonely section of a community.

It was also agreed that the matter should be presented to children in a way that would not terrify them but would make them sensibly alert to the potential peril. Very young children can hardly be made to understand, and with them,

there is no substitute for supervision by adults or older children. They should never be allowed to wander around alone.

Chief Newton said that when children tell parents about strange or abnormal behaviour on the part of an adult, the parents should immediately notify the police department. They should not attempt to go looking for the suspected person themselves. There is nothing they can do to help.

We told the chief we would publish these warnings.

We hope that national indignation over the New York case will lead to a revision of laws that will make it impossible or at least difficult to turn loose a known molester of children after incarceration or mental treatment that may or may not have been successful.

'Spending' vs. 'Investment'

Last week President Kennedy sent a message to Congress concerning preservation of the nation's natural resources. He said that the program he contemplated would cost a great deal of money and referred to this expenditure as "a wise investment today that will return vast dividends tomorrow." Failure to act now, the president said, might be opportunities lost forever.

At the same time that the President was speaking of this program as "an investment", opponents of it and of his administration were calling it a "vast spending program" that should be blocked.

This difference in interpretation is nothing new. Government financing of such things as natural resources, or depressed areas, is always called "spending," though if the government lends a helping hand to shipping magnates, or airline companies, if it subsidizes harbor developments or any other privately-owned project, this is called "investing" in the welfare—or security of the nation. Anything where private ownership enters in is called "investment", but where it doesn't then it's "spending."

Walter Lippmann, that wise man, has some wise words to say about this matter in a recent article:

"There will have to be," he writes, "a certain re-education of American public opinion. More exactly, the clearing away of the confusion which clusters about the highly charged words: 'spending' and 'investment'."

Writes Mr. Lippmann:

"There is, for example, the notion that the public authorities at any government level never invest. They only spend. On the other hand, private corporations and private individuals not only spend but also invest. This leads to the blind prejudice that since governments can only spend, whatever money they use tends to be wasted. On the other hand, whenever private corporations or individuals

invest, that is a good thing and a public benefit.

"This prejudicial use of words confuses public opinion. The money spent privately to make automobiles is prudent investment. But the money spent publicly to build the roads for the automobiles is spending. The money to build a public hospital is spending. But the money to build plants to make the drugs that are dispensed is investment. If a public park is made, that is spending. If a new movie house is built, that is investment.

"It takes good judgment to spend and invest wisely, be it publicly or privately. But that kind of judgment cannot be made at all if we react, like Pavlov's dogs, to the prejudiced sound of words."

Now It's A Home

We keep wondering what's happened to that horse's skull that eight-year-old Terry Sanford, Jr., brought home recently to the Governor's Mansion in Raleigh.

If the Governor and his lady are the people we think they are, we'll bet the skull's still there. For those bones, to an eight-year-old who made an expedition with a shovel to goodness knows what odd corner of the city (his secret), are treasure beyond all the plunder of the conquistadors. Around what home with children do not such treasures exist—a rock, a bone, a crooked stick with some rare meaning to its custodian? Which of us cannot remember, with joy, some such article, worthless to all the world except ourselves?

Eight years old: sense enough, courage enough, imagination enough to go treasure hunting—but child enough to dig for, and sweat for, to love and cherish—a horse's skull. And not to understand why grownups don't think it's beautiful, too.

A horse's skull in the Mansion: evidence of a little boy's adventure and delight. Now the Mansion is a home indeed.

"Allow Me To Introduce Myself—"



'SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY'

President Praises Robert Frost

The appearance of Robert Frost—86-year-old poet who recited impressively at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy—at Chapel Hill last Friday night drew hundreds of persons to Memorial Hall on the University of North Carolina campus.

Mr. Frost, who has seen his following of poetry lovers grow over half a century while some other contemporary poets waned in popularity, has been filling Memorial Hall for many years, so intensely loyal is his North Carolina audience.

But this year, he came to Chapel Hill not only as a wise, witty and marvelously sensitive artist, but as a symbol of a new recognition of poetry and perhaps all the arts as a natural resource, as part of the nation's spiritual wealth, a means of expressing the inner thoughts and yearnings of people with whom government also must deal.

On the Sunday before he appeared at Chapel Hill, Mr. Frost was honored on the CBS television program, "Accent"—and among persons paying tribute to him was President Kennedy himself: perhaps the first time a chief executive has humbly, intelligently and understandingly praised a poet.

Here are the President's words on that momentous occasion:

"There is a story that some years ago an interested mother wrote to a principal of a school, 'Don't teach my boy poetry, he's going to run for Congress.'"

"I've never taken the view that the world of politics and the world of poetry are so far apart. I think politicians and poets, share at least one thing and that is that their greatness depends upon the courage with which they face the challenges of life.

"There are many kinds of courage—bravery under fire, the courage to risk reputation and friendship and career for convictions which are deeply held. But perhaps the rarest courage of all—and the skill to pursue it is given to very few men—is the courage to wage a silent battle to illuminate the nature of man and the world in which he lives.

"This is Robert Frost's courage and the towering skill and daring which are his in penetrating many of the mysteries which surround our life have brought him a well-deserved recognition which has been given to few men in our time.

"Robert Frost is often characterized as an American poet, or a New England poet, and he is, of course, all of these things. For the temper of his region and of his nation has provided a good deal of the meter and the tone in which he has dealt. But he is not a poet bounded by geography and he will live as a poet of the life of man, of the darkness and despair, as well as the hope, which is in his case limited by a certain skepticism; and also for his wit and understanding of man's limitations which lie be-

hind all of man's profoundest statements.

"I asked Robert Frost to come and speak at the Inauguration, not merely because I was desirous of according a recognition to his trade but also because I felt that he had something important to say to those of us who were occupied with the business of government; that he would remind us that we were dealing with life, the hopes and fears of millions of people, and also to tell us that our own deep convictions must be the ultimate guide to all of our actions.

"He has said it well in a poem called 'Choose Something Like a Star,' in which he speaks of the fairest star in sight and says: 'It asks little of us here. It asks of us a certain height. So when at times the mob is swayed to carry Praise or blame too far, We may choose something like a star, To stay our mind on and be stayed.'"

"For that insight of Robert Frost and for all the others carved with such toil from a long life, men everywhere are grateful."

The Public Speaking

Rep. Kitchin's Stand on Enlarging House Rules Committee Questioned

To the Editor:

In early February the representative from our Congressional district, A. Paul Kitchin, sent a letter to his constituents in which he defended his vote against enlarging the House Rules Committee.

This letter is written to question some of the propositions and implications of Mr. Kitchin's letter, and to set the record straight for the people of Moore County and the 8th district.

Mr. Kitchin's written remarks would lead his constituents to believe that it is a fairly easy task to bring a bill to the Floor of the House for debate and vote when it is the will of a majority of the House members. Such is not the case in the House, and anyone at all familiar with what goes on there, especially Mr. Kitchin, is aware of this fact.

Let us examine some points raised in his letter, in light of what actually happens in the House:

A bill can bypass the Rules Committee by coming to the Floor under "suspension of the rules," which permits only 40 minutes of debate and no amendments. But an important item of legislation has little prospect of getting by in this way, because suspension of the rules requires a two-thirds majority. On three occasions since Rep. Smith of Virginia became Rules Committee chairman in 1955, Speaker Rayburn has tried to get a blocked bill past the Rules Committee through suspension of the rules, and all three times he failed. Yet, Mr. Kitchin fails to mention these important facts in his letter.

Even for bills that cannot command a two-thirds majority, there are two possible detours around the Rules Committee, as Mr. Kitchin mentions. But they are very difficult roads and rarely traveled—which Mr. Kitchin does not mention. Any Congressman can drag a bill out of the Rules Committee if he can get a majority of the entire membership of the House to sign a "dis-

charge petition," but many members disapprove of this approach and refuse to sign a petition even when they favor a stalled bill. The House has had some kind of discharge procedure for a half-century, but only two measures have ever been enacted into law after being forced out of the Rules Committee by a discharge petition. Yet, Mr. Kitchin states that this procedure has been used "successfully on several occasions."

The other route is the "Calendar Wednesday" procedure. On Wednesdays, a committee chairman can call a bill to the Floor without the consent of the Rules Committee, but under conditions that make it possible for opponents to stall the bill to death. This device has been used only once in the last ten years. Yet, Mr. Kitchin does not mention these facts to his constituents.

Fortunately, despite Mr. Kitchin's vote, the House Rules Committee was enlarged, and all the bills in the President's program have a good chance of coming to the floor of the House for a vote.

Of course, the acid test of Mr. Kitchin's intent in his House Rules vote will come when the President's legislative program is voted upon in the House. His vote for or against such programs as minimum wage, medical care for the aged, unemployment compensation, and federal aid to education—programs vitally needed by a majority of the people of the 8th district and of North Carolina—will be most instructive.

Certainly, no one would deny Mr. Kitchin's contention that he worked "unceasingly for the straight Democratic ticket during the last campaign." But this is not the point at issue now. Of real importance is how responsible a Representative is to his constituents by giving them the facts, and how well he represents the interests of the majority of those who elected him.

WILLIAM E. JACKSON, JR. West End

Grains of Sand

Bow-Wow, Yourself!

Not long ago the state symphony orchestra was playing a modern composition that employed several unusual sound effects, among them the loud bark of a dog. This was produced back stage from a tape recording of a real dog barking.

The orchestra was playing to a large audience, very attentive and quiet. Director Benjamin Swalin, leading with his accustomed concentration, swept the players forward to the moment when that sharp, clear bark came from the wings: "Bow-wow!"

What was the astonishment when the bark was answered by another just as loud and sharp from the back of the hall!

Dr. Swalin almost dropped his baton, the orchestra jumped in their chairs; somehow they played on. There were two other spots in the score where the barking rang out again and when the first measure came everybody held his breath. But there was no answer.

The mystery remained unsolved for some time till, quite by accident, Dr. Swalin ran across a young girl in a nearby city, a blind girl with a Seeing Eye Dog on leash. They chatted, and, suddenly struck by the thought, he asked: "Was it by any chance your dog that barked at the concert?"

"Yes," she laughed, "it was." "But he only barked that first time," said the director.

"I made him hush after that," said the girl.

Dr. Swalin patted the shepherd's shaggy head: "You join the orchestra and bark with us any time," he said.

Assets: Cats

Miss Nancy Cotton, of Brighton, England, has 64 cats. And nothing else. At all. In fact, less than nothing. To the tune of \$14,061.60.

She makes just enough money by playing the piano in local night-spots to feed the cats. Nothing left over to pay her debts.

Most of the debts involve one kindly theatrical producer, but he doesn't like cats. Even if she'd let them go.

Impasse while pussies purr.

Mad Lids

Ever have a craving to let out a great shout on some most inappropriate occasion? Ever have a wild desire to do the utterly unexpected thing, just to see what would happen?

The answer in this quarter is: yes. And listening to the Weatherman on the radio the other morning we found ourselves suddenly wondering if he (Bill, isn't it?) was ever seized with one of those outrageous impulses.

Bill was chatting along, getting warmed up for the usual ad lib spiel with plenty of "huhs" and calling the other fellow's name (Chet?) all the time. Bill finally gave Chet his cue and, playing it back, Chet started the game with: "If you don't mind, Bill, I'd like to read a few reports, huh?"

And Bill says: "Thanks, Chet, but I really don't care for the idea at all."

Only he doesn't say it. Instead there is that warm, baked-apple-pley voice:

"Wwwhhhhyyyyy, Chet." Bill groans: "I'd LIKE for you to do just that."

And Chet undoubtedly obliges, only we gave way to that impulse about then and turned the thing off.

Anyway, it was raining and there wasn't a bit of use for Chet to read that report.

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