

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.

"It Was A Disgrace The Way Our Wages Had Been Held Down!"

Grains of Sand

Birds of Ill Omen
Why are the snow geese staying this year instead of flying on north to the icebergs?
At first we thought they were just cooperating with the Conservation and Development boys' entreaties to help us prolong the season, but we're beginning to wonder. Maybe they decided they could stay right in Carolina and save the trip.

The Cat's Whiskers
The J. D. McConnell family report a bird with whiskers visiting their feeder.
An inspired catbird, perhaps? Or maybe a bobolink.
Page Miss Haynes; she'll know.

Big Daddy Adlai
It delights us beyond words to hear that Adlai Stevenson was named "Father of the Year." Mostly because it must have given his dignity such a fit.

Some folks are even betting that he started that fire in the Triborough Bridge that delayed him from getting to the celebration in time for the TV show.
When he did get there, though, he was in his usual form, flashing his quips about, with a good many aimed at himself.

"The American Father," he said, "has come upon sorry times; he is the butt of the comic strips, the boob of the radio and TV serials, and the favorite stogie of all our professional comedians. Let's face it: father has become a dodo, a simpleton, an object of mirth."
Well, self-deprecation has always been Father Stevenson's favorite sport.

More About This Father's Day
Adlai was not alone in his glory. He was the Big Daddy of the show, but there were lots of others. There was Stage Father Of The Year, Radio Father OTY, TV Father OTY, Sports Father OTY, Literary Father OTY. There was even Husband-and-Wife Father—no, no, that must be wrong. But the news story does say that Arlene Francis and Martin Gabel got it.
And Kim Stanley, actress, was named Father's Day Woman of the Year. Must have been a big day for her, we'd think.

Red, White, and Blue Perhaps?
Sandhillers are watching with interest to see what will come of Libby Rudel Smith's proposal to add a little color to her job as United States Treasurer. She suggested—if you didn't know—that bills be printed in different colors.

What are the chances? Pretty good, we'd say: that is if she can overcome opposition certain to come from two oddly assorted groups. One will be the Hon. Francis Walters and his House committee, Representative Walter Judd, the DARS, American Legion and the Chicago Trip et al.

When these folks discover that the Italians, the French, the Dutch and a bunch of other foreigners—not to mention the you-know-whos—have always printed their money in different colors, what a shout of: "Un-American!" will go up!

And then there's The South. The thought of "colored money" is enough to start the whole caboodle marching, or sitting or riding buses, right into the Republican Camp: NAACP, KKK, Citizens and all.

Good luck, though, Libby! We're all for you. We knew all the time you weren't just going to sit there and sign your name.

An Exciting Idea
President Kennedy's new proposal of a Federal scholarship plan would offer our schools and colleges the finest opportunity we have ever had in this country to open up educational opportunities to talented young people no matter how needy.

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Warning From Texas

The election of Texas Republican John Tower over the incumbent Democratic senator, William A. Blakley, should be a lesson to all North Carolina Democrats. It is a lesson particularly applicable to those of the Eighth District of which Moore County is a part.

Blakley of Texas was beaten, according to all accounts, because of his strongly Republican voting record. Real Democrats in Texas stayed away by the thousands from the polls. Blakley had voted with the Republicans in Congress on practically all issues; had voted consistently against President Kennedy's program. Furthermore, he voted for Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956, along with Texas Governor Shivers and other turncoats.

Texas has now elected a Republican to the Senate for the first time in its history. Tower is a reactionary conservative, by all reports, as was Blakley; there is little to choose between the political philosophy of the two men, but Texas elected the one who was enrolled under the banner of the party that expressed his own convictions, especially the conservative Goldwater wing of that party. While regretting that Tower's election adds another Republican to the Senate rolls, it is hard not to feel

that the Democrats in Texas had it coming to them in not picking a real Democrat for their candidate.

It seems likely that the planned redistricting in North Carolina will pit a Republican against a Democrat in the Eighth District. The Texas election should be a warning to all Eighth District Democrats that they had better choose the right man or he may not stand a chance. At present the district is represented by a congressman not unlike the defeated Blakley, as far as his half-hearted support of the administration's program is concerned or his strongly conservative personal views.

As Moore County Democrats look ahead to the next election, they had better start thinking. It would surely be a good idea to find a candidate more in line than the incumbent with the aims of the administration, more alert to the needs of this changing world and the widely expanding responsibilities of state and nation. But we must not only get the best man, we must get him elected. Only a candidate of stature, one who truly represents all the people of this progressive district, can get out the votes in what may be a close election. Only with such a man can we be sure that this district will not suffer a Texas-style defeat.

More Deserving

The Newton Memorial Fund Committee has been in a difficult position because it could not definitely announce the purpose for which the fund will be used until it knew how much money would be given—yet it is possible that a number of persons have hesitated about giving until they knew definitely how the money will be handled.

As things stand now, the committee favors a suggestion that the income from the \$1,400 or \$1,500 in the fund be used by the chief of police to help young people in trouble with the law, or young people who might be kept out of trouble with the encouragement that a small gift or loan might bring. The case of a boy bordering on delinquency for whom the late Chief C. E. Newton bought, from his own pocket, a second-hand bike, so that the boy could take a paper route, was cited as an example of the kind of help envisioned for the fund.

The committee hopes, nevertheless, that the fund will grow enough so that the original aim (requiring a principal of \$5,000 or more) of using income for an incentive award for high school students in both local high schools can be realized.

We urge that this plan not be abandoned and that persons who may have been holding off on giving show their generosity now, with no strings attached.

Chief Newton's lifetime of service to young folks in or near trouble should be honored by more than has been given so far.

Pointing The Way

For the second successive year, the Southern Pines Elks lodge has brought more than 100 golfers—all Elks members from North and South Carolina and Virginia—here for a successful golf tournament in May.

Now comes word that the lodge is expecting to invite Elks from throughout the nation to compete in the tournament next year, presumably also making the event larger in number of players.

More and more talk is heard about year-round operations in the Sandhills. Two Pinehurst hotels are going on a year-round schedule. Motels and some local hotels also remain open all year.

We met a man last summer who had come here to play golf in July. He said Sandhills heat was comfort compared to the steaming temperatures he had left in one of the Ohio valley cities. He was having a wonderful time, wondering why Sandhills golf courses weren't crowded with summer visitors.

The Elks national tournament, if it becomes a reality, could be a stepping-stone to increasing off-season activity in the Sandhills.

Dempsey Ernest Bailey

This community was shocked last week by the death of Dempsey Ernest Bailey, one of its most widely known and best liked residents.

Though he retired from active work as railroad agent and justice of the peace more than five years ago, Mr. Bailey was by no means on the shelf. Since then, he had served on the town council, served as town treasurer, held office in the Democratic party, traveled with members of his family (a house trailer for a planned trip to California was delivered only two days before his death) and had been greeting friends and getting around town with all the personal interest, enthusiasm and vigor that were characteristic of him throughout his lifetime.

As a magistrate, Mr. Bailey was known for his fairness, honesty, shrewdness and kindness through four decades of dealing with defendants who came before his court. He tried to use his authority to steer young people out of crime, as well as mete out punishment. If there is anything wrong with the justice of the peace system, it is not because of men like him.

With ancestral roots deep in this area, springing from the proud, simple, rugged Scots folk who settled the Cape Fear Valley, Mr. Bailey had a long life of community service and good citizenship. Of this, the town and his large, devoted family can be proud.

One Law Too Many

If anybody were to offer a bill in the North Carolina General Assembly to stop "freedom riders", lunch-room sit-ins, tests of theatre segregation and other evidences of racial ferment, it would seem unlikely that a representative from a county with no Negro residents would be that man—yet that's what happened.

Rep. Leonard Lloyd of Graham offered his "act to protect and secure people of the State in the enjoyment and use of their property..." on getting word that freedom riders who are testing and challenging bus transportation and bus station segregation in the deep South, were headed toward Tarheelia.

Trusting that this ridiculous piece of special interest legislation has been consigned to the scrap basket by the time these words are read, we feel impelled to protest the bill and any other piece of legislation aimed at special groups in special circumstances, for temporary relief.

There are already too many laws. Legislators should labor to reduce them, rather than add to them, least of all under pressure of specific, hotly argued current events.

Simple, ancient regulations of trespass, disorderly conduct and the like have been serving Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence well for hundreds of years. And defendants, even freedom riders, are or should be considered innocent until proved guilty. Isn't that enough?

Water Is Dangerous!

The sad Western North Carolina accident in which a college dean and his five-year-old son were drowned, apparently during a fishing trip in which they were on a lake in a small boat, points strikingly to danger around water—an ever-present peril that parents, young people and everyone must recognize as the swimming and boating season begins.

Boating accidents are becoming such a wide-spread and serious problem that the State has issued a warning, primarily directed at the thousands of landlubbers who have taken to the water in motor-driven boats with which, in many cases, they are little familiar. Collisions, capsizings, carelessness around swimming areas and other mishandling of boats have become a serious safety problem.

Children must learn, from the age of toddlers, to respect the water. Parents must be ever alert for the carelessness children are sure to show. Each summer brings its tragedies of children drowning in even so little water as a plastic pool or backyard minnow pond.

Parents, youngsters, everybody—take warning!

AMERICANS MUST ACQUIRE:

New Dimensions of Understanding

"A Grassroots Reflection on the Nation" was the title of an article appearing recently in The Chapel Hill Weekly, excerpts from which appear below. Author of the article is Mrs. Walter Spearman, wife of a journalism professor at the University of North Carolina. Her analysis of the lack of communication between Western civilization and restless peoples burdened with poverty and disease is striking—and her suggestion of essential Christianity as the touchstone to understanding of other peoples and of renewed faith in our own future, merits attention.

By MRS. WALTER SPEARMAN

As we walked across the University campus last night in the too-crisp-for comfort air of early May, a group of friends were discussing Mr. Christian Hertig's lecture which we had just heard on "The New Dimension of U. S. Citizenship." We were pondering the inability of the West and especially that of our own country to imbue the rising people of the "developing" countries with our love of freedom and self-government.

Emerging Insight

The words of Mr Hertig's provocative address were not easily put aside. Finally an insight began to emerge—and not just the well-accepted one that these people prefer bread to ballots if they can't have both. The plain historical fact of the matter would seem to be that our revolutionary fervor, even predating the English Bill of Rights of 1688, stemmed from different conditions and had different objectives from the tremendous surge of human striving which is gripping the under-privileged people today.

Ours was essentially, in all its phases—English, French, American, and the others, a struggle for political, social, and religious freedom. The present great tumult is directed toward the rights and privileges which have an economic base. Therefore the same mottoes and slogans, the same methods and means, do not apply. Worst of all for the West, the same motivations do not hold and we are left in a vacuum of understanding. We are not communicating.

Manipulated

However, we are confronted by a world in which varying but always very large proportions of the people are continually said to be under-nourished, poorly housed (if housed at all), lacking medical care, illiterate, and often basically manipulated by a small fraction of the "upper classes" in their own countries—"upper classes" with whom the West has on the whole found it possible to communicate and with whom we have made far too often common cause.

We fulminate against Commun-

nism, which must surely be one of the saddest and cruelest of philosophies ever to fasten on the minds and hearts of men, without being willing to admit how it arose as a Christian heresy in an economic and social impasse which greed and the lust for power had created in the West.

Must Care

For us in the West surely the sine qua non is to understand and then to care about the physical and social plight of the masses which seem to be arrayed against us. If you had never worn shoes and had watched one after another of your children die from lack of medicine and then suddenly one day had these deencies provided, would you choose a ballot instead? Of course not. These provisions for the needs of persons we could have, of course, produced much better in the West and out of our industrial and cultural life, but WE DID NOT.

Enlightened?

Then there developed the really tremendous program of foreign aid on the part of the United States and certain nations of the West. To be honest, this was not simply "enlightened self-interest," but was surely supported by a growing realization that historically and morally it would soon be difficult to justify our holding and revelling in such a highly disproportionate amount of the world's wealth, no matter how we had come by it.

Yet in the administration of this huge and increasing financial outpouring we have far too often allied ourselves with reactionary regimes and put our money in military programs in countries where starvation and poverty still run rife.

Given this evaluation of our predicament—which is historically superficial but perhaps essentially accurate in its broad outlines—what do we do?

For us in the West there would seem to be one best way, a way which once before went a long, long distance in revolutionizing the world: that is the rediscovery

of the basic insights and compulsions of the Christian faith.

Moving Words

This does not mean that we move into Laos or Cuba or the Congo—or even into the somewhat more hospitable and rarefied atmosphere of Berlin—armed with the Presbyterians' Shorter Catechism or the Anglican Prayer Book or even hark back to Luther's Ninety-five Theses. It does mean, on the other hand, that we try to understand again the moving words of Jesus in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel when he pressed the searching questions of the Last Judgment—"When saw we Thee hungry?"—and the rest.

We should seek to rediscover who we are as children of God, whether space-bound or not, and operate in reliance on the God Who made the universes. Nothing less is adequate.

Cause of Freedom

This would produce a renewal of the sense of destiny which in one form or another enabled the Founding Fathers to create this nation, and give us one and all a more enlightened concept of our function and potential even in this fearful world. We might even abandon our feverish concern with Metrecal and where to park the second car, and give ourselves seriously to the half-hearted current efforts toward "disarmament," and the establishment of world law. We could even perhaps discover better ways of winning the "cold war," which is a very hot issue to the revolutionary millions seeking our routine "creature comforts." We just might see that airlifts over the world and Polaris submarines prowling the ocean depths may, after all they are costing us in money and energy and precious human resources, be unable to serve effectively the cause of freedom or even of survival.

Are we willing to undertake this new dimension of understanding, and to commit ourselves and our country to the costly effort of acting upon it in these fateful days?

Less Quantity, More Tastiness?

From The Christian Science Monitor

Time was when the American breadwinner coming home to dinner had put in a day clearing timber or puddling iron. He was ready to stow away a considerable pile of groceries with a view to providing energy for another day.

Not all jobs have been reduced to button-pushing, but enough of a change has taken place to be reflected in American eating habits. With the growth of population, the main increase of food consumption has been in such ethereal items as lettuce and grapefruit rather than lard and potatoes.

One sign of these times is an

item on some chain restaurant and hotel dining room menus which offers a glass of calorie-counted liquid, garnished with a stalk of celery and a couple of slices of cucumber.

Where eating places have made a reputation for hearty food in ample portions, it is hardly to be expected that they will risk queries of "You call that a steak?" by turning tea-shoppes. But viewing the trend toward lighter occupations and statistics on the rising proportion of senior citizens—whose fuel intake does not have to be what it was when they were riding herd on a growing family—there is a place for a certain number of restaurants whose appeal rests not on quantity of food but tastiness.