

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.

Over The First Hurdle

When, last March, hundreds of Moore County residents, meeting in the courthouse at Carthage, literally shouted their approval of a proposal that the county seek allocation of one of the state's proposed two-year, comprehensive community colleges, it was apparent that an extraordinary project had been launched.

Strong popular backing for the college had been expressed throughout the county since that momentous meeting. The county board of education, acting as a steering group, produced one of the state's first—and probably its most impressive—documented applications for a college.

And then, last week, one of the colleges was officially assigned to Moore.

This major development in the educational history of the county and the state can, however, be converted from shadow to substance—from paper to brick and steel—only when Moore County voters approve a bond issue, tentatively estima-

ted at \$1 million, to finance its construction.

We are confident that the people of the county will give this approval, knowing that education—in a world that daily puts increasing emphasis on skill and training, for both young people and adults—is no longer a luxury, but an economic and social necessity for the health and progress of any community.

Now, we join thousands of other Moore residents in rejoicing that the first steps in the effort for the college have been successful. To the county board of education, school officials and others who worked for the college allocation—including State Sen. W. P. Saunders and House Speaker H. Clifton Blue—the county's people should be deeply grateful.

This is a promising beginning, an achievement that should inspire a county-wide shouldering of the tasks that remain before the college is built and put into operation.

'Is That The Real Me?—Let's Hope Not

To answer the GOP Elephant's mirror-directed question, in Bill Sander's cartoon on this page, we'd say, "Let's hope not! Let's profoundly hope not!"

Senator Goldwater, a spendthrift with words and ideas, could bankrupt the Republican party, morally and intellectually, if he becomes its acknowledged leader.

Since his pre-convention-year boomlet was launched several weeks ago, the senator (as contrasted with Governor Rockefeller) has said or done nothing to disavow support from the party's far-right and lunatic fringe, nor to indicate that he would be unwilling to allow the party to embrace the extremism, sectionalism and racism that many of his supporters apparently represent.

We see Senator Goldwater as a not-infrequent American type: a man of charm with a flair for leadership but so

naively, incorrigibly and intemperately loquacious that he sometimes hardly knows what he is saying and later is baffled when the wonderfully sounding words he has spoken are labeled nonsense by listeners he otherwise has reason to respect. He may well be a more sensible man than he seems, but he rarely gives anybody a chance to find that out.

(Example, chosen from many, this one in a field that neither Democrat nor Republican can afford to treat flippantly: his saying that the NAACP "is trying to kill me" and that Roy Wilkins "wants a monarchy or dictatorship" in the United States. Could anything be more irresponsible than that, voiced at the height of the civil rights crisis?)

That simply is not the way a national leader speaks. And a mind like that in the White House would be catastrophe indeed.

'Important Meaning For The World'

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the renowned philosopher and medical missionary, has voiced his support for the Clark-Neuberger bill for humane treatment of experimental animals. In a letter to Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon he said, "The ethic of Reverence for Life obliges us to be watchful always to treat animals with compassion, and all the more so when it concerns those creatures that serve medical research. If you pass such a law in the United States, it will have important meaning for the world."

Senator Joseph S. Clark, chief sponsor of the bill, said, "The bill is modeled on legislation which has been in effect in Great Britain since 1876. All we are trying to do is to see that in the course of conducting the necessary experiments, unnecessary cruelty will not be imposed on helpless creatures but that instead, if a painful operation is necessary, the animals will be anesthetized; and if after the operation they are suffering and cannot recover, that they will be painlessly killed. In general, we wish to give to the animals of our country who, unwittingly and unwillingly, are making such a great contribution to scientific development, the kind of decent treatment we would unhesitatingly give to our own cats and our own dogs."

Senator Neuberger pointed out that the bill is "quietly resting" in Committee. Urging that hearings be held, Senator Clark quoted extensively from articles by Cleveland Amory, noted author and commentator, in the current issues of The Saturday Review and The Saturday Evening Post. "He points out in the August 3 article that as a result of the June 1 article, he received 10,000 letters, 9,000 of them in support of his position and the position the Senator from Oregon and I

Gordon M. Cameron

With the death of Gordon M. Cameron of Pinehurst, Moore County loses one of its most widely known and most respected citizens.

During his 25 years on the board of county commissioners, prior to his retirement from the board in 1958 (he could have been reelected as long as he might have chosen to run for the office), Mr. Cameron gained not only a Moore County but a state-wide reputation for probity and responsibility in office. A former official of the state-wide N. C. Association of County Commissioners said this week that wherever he went around the state several years ago, inquiries were made about Mr. Cameron and admiration for him as a man and public official was expressed.

Mr. Cameron, above all, viewed elective office as a public trust and he made every aspect of county government his

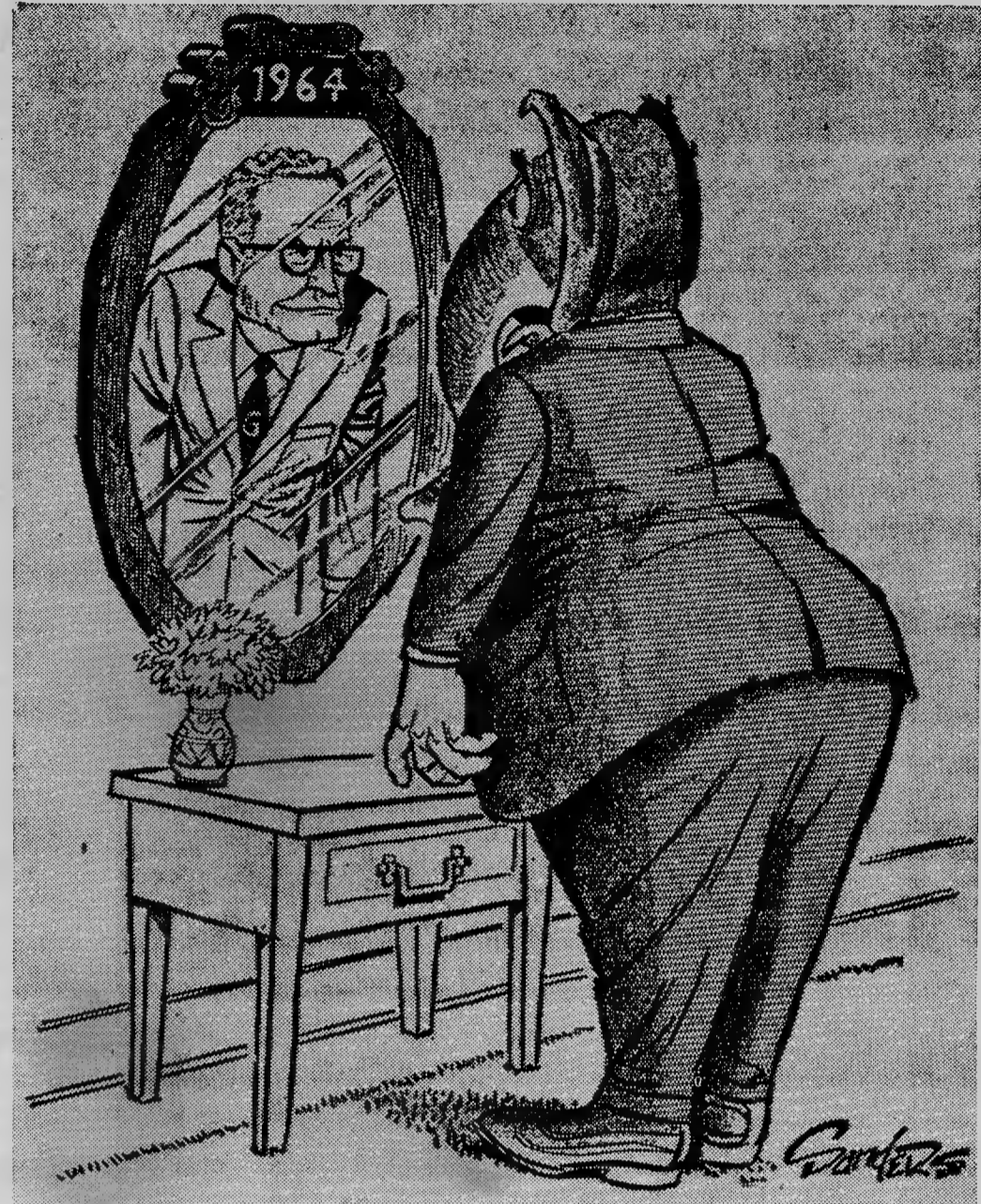
personal concern. The extent to which other members of the board of commissioners looked to him for information and counsel was apparent after his retirement.

Moore County's fiscal integrity was his primary interest and he took great pride in the county's "pay as you go" programs in school construction and other fields, enabling the county to hold its bonded indebtedness at a minimum.

Mr. Cameron's courtesy, humor, kindness and forbearance were unfailing qualities of both his private and public life. He loved Moore County and its people and they gave him their trust for term after term in office.

Moore County's progress in the quarter century of Mr. Cameron's tenure at Carthage was great and he will long be remembered for his devoted service to the county during those years.

"Is That The Real Me?"



TO FULFILL NEGRO EMANCIPATION

Perseverance, Not Patience, Needed

On Memorial Day, 1963, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, spoke at Gettysburg, Pa., where President Lincoln delivered his immortal Gettysburg Address 100 years ago. Text of Vice President Johnson's speech follows:

On this hallowed ground, heroic deeds were performed and eloquent words were spoken a century ago.

We, the living, have not forgotten—and the world will never forget—the deeds and the words of Gettysburg. We honor them now as we join on this Memorial Day of 1963 in a prayer for permanent peace of the world and fulfillment of our hopes for universal freedom and justice.

We are called to honor our own words of reverent prayer with resolution in the deeds we must perform to preserve peace and the hope of freedom.

We keep a vigil of peace around the world. Until the world knows no aggressors, until the arms of tyranny have been laid down, until freedom has risen up in every land, we shall maintain our vigil to make sure our sons who died on foreign fields shall not have died in vain.

In Bondage

One hundred years ago, the slave was freed.

One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the color of his skin.

The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him—we do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking, "Patience."

It is empty to plead that the solution to the dilemmas of the present rests on the hands of the clock. The solution is in our hands. Unless we are willing to yield up our destiny of greatness among the civilizations of history, Americans—white and Negro together—must be about the business of resolving the challenge which confronts us now.

Our nation found its soul in honor on these fields of Gettysburg one hundred years ago. We must not lose that soul in dishonor now on the fields of hate.

National Interest

To ask for patience from the Negro is to ask him to give more of what he has already given enough. But to fail to ask of him—and of all Americans—perseverance within the processes of a

AUSTERE BUT TRUE

We must hold fast to the austere but true doctrine as to what really governs politics and saves or destroys states. Having in mind things true, things elevated, things just, things pure, things amiable, things of good report, having these in mind, studying and loving these, is what saves states.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

free and responsible society would be to fail to ask what the national interest requires of all its citizens.

The law cannot save those who deny it but neither can the law serve any who do not use it. The history of injustice and inequality is a history of disuse of the law. Law has not failed—and is not failing. We as a nation have failed ourselves by not trusting the law and by not using the law to gain sooner the ends of justice which law alone serves.

If the white over-estimates what he has done for the Negro without the law, the Negro may under-estimate what he is doing and can do for himself with the law.

If it is empty to ask Negro or white for patience, it is not empty—it is merely honest—to ask perseverance. Man may build barricades—and others may hurl themselves against those barricades—but what would happen at the barricades would yield no answers. The answers will only

be wrought by our perseverance together. It is deceit to promise more as it would be cowardice to demand less.

Moment of Challenge

In this hour, it is not our respective races which are at stake—it is our nation. Let those who care for their country come forward, North and South, white and Negro, to lead the way through this moment of challenge and decision.

The Negro says, "Now." Others say, "Never." The voice of responsible Americans—the voice of those who died here and the great man who spoke here—the voices say, "Together." There is no other way.

Until justice is blind to color, until education is unaware of race, until opportunity is unconcerned with the color of men's skins, emancipation will be a proclamation but not a fact. To the extent that the proclamation of emancipation is not fulfilled in fact, to that extent we shall have fallen short of assuring freedom to the free.

WAKEFUL OLDTIMER WONDERS

Is Living Improved By Time?

Recently The Pilot printed excerpts from "Mrs. Appleyard's Year" by Louise Andrews Kent, in which summer nights "when leaves rustle like hot silk" brought back to the nostalgic Mrs. Appleyard memories of a time that seemed to her more rewarding than the present. In the following passages from the same book, Mrs. Appleyard continues her midnight meditations.

Instead of counting miserable sheep, Mrs. A. is going over some of the things you used to do that nobody does any more.

No one had found out that you could make cheese in twenty-four hours. When you made cheese, you began with the June milk that had the taste of new grass in it. A cheese weighed twenty-five pounds or more. It had to be turned every day till October. This exertion is now unnecessary and very likely sooner or later someone will invent a detector to tell modern cheese from new rubber boots, because we are a very ingenious people.

Women were oppressed, of course, but their ankles were still exciting. When Mrs. Appleyard was eighteen, her street suit was made of black broadcloth and had a train. It must have been a pretty sight to see her maneuver the train through mud and slush to the street-car. In moments of haste it is possible that she showed fully three inches of thick silk stocking chastely clocked with white, and even a hint of the blue ribbon that ran coyly in and out of the eyelet embroidery of her petticoat. Not her flannel petticoat naturally. That triumph of striped viyella, gathers, and feather stitching stopped just below her knees, about where her new

tweed skirt does now.

It seems sad to think of a girl sewing five yards of brush braid around the bottom of a skirt and running in all that ribbon and having practically no amusement of a cultural nature. The arts were in an untutored state. If you listened to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" you had to do so uninspired by centaurs like flabby life guards or pale blue centaurettes as classic as Gypsy Rose Lee. Painters did portraits with only one eye on each side of the head. Horses in sculpture looked strong enough to carry their riders and as a rule gave no obvious signs of spavin, glanders, or blind staggers. Poets played fair with their readers. You could tell it was poetry. Each line began with a capital letter. The ruder words of the Anglo-Saxons were kept for writing on sidewalks in yellow chalk. People had to put up with the acting of Bernhardt, Duse, Irving, Terry, Forbes-Robertson, and Mrs. Fiske. The Grapes of Wrath were still stored. Yes, it was a dull and untutored time.

Had Its Points

Still it had its points. It was etiquette for men to send girls books, flowers, and candy—and they did. Mrs. Appleyard, who remembers happily certain boxes of marrons glaces and sprays of orchids, has informed her daughters that this is fully as good as the code that allows men to present strings of emeralds—only they don't.

In fact, by the time she has thoroughly waked herself up with thoughts of the good old days, the only things she can think of that are improvements in this age of cellophane are orange juice and electric lights.

But of course she'll feel better in the morning.

Grains of Sand

Ivy Loathers, Arise!

This is that time of year when householders survey their yards to mark the rampant changes wrought by Nature since Spring—great shoots soaring from once neatly-trimmed shrubs; weeds everywhere, of course (must pull them before they go to seed!); tree branches brushing the face where once one walked freely; impenetrable tangles of honeysuckle and wisteria in neglected fence corners.

And ivy. But for comments on that wily vine (which never seems to grow at all but suddenly has taken over just what it wanted and planted its sticky little feet to stay) here's John Morris in his delightful volume, "Come Rain, Come Shine:"

"Women, even the best of wives, agree with gardeners in loathing ivy. They too hate slugs, snails, 'Arry-long-legs, arri-wigs, woodlice, though for different reasons; they hate them because they give them the creeps.

"Also they have provident minds and hate to think of walls crumbling in the grip of the lovely, clinging, wanton plant. Moreover, they are possessed by the notion of tidiness. They delight in snipping and pruning and clipping and trimming, as did Her late Majesty Queen Mary, whose memory we revere. But she too hated ivy. It is said she would assail it personally, with shears in her gloved hands; she would sever its stems, and rip it from the walls; and even if she were staying in some subject's house she would seek permission to attack the ivy, her ladies-in-waiting standing dutifully by, she forcibly armed with the clippers and the well-oiled shears.

"It would have been a bold and impudent ivy that would dare to put forth the tiniest tendril after receiving so stern a reproof from so magnificent a lady as she was."

It's Tough

What can you do? We print below a sad plea from a neighbor, first pointing out hastily that our dog's feet are 2 x 3. (We ran home and measured.)

Dear Editor:

To tip-toe through the daisies is all very poetic and lovely—but when some huge creature with a 5x4 paw (I measured carefully) stomps through my beautiful petunia plants I have so diligently cared for and staked up—it is enough to discourage any long-suffering gardener.

Would it be at all possible for the owners of dogs to keep them in their own lot—or at least on leashes? Then those of us who love flowers might have an even chance of enjoying their fruition.

—Mrs. O. A. Dickinson

Ooooo—we sympathize. With us it's box bushes the visitors love. And our own dog uses the flower-beds for his bed and one special spot in the very middle of the zinnias as a bone storage vault. Sickening.

There Will Be Songs

There will be songs that folk singers will sing

Of the old times now new, With their practiced fingers taming the guitars Saved from this long ago.

Naturally, the key of these songs will be minor;

Futures transpose the past So that new days may always seem more glowing, More major than the last.

Our world will be reflected in wistful measures That folk singers will sing, And, balancing on time, all those who walk now Will step from every string.

—Norma McLain Stoop

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