



"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.

### Welcome, Golf World!

Golf World magazine's announced intention of moving from Pinehurst to Southern Pines, pending various legal steps yet to be taken, is welcomed in this community.

Golf World has been a lively feature of the closely knit Sandhills resort area since its founding in 1947 by the late Robert E. Harlow who, incidentally occupies a space of special affection in the memory of all newspaper people who have been active hereabouts for more than a decade. As editor and publisher of The Pinehurst Outlook, before and after the Golf World venture began, Mr. Harlow brought a caustic, witty and unique flavor to journalism in this area. Carried on after his death in 1954 by his wife, Mrs. Lillian Harlow, aided by capable people through the years, Golf World has itself become unique among journals of the game, going out weekly

to subscribers over the nation and overseas.

To have it going out from Southern Pines in the future will be an immense asset to this town.

An interesting aspect of the Golf World project is that its proposed new office and printing plant building will be the first major business project bordering the No. 1 highway parkway, within the city limits. Constructed with access roads, in anticipation of future needs, this strip, from one end of town to the other, can become, with careful and tasteful development, a worthy showcase for the community. We feel that such an installation as the Golf World plant, which ties in with and even symbolizes a top local resort attraction, is just the sort of enterprise that should be permitted and encouraged in this parkway-bordering area.

So, in advance, welcome, Golf World!

### Let's Do More For The Aging

Designation of the Special Week on Aging by Governor Sanford for North Carolina, September 15-21, focuses attention on the older persons in whom Southern Pines should have a particular interest.

This approaching observance causes us to wonder whether this community is doing all that it can to welcome, entertain and show its appreciation to the many "senior citizens" who have chosen Southern Pines for a retirement home or otherwise are spending their later years here.

Every time we suggest that the town council or private organizations might sponsor more activity or opportunity for "senior citizens," somebody, with tongue

### Why NOT Delinquent?

A national columnist introduces a fascinating idea when he proposes that sociologists, rather than concentrate their studies of juvenile delinquency in the background of children who have been in trouble, investigate families in which all the circumstances would point to a destiny of delinquency for the children, but the boys or girls have turned out to be well-balanced and law-abiding. We all have seen such cases.

Why not? Something the same thing is happening in medicine, with added concentration on studying what keeps people well, rather than what makes them sick or cures them when sick.

It's a promising line of investigation.

### Forecast Of Nonsense To Come?

In a communication from a Greensboro resident, with which editors of the state are evidently being circularized, there is a forecast, perhaps, of the sort of inane political reasoning with which the voters of North Carolina may be bombarded in the coming year.

Ending with an endorsement of Republican Congressman Charles R. Jonas for governor, the letter introduces this peculiar line of thought to bolster the recommendation:

If a Democrat is elected governor next year and if President Kennedy is also re-elected, "that Democratic governor will have to be another prisoner of the Kennedy machine."

But, if a Republican President is named and a Democrat is elected governor, North Carolina will be "left sitting dead in political water."

And then this shocking statement: "... The political facts of life are that a

### 'By Their Fruits ...'

If residents of the Southern Pines area could operate the Southern Pines Library entirely through private subscription for many years, as was the case, there should be no doubt now that the \$7,500 needed for construction work on this public building, in addition to \$25,000 in town bond issue funds, can be raised.

We think the sum will be given, quickly and gladly, to make possible those "extras" that are in keeping with the town's pride in its library: enlargement of the art gallery, two outdoor reading courts, a well-designed and more efficient central office space and a few other items such as the use of first quality material where a poorer quality, without the extra money, would have sufficed but would not have been in keeping with existing high standards in construction and furnishings.

"By their fruits ye shall know them ... " No resident of Southern Pines will begrudge this extra effort to maintain and advance the library to reflect the esteem in which it is held.

in cheek, replies that so many of our retired folks are so busy in sports and civic work, in charitable drives and lively downtown street-corner conversations that it is they who could teach the younger generation a thing or two about leading a full, productive and satisfying life.

The Southern Pines area is indeed grateful for the contributions of its older residents in many fields.

While we shudder at the prospect of a highly organized "Golden Age Club," with its contrived gayety and interminably scheduled events, there would be, we feel, a warm response to some sort of center where older persons could gather for sociability, cards, other games, reading, music and a cup of coffee. Not all our older people can afford either country club membership or private entertaining—those two pastimes that speed the hours for many men and women in this area.

Completion of the Episcopal Home for the Aging will bring here another contingent of active older persons who, like everybody else, would welcome the opportunity to get away, now and then, from their living quarters and do something different in a different place.

We think ample volunteer support would come forward in setting up and running such a center; and that financing would be no great problem if civic clubs, churches and interested individuals all cooperated on the project.

The upcoming Week on Aging would be a good time to start the ball rolling.

family, not a party, today runs America—and the South in this sad year of 1963 has seen what that means in public disturbance, riot and vengeance with a vengeance."

The poisoned blade slipped in above is the benighted notion that the Negro's national travail has somehow been engineered by the Kennedy administration.

The fact is that the Negro's public assertion of his American heritage and his dignity as a citizen of the United States could no more have been stopped this year than could the coming of summer. It is an historical inevitability whose hour has arrived.

Contrary to the absurd insinuation that "public disturbance, riot and vengeance" is a result of the Kennedy family's rule in Washington (since when have Congress, the Supreme Court and the Constitution been abolished?), it is clear to anybody who thinks at all about the matter that the Administration's recognition of the legitimacy of Negro aspirations and the Administration's willingness to intervene on behalf of law, order and the national pride (as at the Universities of Mississippi and Alabama) have prevented untold chaos.

The very fact that Negro grievances have been acknowledged by President Kennedy (and with remarkable courage and compassion, by Governor Sanford) has been the single most stabilizing factor of the whole long season of racial discontent.

If North Carolina voters send Republicans into office, in either Washington or Raleigh, under the illusion that what the Greensboro man refers to as "public disturbance, riot and vengeance" will stop because the Kennedy family and the Sanford administration have been eliminated, they will be treated to a dreadful surprise.

If Mr. Jonas has aspirations to be seated honorably in Raleigh, he had better make some effort to control volunteer weasel word wielders who flood the mail, no matter how sincerely, on his behalf.

### A REMINISCENCE WITH TIMELESS MEANING

## Bicycle: Keystone Of A Boy's Life

With opening of school, boys' bicycles — which have served the call of pleasure all summer — are summoned to the call of duty: a return to the classrooms. Racked outside school buildings, bicycles, like their owners inside, seem to be suffering in silence, resigned to their fate: evidence that, although the quality of life for youngsters changes over the years, bicycles retain their central significance in a boy's existence. There's nothing like a bike. Getting to the core of this relationship is the following by J. A. C. Dunn, appearing in The Chapel Hill Weekly:

The bicycle used to be the keystone of daily activity, the cog without which all the machinery of summer faltered and halted. Almost everybody had a bicycle. Some were sleek, lean English jobs, shiny black or a rich deep green, with gears and hand-brakes and oddly shaped seats that reminded you of a hound's muzzle. Their spokes looked like the wire the orthodontist used on your teeth, and their tires were hardly bigger around than your father's thumb. Not many in the neighborhood had English bikes.

Most people had American bicycles, which were gaudy and gauche and horn-handled in comparison to the greyhound wiriness of English bikes. American bikes had to be ridden up hills standing up, or walked up, and their tires were about as big around as a hot dog bun. They cost less than English bikes, but they seemed tougher. You could make a habit of dropping an American bike on its side when dismounting, and there were no delicate gears or brake cables to jar out of commission. American seats were a little more comfortable, too, and their rear fenders were strong enough for someone to ride behind you for a short distance.

Identification Adults recognized each other by their cars—the makes, the colors, the license plates. Children recognized each other by their bicycles—the makes, the dents in the fender, the presence or absence of a light, and the kind and

condition of the handlebar basket.

Like adults' furniture, the bicycle was a social tool. Your standing in the community of the young often depended on how fast you could ride, whether you could pedal all the way up the town's toughest hill, how well you could ride no-handed, and whether you would let anybody else ride your bike. Social prestige also depended to a certain extent on whether your bike was equipped with a horn. A bicycle horn made a puny little noise like a miniature trumpet imprisoned in a trunk, but a boy who could announce his presence without using his voice was considered a man of some means.

Nobody ever locked a bicycle. The town was too small for that. You could leave your bicycle overnight at somebody's house, and when you came back, it would have been carefully moved into the garage or onto a porch to keep the dew off it. Nobody ever took anything from anybody else's bicycle, either. Nobody ever lost a headlight or a handlebar grip, or a towel from the basket (most bikes seemed to come equipped with damp bathing suits hanging on the handlebars), or anything. There was a sort of unwritten rule that a bicycle was as sacrosanct as a house.

#### Rode Everywhere

For adults, the nice thing about the bicycles was that there was very little necessity for parental taxing in the family car. Girls and boys rode bicycles almost everywhere, traveling as much as four or five miles on country roads. Only when the roads were icy in winter was it impossible to use a bicycle. If the roads were clear, it didn't matter what the temperature was, you rode your bike wherever you went. In winter the air was freezing, your mittened fingers grew numb, your cheeks and ears stung in the wind, and your toes hurt. In summer the road reflected heat up into your face, and the tar was soft and sticky. You learned where the sticky spots were on all the roads you traveled and avoided them automatically.

In the course of five or six years of riding a bicycle on pub-

lic roads, a boy usually became highly skillful. He could ride through or over just about anything. On a dare, one boy once rode his bike over a thick twelve-foot log that spanned a creek and back again, and never got wet. A boy learned to ride no-handed, to coast with his feet on the handlebars, to ride "sidesaddle," and to coastbrake a bike into a 180-degree skid on a gravel driveway without even skinning a knee.

#### Something Changed

But somewhere, sometime, for everybody, something changed. You became fifteen and your father started teaching you how to shift gears. Somebody turned sixteen got a driver's license, and started appearing behind a steering wheel. At the same time, a little glimmering of interest in girls developed, and girls and bicycles did not seem to mix. Tales of adolescent automotive romances began to circulate, and suddenly, before you even knew what was happening, a bicycle was anathema, a hateful machine requiring distasteful effort. It might have been your best possession for half a dozen years without getting a flat tire, but overnight it became excess baggage. Your younger brother got it, and if you had no younger brother the bicycle usually ended its days leaning against the wall of the basement. There the dust dimmed its bright colors, if it were an American bike (English bikes were always good for second-hand sale). The air slowly seeped out of the tires. Rust gathered on once shiny handlebars, chain sprocket, and wheel rims.

#### Leading Symbol

Somebody might come and claim it, but usually the old bicycle's career ended when your father finally got around to cleaning out the basement. With the cleaning would go the leading symbol of a time you would never miss or even look back on, until years later. Then, the rushing whir of tires on hot tar and the muffled beep of a prestigious little horn would suddenly leap into the middle of a contemplative mood, bringing with them a small, solemn sadness in your chest.

## The Public Speaking

### American Negro Has Reason To Be Proud

Washington, D. C. August 28, 1963

To the Editor: In my opinion, the American Negro has reason to be very proud of himself today. Not only has he demonstrated in the South against extreme provocation and violence by whites, that he will not be stampeded into similar acts, but he has now shown he has the courage, the wisdom and the responsibility to organize the largest mass demonstration ever carried out in the United States.

Those white people who continue to insist that the Negro cannot conduct himself under duress, that he does not have the intelligence to organize and control his race, and that he will not be responsible when given the opportunity to act otherwise, ought now to have serious second thoughts.

We are seeing the Negro emerge as a race embodying those American principles of dignity and independence which we whites have so long cherished for ourselves. There should be no question in anyone's mind, after the demonstration in Washington today, that the American Negro is an equal to the American white in ways that count; that somehow, in spite of the lynchings, in spite of the arrogance and the mistreatment over the years, the Negro has survived, has grown and now stands forth, not as a man who will force his way, no matter what, not as a man who will allow himself to be used and inspired by communism, but as an American who believes in America and will be as good an example as any of us of what is best in America.

All of us have reason to be proud of what happened in Washington, August 28, 1963. JAMES BOYD

### Mental Health Clinic Should Be Kept Here

To the Editor: I wish to voice my complete agreement with the editorial which appeared in the August 22 edition of The Pilot regarding the removal of the Mental Health Clinic from its present site near St. Joseph's Hospital.

It would be most regrettable in any situation for us to lose any facility from our town and especially one that was basically founded and is presently staffed by people of the Southern Pines com-

munity. Consideration should be given to the steady growth of our local hospital (St. Joseph's) for the last few years in number of daily patients and the early success of the Clinic at its present site.

Since an offer of land has been made near St. Joseph's Hospital and there is a possibility of federal and state funds to construct a new building, every effort should be made by all interested citizens of Southern Pines to keep the Mental Health Clinic in our town.

We should let our individual feelings be known immediately to the members of the Board of Directors of the Mental Health Clinic and others who may be influential in keeping the Clinic in Southern Pines. FELTON J. CAPEL Southern Pines

### Southern Pines Best Place For Mental Clinic

To the Editor: May I say that I heartily agree with your recent editorial regarding the location of the Moore County Mental Health Clinic. It was my privilege to have been associated with the Moore County Mental Health Association from its inception. It was only through the support of the citizens of Southern Pines, both in membership and financial assistance, that it has been possible to organize and maintain the Mental Health Association and the Mental Health Clinic.

Southern Pines is unquestionably the geographic center of the population of Moore County and, for this reason alone, the Mental Health Clinic should not be moved from Southern Pines. JOHN S. RUGGLES Southern Pines

### Americans Should Speak For Freedom, Equality

To the Editor: A recent letter to The Pilot (August 22) stated that "... the USSR has broken fifty of fifty-two major treaties or agreements with the United States. ..."

Then, last week, another reader asked in a letter for a list of the fifty-two treaties the August 22 writer had in mind, apparently questioning that there had ever been such a number of agreements, made or broken.

I will let the writer of the first letter speak for himself, if he chooses, but the background of the issue should also be examined in good faith. Surely knowledge is the point of departure of

faith, and faith is the true basis of understanding.

First, let us recognize that there are some things that are unnegotiable and unequivocal. One thing is the "faith of our fathers"—the principle upon which our Peoples Democratic Republic was founded: that faith in GOD gives dignity and purpose to the individual.

Now it just happens that our nation is menaced by those holding another view—based on faith in MEN. We call them Communists.

A positive and righteous indignation is called for, because America has the answer. Our proletarian revolution is working and will achieve social justice. Communism exploits a vacuum where there is no dialectic and the issues are not joined.

The true Communist considers that he cannot lose; the end of life to him is death—that which ceases to be. The wall, the void, nothingness is the quietus of the restless squirming of the humna organism which refuses to conform to his scientific system. Lenin said: "We do not believe in eternal morality and will expose all the fables about morality."

Hence we should not be shocked to discover the iniquity of their breaking or making moratoriums as they see fit. Their bomb testing is more a psychological weapon for they are after our minds—not our bodies.

They wage war with material aims. In waging peace we should not appeal to the belly of mankind but to the spirit, for otherwise we are purveyors of their materialism.

They charge us with violation of the Yalta and Potsdam Agreements. Are we so supine and guilt-ridden that we accept their option to take the initiative? Instead of shoring up and defending, let all Americans speak out for our glorious principle of freedom and equality.

When the contest with Communism, or any other foolish notion, is engaged on these terms, nothing but truth shall prevail. We are strong because we possess the truth. Our system of government is based on the lowest common multiple, the participating citizen. The Communist system is based on the lowest common denominator, the spineless citizen. Let America speak out. D. A. DREXEL Southern Pines

### Grains of Sand

Worth 35 Cents?

Wonder how many folks are sending in the 35-cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for a copy of "Adult Physical Fitness," a booklet that "guides both men and women to better physical condition" by spending 15 to 20 minutes a day exercising—according to the Associated Press story about it—"in their living rooms?"

We have been on the verge of sending for the booklet several times, but somehow haven't had the nerve to take the final step.

Once the booklet was in the house, we'd feel obliged to at least look into it and—having no doubt read there that we owe it to our nation to exercise—we'd be faced with daily guilt, if we didn't go through the paces: something else to worry about.

One thing is certain: the living room would never become the exercise room at our house. We can visualize the lamps that would be smashed and rugs rumpled and other disasters that would take place if a clumsy middle-aged person started using it for a gymnasium.

Moreover, exercise time—with its attendant bangings, crashings and groaning of the victim—would surely manage to coincide with the appearance at the front door of elderly conservative friends, the Fuller Brush man, a representative of the Internal Revenue Service or other equally formidable and disapproving callers.

If somebody'd give us the booklet, maybe we'd accept it—but darned if we'll pay 35 cents to add to life's existing miseries.

#### Fundamental

Opening an important-looking letter from "Governor's Office—Raleigh" a recent morning, we were faced with the resounding line, "STATEMENT BY GOVERNOR TERRY SANFORD."

Continuing, we encountered language that led us to believe that a truly momentous pronouncement was to be made:

"In the increasingly complex society in which we live," the statement said, "and in a time when man is making voyages down under the Arctic ice and upward toward the stars themselves. . ."

(This really is something coming, we thought, and read on.) "... And in an age of nuclear bombs, and automated machines and surrealist art and sophisticated systems. . ."

(Wow! It must be bigger news than the resignation of Bert Bennett as Democratic Party chairman!)

"It is appropriate that we pause to consider the fundamentals of our way of life. . ."

"Fundamentals like corn bread."

Thud. So that's it: A proclamation of "Corn Bread Week in North Carolina," October 7-13.

GRAINS is a corn bread booster. We think it's great to have Corn Bread Week. But next time, Governor, don't let us down quite so hard in making your proclamation.

#### Meeting Ground

The Seaboard Air Line Railroad Employees Golf Association which had its annual tournament at Pinehurst over the weekend is composed of both management and labor. The tourney, for instance, was won by a fireman from Jacksonville, Fla.

What, an inquiring reporter asked an official, would have happened to the tournament if the recent proposed railroad strike had gone into effect, instead of being called off?

"Nothing," was the reply. "Nothing would have stopped us getting together for this tournament."

Could golf be the key to railroad labor-management peace?

### THE PILOT

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