

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.

Reassuring Words

It seems likely that the chief reaction to President Johnson's talk to the nation Sunday night was relief. All over the country, people were undoubtedly drawing a deep breath and standing up a little straighter with the reassurance that there was in the White House a man who was steady, calm, who looked the facts in the eye and had every intention of handling them with sanity and common sense.

the strength and good sense of the United States of America. Today we are the strongest nation in all the world and all the world knows it. We love freedom and we will protect and preserve it. And today, as always, our purpose is peace."

Ring words and true ones, but it was the feeling behind the words that gave them their immediate, massive impact. No one, whether friend or foe, could misunderstand what President Johnson meant or doubt his will to carry out the tremendous assignment that is his. He was impressive as never before, Sunday night, a leader for the great task on which the nation is launched, who seems as fitted as any man could be to carry the immense responsibility which is his today and which must remain his, God willing, tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

The Presidential Election

The Pilot urges its readers to vote for the Democratic Johnson-Humphrey ticket on November 3, primarily because we are convinced that these men are well qualified to lead the nation, but also because it is overwhelmingly important that the approach to government taken by the Goldwater-Miller version of Republicanism be decisively rejected.

Most simply stated, the issue on November 3 will be responsibility, as exemplified in the Johnson-Humphrey approach versus irresponsibility in the Goldwater-Miller approach. The deeper one delves into the numerous national and international issues at stake and the more one examines what the candidates have been saying and doing, the more that conclusion is reinforced.

Goldwater and Miller are proposing a program for this nation that is disruptive, inconsistent and fraught with potential disaster, on both the domestic and foreign fronts.

Calling for order, they propose to withdraw government from fields of action that have helped to create and maintain order—in our economy, in conservation and development of natural resources and in numerous other types of projects in which state and local governments have proved incapable or unwilling to produce results.

Calling for peace, they propose to conduct diplomacy by threatening and demanding, by throwing the nation's weight around in a manner that has, even in imagined prospect, already alienated and frightened our allies and deepened the hostility of our potential foe.

Calling for faith and confidence, they have sown fear and suspicion on all sides. The very essence of their irresponsibility—from which, as illustrated in today's cartoon, they cannot escape, no matter how much they amend or backtrack—lies in the nuclear weapons issue. Here, they are not only wanting to weaken the absolute Presidential control of nuclear weapons but they are casting doubts that machinery for dealing with Presidential disability and lack of communications does now exist—as most assuredly it does, though rightly held as a top secret.

Calling for justice to all men, they have ignored the travail and aspiration of the Negro, alienating this large segment of the nation's people, while, in order to garner "white backlash" votes, they imply that the Negro is somehow responsible for the violence and crime that can only be constructively coped with by broadening those education and welfare programs which the Republican standard-bearers would do away with.

Johnson and Humphrey, on the contrary, are not talking about what must

be done away with, what must be turned backward, what we must fear. They look confidently toward the future, they propose to meet the crises—domestic and foreign—not on an all-or-nothing, slam-bang basis, but in a spirit of give-and-take, of calm study, of steadiness and restraint.

Johnson and Humphrey propose to hold in its present course an Administration that is creating, maintaining and successfully guiding a strong, expanding economy in which personal income and profits are rising and unemployment is decreasing.

Johnson and Humphrey would continue an Administration that has shown remarkable success in working with Congress to produce results, to enact legislation and to compromise and reason in the manner that has, down through the history of the nation, made the Congress an effective instrument of the national will. One can see little but chaos in a Congress facing the radical, outrageous demands of the Goldwater-Miller program.

Johnson and Humphrey lead a party that is not torn by the well-nigh unhealable wounds that the reactionary takeover at San Francisco opened in the Republican party. Unlike the Republicans, the Democrats have a group of leaders—the men in the Cabinet, in diplomatic posts, throughout the government—who are consistent and agreed in the major aims, the abiding philosophy, of the party. The Republicans are torn and divided, with many of their major spokesmen virtually silenced and rejected under the new Goldwater dispensation.

Johnson and Humphrey would lead an Administration motivated by human compassion—an emotion that seems, incredibly, to be almost entirely lacking in the Goldwater-Miller approach to government.

The whole realm of aid to children, the aged and the infirm, housing, schools, educational opportunity, medical care, rehabilitation, the "poverty" program, is dismissed by Goldwater and Miller with an obtuseness and contempt totally outside the American tradition. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the financial and administrative problems of states, counties and municipalities knows that these matters could never be coped with effectively by lower levels of government without money, guidance and standards from the federal level.

In short, the United States cannot afford—as a nation in a changing, complex world and as a governmental organization that is now moving constructively to meet its pressing domestic problems—to indulge in such a peculiar experiment as the Goldwater-Miller ticket proposes.

Turn Up The Heat

When the cold snap hit last week it's a fair guess that a good many people made that first move towards getting ready for winter: they went and turned up the heat.

With many this took the form of a simple gesture: turning the dial of the thermostat that would start that gentle purring of the motor and send the heat stealing out to take the chill off the place. With others the move was a bit more complicated: they stoked up the furnace or even called up and ordered the fuel itself; those with fireplaces had a cord of wood hauled in.

Each year with the first frost such moves are made, such preparations take place in most homes, but not in all. Always there are families or lonely old people whose one and only move at this time is in the form of a hope, perhaps a prayer, that somehow there will open up a way to stretch the meager resources, in that flat-sided old purse, to enable them to buy the little fuel they need so badly in those flimsy houses where wind whistles through the cracks.

It has always been the hope that some day this town would be able to have an agency organized to watch over and help in such situations. Most of the civic groups and the churches have their social service committees but as a rule they go into action only in emergencies or to work at Christmas-time, and so on. Few are organized to undertake preventive measures such as setting up a Fuel Fund.

What the town needs is a citizens committee to survey the situation and raise the moderate sum which would be needed. Perhaps it could be administered through the group or through the coal and oil dealers themselves, who must turn away the pitiful folk without the means to pay, and who now do many kind deeds, a burden which the community should share.

Two years ago at Christmas-time, two, possibly three, babies died in Moore County of the cold. Ironically, the homes were in this so-called affluent end of the county. This is something that should never happen and must not happen again. But it probably will, until some definite steps are taken.

And Everywhere That Barry Went . . .



A TIME OF ENDING AND BEGINNING

Autumn: It's Never Too Beautiful

"It's prettier than ever before!"

The phrase has a disturbingly familiar ring. Do you and others say it every year as the glorious burst of color rushes upon our world each fall? It's more than likely. And after all, why not? Each year seems more beautiful than the last and certainly this year is.

Drive almost anywhere and you are literally overwhelmed by the glory of the woods. Can these actually be the same pleasant, reliable trees that you have known so well, passed every day with hardly a look? They startle you. Those lady-like elms have turned into glittering delicate cascades of copper pennies; the stiff leaves of the hickories, with the scraggly branches, have become the washed gold of museum pieces; the sassafras, persimmons, crepe myrtles, the maples—especially the town's poor stumpy, sawed-off maples—have lost their minds. They have all been magicked into wild gypsies.

And the dogwoods. . . The dogwoods take an unfair advantage: they go crazy twice a year. In the Spring they turn themselves into cascades of white, shining in the woods with an unearthly

gleam: moonlight, starlight, the glisten of a swan's white breast. And now they shine again as Autumn comes to turn them into towering fires and banks of rubies.

Unlike the other seasons, Autumn is a two-faced goddess, a time of ending and beginning. Shelley called the west wind of Autumn "destroyer and preserver" in the ode that opens with those ominous lines: "O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing. . ."

One reason the poets have written and sung so often about Autumn is because of this duel between the two opponents, this challenge: life passing into death and, D. V., becoming life again, as the leaves die and fall and come again as seedlings in the Spring.

There is the ghostly feel of death in the fall of the year, and there is the fiery challenge of going on: to live, to live to the full, with zest, with gaiety, no matter what, the challenge of the undying courage of the flaming woods of Autumn. And withal, to feel their beauty again and again, every year.

"Earth's crammed with heaven," wrote Elizabeth Browning, "And every common bush affire with God."

Perhaps the brave spirit of Edna St. Vincent Millay welcomed Autumn as beautifully as any poet ever has:

O world I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this.
Here such a passion is
As stretched me apart—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

—KLB

The Public Speaking

Change Of Opinion By Johnson Also Charged

To the Editor:
If changing a minor phase of one's opinion or beliefs compromises one's character and integrity, as you have implied that it does in the case of Senator Goldwater, what must you think of the man you are supporting for the Presidency, who has done complete flip-flops on major issues?

The NAACP has endorsed—and the vast majority of colored people will vote for—President Johnson who never in his life lent himself to their cause until it was expedient for him to do so, in order to become the Vice President of the United States, whereas Senator Goldwater has been a friend of the Negro all his life.

The Democrats have a TV commercial for LBJ that says, "President Johnson is trying to strengthen Social Security." The truth is that he may bankrupt the Social Security program by saddling it with "Medicare."

It was Lyndon's insistence that Medicare be tacked onto a bill that had been passed by the House—that would have increased Social Security benefits by five per cent—that caused the Senate-House Conference Committee (which has a Democratic majority) not to adopt the increase.

Was this because he thought he would win more votes from those wanting Medicare than he would from those wanting the five per cent increase?

Here is a timely suggestion for a bumper sticker—LBJ for LBJ.

PAT VAN CAMP

Southern Pines

Rural Law Enforcement Suggestions Approved

To the Editor:
As a resident of Linden Road, near Pinehurst, who has in the past suffered attempted break-ins and car theft and, more recently, has been disturbed by the hooliganism prevalent in this locality, may I commend you on your editorial (September 24) "Improving Rural Law Enforcement"?

I am deeply grateful to Chief Shepherd and the town police, of Pinehurst, for their prompt and unflinching response to calls for help. However, I realize that this section of Linden Road is not under their jurisdiction.

The inevitable delays in reaching the sheriff's deputies make your two suggestions appear to be excellent, especially the first, originally proposed by Sheriff Kelly—a night patrol car.

I hope your suggestions and the petition requesting an investigation of law enforcement in the rural areas of Moore County will be given due consideration by the county commissioners.

(MRS.) JEAN S. BUCHANAN

(Editor's Note: The Pilot's other suggestion was that radio facilities in the sheriff's office at Carthage be kept in operation around the clock.

They now operate only in the daytime.)

Sees Too Much Politics In Sheriff's Department

To the Editor:
What are the duties of the County Sheriff's Department? Is the primary purpose of this office a campaign headquarters? If the members of the Moore County Sheriff's Department, especially Mr. Grimm, would spend as much time trying to solve some of the crimes in the county as they do politicking, I believe there would be better law enforcement in this county. The sheriff's office is full of Democratic campaign material and a member of the Department is the campaign manager for a candidate running for a high office in this state.

Recently when Mr. Nixon visited Moore County, the county deputy leading this distinguished visitor into Pinehurst did not have the courtesy to remove the Democratic campaign stickers on his car. Even if it was his own private car, we taxpayers are paying him mileage fees and his salary. A leading Democrat and member of the news media questioned him and was insulted.

I wish the citizens of Moore County would take an interest in this type of government. We need new men in the Sheriff's Department and although they are not up for reelection, we need to begin now to look for better men for this Department, regardless of party politics.

WALLACE W. O'NEAL
Pinehurst

Grains of Sand

Take It Or Dump It

By way of T.R.B.'s column in this week's New Republic, GRAINS has come upon an item that will be, we feel certain, of earth-shaking significance to the latest local crisis.

Said crisis being, as all citizens must, by this time, be well aware, The Town Garbage Dump.

It would appear that our Town Council, energetic workers for the Town's best interests as they are, have overlooked a brilliant possibility lurking in the current admittedly somewhat whiffy problem. Anxious as always to lend a hand in anything that affects this community, GRAINS hastens to pass on the good news to those in charge. As follows:

The New Republic's columnist last week struck pay dirt in his latest mining for the suspect in the Town's social structure. This time he found it among the august files of Big Business, to wit The Wall Street Journal, in an article on tax deductions.

Here's the quote as T.R.B. reprints it, starting with his own cutting assertion that tax depreciation gimmicks are "the granddaddies of all tax loopholes."

From The Journal, describing the latest of such gimmicks: "A refuse dump investment was (adjudged) subject to depreciation even though it was chiefly for two big holes in the ground."

It seems that the operator of the project claimed annual write-offs on the ground that a certain amount of the dumping space was "exhausted" each year. The claim was accepted in a tax court majority decision.

Well, now, isn't that something! Here we've been in a tizzy because the outsiders wouldn't pay their share and we're going in a hole, so to speak, and all the time this golden opportunity beckoned.

GRAINS gladly passes the good news on to you, Gentlemen of the Council and Mr. Town Manager. There you are. Hop to it!

Ahem . . .

Of yearly interest, and not only to the female sex, is the ever-changing hemline.

Each year the ladies go through the same agonizing period with the problem: are you going to hem up or let down? Each year the weary seamstress—and that "stress" is descriptive of the usual frame of mind—plods through the same task, up or down, and generally it's on the same weary hem. Some claim the holes of former labors are beginning to show in the cloth.

Why doesn't somebody invent, along with today's collapsible luggage, pens that will write in a dozen different colors, zippers, the unstickable frying pan and all such gimmicks, a moveable hem? Maybe a sticky edge that could be easily detached, moved up and down, and pressed firmly together again?

It's a thought GRAINS graciously offers to the brooding technical genius. Friend, not to say Colleague, leave off concentrating on the genetics of the fruit fly, the search for the missing link, how to put gravity back into the space capsule, and brood for a while on the problem of the hem!

Simple

According to The New Yorker cartoonist, Whitney Darrow, Jr., a nudist colony "is simply the place where men and women go to air their differences."

U. S. Statistic

From a recent report on the population explosion: "An American family has a baby every seven seconds." Whew! Must be quite a family by now.

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