

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.

A Firm Victory For Auman

Either way the race for the House of Representatives came out last week, Moore County would have sent a good man to Raleigh. However, we are glad it turned out to be Clyde Auman, Democrat.

We congratulate Auman on a firm victory, with wins in 12 out of 19 precincts, and we congratulate his Republican opponent, Robert S. Ewing, on a good race well run.

It is a tribute to both men that it was the kind of race which left no bitterness behind, no words to unsay nor attitudes to unmake. They treated the voters honestly and campaigned sincerely.

With 5999 votes over Ewing's 5166, Auman won by 833—considerably fewer than President Johnson's majority of 1221 in the county, but many more than Dan Moore's 453 in the race for governor.

Precincts for Auman, scattered pretty much all over the county, included both the Northern and Southern Pines precincts, the latter being the home precinct of his opponent. This should reassure Auman on his acceptance in this community and the invalidity of the school merger issue, which some supporters felt would work against him.

Auman has made it plain that, as a legislator, he would be interested in upcoming school mergers in the lower part of the county only insofar as they involve all four neighbor districts, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, West End and Aberdeen. The voting indicated either that most residents of this community agreed with him or that they did not regard the matter as of sufficient conse-

quence to affect their vote.

More important, in our belief, was the realization that Moore, a traditionally Democratic county, must speak with a Democratic voice at Raleigh if it is to be heard at all. The lot of the Republican legislator in this Democratic state is a hard one and he usually winds up frustratingly ineffective. Like it or not, this is a fact of political life of which the Republicans will certainly avail themselves if and when they ever capture the State.

That the gap in the House race wasn't wider is a tribute to Ewing, who in just nine years of residence here has become well known and well liked in the county, with ability proven in many fields.

However, Auman, a native son, through a lifetime of service and hard work has helped to build up our Sandhills and our State, while also building up a towering confidence in himself.

We cannot close this editorial without mention of Cliff Blue, this county's representative in the House for so many faithful, hard-working years. Since he gave up his seat to run, and lose, for lieutenant governor, the people of Moore have suffered a grievous sense of loss. We know his friendship with Auman to be one of close friendship and mutual respect, and while both are independent characters, they are politically congenial. There will surely be many occasions—if indeed there haven't been already—when Clyde will seek guidance and counsel from Cliff, to the benefit of all the people.

Time For County Manager?

Investigation of the county manager form of government for Moore county is a step The Pilot has long urged, and the fact that the Republicans used this as a campaign issue in Moore during recent weeks doesn't change our mind about it at all.

There is nothing partisan about such a step, which has meant progress in many places and could well do so in Moore as well.

What was partisan was the exploitation of apparent weakness in our Democratic form of government, and this, of course, the "outs" who want to be "in" have a perfect right to do. Our time of danger will come when the weaknesses exceed the strengths, and this could well happen in a county where the million-and-a-half-dollar business of government is run in horse-and-buggy style.

Thirty, 20 and even 10 years past have meant a lot of changes in local government, and it takes a specialist today to know what government's job is, how it is to be best performed and how paid for.

One Republican speaker emphasized that, at the recent League of Municipalities meeting at Raleigh, it was stated that when a county's budget exceeds \$1 million, there is need for the county manager form.

Moore's budget has reached this size and beyond, and the way of government has hardly changed since well before World War 2. Yet its business has grown to such an extent that it can no longer be efficiently run by five part-time officials (usually these days, only four) meetings, once a month, with occasional special meetings.

Citizens come before the board, hat in hand, seeking service, and outside the meetings the commissioners are constantly approached on a personal basis, so that much of the time they can hardly get their own work done. Inherently, a county commissioner is an amateur at govern-

ment, who has his own living to make. The sacrifice of time and the pressures are so great it's a wonder we can get anyone good to serve at all.

Sometimes they face problems which seem almost insurmountable, such as those of up-to-date law enforcement, garbage disposal and school mergers which have recently plagued our board. A county manager would assemble pertinent information on such problems, and their solutions, with recommendation—or most often he would just follow policy as set by the board in regular session, letting no problem arise. He would in most cases know what could or could not be done and how much it would cost.

We believe it would be a healthy move for the commissioners to study the possibility of a change, and it should be done before changes are forced on them, as could well happen. The new form, if and when adopted, would start off best under the board's own auspices.

This situation was faced in Southern Pines in 1953, when many citizens felt the town had outgrown its old modified-commissioner form of government. Four of the five town board members, however, resisted change and the issue became political (though not partisan). Considerable bitterness was engendered before the vote was held, ushering in the council-manager form. After the initial shakedown even the most rigid opponents were for it, and it was never seriously suggested that the town turn back the clock. Once the bottleneck was thrown off, the town entered on its period of greatest progress.

We sincerely believe the commissioners would be doing best for themselves and the county if they were to look into the county manager form, seek advice of the League of Municipalities and their colleagues of the State's more progressive counties, then if the change should be indicated, themselves open up the way.

Happy Place

The preeminence of the Sandhills as a spot for important people to relax and play was well exemplified this weekend, when three governors, a couple of former governors and several others of similar high levels vacationed here following the rigors of the recent campaign.

Anybody who considers this an "old folks' resort," should have had a look at Governor Sanford's golfing party, which zestfully tasted the pleasures of the Mid Pines and Country Club of North Carolina courses during a four-day stay. These included the brilliant young Governor Hoff of Vermont, only 40, whose star is rising fast in the political world; Governor Peabody of Massachusetts—a lame duck at present but, at 44, far from "washed up"—and former Governor Fritz Hollings of South Carolina, handsome, energetic, and young Governor Sanford, too, while in the sunset of his administration is still in his forties, with most of his future undoubtedly still ahead.

With these dashing, handsome and amiable young men—as merry as a bunch

of collegians on a lark—were their ladies, all charm, slim figures and good looks, a new breed of "governor's lady" even as their husbands mark a new breed of chief executive.

Also relaxing at Mid Pines were John Bailey, the broadly smiling—and why not?—national Democratic chairman, and Frank Lausche, Pennsylvania's former governor and senator.

Any and all of these well merited the red carpet treatment, but of course they came to get away from all that, and the green carpet which unrolled before them as they golfed was more to their liking. We are happy the Sandhills turned on its loveliest fall weather for them. With the emergence of the post-campaign vacation as a fairly new, and probably nationwide, phenomenon, it is likely we can look forward to more and more of such interesting, newsworthy and most welcome guests.

Of course we realize that a large part of our charm down here was that, if the phone rang, it wasn't for them. Governor-Elect Dan Moore, we observe, vacationed in Puerto Rico.

"THAT'S MY BOY!"



"HE SCARED THE WORLD"

TRB Has a Last Look at The Campaign

(Reprinted by permission of The New Republic)

Lyndon Johnson is the first man in history to be elected for defending the 20th Century. We have a stake in him, and hope he does well, and are going to watch him sharply. Normally we feel this is the Republicans' job, but there aren't too many of them left, and they are going to be busy for awhile, anyway, moderates and Goldwaterites, blaming each other. We think each of them is right.

Why did moderates permit a patently unsuitable man like Barry to be nominated? He scared the whole world. It was a dereliction of responsibility. And why did even conservatives of the truculent type think they could elect a candidate whose clock goes tick-tick? But it is useless arguing with them.

Normally in America there are two parties, a party of Hope, and a party of Memory; a party of innovation, and a party of consolation. And so in election year the Future debates the Present. But in this wasted year the Present debated the Past.

If there is one thing that the campaign proved to us it is that the old, motheaten Halloween bogey of "government bigness" doesn't really scare Americans anymore, if it ever did. You can see the candle through the pumpkin eyes too clearly. The American economy isn't going to drop "Capitalism," and it isn't going "Socialist," it is going to be a Mixed Economy, as it is now and as most of the Western world is. It will continue to judge each proposal—whether TVA or Medicare—on its merits, and not by some scary (and often self-serving) label or epithet. In fact, we think the United States, by and large and most of the time, is mildly liberal—not enough so, perhaps, to satisfy us, but basically progressive for all that. It doesn't want the clock shoved ahead and it doesn't want it turned back; it does want the hands of the clock to keep moving forward.

Mr. Johnson, who is now President in his own right, strikes us as an intricate, complex figure; many men wrapped in one, layer on layer, like an onion. He is obsequious and imperious by turn, sensitive, garrulous and gregarious. Sometimes he is hard to take. He indulges in shameless sentimentality and occasionally rises, if we may say so, above good taste. His mobile face and manner make him look like a kind of parody of the stage politician with Foxy Grandpa eyes. He is easy to denigrate and many Republicans do, who are now picking themselves up off the ground.

Mr. Johnson is also, we think, one of the supreme masters of the terribly difficult art of parliamentary control and consensus achievement. And what is an American political party anyway, but a collection of coalition minorities hunting for a consensus? The President has a capacity for finding common ground that is almost hypnotic. His versatility and repertoire are enor-

mous. He can range from the noisy, hyperthyroid "y'all come to the speakin'" appeal to outdoor masses, to the solemn, low-spoken earnestness of his final TV talk to the nation before the election, which we thought one of the most effective political talks we ever heard. Mr. Johnson, in short, seems to us after long and patient observation to have many qualities of greatness, and now it remains to be seen whether he has greatness itself.

Liberal Senators
One good thing in the election is how well the liberal Democratic Senators of the class of 1958 and thereafter did. As pointed out by the National Committee for an Effective Congress, a lot of them were opposed by Goldwaterites. A year ago it was widely asserted that the whole batch was doomed. Instead, in the Johnson landslide, they are mostly back again, starting second terms. They include men like Burdick, North Dakota; Yarborough, Texas; Moss, Utah; McGee, Wyoming; Hartke, Indiana; and others. It is in the second six-

year service that committee seniority really starts. Give them a few more years and they will be a new power in the nation.

Classic Bungle
We don't want to carp. But the Goldwater campaign was, by all odds, the classic example of bungled politics in our lifetime. The press leaned backward, trying not to be judged unfair to Republicans, so that many points in the parade of errors went unemphasized. But consider: Barry pruned brinkmanship to the German periodical Der Spiegel even before he was nominated; hailed extremism in his acceptance speech; picked as running-mate unknown Representative Miller, N. Y., who proved a disaster; demoted professionals in favor of amateurs in the national organization; began explaining and defending right from the start; denounced the Supreme Court; attacked TVA in Tennessee, pensions in Florida, and the anti-poverty program in Appalachia; welcomed aboard that Jonah, Strom Thurmond; took the clergy to task; and—poor chap—even violated unwritten canons of good sportsmanship by delaying congratulations after he was defeated. This was either a man who actually courted defeat, or one with a tin ear to the tacit consents of American politics.

And now President Johnson has two years of power before the next election. He will probably enjoy more prestige and freedom to initiate now than at any other time in first or second terms. Will he use it? Ike wouldn't. Will he reconsider frozen policies toward Red China, Vietnam, de Gaulle? Will he push social amelioration measures in Congress? This is it, the now or never, the critical time.

Note: Few people noticed that one passage of the Warren Report showed that all those involved in the hate-advertisement, "Welcome, Mr. Kennedy" that appeared in the Dallas Morning News on the late President's arrival, were members of the John Birch Society.

Historic Milestone
The recent election was a milestone for education in North Carolina. It was just four years ago exactly that the election of Terry Sanford ushered in an era of unprecedented progress in Tar Heel education.

The progress has been almost staggering. Salaries have been increased, special schools have been established, thousands of new teachers have been added, the future of higher education has been charted, a community college system has opened the door for thousands who might never have had a chance.

All in four years. Looking back, the phrase out of one of the national party platforms seems appropriate: "Let us continue."

—GLENN KEEVER
(in North Carolina Education)

The Public Speaking

TIME FOR PLANS

To the Editor
The coming of the next administration in Raleigh and the convening of the new legislature make the next several months an excellent time for counties and individual communities to review plans and programs for their future growth and progress.

Schools, roads, parks and recreation areas, new industries, zoning, public service facilities—these and many other subjects will be affected by state policy and by new legislation.

I hope that your newspaper can encourage local discussion of such matters so that we may work together with desirable goals in mind.

Sincerely yours,
VOIT GILMORE
State Senator-elect
18th District,
Southern Pines

SHIP AHOY

To the Editor:
To paraphrase a certain well-known United States Senator: Sometimes I think this country would be better off if we could just saw off Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Georgia and let them float out to sea.

Happily, my home precinct - Pinedene - which also gave the Senator a majority, does not border on any large body of water; otherwise, I'm certain some kind soul would suggest a similar fate for it, and for me.

Sincerely,
RUSSELL E. POWELL

Grains of Sand

A Hot Race
It was a fine fair day and the British fans were out in full force. Standing at the rail of the paddock were two majestic figures seldom lacking when there was a big race on. One was the Lord Chancellor of Britain and the other no less a personage than Scotland's Duke of Argyle. The Duke sported his kilts of the hunting Campbell tartan.

The two portly gentlemen standing there were casting a keen eye on the horses being walked about. Over in the corner they spotted the favorite and, standing beside his head, his trainer, a character we'll call O'Connell. The sharp eyes of the two fans focussed on the pair.

"My word!" said His Grace, "what's O'Connell up to?"

"Come on!" said his friend, "We'd best get over there at once." And they strode fiercely across the paddock.

"What's this?" said the Duke. "O'Connell, what are you feeding him? If you are doping him—" and the Duke glared his most ferocious glare.

"Ah, sure, now, your Grace," said O'Connell, "it's not a thing I am feeding him, just a bit of a lemon drop to ease the dust out of his throat. See?" and he held out what certainly looked like a lemon drop. "He's very fond of lemon drops this horse is," said O'Connell.

Still the two looked at him. O'Connell reached into his pocket and came out with a little box. "And would you gentlemen have one?" he said, and held out the box. Solemnly each man, including the trainer, took a lemon drop and Their Graces thanked O'Connell and strolled back to their places by the fence, sucking on their sourballs, quite happy.

Soon the bugle blew and O'Connell, leading the favorite, started for the gate where he was joined by a friend.

"And is he going to run today?" asked the friend. "D'ye think he has a good chance, Mike?"

"Good chance is it!" said Mike O'Connell, "Sure there won't be a thing on the track that can beat this horse today." He hesitated, "Only perhaps it might be the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Argyle and myself would be able to catch him."

Murder, Anyone?
Clyde Clancy, Pilot advertising man, had it really rough last week. And on his wedding anniversary, too. And from his wife (My goodness!)

There she was, working in the kitchen to get everything ready for the party that evening. And Clyde was helping, just helping. You know: with this and that.

All of a sudden she turns on him with this crusher: "Dear," she says, "why don't you just run out in the yard and play?"

Dr. Winklepoppins
One of the Trib's many readers sends them this pertinent message: To The Herald-Tribune:

In my book, Barry Goldwater is a combination of Dr. Strangelove, Rip Van Winkle, and Mary Poppins—quite a guy but somehow not my idea of what the President of the United States should be. (Signed) Minard Hamilton.

How about substituting The Mad Hatter for Miss Poppins?
Taxi Talk
Taxi-driver talk is generally spicy, often funny, seldom prissy. So the McElvares, riding away from the movie "Tom Jones," which they had enjoyed enormously, were tickled with their taxi conversation.

To start with: the driver announced he took in the new foreign films, and had been to see "Tom Jones."

"How did you like it?" asked the riders. The driver shook his head. It had good spots, he admitted but "on the whole, I found it pretty debaucherous."

THE PILOT

Published Every Thursday by THE PILOT, Incorporated Southern Pines, North Carolina 1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd	Editor
C. Benedict	Associate Editor
John C. Ray	Business, Adv.
C. G. Council	Advertising
Bessie C. Smith	Advertising
Mary Scott Newton	Business
Gloria Fisher	Business
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff	Society
Composing Room	
Dixie B. Ray, Michael Valen,	
Thomas Mattocks, J. E. Pate, Sr.,	
Charles Weatherspoon, Robert Coffin.	

Subscription Rates	
Moore County	
One Year	\$4.00
Outside Moore County	
One Year	\$5.00
Second-class Postage paid at Southern Pines, N. C.	

Member National Editorial Assn. and N. C. Press Assn.