

THE PILOT

"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.

'Pothole Party'?

Some of the leadership of the Republicans seem bent on earning the name of the "Pothole Party" as they scurry about the state and launch their extensive and expensive advertising campaign against the road maintenance program.

They are howling about Governor Jim Hunt's proposal to raise the gasoline tax by three cents, but there was not a word of protest from them when President Reagan removed all price controls on oil four months ago and gasoline prices jumped 15 cents or more per gallon.

There isn't any doubt that additional funds are needed to fill the potholes on our highways and carry out the necessary maintenance to make them safe and passable. The Governor's package is a sensible solution to the need, and is designed so that it will have no serious effect on the average motorist.

Income tax rebates will return practically all of the gas tax increase to a majority of North Carolina motorists, and most of the increase will be paid by the heavy users, such as trucks, buses and other commercial vehicles.

Some of the Republican leaders and others, however, are deliberately ignoring this aspect of the Hunt package, as well as others, and there are suggestions that the general fund be raided, thus sacrificing schools, health programs and other programs.

Politicians have a way of reaching up into the air and pulling down figures to bolster their arguments, without caring whether those figures are based on facts or not. Advertising sponsored by stalking horse committees of the Republicans are

filled with distortions, as well as fanciful figures which have no relationship to reality.

This campaign against the Hunt proposals has not offered any sensible or workable alternatives, and one is led to believe that the purpose of the campaign is more one of partisan politics than a concern for the general welfare of the state.

This direction of the opposition has brought from the Fayetteville Observer the following editorial comment:

"It appears that the Campaign of 1984 has already begun, and that at least the ultra-conservative wing of the Republican Party believes it can seriously damage Gov. Hunt on the gas tax issue. With the public mood so strongly against taxes today, that is not a far-fetched view.

"Yet it entails a serious risk. The voters are not utterly bereft of memory. And if the gas tax is defeated, voters who go lurching and bumping over crumbled roads to the polls in 1984 are not likely to forget who made them that way."

Some facts are worth noting. At the present time North Carolina's nine-cent gasoline tax places the state 28th in the country, and there is no other state which maintains as many roads—more than 75,000 miles—as does the State of North Carolina. This state has earned the title of "the good roads state," but that title will quickly be lost unless more highway funds are obtained to maintain those roads.

The proposal by Governor Hunt to raise the necessary funds through a modest gas tax increase and other measures is sensible and practical. It seeks to solve a serious problem and deserves serious attention rather than a partisan attack.



A Biblical View

BY THAD STEM JR.

The ancient word "Pentateuch" (pen-ta-tuk) has appeared in print a few times recently, and to the abject consternation of multitudes.

The Hebrew's Old Testament consists of three parts, Law, Prophets, and Writings. The first of these, containing five books of the Bible, often called the "Five Books of Moses," is called the "Torah," or Law, because it embodies practically the Hebrew's entire legal system.

This five-fold division goes back to early times, for the early Rabbis spoke of the "five-fifths of the law," while the early Church fathers, beginning with Tertullian, employ the term "Pentateuch," which is yet in viable use among Christians. The word means "five-roll, or the five-toll book."

Primarily, the word "teuchos" denotes the box or chest in which the roll was kept, but in the course of time it came to be used

for the roll itself. Genesis clearly forms a book by itself, and the same is true of Deuteronomy. Conversely, Leviticus has characterize peculiarity its very own. This leaves Exodus and Numbers as being complete, or virtually so within themselves.

Modern scholars add to the first five books that of Joshua, and this resulted in a six-roll book, or a "Hexateuch." Joshua is joined to the others because its historical and literary content shows that it is joined to the other five. It describes the final stage of the "Origines," of the Hebrew nation. There appear to be two reasons why Joshua is separated from the Torah: Moses could not be connected with the Joshua material, and the contents prevented its setting apart with the books of the Pentateuch, as an authoritative guide of life.

The study of the Bible, once mandatory in virtually all high schools and colleges, has gone

with the button-hook. But the whole book is redolent with fascinating characters, stories, and images. And today's writer is often hard-pressed for a suitable analogy because his ignorance of the Bible is as appalling as it is astronomical.

As a savage case in point, we used to write an annual Christmas piece in praise of St. Herod, of blessed memory, the greatest nuisance abater in all of history. But people came to have such scant knowledge of the Bible, we abandoned this Christmas piece because its dark humor meant nothing to moderns. And we seem to lack elastic imagination, too. We always ended the St. Herod piece by saying every Christian home should keep a vicious dog to turn away the footpads of assorted charity. Amazingly, the same folks who don't know Herod from Billy Martin, thought I was serious about the vicious dog.

It Says Here

Queen of Southland

DR. EDWIN GLADMON, IN FREE PRESS, AUGUST 11, 1899.

Thou hast wealth of wondrous glory, Southern Pines.	Mistress, thou, of healing arts, Southern Pines.
Thou wilt live in fame and story, Southern Pines.	Here the great white plaque departs, Southern Pines.
Thine no dearth of nature's dower, Royal splendors 'round thee tower.	Here hath Hope her city founded: Here is dark Despair confounded.
Here is Eldorado's bower, Southern Pines	By Health's breezes all surrounded, Southern Pines.
Favorite child of Nature, thou, Southern Pines.	Not alone the body healing, Southern Pines.
Lavishly did she endow Southern Pines.	Balm thou giveth restless feeling, Southern Pines.
Cloudland's fairest eye hath seen Purpled sunsets like a dream.	Far from city's noise and din, Enter here no strife nor sin.
Float we not on Lethæan stream, Southern Pines?	In Southland's Queen peace reigns with Southern Pines.

MAYOR'S PAEAN — The Mayor of Southern Pines in 1899 was Dr. Edwin Gladmon, superintendent of the Sanatorium where lung and throat diseases were treated in the former hotel, "The Ozone." He is the author of the poem above, printed from "Free Press," a newspaper of the time on Bennett Street. The catalogue it came from was the property of the late Henry Graves.

The Public Speaking

Once A Week Helms And Falwell

To the Editor:

In reply to my friend, John S. Bell, concerning our garbage collection for Southern Pines, please, do not allow curb pick-up of garbage under any circumstances. Southern Pines, at the present, needs nothing to make it appear less attractive, but something to make it more attractive.

Allow me to suggest that we continue our garbage collection at back door, that each household acquire additional garbage cans, at town's cost, to meet their individual requirement, and the collecting schedule be reduced to once each week rather than twice. (Every Southern Pines taxpayer is due garbage collection without the extra expense of calling a "special" hauler or being forced to purchase heavy duty bags.)

Since we will greatly reduce our garbage service, one pick up each week and not two, we should not be called upon for greater tax money for such service, but I feel we could get the job done for less money than we are now paying.

Let us not consider a tax increase but rather a tax decrease in all departments. It can be done!

W.T. Huntley, Jr.
Southern Pines

To the Editor:

Your editorial "McCarthyism Rides Again" in May 20th issue of The Pilot should be food for thought for every freedom loving American. It not only is true but poses a danger for any conscientious hard working politician.

Jesse Helms and Jerry Falwell are two of the most outstanding fund raisers as it is called in politics. In business it is known as con men and they have a gang of hard working (fund raisers) working for them. I read sometime ago that Jesse had a "fund raiser" working for him who three years ago was a small time radio broadcaster, and now his net worth was listed at three million dollars, and he made it raising funds for Jesse. Why during the last election Jesse's gang raised eight million for Jesse and four million for President Reagan. Twelve

million dollars is not chicken feed. Jesse should be given credit for choosing a highly controversial subject such as his anti-abortion bill and then tying up Congressional committees for weeks while, as they explained it, determining "when life begins," when the simplest mind can tell that only God knows when life begins, and I do not believe He is going to pass that information along to either Jesse or Jerry, despite the fact that by their actions they would like people to believe they have a pipeline right to Him.

I personally believe that Jesse was invited out of the Democratic party and decided to join the Republicans so he could conduct his campaign to prestige and notoriety as he wanted to. I think that he claims to be Baptist but he sure is working closely with the Fundamentalist movement.

I am free to predict that one

(Continued on Page 3-B)



Bargain For Both

The town board of Carthage seems to be on sound ground in asking and expecting payment from the Moore County government for the services the town provides.

In the state capital the state government pays for fire and police protection, sanitation and other services provided by the city of Raleigh, and the same policies are followed in county seats across the state.

Moreover, in Moore County this is a long-standing agreement between the county and town, and for the county to default on the agreement in the middle of the fiscal year is not good policy. Understandably, the town board is objecting.

A county official contends that "Carthage needs us more than we need

them," and there is no doubt that county government operations are a major factor in the life of Carthage. But it is not likely that the county officials will shut down the courthouse, the jail, and all county offices and move elsewhere. Nor is it likely that the county can provide its fire and police protection, its sanitary and other services at a cost less than the small amount—about \$7,000 a year—now being paid to the town of Carthage.

This disagreement may turn out to be a tempest in a teapot, because it is inconceivable that some agreement will not be reached between the two governments. As it stands now the county has an agreement with the town to pay a small amount for certain services, and it ought to abide by that agreement.

It looks like a bargain for both.

Castrating The Commissioner

Castrating the Commissioner is surely not the way to deal with any problems relating to insurance rates in North Carolina.

Yet that is exactly what is proposed in a bill now before the Legislature, and the bill ought to be withdrawn or killed in committee before it stirs further animosities.

Under the bill all authority and powers over insurance rates would be taken away from the Commissioner of Insurance, a constitutional officer elected by the people, and placed in the hands of a politically appointed panel.

If legislators want to remove John Ingram, the present Insurance

Commissioner, from office they can get someone to run against him or submit an amendment to the people in a referendum to abolish the office altogether.

The present bill is a subterfuge which makes a mockery of the State Constitution and offers no sound benefits for the people of the state. There is no assurance that a panel of political appointees will better serve the public interests than the Commissioner who is elected by the people and accountable to the people.

Two hearings on the bill by Rep. J.P. Huskins have been held. The first hearing has been described as a "farce" by many people who were present and not allowed to speak. At the second hearing some of the people opposed to the castration of the commissioner were able to speak out against the movement, but more from the general public should be heard.

This is not a bill in the public interest.

Gun Menace

Senator Charles Vickery has introduced a bill in the Legislature to put some limits on the ownership of the lethal handguns.

It's a bill which would bring some sanity to a deplorable situation and it should be approved by both Senate and House.

Vickery's bill would prohibit the issuance of gun permits to anyone convicted of a crime within this state or in other states. It would also prohibit the sale, manufacture and ownership of cheap handguns known as "Saturday night specials."

This is the type of gun used in the attempted assassination of President Reagan and the wounding of four others. It is also the type of gun which annually claims the lives of hundreds of North Carolinians, many of them children.

Gun lovers will undoubtedly descend on the Legislature to fight the bill and insist on their "right" to own and use handguns. The victims of those guns will not be there, and they will not be heard because they have been silenced forever.

Vickery's bill will not end the handgun menace, but it will help to save lives, and that is worthwhile.



He was 72 years old when he died last week, but William Saroyan was always "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze."

He was a marvelous discovery when the book with that title and containing 26 short stories was published in 1934, and we used to gather with others who also discovered him to talk about his stories and this man who was helping to liberate American literature.

Saroyan saw the world with eyes of wonder and there was wonder in the way he wrote. He was young as we were and he stayed young and continued to write with wondering eyes, and we were immensely pleased when he won the Pulitzer Prize for his play, "The Time Of Your Life," in 1940.

Scenes from that play stayed with us...the people who wandered in and out of the bar and grill on the San Francisco waterfront, the old man sitting in a corner and muttering "no foundation...all down the line, no foundation," and all the others who were somehow special in an everyday world.

There were other plays and stories, more than 400 of them, and essays on the human condition. One of his other plays was "The Human Comedy," and there was indeed high human comedy in much of what he wrote.

Saroyan was the son of an Armenian immigrant and he was born and grew up in Fresno, California, and many of his stories came out of his Armenian neighborhood.

In one of his last photographs, the balding Saroyan had a large white moustache, and his eyes looked sad. But there was wit and hearty laughter and an elfin quality in his work down through the years.

When we read about Saroyan's death in the newspapers a few days ago we went and pulled down that old copy of "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze," and re-read some of those splendid stories.

In that first book he had written a "Preface to the First Edition," in which he tells about how he came to be a writer and he offers advice to other young writers. Here are some excerpts from that Preface:

"Years ago when I was getting a thorough grammar-school education in my home town I found out that stories were something very odd that some sort of men had been turning out (for some odd reasons) for hundreds of years, and that there were rules governing the writing of stories. I immediately began to study all the classic rules, including Ring Lardner's, and in the end I discovered that the rules were wrong. The trouble was, they had been leaving me out, and as far as I could tell I was the most important element in the matter, so I made some new rules....

"Sometimes I do not have to bother about rules at all, so I just sit down and write. Now and then I stand and write."

One of his rules, he said, was "Learn to typewrite, so you can turn out stories as fast as Zane Grey. It is one of my best rules...."

"A writer can have, ultimately, one of two styles: he can write in a manner that implies that death is inevitable, or he can write in a manner that implies that death is not inevitable. Every style ever employed by a writer has been influenced by one or another of these attitudes toward death....

"The most solid advice, though, for a writer is this, I think: Try to learn to breathe deeply, really to taste food when you eat, and when you sleep, really to sleep. Try as much as possible to be wholly alive, with all your might, and when you laugh, laugh like hell, and when you get angry, get good and angry. Try to be alive."

There are more than 60 poems and short stories in the new edition of Cairn, the student literary publication of St. Andrews Presbyterian College (92 pages, \$4.50) and the magazine is a pleasure to read.

Included in this issue are the \$100 prize winning short story by Shirley Cochran of Washington and prize winning poems by Heidi Hirschman, Agnes McDonald and Ann Cairn. Editors of Cairn are Jon Johnson, Mark Zink and Bart Mullin, and they are to be congratulated for the excellence of their work.

Along with poems, stories and art work by St. Andrews students this issue of Cairn includes contributions from several well known writers such as Marybelle Campbell, Ronald H. Bayes, Stephen Smith, Mary Snotherly, Marion Cannon, Thomas Blackburn, Judy Hogan and others.

Cairn measures well with the best of the student publications we have seen.

There were many poems in this issue which we liked, one of them "A Pride Of Poets" by Marybelle Campbell:

Call a convergence of poets
and like Mayflies they appear
popping out of water
out of wilderness, village
campus and swamp.

Or maybe more like migrant Monarchs
convening in colorful flocks.
Or like dragonflies they arrive
full-born, power-driven
with iridescent wings
like fine wire whisks
to lighten life's solid air.

No longer cocooned, marooned
no longer alone waiting for words.
Born to flight, they swarm in
eager to hear their own voices.

Like snails they bear on their backs
the burden of their own worlds--
the impulse to create--
a shell sounding, resounding
of life's joys, life's ironies.

Juice-sucking slugs
they live on the edge of darkness
defiant, possessed by dreams, by beauty
oblivious of others, trailing poems
like slime, like tears.

They converge. They read.
I hear children's wild play
satyr satire
and daemons' rude truth.

The second annual North Carolina Poetry Festival will be held at Weymouth Center here on Saturday, June 27.

Last year more than 125 poets from all parts of North Carolina were present for the all day event, and all of them had the opportunity to read their poems.

Much the same format will be followed this year, and the poets leading the opening discussion will be Ronald H. Bayes, Thomas N. Walters and Maria Ingram. All poets in the state are invited to participate, and the public is invited to come and listen.

From Mae Woods Bell of Rocky Mount comes this observation:

My neighbor thinks it's foolish to buy
An expensive video-tape recorder--
Paying a thousand dollars to watch re-runs
Is a pretty tall order.

Published Every Wednesday
By The Pilot, Incorporated
Southern Pines, North Carolina

Sam Ragan	Editor and Publisher
Marjorie Ragan	Associate Editor
Florence Gilkeson	News Editor
Patsy Tucker	Reporter
Liz Huskey	Reporter
Mary Evelyn de Nisoff	Pinehurst Editor
Woodrow Wilhoit	Carthage Editor
Charles Weatherspoon	Advertising Mgr.
Peggy Marsh	Advertising Asst.
Phillip W. Kiser	Advertising Asst.
Russell J. Lorensen	Auditor
Gloria B. Fisher	Office Manager
Kathy Lawrence	Office Asst.
Marilyn M. Bridgeman	Office Asst.
Thomas H. Mattocks	Production Manager

Production Department: Glenn M. Sides,
Beverly Van Dyke, Sandra Willoughby,
Glen Matthews, Darlene McNeill, Billie Sue Clippard,
Jim Kirkpatrick.

Member National Newspaper Association and
N.C. Press Association.

Subscription Rates
Moore County: One year...\$7.50. Six Months...
\$4.50. Three Months...\$2.75. Outside Moore
County: One Year...\$9.00. Six Months...\$5.50.
Three Months...\$3.50.
Send Change of Address to The Pilot, Box 58,
Southern Pines, N.C. 28387.