

A Free Spirit!

A short Associated Press dispatch from Spearfish, South Dakota, presents a refreshing departure from current "life styles" that are pathologically dedicated to comfort and security. The dispatch reports the retirement of an 82-year-old, crop-dusting pilot.

At the advice of the Federal Aviation Administration, the pilot is closing a career of 52 years of commercial flying. The 82-year-old aviator, commenting on his retirement, said, "I've got a few more crop dusting jobs to do and then it looks like I'm through." One reason he has decided to quit flying is

that he has a knee that "hurts like the dickens", and he finds it difficult to use the rudder pedals that are so necessary to crop spraying with his single-engine aircraft.

Measured by current standards, this old gentleman of the aviation fraternity should, long ago, have been collecting his dole or other available benefits from a beneficent government. How, his kind will never quite fit the rules of a system that places more and more emphasis on the illusory goals of safety and security. You see, he enjoys living, while the primary concern of the welfare state is existing.

Profit Control Not Needed

When the wage and price freeze went into effect, an immediate cry was raised by the shortsighted over the exclusion of profits. The pressure is continuing for some kind of profit control. Under existing circumstances, profit controls would probably merely add to unemployment.

According to reliable authorities, industry profit margins are close to the lowest point in 20 years, and total profits have fallen. Last year, they were \$41 billion after taxes as against \$50 billion in 1966 and about \$47 billion in 1967 and 1968. Moreover, unlike in the days of World War II and the Korean War, when excess - profits taxes were imposed, there is now plant capacity standing idle and an over supply of

many goods. Thus, as one business spokesman observes, the wage-price freeze automatically controlled profits. Under the freeze, the only way a company can increase profits is through improving efficiency or boosting output and sales volume. Controlling profits would probably kill the incentive to do either, and who would pay for that? The answer is no one but the consumer and workers whose jobs depend upon expanding progressive companies.

Controls that kill opportunity and incentive, stifle productivity and end by opening the flood gates of inflation, black markets, rationing and all the other evils of a police-state economy.

A Dangerous Age

Figures released by the National Transportation Safety Board, covering a study of 15-to-24-year-old auto drivers, are enough to make parents regret that cars were ever invented. Among 17,700 youth fatalities in 1969, there were 7,400 more youthful driver deaths than would have occurred if their fatality rate had been the same as that of drivers 25-years of age and older. The disproportionate loss involves "predominantly the young male". The Board finds that, "Driving and riding with other young drivers constitute the greatest hazard to survival which American youth must pass

successfully to reach adulthood." No one knows the loss of life inflicted upon other age groups as a result of the suicidal carelessness of the 15-to 24-year-old drivers.

The National Transportation Safety Board makes a number of recommendations aimed at young drivers. These include licensing, driver education and improvement, alcohol safety action and vehicle inspection. Those who wonder about the high insurance rate on youthful drivers can find their answer in the carnage youth commits everyday on the nation's highways.

Forest Fire Time Has Arrived Again

This is one of the several times of the year when foresters sleep with one eye peeled toward the woods, as they keep a sharp lookout for forest fires.

Rains in late September and October kept the fire danger to a minimum, but the warm Indian summer days ahead will soon dry out the woodlands.

Forest fires are a great potential danger not only to the fine timber and the wildlife in our forests, but there's always the possibility that the fires will spread and engulf hun-

dreds of our homes as was the case out in California this year.

State and federal foresters remind all Transylvanians that it is necessary to secure a permit for burning of brush within 500 feet of woodlands, except between the hours of 400 p.m., and midnight.

And persons living in Brevard are required to call the shortwave radio station, 883-3311 and request to do outside burning before hand.

Always be careful with that match or cigarette, especially when you are in or near our forests.

The Transylvania Times

100 Broad St.

Brevard, N. C. 28712

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THE "TIMES" PRIZE-WINNING COLUMN

From ALMAR FARM In Transylvania BY CAL CARPENTER



I got caught out in the rain the other day and it started me thinking about raincoats. I didn't have one at that particular time, but I consoled myself that I'd probably have gotten wet even if I had. For raincoats, even though they're some better than they used to be, still won't really keep you dry in a determined downpour.

When I think of raincoats, I naturally remember the first kind I wore. This was a long, black, rubberized cloth garment with latch fasteners like you sometimes see on galoshes now days. I wore it from the old house on Bugg Street in North Canton on the mile or so walk to the North Canton Grammar School.

It didn't leak when new, but surely did after it had been worn a while. Unlike today's rainwear, which is made of all waterproof material, my boyhood raincoat was only a thin coating of rubber sprayed, I suppose, on a heavy cotton cloth. As such, it had a tendency to crack where the coat was folded, and eventually peeled off to have a leperous appearance. Where the rubber peeled off it was about as waterproof as cheese cloth.

Added to this, it fit poorly around the neck and usually for a growing boy, hung well above the ankles. What water didn't manage to go down the neck mostly wound up on my lower pant legs and in my shoes — a problem that hasn't been corrected to this day in the average raincoat.

Next, in chronological order, I remember the Government Issue raincoat of my Cadet days in the Army. This was a sturdy, waterproof fabric garment that turned water efficiently where it covered — but it didn't cover enough.

I clearly remember marching along the streets of Maxwell Air Field near Montgomery, Alabama, one of a long parade of Flying Cadets, with an Alabama downpour coming down so hard you could hardly see the man ahead of you. You see, the military has, of

necessity, never made any concession to the weather, bad or good. An army has to move, come you-know-what or high water, and you are trained to march regardless of the weather. It is still, I'm sure, against regulations for any man in uniform, be he private or general, to be seen carrying an umbrella. It's just not military — too much concession to the weather. But he can wear a raincoat.

In those days, we wore the coats but no rain hats. Perhaps it was considered enough of a concession that we wore coats — anyway, with nothing but the little cotton flight caps on our heads, the rain had a clear run down the raincoat collars. And, like my schoolboy coat, the G. I. model stopped at mid-calf. So what rain didn't go down our collars ran off onto our trouser legs and into our shoes.

We marched along, heads high and shoulders back, with water in our eyes, down our middles and in our shoes, singing "Off We Go Into The Wild Blue Yonder." It's a wonder we didn't all get pneumonia and go off into the wild blue in a manner different from the way we were singing about.

But we were young and strong — we minded the rain little more than I had as a ten-year old boy on the way to grammar school.

Of all the rainwear I've ever seen, I believe the best is the old army Poncho. Now there was a raincoat that would keep you dry in practically any circumstances, yet not quite all.

It was — and still is I guess — a cloak resembling a blanket of waterproof material with a slit in the middle for your head. The Army had gone this original design one better by building a parka in the middle. You could put this thing on, and with a drawstring tight around your throat and the bottom of it almost sweeping the ground, you'd be dry in a tropical downpour — as far as the falling rain went.

I was with the Atomic Era.
—Turn to Page Three

THE EVERYDAY COUNSELOR

BY
DR. HERBERT SPAUGH



These early marriages in which so many young people today are uniting are not holding together at all well. In fact, the rate of divorce in the case of teenage marriages is about 50%, every other marriage.

It isn't difficult to discover the cause lack of thought and counting the cost. There are more teenage girls than teenage boys marrying. Many of them do it simply because the girls in their group are getting married. Others marry to escape home restrictions. In all but a few cases, they simply don't count the cost.

They are much like an experience had in Jamaica some years ago. I was visiting our Moravian churches and pastors on that island. We came to one parsonage where the pastor was absent but a terribly battered up automobile was standing under the carport. I turned to my driver who was also a minister and asked him, "What happened? It looks like it rolled down the side of the mountain."

"It did," replied my driver. This minister saved his money, went to a car dealer and bought a car. Apparently he thought nothing at all about taking driving lessons. He tried to drive it home without any knowledge or experience. He didn't make it. His car was ruined, but fortunately he escaped with only bruises.

This is the case in many of these early marriages. If they do hold together then they become grandparents while they are still in early mid-life. Here is a case.

"I am 46 years old, a mother and twice a grandmother. My problem is our 18 year - old son just told us he is in love with a 22 year-old divorcee with two children. He plans to marry her."

"We are deeply religious and you can imagine how it has upset me and my husband. We want God's will done."

"Both of our sons are professing Christians. This son who has been our greatest problem, has stopped attending Sunday School and church for the last two and one-half years. Please pray with us about this problem and offer any advice you can."

Apparently the lines of communication between parents and son have broken down, but this is somewhat natural for children in the teens. Love, prayer, and disciplined living is the answer. This mother might suggest to her son who is eighteen and planning to take a ready - made family to get the advice of someone he respects. It won't do much good to nag him. They should urge their son to at least finish high school, for without a high school education his future is greatly limited.

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE TRANSYLVANIA TIMES

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Guest Column

It's A New Day In The Classroom

By - JERRY BLEDSOE
(Greensboro Daily News)

A Greensboro mother is telling this one about her third grader.

Mama went to school to pick up her daughter the other afternoon, and the daughter bounded into the car, settled into the seat and said:

"Mama, what's sex all about?"

Mama, a little startled said:

"Well . . . It's uh, about a lot of things. Why? Have you been studying about it?"

Pick Of The Press

Driver Education

(The Pilot)

Southern Pines

North Carolina's driver education program has proved itself over the three years since the plan was pushed through the Legislature by Senator Tom White of Kinston.

Under the program all automobile license purchasers pay an extra \$1 for the training of boys and girls in auto driving skills. The program is administered by the Department of Motor Vehicles and the State Department of Public Instruction. The record shows that it has been one of the best moves toward saving lives made by the State.

We were interested in reading recently that most Americans feel the same way about driver education. The Gallup poll found that an overwhelming 83 percent of all citizens were in favor of passing through

"No, but we having achievement tests and the teacher said that tomorrow's test would be on sex."

Achievement tests on sex? Mama, trying not to seem nonplused, said:

"Are you sure that's what she said?" Daughter was sure. Mama puzzled over it until she figured out the only thing it could be.

Next day, daughter did very well on her test on SETS. New math, don't you know.

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legislation which would require high school students to take a driver education course before they graduate. Young and old, men and women were strong for the proposal.

Some of those who replied said they would favor it if the students were prepared for "actual life-and-death situations" and not just how to put the car in reverse.

For the most part North Carolina has had a strong driver education program, which did just that. The emphasis on "defensive driving" has undoubtedly paid dividends in fewer lives lost in highway accidents.

The matter of requiring driver education before high school graduation is fine, but what about the high school dropouts? They also need such training, and the granting of driver licenses should be contingent upon their receiving it.

The Robot Cow

(The Reidsville Review)

Farmers, who still haven't quite accepted the fact that artificial "butter" is here to stay, are faced with a new challenge—an artificial cow "no less."

An Englishman has invented a contraption of plastic tubes and angle irons, with huge jaws fed by a conveyor belt and a centrifuge for a stomach, according to a National Geographic news bulletin.

The jaws munch on grass, clover or waste cabbage leaves. Then the centrifuge spin - separates the fiber from the liquid, which is treated with chemicals and electric currents to eliminate mineral discolorations.

The resulting clear, bland juice is fortified with vegetable oils, sugar and other additives. Then it is homogenized and pasteurized.

It's claimed that the machine can transform one ton of fodder a day into 180 gallons of "leaf protein milk." This exceeds by far the average of less than three gallons a day credited to American's 12,500,000 dairy cows last year.

Will leaf protein milk do to cow what ole - margarine did to the butter churn?

At this early date, there is udderly no way to tell.

The UN Accepts The Real China

(Smithfield Herald)

The real China is "mainland China," as the Nixon administration calls it—or "Communist China," if you prefer. It should have been admitted to the United Nations years ago. Its admission to the UN now can serve the cause of world peace if the hysterical politicians in America will tone down their anti-Peking and anti-UN rants.

To support admission of the Peking government to the United Nations is not to approve the kind of government that operates in Peking. It is a way of saying that the UN can never fulfill the dreams of its founders if a country of some 800 million inhabitants is barred from its halls and from participation in its decisions.

Many Americans who support admission of mainland China to the United Nations regret that Taiwan has been expelled from the world organization. It can be argued logically that no land containing 14 million inhabitants—the approximate population of Taiwan — should be barred from the "family of nations."

The Nixon administration, which supported the admission of Neking, did argue that Taiwan should not be barred from the UN. But the U. S. view did not prevail when the votes were cast. And many Americans are angry.

But the angry are wrong when they shout, "Take the United States out of the United Nations and take the United Nations out of the United States." They sound like the lad who didn't like the way things were going on the school grounds and picked up his marbles and went home.

The United Nations was never intended to be an instrument of U. S. foreign policy. Just as parties and individuals cannot always have their way in domestic politics, the United States cannot insist on having its way in the United Nations. It is never a disgrace to lose a political contest when an honest position has been taken on the issue. And the United States is not disgraced by what happened in the UN this week.

On the issue of Taiwan's expulsion, even some of our allies oppose our position. The decision does not mean that the Com-

munist world has captured the United Nations.

Americans feel that it is harsh to drive from the United Nations the government on the Island of Taiwan long led by Chiang Kai-shek, but other countries take a view of Taiwan's status different from ours.

Ever since Chaing and his associates fled Peking and established refuge on Taiwan after the communist won control of China more than two decades ago, Chiang has pressed the fictitious claim that his government on the island is the real China. And the United States under a succession of Presidents has supported his claim.

The Communist regime in Peking and its allies have persistently rejected Chiang's claim, and Peking was repeatedly expressed its disinclination to desire membership in the UN alongside of a regime claiming to be the real China. Many non-Communist counties have been sympathetic toward Peking's attitude, and they translated their sympathy into votes that brought about Taiwan's expulsion from the UN.

In the American view, Taiwan's expulsion is deplorable, but realistic Americans will acknowledge that the United Nations comes closer to reflecting international realism with the real China sitting in the UN and occupying a seat on the UN's Security Council.

Acknowledging realism does not mean that Taiwan, with its 14 million human beings, is to be ignored or reduced to a nonentity. The problem of Taiwan's future deserves status as unfinished international business.

Paragraphics . . .

This world is full of checks and balances. Just when you get to where many prices don't matter, calories do.

The more you work for it and the less you look for it, the quicker happiness comes.