

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.

Tufts On Resort Cooperation

In May of 1948 a meeting was held in Southern Pines to discuss the resort business and, as principal speaker, they chose a man who knew his topic well: Richard S. Tufts, president of Pinehurst, Incorporated.

Mr. Tufts spoke primarily on the need to coordinate the entertainment efforts of the two resort towns, and, as introduction to his words, he remarked that he had made just about the same speech, with the same plea, in 1929. "I didn't get very far then," he said, "and probably I won't now either, but I'm going to keep on trying. This is something I believe in."

There were two points the speaker emphasized most forcefully: the need to lengthen the season, and to set up a joint committee to plan an entertainment program for the entire area, taking special care that there should be

no conflicting dates. But what Richard Tufts stressed most of all was the need for true cooperation by both towns in each other's projects. This ideal has never been approached; in fact, it has hardly been attempted, yet it is as sensible as when Mr. Tufts voiced it ten years ago, and almost twenty years before that. The season has been lengthened by the construction of new air-conditioned accommodations for tourists and, in Pinehurst, by keeping the hotels open for conventions, but, as far as we know, there is little coordination of plans for entertainment.

This is a two-way affair, necessitating good will and good work on both sides. Given those two essentials and the basic good sense of this plan, as presented by an expert in the field, it's a foregone conclusion that its results would be good.

Like Mr. Tufts, we believe in it.

Why Not Raise Junk Mail Rate First?

One of the town's thoughtful citizens set our minds to buzzing a few days ago with an inquiry in which we could do nought but heartily join: instead of raising first class mail postage, as proposed, from three cents to five cents, why not ease the burden of the post office department by placing higher rates on "junk" mail—the mountains of advertising and other material that comes unsolicited to everybody all the time?

Well, why not? There may be a reason, but we can see nothing but added peace, happiness and prosperity ahead, were this flood of material cut down. We would of course, advocate an exception for newspapers which travel under the same class of mail. And we think such an exception is justified, as newspapers are items that have been duly ordered and paid for by subscribers. What we'd like to keep out of the mailbox is all the stuff that we didn't ask for, don't want and are then

forced to dispose of.

The plea for lightening the burden of both the postman and the householder was succinctly put by Wallace Irwin in his guest Grains of Sand column on this page a couple of weeks ago: "Give the morning mail a strict treatment for girth control. Then, maybe, if you had written asking about something you really want to buy, or know about, you'd get something sounding like an answer."

The indignant citizen on the telephone says he and his wife have gotten as many as 10 copies of the same piece of advertising matter—sent to them as individuals and as a couple, to their present and former addresses in town. For this, we note sadly, trees are crashing to the ground in the north woods to provide pulp for paper that is thrown away daily in millions of homes.

Not much sense in that, so far as we can see, nor in charging people more for the mail they want to receive.

All Right, It's Cold—But . . .

The twenty-second of December is the shortest day and the longest night of the year, says the Almanac.

We always find it hard to believe. There's the whole winter stretching ahead. Colder and colder, day by day, it grows. The dark seems to come just as early:

You huddle around the fire and pile the fatwood on; the thick curly smoke puffs up the chimney. The sun drops quickly behind the pines, quicker and quicker, you'd say. Winter, never-ending winter, keeps on lengthening out.

Then suddenly one evening . . . well! The sunlight's wavering across the grass, sending the long shadows slanting. . . still shining! What time is it? After six; well after six. You stand stockstill. Has anybody noticed?

A towhee swoops from a bush and swings up to the dogwood branch. It's just as cold as ever, colder maybe: only 10 above, they say, this morning, but he sits there as the chill wind ruffles his feathers, bravely facing the sun. His glossy red-brown breast catches the red gleam of the light, his white bars shine. He puffs his chest. "Towhee! Chewink!" he shouts.

Day lasts longer, night is shorter: spring ahead!

Just the same it's too cold to stay up there on that bare branch. He dives back into the thicket.

You follow suit but, as you tuck in, too, in your thicket by the fire, you have that good, warm feeling: the days are starting to grow longer: spring ahead!

Slow To Wake Up

The newspapers, the magazines, and the radio are full, these days, of stories about the troubles of the young people and the schools. The way they go on, you'd think this was something new. Actually, drastic warnings of this situation have been issued again and again for a good many years.

It is humiliating that it should have taken the Russians to bring the nation to its senses. The reason for the almost complete apathy of people towards this situation can be traced, probably, to several factors of which three successive wars would certainly be one. But much of it, we submit, comes from the mistaken theory, widely spread by some psychiatrists and educators, that children must, at all costs, be happy. Mistakenly interpreted by parents in general, it evolved into the confused theory that the way to make the child happy is not to have him do anything that makes him unhappy. Not even if, by being a little unhappy now, he might end up a better, more intelligent, and far happier fellow later on.

A teacher in a school built to hold 700 students and now crowded with almost twice that many writes to the Christian Science Monitor how she feels about all this. Here is what she says:

"I like these youngsters. They are alive, alert, interesting. . . the problem is not one of lack of discipline, it is the resistance to hard work.

"Most of these youngsters are in the hard grip of a mental concept impressed by the 'group.' They take orders from the 'group' and not from their teachers, preachers, or parents. The concept is that life is for fun, pleasure, going steady with its mirage of security, enjoying one's self in school while chatting away hours which should be for mastery of work.

"Our teachers are dismayed by the students' almost pathological concern with boy-girl relationships, the emptiness of their TV watch-

ing, the lack of religious training or its influence on their daily behavior, the fuzziness of their thinking and values concerning state, national, and international affairs, the lack of real life goals beside getting a big car, finding a soft job with pensions and security, and getting married, with four children as the minimum."

The teacher continues: "Then too, there is the problem of avoiding controversy in our conformist society. . . we have freedom of speech and assembly but hardly anyone uses it. I wonder if many of these proposals to improve education by spending billions are going to change the situation. I have a feeling that unless there are fundamental changes in attitudes, less worship of pleasure, personal satisfaction, material security. . . we will not improve much in the next few years, so crucial to our survival."

All this sounds much like the conversations of parents and teachers in these parts.

We submit these are topics that should have been discussed long ago. We are not only late in fostering the study of science, about which there has been such a hullabaloo, we are late all down the line. Now that the realization of this tragic error has come, with it must come the realization, also, that no quick change is possible. Children who have been accustomed to think that their ease and happiness is about all that matters cannot change that viewpoint over night; nor can the parents who failed to give them the guidance so sorely needed.

Yet somehow a start must be made in building up self-discipline and perseverance, forgetfulness of self and an understanding of true values. . . instead of "popularity" and "security" and "going steady." Without such fundamentals of character, the youth of the land can never come to its rightful maturity as individuals capable of carrying their responsibilities in a world that calls for the best they have in them.

"Fe! Fi! Fo! Fum! I Smell The Blood Of A Congressman"



WHAT IMPRESSION DOES OURS MAKE?

Bias Against Small Towns Noted

Whether we who live in small towns know it or like it, millions of Americans hate—or think they hate—small town life. In a provocative editorial, "The Publishers' Auxiliary," a trade paper designed primarily for non-daily editors and publishers, points out the impact such a prejudice can have on a community or a newspaper. The editorial, which is of general interest to small-town residents, follows:

We think it is time that the smaller communities of America face up to the fact that to many thousands, perhaps millions, of Americans, small town living is a fate comparable to sleeping sickness.

They Don't Know

These Americans don't read your newspapers. They don't know of the increase in cultural activities in your small towns. They know only what has been the classic concept of the smaller community since the 1920's and the novels of Sinclair Lewis.

For example, in a recent speech Dr. Wallace S. Sayre, professor of public administration at Columbia University, said

that small town society is "parochial, introverted, rigid, dull, complacent and somewhat monolithic in its decision-making."

True or not, the statement was made and it is thought, at least, by millions of other Americans who want no part of small town living.

How Important?

How important is this feeling that the small town is the stalking ground of the dull and inspired, the hick and the rube, the lout and the unskilled?

To our way of thinking it is quite important. For among the millions of Americans who have a bias against small towns are many decision makers. . . people who decide not to locate their plant in your town and pick a nearby large community; young people of talent who do not want to work in, and enrich, your community and many people in control of national advertising accounts who are dazzled at the prospects of color pages in the big magazines and network television shows and want no part of the advertising service offered by the community newspapers of America.

Johnny's Father Hasn't The Time To Read

(From The Smithfield Herald)

Why Johnny's father doesn't read may be the truly basic question that needs more probing than why Johnny can't read.

There have been surveys galore showing that the United States is not a book-reading nation. And now Jonathan Daniels tells a group of Rotarians that we don't even read magazines. North Carolina, he says, has 2.6 per cent of U.S. population but only 1.3 per cent of magazine readership.

Why don't more of us read books and magazines? Or why don't we read more than we do?

It has been popular in recent years to brand television as the

culprit that kills the reading habit or prevents the habit from ever developing. Television, understandably is suspect, but maybe television deserves acquittal after all.

Guilty Culprit

The guilty culprit may well be meetings—community meetings. There must be 57 varieties of them in Smithfield alone.

At one community meeting in Smithfield the other night, the chairman explained why several persons who were supposed to attend the meeting couldn't attend. They had to attend other meetings. Before this particular meeting adjourned, one man showed up late. He had hurried over

from another meeting as soon as he had opportunity.

There was another community meeting the next night. And once again absences were due to conflict of meetings.

It's the same story just about every night. And there appears to be no end to the string of community meetings. Indeed the strings without end are multiplying.

There may be uncivic souls among us that escape to another world night after night through television. And maybe some of these souls used to find outlets through books, or even magazines.

Meet or Read

But take a look at our civic-minded residents—the community leaders and those who respond to leadership's appeal for help in civic enterprise. They don't read, certainly not as much as they need to read or perhaps would like to read—for the obvious reason that one cannot read and meet at the same time. And one had rather meet than read, or feels that the obligation to meet has priority over the obligation or desire to read.

Just where a readerless leadership will lead us is not quite clear. Since reading is the fountainhead of ideas, it seems that a community led by meeters rather than readers could in time find its stream of ideas as dry as a desert. And there would be nothing at all to bring up at meetings.

Chain Reaction

Perish the thought! And pray that Johnny's father will wake up before any such calamity. If Johnny's father starts reading again, he may even set in motion a chain reaction that will blast away the causes of Johnny's inability to read.

Grains of Sand

He Won't Forget

Carlton Smith of West End went into the Chamber of Commerce office to buy license tags for a car and a truck the other day.

The car tag number he drew was "345." Then he bought his truck license. The number? "678." We'll bet Mr. Smith doesn't forget his license numbers.

Are You 'Bite Prone'?

You can't say a mean thing about a dog and get away with it, if what you say comes to the attention of the Gaines Dog Research Center which boasts a Park Avenue address in New York City.

The GDRC is one of our most faithful correspondents (one-way, that is: we've never written them but it's a slow week when something doesn't come to us from them).

When we read about Postmaster General Summerfield cutting off mail delivery to homes with biting dogs, we couldn't wait to see what GDRC had to say about THAT. So pretty soon in came an "immediate release" news bulletin with even a nice headline already written for us: **THINKS P. O. STATISTICS REFLECT UNFAIRLY ON DOG**

So guess what the GDRC has figured out:

Some persons, it's stated, are "bite prone," just like some persons are known to be "accident prone"—meaning that 6,000 bites (one to every 20 mailmen) cited by the postmaster general undoubtedly "include cases of two or more bites" on the same letter carrier, "but not necessarily by the same dog," quickly adds the GDRC.

So what they are saying is that if letter carriers get bitten, it's their own fault, at least so far as some of them are concerned.

The postmaster general, concludes the GDRC report, is "entirely unfair to the overwhelming majority of dogs."

Wish that somebody were as busy sending out timely releases in defense of people as the GDRC is about dogs.

Gene Is Right

A note from Gene Stevens, sojourning in Florida, reminds us that a reviewer in The Pilot's "Some Looks At Books" column erred in noting that Muriel Jernigan, author of "The Two Lives of An-Marie," and her husband "are now residents of Raleigh."

Paul Jernigan, her husband, died several years ago in Florida. The Jernigans did, as Gene reminds us, live in Southern Pines for some years, on Ridge St., across from the Episcopal Church. We recall Paul Jernigan as wearing white shorts in warm weather—a much more daring innovation in male dress than that it is now. He was, as we recall, active in charitable drives and other civic work.

Of Time and Mars—

Also Augustus

It seems the Roman Emperor Augustus, who was a Christian, who lived when there were no watches, used to tell time by how long it took him to read certain passages in the Scriptures.

Only thing was: he'd fall asleep reading occasionally and then he'd be mixed up about the time for days and days.

Maybe in times ahead we'll envy Augustus. His confusion won't be anything to the day when the world begins to get paisy with Mars and some of those other places.

Just how do you synchronize with those folks when it's 10 a. m., Jan. 30, 1958, here and 5:30 a. m., Oct. 12, 3642 up there?

(Not according to GRAINS, folks. We wouldn't touch those figures with a ten-foot diameter stopwatch. They're the Christian Science Monitor's calculations, who, being both a Christian and a scientist, or anyway Scientist, must speak with definite authority.)

The PILOT

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