

# 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.

## Good Move by the Commissioners

The county commissioners' decision to issue no more licenses to fortune tellers and palm readers in Moore County is sure to meet with wide public approval.

The number of these establishments had been cut down—and new ones were discouraged—by the regulation applying for the last few years: that licenses be issued only to fortune tellers who had resided in Moore County for at least two years.

This week's decision goes beyond that to state simply that no licenses for this sort of activity will be issued by the county under any circumstances. It was a good decision and one that should have been made long ago.

Purpose of the prohibition, of course, is to protect ignorant and gullible persons who can be subject to financial exploitation by fortune tellers. Cases of this sort reach the courts now and then—enough of them, plus the rumors of such situations that are frequently heard, to put all such operations under a cloud, a cloud that a well organized community is inclined to feel should not be allowed to exist,

whether or not specific charges have been brought against the fortune tellers.

There may be scrupulous fortune tellers who charge a reasonable fee for the entertainment their predictions or analyses give their customers. But, because the business operates completely in private and totally without legal supervision or regulation—except for such licensing as had been done in this county—responsible citizens who are interested in the welfare of the community and the protection of all its citizens—especially those who do not have the intelligence or judgment to protect themselves—feel that the health of the community is served by not allowing fortune tellers to operate.

This feeling is so wide-spread that visitors to the Sandhills frequently express amazement that fortune tellers are allowed to operate here. The disapproval of these visitors is obvious. This fact alone, in a resort area which is trying to put its best foot forward and please visitors in every way it can, would be sufficient reason for outlawing the practice.

## Virginia Acts on Highway Signs

The State of Virginia, unlike North Carolina, has seen fit to enact a law that will limit and control signs along the federal interstate highways that will be built in that state—thereby not only insuring a vastly more attractive landscape along the roads but making the state eligible to receive an extra four to six million dollars in federal funds.

North Carolina could also have had that assurance of both beauty and extra highway money if the General Assembly had enacted a similar law here. But the legislators turned thumbs down on the proposal during last year's session. It seems doubtful that the Assembly would reverse its stand in 1961, though we earnestly hope that an attempt will be made.

Virginia's victory is credited to women's groups who organized as the Associated Clubs for Roadside Development. The ladies enlisted the help of some of the state's top politicians and won their battle.

The irony of North Carolina's stand, as

contrasted with that of Virginia, was pointed out by the Raleigh News and Observer: "If Virginia, where there is much interest in state's rights and an almost frenzied attitude to have nothing to do with anything that smacks even slightly of 'socialism,' can see the need for such regulation, North Carolina should also be able to do so."

We are told that the Southern Pines Planning Board is meeting today to study a proposal to limit and control signs on the No. 1 highway parkway, or more specifically, in that area of the parkway that has been placed in the new Business III zone.

The board's recommendation, if they make one, will then be discussed at the council meeting Tuesday night of next week.

The same sort of public backing that succeeded in enacting the Virginia legislation is now in order here. Persons who feel that signs should be controlled on the parkway should make their opinion known to the council.

## Youth Conservation Corps Plan

Keeping up with the status of minor legislation in Congress is not easy and we had lost track of the bills that would create a Youth Conservation Corps, a proposal that received this newspaper's strong endorsement when it was first made months ago.

Recently we learned that the Senate version of the proposal (S-812) had passed by two votes. The House bills (HR-3709 and HR-5856) were reported to be listed under the Committee on Education and Labor of which Rep. Graham A. Barden of North Carolina is chairman. Persons interested in the bills were asked to write him urging his support in getting them passed.

What the status of these bills is today we do not know, but we do commend the proposal to our readers. The project resembles the depression-time Civilian Conservation Corps which gave healthy outdoor employment and three square meals a day to thousands of unemployed young men at a time of financial crisis in the nation—meanwhile making pos-

sible a series of forestry and public works projects from which the country's woodlands and National Parks are still benefiting.

Proponents of the plan point out that, despite national prosperity, there are several million youths who have dropped out of school, have no skills and are practically unemployable—many have even been rejected for military service. Said an eminent sociologist: "No one program could do more to prevent juvenile delinquency than the activation of a program similar to the old CCC."

Last week, in these columns, we urged support for the "Wilderness Bill"—legislation that would insure preservation of the small remaining true wilderness areas in the United States, against the encroachments of lumber, grazing and other interests. Ideal companion legislation, it would seem, is the Youth Conservation Corps measure. And in these days of billions piled on billions for defense, space age and military projects, both the Wilderness and Youth proposals would be but a drop in the national budget bucket.

## Tranquillizers and Air Accidents

From reports, as of this writing, of the investigation of the crash of the Piedmont Airlines plane near Charlottesville last October it seems almost certain that the cause of the accident must be attributed to "pilot failure." The pilot, it has been revealed, was under the care of a psychiatrist and had been taking tranquillizers for some time previous to the crash.

The news is bad in that it suggests that airlines may not have been as careful as they should in checking on the health, physical or mental, of their flyers. This will add an extra shock, too, to the grief of the bereaved families of the victims of the accident. Sorrow has added bitterness when the cause of death seems to have been avoidable.

But, from the standpoint of future commercial flying, it is well, certainly, that this discovery was made. It would be bad enough to be a passenger in a car driven by someone who was not entirely master of himself, whether through illness or the drugs he was taking to prevent or cure the illness. How much worse to be in a plane under such circumstances.

In the matter of the tranquillizing drugs, surely these have not yet been used long enough for their many and varied reactions to be always predictable. Equally unpredictable might be the reactions of a neurotic individual—drugs or no drugs—placed in a position of such responsibility, requiring iron nerve and

complete self-control.

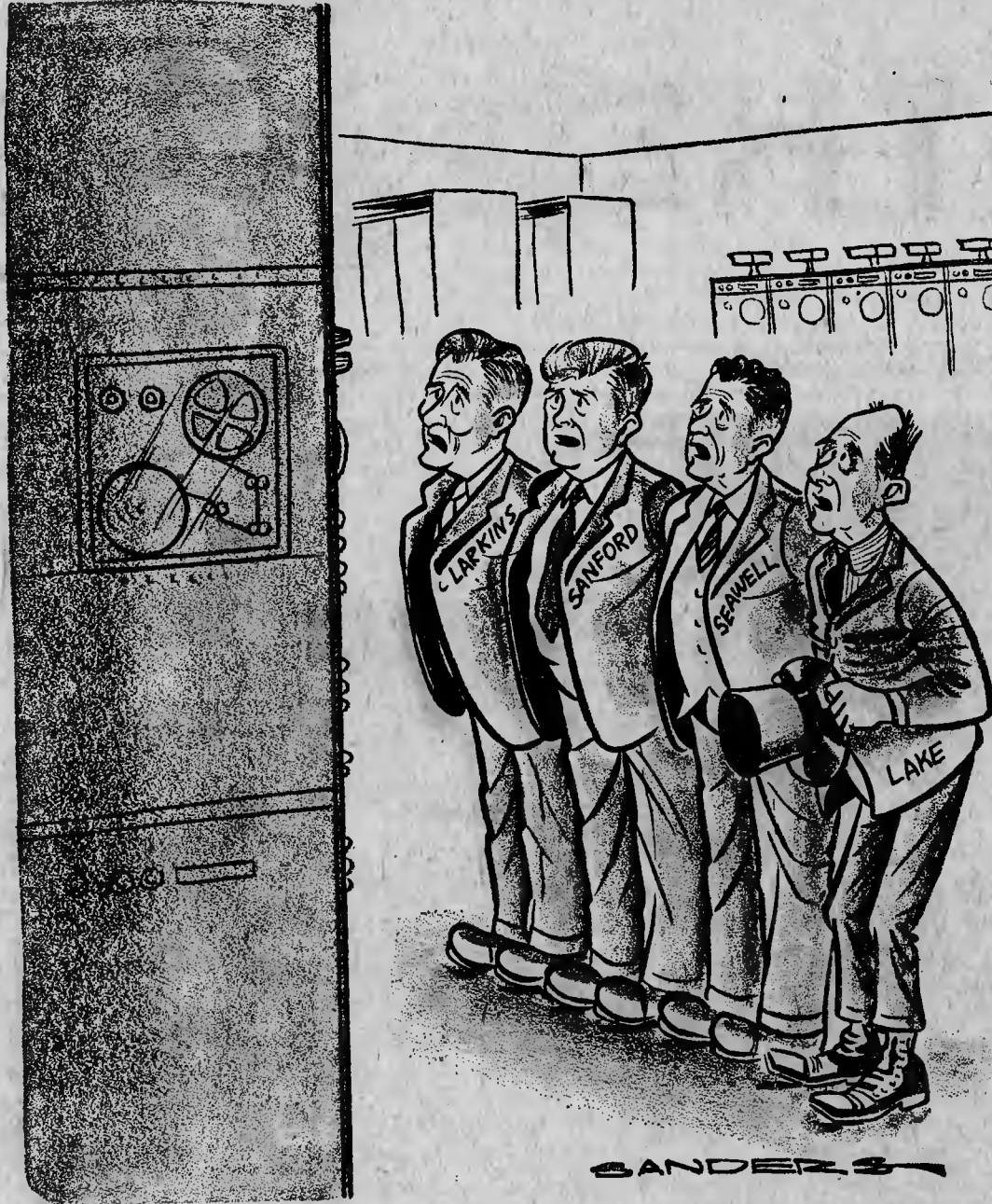
This accident last fall was, we believe, the first this state airline has experienced, a record to be proud of. If the final report of the committee making the investigations indicates that pilot failure was responsible, it would appear that the company could be absolved of at least some of the blame. Pilots are given a medical examination every six months, and among the rules laid down is one forbidding them to fly if taking any drugs.

Tranquillizers are not specifically named, but would naturally be included under the ban. Yet it would seem almost impossible, if a pilot or his doctor did not report such medical treatment, for the airline to find it out.

There is little doubt that if the case against the tranquillizer pills, as being responsible, is proved, as well as such things can be proved, it will have the good result of bringing a general tightening of safety measures on all airlines. This should cheer up a good many who fly a lot and cause some lessening of the general apprehension that is being rather widely felt, following the tragic and terrible accidents that have taken place during these past few months.

If, as it seems very likely, the final report is "pilot failure," Piedmont Airlines will be able at least to tell themselves that there is no charge against their machines or their maintenance: that only the tragic failure, through illness, of one man was involved.

## "Univac Against The Wall, Who's Fairest Of Us All?"



## The Treasure Labeled 'Books'

"A book is like a frigate to bear us leagues away..."

This week the nation celebrates National Library Week and the wonder and the wisdom, the fun and the fancy, the understanding and the inspiration that form the treasure that we label: BOOKS.

It would be impossible to estimate in any way the part that books have played in the march of civilization. In fact, you could make a pretty good case of it if you claimed that, but for books, there wouldn't have been any civilization at all. But for the records left in books, the records of discovery, whether in a geographical sense or scientific, technological one: or discovery in the sense of ideas, of the bright gems from the greatest intellects of the ages—but for such records, carrying on the great continuity of thought and action, of striving and accomplishment, how would mankind have gone ahead, let alone survived at all?

It's a thought to ponder over. Books are all things, or at least many things, to men. They are often an escape from the present, bringing needed relaxation to a



hard-pressed spirit, or the escape may go deeper, to tap a well of sustenance revitalizing the senses, bringing fresh strength to form a new outlook and make a fresh start.

Books can be the greatest enjoyment in the world—just fun, just pure delight. And books can be the means to greater understanding of those truths upon which the soul must feed or lose its way among the cruel and treacherous reefs which life strewn in the path of every man.

The libraries are full of books, and there are many more libraries now than ever before. Statisticians tell us that more books are read by more people than ever before. If that is true, it is a very hopeful sign, but this is one statistic—and who cannot think of a good many others?—that is hard to believe. When you think of the hours the average child, and adult, too, spends watching television, listening to the radio, going to the movies, and when you think of the great vogue for "condensed" books—that are not real books at all, but an insult, pure and simple—you wonder if those statistics are playing a game with you. How is it possible that children whose



parents used to curl up with "Treasure Island" or "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Men of Iron" for an hour before supper, get through as many books as those parents did, when they hardly have time, so-called, to curl up at all until they are tucked in bed?

The libraries are doing a fine

## 'AMID THE WILD DARK HILLS... THE SUN...'

"The Marauders" is the title of the book by Charlton Ogburn, Jr., telling of the campaign waged by three battalions of infantry volunteers, known as "Merrill's Marauders" who marched and fought through 600 miles of jungle in northern Burma in the spring of 1944.

They drove out the Japanese and won a name for themselves on the golden scroll of American military glory, but they did it at terrible cost. Decimated by sickness and exhaustion, always low on food and ammunition, under constant harassment from the enemy, with five major engagements and countless so-called minor ones on their battleroll, they went in 3,000 strong and came out with only 200 men

judged fit for service. In the following excerpt from the book, Ogburn tells of the climb, with laden horses and pack-mules, up the pass over the 6,100-foot mountain which blocked the way. "So steep was it, so slippery with rain, that much of the way the men climbed on hands and knees."

"One thing that helped to keep you going," writes Ogburn, "was the knowledge that this was the worst that could be. It was so bad it was preposterous." And then he tells of the night that followed in the camp half-way up the mountain-side, and of something else that helped to keep him, and many others, going. Because books—and music—came into it, we reprint his words:

—KLB

That night was one of those rare times when we were able to pick up a program of good music from a U. S. Army station in Australia. It included Marian Anderson singing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," the spiritual, "Heaven," and the Largo from Xerxes. On an earlier occasion on the way to Walawbum, we had heard portions of "Aida."

Among the things we learned about ourselves in Burma was that, even in times of hunger for food, a hunger for music and books persisted. Winnie Steinfeld had brought along a paperback collection of five of Shakespeare's plays and had split it up into its constituent parts, which, after binding them with adhesive tape taken from a K-ration pack, he circulated among a few friends. They were considered priceless. I had had the foresight to bring a copy of "Hamlet," about three inches high, and I read it all through the campaign, dipping into it during halts on the march. However pressing the reality, it never seemed more real than Shakespeare, and never dimmed his force and appeal or, for that matter, Kipling's or Conrad's—those two, especially, weathered the ordeal of that period; though in their case I had only my recollections to go on.

Art, you would think, would do little for a faint heart. It holds out no promise of a happy resolution in this world or a next—it has nothing to say about any higher purpose that life is serving—life being to art an end in itself. Yet when you read the poetry of "Hamlet" or listen to the music of Handel's Largo or Verdi's "Su el Nilo" amid the wild dark hills, you find that it transcends sickness and hunger and fear. If it cannot fulfill our yearnings and aspirations, it can voice them with an eloquence that ennobles our cause.

A great expression of literature, painting or music is like the sun when it breaks through the clouds to transfigure a wearisome landscape in a golden light. Bringing a heightened awareness of the realm of experience, it brings also a sense of the triumph of the human spirit, and, perhaps because of the harmony of its own vision, seems to testify, like the cosmology of science, to the underlying oneness of all things, in which is our immortality.

## Grains of Sand

**Ready, Get Set, Look OUT!**  
Hoke Pollock, addressing the reserve officers association Tuesday night, assured his audience that he was treating the chosen subject purely from a legal standpoint and had no designs on anybody.

The subject was: "Are you ready for death?"

### All Same: Then As Now

Moore County census-takers and takers may perk up and take pride: they are playing a role in a historic process.

It began way back in Biblical times, perhaps before, when the Romans ordered all the people to be taxed. They must have gotten a pretty good idea how many people there were, at least how many owned land, for property was the thing they listed principally, then as now.

When William the Conqueror took England he set up a system and records were kept listing all Normans and many Saxons, too. The records are in two mighty tomes, called The Domesday Book in the treasure room of the British Museum. (At this point we are moved to wonder if children nowadays read "Puck of Pook's Hill", by Rudyard Kipling, one of the finest books on that period and one of the best tales ever written.)

Come to think of it, was that census-taking very different from this present day one? You can bet it wasn't.

When Duke William's census-taker came to see the old farmer living in his little wattle hut, didn't he ask him what did his books show as to expense, profit, loss? And didn't the old man exclaim "Books? Ain't no books around here!" And when the census-taker tried to explain about what was profit and loss, didn't the old man mutter: "Loss now. Yeh, they was a loss. Old mule got away from my wife down near the branch and musta bogged down somewheres. Got lost, he did. Never did find him."

That's the way it was in Moore County in 1950 and just about the way it was back in 1066 in England. Only the farmer would never have heard of a book, any book, and he'd have had an ox instead of a mule.

And not much to choose between them, one being stupider, maybe, but the other a whole lot omerier.

Meaning as ox vs. mule.

### How D'you Mean: Calm?

Wedding music, as announced on the society page of North Carolina's Finest: Anthem—"Calm as the Night."

### Quantity Vs Quality

Latest U. S. industrial boast: the U. S. makes more macaroni than any other nation in the world.

Maybe it's O. K. to judge macaroni by the mile, it having a rather measuring-worm tendency. But in Italy where the per capita consumption is certainly greater by far than anywhere else, they judge it by how good it is. And they make it themselves, right there in the kitchen, and hang it out in the fine hot Italian sun to dry.

Then rub the dish with plenty of garlic, add hot melted butter, swish the pasta round and round in it... sprinkle well with good real parmesan... take fork and big spoon in hand, and go to work!

### Service Station

Typing fillers for The Pilot this (National Book) week, we hit on one about libraries. It said something sensible, but what we found typed out was: "A public library is not a building but a service station."

And isn't that about right?

## The PILOT

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