

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.

Welcome News

This week's announcement that this area will have a formal horse show in April, with plans to make it an annual event, is welcome news.

The show will round out a full Spring of equestrian events—a season of activities already expanded this year by addition of the Sandhills 100-Mile Ride to the formerly scheduled Hunter Trials and the Stonybrook races.

The horse show is a project of the local horse-owning and horse-training community itself and has worlds of ability and experience to draw upon from that community in planning and staging it.

Details, or such details as were avail-

able this week in the early stages of planning for the April 22 event, are in a news story elsewhere in today's Pilot. The plan to coordinate the show each year with preceding shows at Camden and Aiken; to start in a small way; not to emphasize prize money; and to welcome green horses needing practice in the ring—all this is sensible and will lead, it appears, to success for the event.

With the increasing importance of horses in the Sandhills—an amazingly extensive activity—it is most fitting to round out the season with an annual horse show. We feel sure it will receive the required community support.

Parking, Business and Planning

We hope that a lessening of parking congestion in the Southern Pines business section will not cause plans for off-street parking to be shelved.

A year or two ago, when parking problems were acute, there was considerable talk by the council about acquiring a suitable downtown site for off-street parking, before all such sites became unavailable. There was some investigation but no action and the matter of parking has been dormant, or apparently so, for some time.

It is reasonable to believe that the lessening of parking congestion is temporary. The lessening is caused in part by businesses moving to outlying areas, a process that is taking place in all towns and cities. Yet we feel confident that the vacant stores in the business section will fill up again and that there will again be downtown parking problems.

Assurance that the town council is anticipating parking problems and is acting in advance to meet them might be a factor in halting the movement of business out of the downtown area. And we hope that businesses go slowly in moving out and

seriously consider the advantages as well as the disadvantages of a downtown business location.

Business section property owners would do well to modernize and spruce up their buildings as much as possible, to maintain an attractive business area.

We will welcome the day when growth of the town and business enterprise will make possible further development of the business section, with razing of some unsightly old structures and construction of new business buildings.

It is a handicap not to have an active Chamber of Commerce as an agency in which members of the business community can discuss such matters as those touched on here. The lack of a Chamber throws a greater responsibility for business section planning and development on the Town—the council itself and its Planning Board and Advertising Committee, the latter being the closest agency the town now has to a Chamber of Commerce.

The future of the business section is important. We hope it will not be neglected.

Sophisticated North Carolina

"Sophisticated"—an adjective not often applied to North Carolina—was used recently by an observer of the state in a connection that interested us.

The term was used by Thomas H. Collins, author of two nationally syndicated newspaper columns on the problems of older people, in an interview with Kays Gary of The Charlotte Observer. Mr. Collins was to speak in Charlotte and he is on record as having praised North Carolina for retirement homes. In fact, he revealed during the interview that he plans to retire to the state himself some day.

The columnist cited often-praised advantages of North Carolina—mountains, seacoast, moderate climate, accessibility from New York, Washington and Florida—and then he went on in this novel and interesting vein:

"Natives may not know it, but North Carolina is a sophisticated state. This, I think, is because of the marvelous highways it built way back there before most states. Unlike some areas, it doesn't treat newcomers as 'furriners' or treat outsiders with cold business-business detachment. You are quickly accepted.

"Something else you may not know. North Carolina, for that and many other reasons, is known by outsiders as 'a good address.' That's snob appeal, maybe, but it's true.

"It has everything, but keeps moving ahead. There is nothing about the state projecting an image to ridicule . . ."

Come to think of it, we believe the gentleman is right.

"Sophisticated"—it would take an "outsider" to summon up the courage to couple that word with North Carolina. We can't imagine a native Tar Heel using it in such a way without embarrassment—which may be a sign of sophistication.

North Carolina is not sophisticated in the narrow sense—over-refined, disillusioned—but it is true that the state does not lend itself to caricature for provincialism or narrowness of outlook or lack of hospitality.

It is refreshing to see this point made by an "outsider." Linking the quality with the state's road-building program of the twenties (we presume this is what Mr. Collins is talking about) is a novel notion that, on second thought, seems also to make sense.

National Horror Show

Real life on the highways surpasses, in action and bloodshed, all the horror shows on theatre screens or on TV.

Consider a Saturday accident in this county, that killed one man and injured another so badly that his life was in doubt, though he was still living as this was written Tuesday. Some 200 stitches were taken on this man's head and face. You wouldn't believe that, if you heard it on TV.

Action? Drama? Here's a news report of Saturday's fatal wreck (one speeding car with two passengers):

" . . . The car . . . veered from left to right across the highway on a curve and beyond. Out of control for 614 feet altogether, the car clipped off a utility pole . . . and smashed against a tree . . . Half of the car clung to the tree while the other part was hurled onward 23 feet against another tree. The men were thrown 30 feet beyond that . . . They were literally scalped. Many bones were broken in their bodies and their chests were crushed . . ."

You couldn't show that in the movies. Nobody would believe it. People would say it was faked, that no accident could be that bad—aside from the fact that the scene would be too horrible for public exhibition.

Yet this scene, in all its horror, was "played" on a Moore County road last week. The man who was killed, says the news story, was a widower with a young child—now an orphan. The man critical-

ly injured was married with three young children. Could a fictional drama provide more heartbreak than that?

With the year not two months old, four persons have been killed in traffic accidents in Moore County—and every one of these deaths, to judge from the Highway Patrol reports on them, would have been easily avoidable.

Can the stage offer more than that in the line of tragedy?

Consider these figures for the year 1960, remembering each unit is—or was—a living person, and face the fact that they died by violence as terrible as all the shootings, knifings or stranglings in all the horror shows seen on stage, screen or TV during the year:

In Moore County: 17 killed, 192 injured.

In North Carolina: 1,218 killed, 26,953 injured.

In the nation: 38,200 killed, 1,400,000 injured.

"The car veered from right to left . . ." How many more times, in county, state and nation, will these real-life scenes of violence be played out, this year, to end in tragedy that can't be eliminated by leaving the theatre or turning off the TV?

Each of us, at least, can determine here and now, to the best of his ability, to operate an automobile sanely—not to become an actor in this continuing national horror show.

"Wow! Say, Boss, Get A Load Of This!"



COMMON HERITAGE OF KNOWLEDGE

Scientists Have Double Duty

One is apt to think of scientists as people apart: cold, dispassionate, all intellect; quite indifferent to the needs of ordinary men.

It might be thought that Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, inventor of The Bomb, would be the perfect prototype for such a picture. To find that there is much evidence that this is not the case comes as a pleasant surprise.

This great scientist is a member of the American Council of Learned Societies and two years ago he addressed some remarks to his learned colleagues that, in their self-revelation, paint a very different picture from the usual one. The warmth of feeling his words suggest, in his stress on the values of love and friendship and co-operation among men, as well as his driving emphasis on the search for knowledge, this is a picture of a man with a heart, as well as a majestic intellect.

We print below excerpts from Dr. Oppenheimer's remarks.

Tradition is no less than what makes it possible for us to deal as sentient and thinking beings with our experiences, to cope with our sorrows, to limit and ennoble our joys, to understand what happens to us, to talk to one another, to relate one thing to another, to find the themes which organize experience and give it meaning, to see the relevance of one thing to another. It is of course what makes us human, and what makes us civil.

Human Themes

It is typically and decisively the common heritage, that which men do not have to explain to each other; that which in happier days they did explain to their children; that which they can rely on as being present, each in the other's head and heart. Tradition has, as such, an assimilating quality; it points to the likenesses of things; it points to the connection of things; and of course it has also an oversimplifying quality, since things in fact really are not very alike. It finds the great human themes which run through everything, which we can come back to, which we can recognize, which we can communicate.

In very primitive societies, as the anthropologists at least have told us about them, one finds instances in which the meaning of tradition is to prevent any essential novelty, to assimilate one life to another, one generation to another, one season's cycle to another, so that everything has a place, so that everything is familiar. Tradition today has a very different function. In a

sense which is relevant to our time, tradition is the matrix which makes discovery, in an important sense, possible. It is the organ of interpretation, of enrichment and understanding that, in the arts and in the sciences, and even in our common ethical life, gives meaning to new discovery.

It is the mark, the "cachet spécifique" of the modern European tradition that has catalyzed, for reasons that no one has really been quite clever enough to understand, an immense outpouring and an immense growth of discovery unlike anything which man has known, an unprecedented use of the past for the future; an unprecedented enrichment of the power to find new things by virtue of the extent to which we were in control of the old; unprecedented in volume, in weight, in wealth, in scope, and unprecedented, in many ways, in quality also, even if one thinks of the highest days of ancient cultures.

The goal of education needs to be rethought. There is need, certainly in higher education, to be sure that some genuine experience of discovery and rediscovery is a part of the life of everyone who is educated. There is need to be sure that some genuine appreciation of the gulf that separates knowledge and ignorance exists.

Knowledge

I say this because only those who have been through such an experience are intellectually prepared to live in a world in which they are surrounded by a world of knowledge, knowledge of which they will largely remain ignorant, prepared to take the vulgar and superficial account of knowledge for the reality. . . .

In this vast world with its unceasing change, its great novelty without precedent, not easy to

grasp, its great alterations, its great nostalgia for the times when things were simple, more familiar and easier to keep in place, there are yet present for us beautiful and glowing perspectives of understanding and order, more than ever, really, in man's whole history. The great sciences offer in a most moving way an example of this harmonization; on the one hand of change and novelty and disorder, on the other a great and overriding sense of harmony and order.

Double Duty

We have (as men of learning) a double duty: a duty to be constant and firm and faithful to what we know, to what is close to us, to our art, our knowledge, our own community, our tradition in the sense in which tradition has been the story of man's glory, where we live fully as men. To all the rest of the world, with its wonders that we do not know very well, we need a sense of hospitality and openness, a willingness to make room for the strange, for the thing that does not fit.

This is a hard and a double duty. If it is made possible at all, it is because it is moderated by things quite outside the cognitive order: by the regard and love we bear one another, which softens the harshness of isolation, which brings us news and sympathy and understanding of what our fellow (scientists) are doing which binds a human common tie between us and the many, many branches of this growing tree of knowledge. These two parts of our duty make a picture of a common life and an ordered world very different from any that man has been content to accept: not very easy, not very tranquil, but with a hope of a common life touched and illuminated by community, and by the knowledge of the world and of man.

Overlooked Responsibility

(From The Chatham News)

In all the discussions about education there is one phase that is being almost completely overlooked and that is parental responsibility.

Too many parents are completely disinterested when it comes to their children's future as regards education. Many don't want the schools to function as anything other than convenient baby-sitting facilities. They complain when their kids are given heavy doses of home work. They don't object when extra-curricular activities take up time that should be devoted to study.

Additions to the curriculum are objected to as being unnecessary. All too few parents give

Grains of Sand

Travelling Musicians

Our own N. C. Orchestra on Wheels is in the great tradition.

The harpers of olden times and the troubadours travelled the lands, singing for their suppers, and playing wherever they went. But how many know that Mozart, when a little boy of only six, journeyed hundreds of miles by stagecoach, with his sister, 12, doing stunts, and playing everywhere, even before royalty?

Adeline McCall, who directs the Children's Division of the North Carolina Symphony, tells about it in her booklet "Symphony Stories."

"Father Mozart believed in letting people know about the talents of his musical children, and he saw to it that there was publicity in each city where the children performed. If you had been following these children around from place to place, here is one of the advertisements you might have read:

"THE LITTLE GIRL, who is in her twelfth year, will play the most difficult compositions of the greatest masters: THE BOY, who is not yet seven, will perform on the clavichord or harpsichord; he will play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the clavier, the manual or keyboard being covered with a cloth, with as much facility as if he could see the keys; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords, on the clavier or any other instrument, glass, bell, or clock. He will finally, both on the harpsichord and the organ, improvise as long as may be desired and in any key, thus proving that he is as thoroughly acquainted with the one instrument as the other, great as is the difference between them."

Maestro Needs a New Pair o' Shoes!

Dr. Ben Swalin lost a brand new pair of patent leather shoes in one of the recent stopping-places of the orchestra on their way here. Somebody swiped them.

"I guess he just took a shine to them," said the Maestro.

Ugh! Here Come the Sparrows

The McElvares, out near Niagara, are having sparrow trouble.

They have put up blue-bird houses but the English sparrows take over. They have a trap and have carried several loads of the birds in nearer town, (thank you SO much, Mr. and Mrs. McEl) and turned them loose. But each time, later in the day, there is a great twittering and celebrating out by the bird houses and a furious squawking from the country birds and it's clear the sparrows are back.

Almost before their exasperated, unwilling hosts.

The Quips Campaign

From Cronkite-Stevenson TV Chat filmed here during last Fall's campaign:

Cronkite wonders if people feel the need for "a little leavening of humor in this campaign." S: Well, I couldn't live without it, but I can't say that I demonstrated that it was indispensable to victory.

C: You think perhaps we're going to have to depend on the professionals, like Mort Sahl, for our humor in the future?

S: If they could all be as good as Mort Sahl, it might be worthwhile to sacrifice our amateur standing.

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