

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.

Roadside Trash Dumping Problem

The county commissioners are on the track of alleviating one of the most aggravating problems in the rural areas of Moore County.

At their meeting Monday, the board appointed two of their members to work with the county health department in drafting a regulation, or reaching agreements with towns, that would help put a stop to the indiscriminate dumping of trash and garbage.

The county sanitarian brought the problem to the attention of the board, saying that the hands of the health department are virtually tied because, at the worst of the spots, a man who collects garbage and trash for a fee dumps it on his own property (feeding some of it to pigs whose pen, it was stated, was simply moved when the garbage in it got so deep that the pigs couldn't live there any more) and that, in this situation, there is nobody to make a complaint and that getting a conviction on the charge, "creating a public health hazard," is one of the hardest chores to attempt in the courts. Others who dump trash, here and there, can hardly ever be found.

Some counties, the sanitarian told the commissioners, maintain county dumps where residents of suburban or rural areas, or the paid collectors who pick up garbage in those areas, can dump their

trash and it can be disposed of in a sanitary way.

This system, however, involves bulldozers to cover the trash, unless an open dump is to be maintained. The possibility is being considered that private operators of heavy equipment could be called on to perform this task frequently, without too great an expenditure.

The proposal was made that, for a fee paid by the county to the towns, permission might be given by town officials for persons living outside the municipalities to use the town dumps.

Not long ago, the town council here considered the possibility of charging an individual fee to suburban and rural residents who are dumping garbage and trash at the town's sanitary landfill, as many have been doing. However, the proposal was shelved for the practical consideration that such a regulation would simply drive more persons than before to dump their trash and garbage on the roadsides.

With the county paying a fee that would recompense Southern Pines and other towns for the extra load on their dumps, this consideration would be eliminated.

Whatever happens, we are pleased to know that the county fathers are concerning themselves with a problem that has long worried many residents.

Beware of Itinerant 'Experts'

What is the fascination about the out-of-town "expert" who persuades residents of this and many other communities to allow him to do poorly and for an exorbitant price what a local person or firm could do well at a reasonable cost?

Periodically such people come to town offering goods or services in various lines: magazine subscriptions, termite exterminating, putting on roofs or asbestos siding, tree care, cleaning out septic tanks.

Often, the victims are the wealthy or the poor: members of each group seem to have an affinity for being a sucker—though the awakening is, admittedly, less painful to the wealthy. They simply learn a lesson; the poor are often thrown into dire financial straits.

Unspecified contracts, unenforceable verbal agreements, fine print in printed contracts, high pressure salesmen, misrepresentation of experience, equipment or ability—all these are characteristics of the fly-by-night serviceman or salesman or contractor. No one doing business regularly in a community could long afford to be fraudulent or grossly inefficient. The word would get around and he would soon be out of business.

The word gets around about itinerant "experts" or servicemen or salesmen, too,

but by that time they have probably flown, taking with them local money that will be spent anywhere but here.

Some of the trades listed above are controlled by state licensing; others are not. All should be and should be further controlled by strict local ordinances requiring license fees, permits and proof of fair wages or fees charged, if the practice of these trades is to be allowed in the community. People who have little concept of values, whether poor or wealthy, should be protected.

Aside from what the law could and should do, it is incumbent on the buyer to beware. There are reputable local or area workmen and companies engaged in all the trades mentioned. Aside from other considerations, it is good for the community to patronize them.

Numerous local workmen have all the business they can handle, because they are competent and are fair in their charges. Yet, if out-of-town people can come in and find work to do incompetently at unfair charges, there must be room for expansion of local business in those lines.

When legitimate business is filling the needs of its market, there is little opportunity for doubtful fly-by-nights to sell their wares.

Preventive Measures Offer Hope

We are hearing more and more of preventive measures in social services—health, welfare and the courts.

There has been recent discussion of mental health clinics in the press—whether the 11 clinics now operated by the State (largely in urban centers) should continue under supervision of the State Board of Health or should be under the state commissioner of mental health and the State Hospitals Board of Control. And tied to this question is the acknowledgment that the State should have many more local mental health clinics, now denied to nearly all rural or semi-rural sections of North Carolina, including Moore County and the Sandhills.

In public welfare there is a new national program brewing, announced by Secretary Ribicoff, but not yet authorized by Congress, based on the theory that the most promising way to cut down on welfare rolls is to help welfare recipients, where possible, become self-sustaining. It will be hard for the public to accept this program because it will entail an increase in welfare personnel; but the assumption is that more and better case workers (an increase in cost) can make possible fewer welfare recipients (a decrease in cost), with the decrease catching up with and surpassing the increase eventually.

In connection with the courts, there is a move to enlarge and strengthen (better salaries, better-trained people) the state probation system. It is pointed out that a man placed on probation can continue to support his family (keeping it off the welfare rolls) and that it costs vastly less to maintain probation services for a man—regular checks and conferences with a probation officer—than it does to keep him in prison. Except in the case of hardened criminals, this would seem also to offer a greater potential for rehabilitation. With young defendants, well-supervised probation can work wonders, offering a real "second chance."

Any one who is familiar with the three

fields of social service—health, welfare and the courts—knows how closely they are related and how the people involved frequently are being dealt with by all three of the services.

Even an amateur psychologist, sitting in a courtroom, often sees with heart-breaking simplicity how skilled guidance—after a defendant's former bouts with the law, with sickness, with alcohol or with poverty—could have eliminated the tragic crisis that resulted in violence or other aberration, domestic or otherwise, and has landed him in court.

Likewise, the sensible and sympathetic observer is appalled at the frustrations, the overwhelming challenges, the make-do efforts that are constantly imposed on the workers in all three of the fields under consideration—health, welfare and the courts.

Under the welfare proposal, for instance, the federal government would pay 75 per cent of a welfare case worker's salary (as compared to 36 per cent today) provided that the case worker does not have to supervise more than 60 cases. Contrast the fact that case workers in the Moore County Welfare Department have from 250 to 300 cases to supervise, and it can be seen how far the county falls short at present of being able to give the kind of welfare service that can help people remake their lives.

Coming back to mental health clinics, we see these as one of the great hopes of society today, helping to cut at the roots the hostilities, the rebellions, the frustrations that end up so often in welfare and court problems. Formation of Mental Health Associations or Societies—like the one formed in this county—is the first step toward understanding of the key role that could be taken by mental health clinics in the stabilization and reduction of welfare and court problems as well as those in the field of health itself.

The trend to preventive measures is encouraging. There is a long row to hoe.

"Hey! You're Supposed To Be Carrying, Not Riding!"



HOW SHALL IT BE KNOWN WHAT IS SPOKEN?

Good English Is A Mighty Weapon

Robert Moses, one of this nation's ablest and most dynamic figures, recently addressed the cadets at West Point, choosing for his subject: Good English; Good Writing. Noted for the vigor of his style, Mr. Moses has played a leading role in city planning and is now president of the New York World's Fair, 1964-'65. Below are excerpts from the West Point speech.

In some ways it is a pity that man ever learned to write. Speech should have been enough. Given a little more time in the Tower of Babel, mankind might have developed one universal language, monosyllabic, economical, clipped, unadorned and adequate for all immediate demands, and a corresponding set of hieroglyphics would have sufficed for writing.

Fine writing is an art limited to the few. A lady publisher complained recently that the slum in her business was due to the fact that everybody writes and nobody reads. There is, to be sure, a superstition that everybody has a story in him which, told with uninhibited sincerity and candor, will wow the world. This is sheer nonsense. The Somerset Maughams, O'Neills, Scott Fitzgeralds, Hemingways and John O'Haras don't write easily.

Theirs is a combination of talent, grinding hard work, infinite patience, triumph over discouragement and, finally, good luck. Nobody but a fool expects such results from either a beatnik or a bachelor of science. Let such as these stick to simple prose and leave fiction and fine writing to genius.

I don't want all of our English written by squares. As it is, judging by current literature, we are becoming too old, too sophisticated, too bored and too tragic too fast. We can well afford to cling to a few carefree picturesque native clowns not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Circus superlatives, too, are not to be despised. At the World's Fair offices in Flushing Meadow, we profoundly believe that improved communication will promote peace and that free, healthy competition in the tradition of the Olympic Games is the best way to bring the bickering, snarling, contentious peoples of the world together. We hold that our American vernacular, used with some restraint, and not the devious language of diplomacy, is the ideal instrument to advertise what we fondly expect will be the greatest show on earth.

Those of us who for our sins must live more than half of our business and official lives amid conferences, telephone calls and paper work suffer more and more because, even with the increases in high-school, college and professional-school graduates, knowl-

edge of the English language and some facility in its daily use either is not taught at all or is not regarded as indispensable. Most of the stuff I have to wade through and listen to is illogical, long-winded, pompous, dreary, confusing and inconclusive. Almost any letter or memo could be cut in half and improved in the process.

If I had my way, no one would graduate from any institution of learning who could not read, write and speak good, clear, concise, simple English.

Sometimes I despair of our schools, and of the chance that the language of most supposedly educated men and women can be improved once they are out of school. I savagely correct reports and drafts of letters with a blue pencil, cut them to ribbons, blot out the repetitious, mixed metaphors, circumlocutions, misspelled words and dreary Madison Avenue or technical cliches, and the same writers, perhaps a bit angry and chagrined, triumphantly send back the same tripe the next day. Either they are figuratively thumbing their noses at an idiosyncrasy of the boss, or they are unteachable.

In my book, next to courage, the greatest desideratum in public life is the ability to write and speak plain Anglo-Saxon without

unnecessary adornment, long Latinized words and barbarous business English. Style is given to few. Elegant but not ostentatious Addisonian English is beyond most college men.

The pen is indeed mightier than the sword. Writing is more than holding the mirror up to nature, more than a calling in which a driven, dedicated talent can ultimately arrive at the truth, more than an instrument of self-expression. It is also a mighty weapon in the battle of progress.

All life is a battle and the man who has learned to express himself simply in his native tongue is well-armed. You are not without charity because you fight the good fight, show your colors, proclaim the faith and speak out boldly at the right time. Always remember what St. Paul says in I Corinthians:

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle? So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air."

And so I conclude with this admonition: Put it in English.

The Public Speaking

T. V. A. Found Solvent—Revelation or Treachery?

To the Editor:

For more than 20 years the private utility companies have placed a catarrh of advertisements in the weekly papers—and city papers too—setting forth that the Tennessee Valley Authority operated at a loss to the expense of you and me and every other patriotic taxpayer in the nation.

This constant warning against creeping socialism and seeping communism was applauded by, and was heartening to, every right thinking citizen.

To the consternation of these worthy citizens it was observed that these advertisements and statements had ceased to appear. Seeking the cause they were horrified to discover that this bankrupt misfortune is no longer financed by the government but is now supported by the very embodiment of Free Private Enterprise—the great underwriting houses of Wall Street, State Street and LaSalle Street. These mainstays, sponsors and soulmates of the utility companies had not only bought the bonds of this wicked T.V.A. but had sold them on the basis of the most gilt edge securities—indicating a solvency the most substantial.

This revelation—or treachery—rendered ridiculous the whole program and put a quietus on the

campaign. This is a great blow to the papers that had come to rely on the recurrent checks. Worse yet, to the ignorant vulgar world it would indicate that instead of the T.V.A. robbing the utility stockholders, it was the management of said companies in wasting money on a phoney project. Also it will undoubtedly be said by the hoi poloi that it wasn't the T.V.A. but the paper companies that have been milking the taxpayers. For a large percentage of the cost of these ads would have been paid as taxes.

Nor is this the worst. For I ask you—if a sound citizen cannot have faith in the Electric Institute and the great utility corporations who or what can he believe?

RALPH W. PAGE
Aberdeen

P. S. Of course one phase of this propaganda was never expected to be taken seriously by right thinking people. It was never really supposed that this TVA could hurt the great power companies. This was in the nature of campaign oratory. Ever since Wendell Wilkie advised my wealthy and conservative friends to invest in Commonwealth and Southern they have grabbed all the utility stocks they were able. And these, they tell me, now average about three times what they paid for them.

Grains of Sand

Why Not Write?

The excerpts from the speech made at West Point by Robert Moses, printed on this page, remind us of an incident of some time ago in which the late Wallace Irwin, distinguished author and newspaperman, was a principal. . . in fact, you might say: the joke was on him.

As Wallie told it we recall how his eyes flashed with fury, yet how he laughed and laughed, at the end, over its absurdity.

The incident had taken place on Long Island where he used to live, and something reminded him of it. It seems, after a hard morning of work, he had walked down town for a bit of exercise and had gotten into conversation with a local storekeeper. The subject of writing came up and, with such an obviously interested listener, Wallie expatiated on many phases of the career of a writer. The storekeeper listened closely. When at the end his guest stood up to go, he heaved a sigh.

"Well," said the storekeeper, "That's mighty nice. You know: I always think one of these days I'll quit work and just write a book."

Travelling Beavers

The Sandhills beaver kit and some of his friends are going to the Fair out in Seattle.

That's the news from the Glen Rounds neck of the woods. Glen's book "Beaver Business," according to the publishers, will be—or maybe already is—included in the "Library of the Future" exhibit.

Good to know that there IS a library of the future and that the Sandhills kit is going to be sticking around in it. And we won't even ask: how do they know?

Just hope they tip off the Bomb Boys, here and there.

Those Adamses

When President John Quincy Set out to take a swim, He'd hang his Presidential clothes Upon a hickory limb

And bound in the Potomac Like a dolphin on the swell. —He was extremely dignified But rather plump, as well. And when Supreme Court Justices Remarked, from a canoe, "Our Presidents don't do such things."

He merely said, "I do." He never asked what people thought

But gave them tit for tat. The Adamses have always been Remarkably like that.

—Stephen Vincent Benet (with Rosemary Benet)

Castle Anyone?

Have a castle? You can, if you really want one. Over in Germany they are giving them away: turrets, frowning walls, flying buttresses, moats and all.

They're owned by the government, dozens of them and yes, it's giving them away. However—there's generally a "however."

However, you have to agree to restore them to their original condition; also nothing, but nothing, may be done to alter that original appearance. The cost? Well, cautiously they tell you: it depends which castle you choose.

Uh uh. We've decided to keep on dreaming about ours. But, if you want the address, it's Castles Association, Braubach-on-the-Rhine. Just like that.

Halleluia!

GRAINS announces with utmost excitement the first appearance of an evening grobeak at the feeder. The elation is slightly tamed by the fact that it was a lady grobeak and not one of those dashing highwaymen dressed in yellow with the black mask. But she was mighty pretty in her stripes and flittings! Maybe she'll bring the boss along next time.

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