

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. Where 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.

The President's Illness

This newspaper joins the press of the nation, and speaks, we know, with the voice of the people of this community, in expressing concern and regret for the illness of the President.

The term "moderate," which has been used by the doctors on the case, gives a picture of more than the frequent warning heart attack which simply tells a patient to slow down.

We are thankful the term used was not "serious," but "moderate" is not "mild," and the way for the President to retire to those happy acres in Pennsylvania of which he seems so fond, has been made clearer, if not unmistakable, by this happening.

With knowledge of heart conditions and treatment so amazingly greater than they used to be, there must be every hope that he will recover fully and go on to years of useful, happy living, but that he can continue in high office must be extremely doubtful. So, for him, and

his family, perhaps, this event will have happy consequences. He may retire with a clear conscience, feeling that he has performed a mighty service to his nation and the world.

The change in the political picture wrought by this event is great. The hopes of the Democratic Party have shifted with lightning speed. The very fact—and how he must regret it now—of GOP chairman Hall's week-old statement: "If the President doesn't run, I will commit suicide," shows how his party feels. No Republican mentioned as successor would seem capable of capturing the hearts and minds of the nation. In the Democratic ranks, several stand high, but with, in our estimation, the status of Aclai Stevenson highest of all.

Time will tell. Meantime, we repeat: we think of the man ill in the army hospital in Denver and join with the nation in deepest hope for his speedy recovery.

People Losing Faith In Courts

"Something's radically wrong" comments the Chatham News of Siler City in a recent editorial pointing out that only 13 cases were tried out of 34 on the Superior Court docket for a week's term in Chatham county.

Shucks, that's nothing. Only one case from a docket of more than 40 was tried in the recent two-week civil term of Moore County Superior Court.

The first week in Moore County, as the week in Chatham, was cut short by the Labor Day holiday and, in Moore, the entire first week was consumed in trial of one very complicated case.

But what about the second, or "special" week's term of court in Moore—the term that was set for the specific purpose of clearing up the overcrowded docket? Why nothing about it, that's what. The judge held court for part of Monday. That's all. He heard the jury's verdict in the case that had taken all the previous week for trial, heard a marriage annulment case from another county, signed a few motions and judgments and dismissed a new jury which had taken their seats.

Because federal court opened at Rockingham and Superior Court opened at Sanford, and no doubt for other mysterious reasons beyond our ken to comprehend, attorneys were not available, plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses were scattered and, except for part of Monday, there

just wasn't any court held during the second week of the term.

According to The Chatham News, the Labor Day holiday and a district bar meeting were the reasons the Chatham court was cut short. "Lawyers involved were absent. Other lawyers with cases ready found themselves without a court to try them in."

What worries us most about the situation is that these postponements and delays—which strike at the heart of the average man's faith in justice—seem to be engineered so smoothly and accepted so placidly by the judges and lawyers involved. This may not be so in every case and with every lawyer and every judge, but we have yet to hear a lawyer or a judge stand up and say, in regard to these delays, postponements and evasions in the administration of justice:

"This is an outrage. This weakens the people's confidence in bench and bar. Of what significance is our great constitutional right to obtain redress for grievances if a case, for whatever reason, can continue on the docket for months and years without coming to trial?"

Maybe some lawyers, some judges think such thoughts, but we don't hear them publicly expressed. It is up to the lawyers and judges to clean house and restore the people's faith in the administration of justice.

The Public's Stake In The Land

Twenty-five per cent of North Carolina's farms, representing 40 per cent of the state's cropland, benefited last year from the Federal payments made to farmers under the Agricultural Conservation Program (ACP) which is administered by the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation (ASC) committees for the state and its counties.

While not too many persons outside the farm population know about the activities of these agencies with the mouth-filling titles, we all have a direct interest in them, as it is our money that is being handed out when farmers go to the courthouse at Carthage and receive payments for planting cover crops, making permanent pastures, improving forest stands and carrying out on their farms other needed soil and water conservation practices.

Why these payments? Is this a case of the government playing Santa Claus? Why can't

farmers do these things for themselves and why should the taxpayers have to help improve anybody's farm?

There is a simple and, we think, convincing answer to these queries: everyone has a stake in the land. Though privately owned, it is the source of all our nourishment, all our food and water; and demands on the land are increasing to such an extent that we, the public, through our government, must help assure that the land is properly cared for now and will be able to meet the demands made on it in the future.

Entirely apart from the ACP program, many farmers are carrying out extensive conservation practices entirely at their own expense. And there is no question in our mind but that thousands of farmers in North Carolina and elsewhere have been motivated by ACP to undertake soil and water conservation measures they would not otherwise have begun.

Tragedy In The Making

The murderers of 14-year-old Emmett Till, whether or not they are the two men who were acquitted by a Mississippi jury last week, no doubt think of themselves as patriotic Americans.

Perhaps they do not link their patriotism to the dreadful crime they committed—although they may indeed do just that, for we have yet to see hatred of minority groups that does not wrap itself in the flag—but these men are no doubt good citizens ready to respond if their country is in danger, in their own eyes.

Therein lies a monstrous tragedy—a tragedy of which we are only just becoming aware in its potential implications for this nation.

It is a two-fold tragedy, as we see it:

(1) A tragedy of morality—that in a land of almost 100 per cent literacy, a land where there is no remote community without schools and churches and the basic ingredients of civilization, there should still be produced adult and not insane human beings who would murder a child.

(2) A tragedy of leadership—that this nation, destined to stand before the world as strongest and best champion of man's yearning for freedom, security and dignity, should be marked with the stigma of this murder, so that the three-quarters of the world's population whose skins are not white see only the besmirching stigma when they look toward us: that Emmett Till's skin was brown.

Isn't this the classic element of tragedy—the great being brought low by some flaw within, some combination of circumstances against which the greatness, goodness and power are ineffective? "How are the mighty fallen!"

That is the essence of tragedy.

We who live here know that America is great and good and most of us are revolted by what happened to Emmett Till, but a very large proportion of that colored three-quarters of the world's population doesn't know much about us and often what they do know is distorted even before they get the news that we tore a dark-skinned child from his home and killed him.

What we are saying is not that the United States has been brought irreparably down in tragedy—that would be absurd and we believe in the continuing greatness and human promise of this nation and what it stands for—but what we are saying is that this nation is gravely threatened by racial attitudes and the incidents they produce and that this is something that we obviously do not entirely comprehend or link directly to our national destiny.

William Faulkner, Nobel prize winning author, summed it up in his eloquent indictment of the Till murder, before the trial:

"If we Americans are to survive, it will have to be because we choose and elect and defend to be first of all Americans to present to the world one homogeneous and unbroken front, whether of white Americans or black ones or purple or blue or green. . . Perhaps the purpose of this sorry and tragic error committed in my native Mississippi by two white adults on an afflicted Negro child is to prove to us whether or not we deserve to survive. . ."

All this is a matter for deep, pondering, long thought and conscience-searching by the American people. To us, Mr. Faulkner's words have the ring of authentic prophecy. Can we afford to ignore them?



Liberal Trade Policies Essential

Tobacco Export Problem Affected By Competition, Dollar Shortage

"Regardless of how good our tobacco salesmen are, they cannot sell our tobacco in the four corners of the world—or even one corner—unless a favorable trade climate is maintained for them to operate in," according to J. C. Frink, assistant to the president of Tobacco Associates, Inc.

Tobacco Associates, supported by all flue-cured tobacco growers, exists to promote the leaf export market.

During the year just ended, Frink said, the United States exported 428 million pounds of flue-cured leaf to 74 foreign countries. "This is ample evidence that a strong demand exists for our leaf throughout the world."

He warned, however, "If we are to further develop our world markets for tobacco and other commodities—or even keep from losing some of the markets we now have—it will be necessary for our foreign trade policies to continue to be developed along the liberal trade lines represented in the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Program, the proposed legislation authorizing U. S. membership in the Organization for Trade Cooperation, and legislation for further simplification of customs."

Viewing some of the factors which tend to restrict tobacco exports, Frink said that next to competition from foreign-grown

leaf, the shortage of dollars in most parts of the world is a "perennial problem."

Manufacturers in many countries which use U. S. tobacco, he said, do not know from one year to the next whether they will receive an allocation of dollars for U. S. tobacco purchases. Then too, he added, there is always the uncertainty of whether or not adjustments will be made during the buying seasons by those countries which do receive allocations.

He said that another important factor tending to restrict tobacco exports is the trade policies of many countries. "In Germany, for example, there is no actual limitation of dollars which manufacturers may spend for the purchase of tobacco. However, there is a policy within the government to actively promote the export of its industrial goods." The tobacco industry, as well as other industries, Frink said, cooperate in this ef-

fort by purchasing, to the greatest extent possible, their raw materials from the areas which will buy German industrial goods.

Bilateral trade agreements, tobacco monopolies, import quota legislation, preferential tariff rates, mixing regulations, and export subsidies were also presented by the Tobacco Associates official as restrictive devices affecting the exports of U. S. leaf.

Frink pointed out that these types of restrictions and regulations not only hurt the export trade for tobacco, but also the export trade of other U. S. commodities and manufactured goods.

"In 1953," he said, "North Carolina exported not only about 200 million dollars worth of tobacco, but also between 150 and 200 million dollars worth of other commodities, including some 70 million dollars in textiles, 30 million in manufactured tobacco products, 15 million in cotton, and 14 million in chemicals."

On Behalf Of Country Roads

Some day, when we have finished a few more super-highways, someone is going to make a lot of friends by advocating the construction of a few thousand miles of narrow, winding dirt roads that lead nowhere in particular—roads

that just wander off across the countryside, up and down hills, across valleys; typical, old, country roads, with all the natural hazards and charm left in.

Such roads will be built for dawdling, for stopping on hill-tops, for wild-flower admiring, for bird-watching—for all the things the prudent motorist shouldn't do on a four-lane highway. We still have many country-road drivers who want to see a tree, not a blur of woodland; who want a breath of country air; not highway fumes; who want to stop and look without creating a traffic jam two miles long behind them.

I recall one back road where we parked one day to watch a wood thrush and after we had been there half an hour two foxes came into a clearing close by and played like puppies. It's a grass-grown trail that leads past an old cellar hole and two very old lilac bushes, fragrant remembrances of a farm family who lived and raised a family there, and is buried there beneath a weathered sandstone marker.

These back roads lead to something many of us don't want to forget. Something placidly beautiful, something as natural as a stand of fine old hemlocks. Something that isn't too much changed by the years or by the things man does to the places where he lives and works.

We live in a world of change, often violent and sudden, and it is good for the soul to be aware of things which change only on their own terms and in their own time.—Hal Borland in New York Times Magazine.

Grains of Sand

Elephant in the Auditorium
Folks have been having a lot of fun over Charlotte and Vicki, the runaway elephant. Eluding her pursuers with more than elephantine agility, Vicki hid for days in the swamps of the, and we quote, "Jungle City," and apparently not even the dulcet calls of Charlotte's GOPoliticos could lure her forth.

And in Greensboro there's always the matter of the long-voted, long-overdue memorial auditorium still waiting to be built. Bill Polk's prodding editorials in the Greensboro Daily News on this subject have been appearing with almost the regularity of The Pilot's pleas to Save The Trees.

We suggest as Neatest Trick of the Editorial page his, or at least the GDN's double-riposte printed below.

ELEPHANT WANTED

Greensboro ought to have an elephant. Look what Vicki has done for Charlotte.

A town pachyderm is invaluable for publicity and parade purposes among other things.

If Greensboro won't buy its own elephant, it ought to borrow or rent Vicki and get her to lay the cornerstone of the coliseum-auditorium. We understand elephants live a long time.

Put 'Em Up, Mr. Bear!

Bears frequenting the highways of Great Smoky National Park are hereby advised to watch their step.

Writes Dorothy Avery from her well-earned librarian's holiday with Margaret Bishop at Banner Elk: "A black bear tried to get into our station wagon and did carry off our auto refrigerator which I rescued, armed with a flashlight."

Can't blame him for trying to get into the station wagon but next time he has the urge to meddle with folks' refrigerators he'd better steer clear of Moore County librarians. It seems they don't scare so easy.

Frivolous and Malicious

There were several cases in Recorders Court at Carthage Monday wherein wives had had husbands arrested and then refused to testify against them.

One such young man was charged with being drunk and disorderly and with breaking a lamp and an electric fan in his home. But not a word against him would the wife say in court.

Judge J. Vance Rowe cited the old story of the shepherd boy who called "Wolf, wolf" as a joke so much that when the wolves did come nobody paid attention. Some day, there might be real trouble at the home, the judge pointed out, and officers might not take the summons seriously.

The arrest was ruled frivolous and malicious and the wife was taxed with the court costs.

"That's the silliest wife I've ever seen for a young couple to make a dent in the family budget," commented a spectator.

A few minutes later up came another young couple, the husband charged with assaulting his wife and infant son. Same thing. The wife smiling and affable, refusing to testify.

"It wasn't nothing," she volunteered to the judge. "We was just mad with each other. It's all right now."

The sincerity of the reconciliation was so obvious that a murmur of appreciative titters ran through the courtroom, as though it was a relief to see a couple of happy people on trial in contrast to all the hostility and misery usually seen before the bench.

Judge Rowe sighed and, apparently hoping that this couple would also take to heart his wolf, wolf lecture to the preceding husband and wife, simply motioned toward Carlton Kennedy.

"Let the wife pay the costs, Mr. Clerk," he said wearily. And the next case was called.

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