

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.

Shooting Star Becomes Steady Light

The triumph of the party leadership of Adlai Stevenson, so effectively won at Chicago last week, offers a bright promise of Democratic victory in November.

More unified than it has been in the past decade, the party is now in a position to regain many of the votes that went to Eisenhower from party members who had been disgruntled with the Truman influence or who distrusted the shooting star that was Stevenson in 1952, assuming that its brilliance could not last.

In 1952, the shooting star that was Stevenson contrasted with the calm, steady light that was Eisenhower—a benevolent light that flooded the nation to the strains of martial music in the background.

This is not to say that the Eisenhower light has faded clean away, though it would be dreaming to deny that it has lost some of its 1952 power. What we are faced with now is that the Democratic candidate can also be fairly

described in terms of his own bright steady light.

The steadiness comes from the sweeping nomination victory at Chicago and the independence he maintained in gaining it. The brightness comes from his vision of the "new America that renews itself with every forward thrust of the human mind."

The selection of Senator Kefauver for the vice-presidential nomination gives Stevenson probably the most effective running mate that the convention could have named. The qualities and varied appeals they bring to the campaign as a team are vastly impressive.

So—there is brightness in the air, a very real sense of impending victory for the Democrats. Not an easily won victory. Not a certainty. As compared with 1952, the difference is something like this: where there was hope then, there is confidence now, a confidence that we think will lead on to victory in November.

Trash On The Highways: Problem and Suggestion

Governor Hodges spoke the thoughts of many Tar Heels when, at a tree-planting ceremony in the Elizabethan Garden at Manteo last week, he said:

"I have another project in mind, one which I wish the North Carolina Garden Clubs would sponsor. That is a campaign to make our highways more attractive. I wish you would sponsor a movement that would educate people not to throw trash and rubbish from their automobiles."

Having backed the cause of highway beautification in all its aspects for many years, The Pilot offers a rousing second to the Governor's motion. Trash and rubbish along the road form only part of the highway beautification problem, but this could be the most easily remediable part, with cooperation from the traveling public.

Driving along most any highway, the motorist is appalled to see the amount of trash that is tossed out along the road: paper cups, beer cans, bottles, boxes, cartons and paper of all descriptions.

Consideration of this problem leads to a conclusion that we don't think we have heard voiced before: shouldn't automobiles have built-

in waste basket space? Why, out of all the helpful gadgets that have been built into cars, have the manufacturers not realized that riding all day in an automobile is just like living in a room at home: people read newspapers, open packages, munch candy, peanuts and crackers, smoke the last cigarette in their packages, enjoy a soft (or otherwise) drink—but what can they do with the resulting waste products? No automobile we have ever seen makes any provision for this problem, except an ash tray.

A paper cup half full of cracked ice, or one enclosing the sticky remains of a milkshake, is not the kind of thing you want to keep in a car—so that's where the trash comes from. There's nothing much you can do with such an article except throw it out the window. And that's what most of us do.

An automobile waste basket built so that the container could be removed for emptying and cleaning, would be a blessing to the motorist and a real contribution by car manufacturers to the cleanliness of the national highways.

Pending such a revolutionary development, the garden clubs or any other organizations or individual who will get behind the movement suggested by Governor Hodges would be doing a service to the state.

'A Ship of Glasse Toss'd In A Sea of Terror'

The trial that last week dominated the term of Superior Court at Carthage, in which a State College student was accused of rape by a young school teacher, rightly commanded front page coverage in the daily newspapers of the state.

The human interest, the dramatic tension of this trial could not be denied. Its outcome in a hopelessly hung jury and an order of mistrial only adds to the interest. Truth, that elusive quality that is sought in all cases that come before the bar of justice, apparently had not been proved and recognized.

The two protagonists in this essentially tragic real life drama must now again appear in court—one would surmise before a new jury chosen from a venire summoned elsewhere than in Moore County. Unless a special term is called, the case will not be tried until November. The defendant remains in jail, accused of a crime for which the penalty, on conviction, is death. Lesser verdicts could, of course, be brought in.

There was a spell-binding quality about last week's trial. Was it really happening? Were these two young people who are both esteemed highly in their communities really involved in a terrible conflict of criminal justice? What strange fate had led them—who were both seemingly destined for normal, unsensational and reasonably happy lives—to this shattering crisis, this explosion of the tranquil world they knew?

At this stage of the legal proceedings, it would not be in order to comment on the guilt or innocence of the accused or to speculate on what the verdict should have been or should be.

Suffice it to say that, once the charge was made, it is proper—though no matter how harrowing to the parties concerned, their families and friends—that the outcome be determined in

the courtroom. The majesty of the law overshadows all human frailty and, once a conflict such as this is joined, the majesty of the law, abetted by a judge and jury committed to all the wisdom and conscience they possess, must take command.

And there is this too: the case, whatever the truth of the matter, is a potent, even terrifying, object lesson to young people.

This, we might point out to young folks, is what parents are talking about when they say, "Be careful. Take care of yourself"—an admonition that so often is met with spoken or unspoken scorn.

But the wisdom of the ages, as this case well proves, lies behind the warning: there could hardly be two unlikelier candidates for tragedy than the accuser and the accused in this case—sensible, intelligent, educated, successful in all endeavors so far as their short lives had run—yet the explosion came, their pleasant world disintegrated.

Nearly 300 years ago a poet wrote:

"... Poore man, what art! A Tennis Ball of Errour,
A Ship of Glasse toss'd in a Sea of terror.
How slippery are thy pathes, how sure thy fall,
How art thou Nothing when th'art most of all."

This is not quoted as a specific comment on either of the young people in this case. It is a comment on human nature, on life—a confirmation of what has been called the "darker underside of life" from which, without constant vigilance by man, terror and tragedy erupt.

Recognition of that truth is the lesson in the trial at Carthage.

THEY'RE SAYING

Moments of Memory

You never know when something unforgettable is about to happen to you. It doesn't have to make history. It doesn't even have to make headlines.

A little boy romps through a sloping hillside meadow up to his waist in the tall grass. He sees his young mother sitting amid wild flowers and gazing from under the broad brim of her hat across the valley's churning foliage to misty mountains beyond. Nothing is said, and nothing visible happens. But half a century later the boy still remembers. And the man still treasures the moment.

Riding in a railway car, a traveler sees a young family, father, mother, child, looking with a sort of noncommittal wonder on the strange frontier that is to be their home. They speak to one another of the new world about them with an accent that bridges oceans to reach back to the "old country." The traveler feels the tide of their hope and the undertow of their doubts.

Long after they have in all likelihood forgotten their first train ride through the semiwilderness he will remember, and cherish the sentiments the memory invokes.

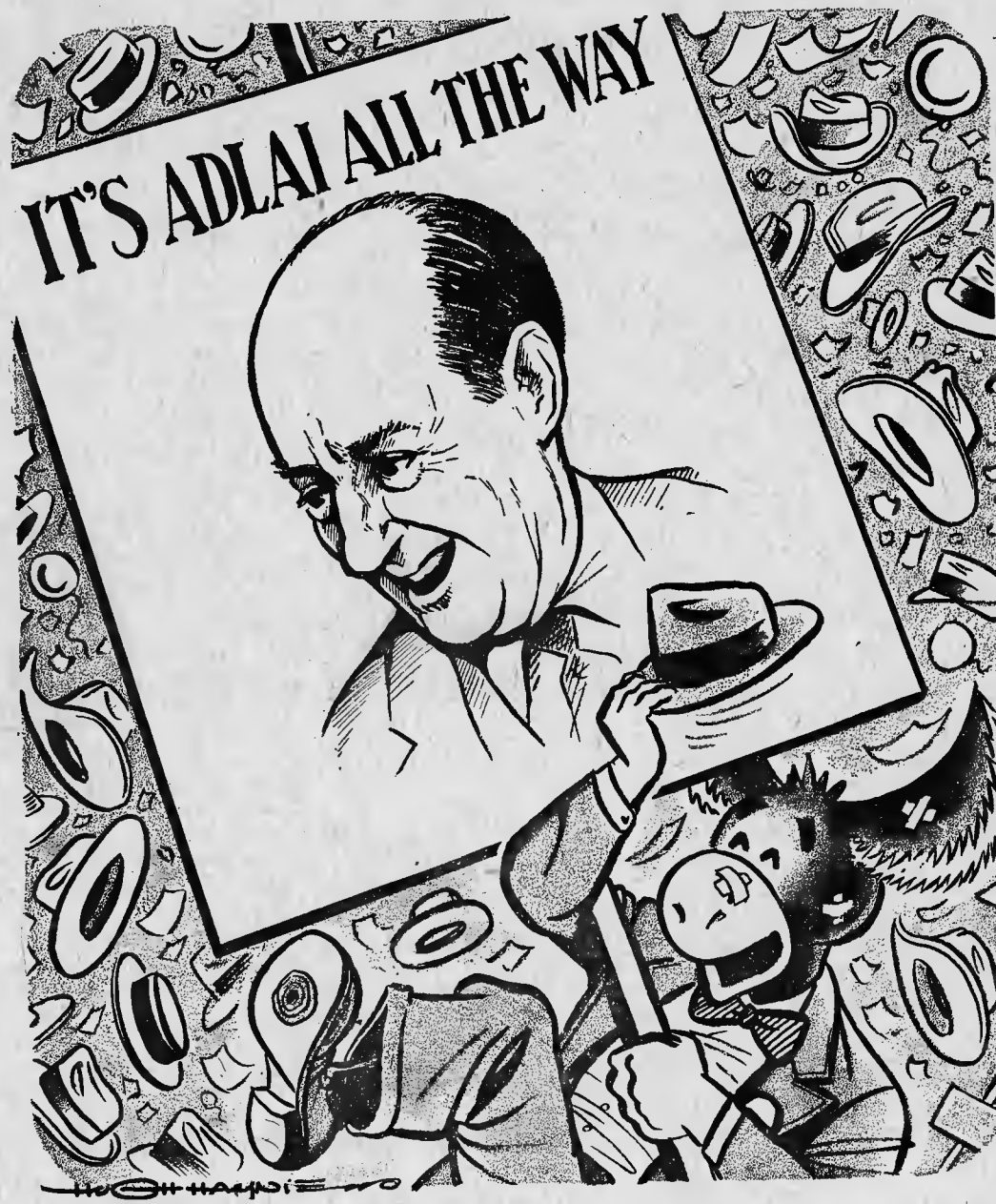
Sometimes it is only a high window in a row of city houses, the one with its blind askew. It may be the nonchalant security in which a great black cat stretches itself for a nap on a front doorstep. It could be the humorous rejoinder with which a bus conductor restores some passenger's sense of proportion.

It will be hardly noticed at the time. But the impression will endure through the years, unexpectedly enriching some quiet moment when the memory plays pleasant tricks like a genial magician.

ON APATHY

"The apathy of the modern voter is the confusion of the modern reformer."
—Judge Learned Hand

"Whooooopeeeee!"



FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL CONCERNED

How To Get Along With Editors

The head of the news bureau at the University of North Carolina, the personable Pete Ivey, who also has a good many years as a working newspaperman behind him, undertook recently to give the N. C. Council of Women's Organizations, some advice on how to present their club publicity to newspaper editors.

The advice has been widely reprinted over the state. Editors were happy to publicize information that might help club leaders—not to mention the editors themselves—in their own towns.

At least one newspaper jumped on Mr. Ivey because he had referred to the hypothetical editor used in his illustrations as "the man in the baggy pants."

From personal experience, we'd say that Pete is more often right than wrong in this respect. Anybody who stuffs his legs under a typewriter table and slips in and out of this position 50 times or so a day, often with no time to think of the matter of carefully hoisting pants legs like gentlemen do in the movies and sometimes in real life, too, will affirm that this is no life to foster sharp trouser creases.

Best To Be Pest?

The same newspaper that didn't like the "baggy pants" designation also disagreed with the conclusion that persons approaching an editor should be considerate in their demands. In effect, the dissenting newspaper's suggestion was that persons seeking publicity make themselves so disagreeable and such a pest that finally an editor would give in to their demands just to get rid of them.

With this point of view, too, we disagree, believing, with Mr. Ivey, that a vast amount of wasted time, misunderstanding and hurt feelings could be avoided if the public knew more about an editor's problems and how to approach him so that news material would get the best possible treatment.

Heart of Advice

Here is the heart of Mr. Ivey's advice to the ladies—and of course it applies every bit as well to men who have to deal with editors:

"Don't argue with the newspaper editor and try to insist on his printing your club news or printing it exactly as you have written it. Don't be insistent. Don't talk back.

"The editor knows his own newspaper needs, and the best thing to do is write the news briefly, accurately, and fully and let him be the judge of whether it's news and what space it will get.

"Study the needs of the newspaper, and find out what best suits the newspapers.

"Be the kind of press agent who is so helpful and non-demanding that when the editor sees you coming he will greet you with a cordial smile and seem genuinely glad you have brought something to the newspaper."

Then came The Chapel Hill Weekly, picked up Mr. Ivey's recommendations, approved them and added some more of their own, all of which we commend to the attention of persons bringing news to The Pilot or any other newspaper.

The Weekly's advice listed seven good points:

1. Take the publicity or news of the meeting to the editor the next morning, early. Don't wait. Yours is not the only story he has to prepare

the editor makes a sincere effort to put in the paper first the hottest news he has.

7. Don't ask him to put your story on the front page. If you don't believe the inside pages, specially of the Weekly, are avidly read, just let us make one little teeny, weeny error on one, and we'll refer the calls to you.

News, Not Opinions

All this advice assumes that the editor is a reasonable and conscientious person. And, strange to say, he or she most usually is. Most news, in most newspapers, gets about the treatment it deserves. And we mean news, not expressions of ideas or opinions. These are often accepted or rejected according to the editor's particular convictions or policy.

If persons fail to get their ideas or opinions into a certain newspaper, they should try another, because they may then find an editor sympathetic to their way of thinking.

This is altogether different from news, however. News has its own values, apart from ideas or opinions. And real news, well presented to the editor, always gets printed.



UNHAPPY EDITOR . . . The public can help . . . (Note baggy pants)

or get in the paper. You'll get a better story if your copy is in early.

2. Make certain all names are correct. Give both first and last names, and, in the case of married women, use the husband's initials or first name. Don't write only "Miss Jones"; there are hundreds of them. Make Miss Jones happy by giving her first name.

3. Don't ask the editor to run a story of a forthcoming event or benefit in every issue of the paper between the time you bring it in and the day of the affair. Buy some advertising—if you want it plugged that often.

4. If you want to promote a cause or benefit, discuss the complete publicity campaign with the editor. He can help you think of possible stories; then, get them to him.

5. Don't tell the editor if he doesn't give you a long story, you'll take it to the other paper. He knows you've already been there or are going anyway.

6. Don't ask the editor when the story will appear. He'll try to get it in the very next issue. Again, yours is not the only story he has to think about, and although his judgment is not infallible,

Grains of Sand

In A Nutshell

A memorable phrase left over from Democratic Convention week was that used by a Swedish newspaper correspondent during a discussion that appeared on TV. Said he, referring to how the Swedish people felt about Adlai Stevenson after he was defeated by Eisenhower in 1952: "Stevenson was the best President the United States never had."

At this stage of the 1956 campaign, with Stevenson again the Democratic nominee, that "never" has a very unpleasant sound, at least from our point of view as a Stevenson rooter.

Striking as the phrase is, it has a gloomy turn in this new situation of 1956. We'd like to alter it to read: "Adlai Stevenson was the best President the United States did not have 1952-1956 and is the best President the United States could have, 1956-1960."

Poster Out Again

The Pilot's big color photograph poster of Adlai Stevenson, featuring his 1952 statement, "We must look forward to great tomorrows," has been brought out of its resting place behind a filing case and is again on display as it was during the 1952 campaign and for some time afterwards.

The poster has been used at several occasions since 1952—at events held during the visits of Governor Stevenson to the Sandhills and also at the organization meeting of the Moore County Stevenson for President Club.

The photo on the poster remains one of the best ever made of the candidate, we think. It shows a serious face but there is no doubt from the expression that the man knows how to smile and often does—a rare combination and hard to catch in a photograph.

Respect For The Law

One of the instructors in the Highway Patrol school says that back when the Patrol was first organized, people were really influenced by the sight of an officer.

For example, he said that when he moved into a small town which had not had patrolmen before, people went out and, for the first time, bought state license plates.

The patrolmen, in only three months are taking up many college-level courses such as Constitutional law, geography and history. And on top of this, they are also expected to learn to handle a gun and use judo in getting their man.

Inherent Honesty

A past president of the Associated Credit Bureaus of America said recently that the "inherent honesty of the American public is the prime factor of our high standard of living."

In other words, A. B. Buckridge went on to explain, this honesty has resulted in the establishment of the credit system, and the credit system has resulted in the high standard of living.

Don't Get Alarmed

There is no need to get alarmed at the unusual number of shooting stars during this season. They are only a part of the annual Perseid showers. Every year about this time, the earth encounters large numbers of meteors.

Middle Age: Is It Glamorous?

Writing in "Look" magazine, Russell Lynes comments on a subject of wide interest: middle age. He is the son of Mrs. J. R. Lynes who for many years was hostess at the Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst and who has made some wise and witty comments on life, particularly in his later years, in communications to The Pilot. Mr. Lynes' remarks follow:

Now take my generation, or at least those men of my generation who are graying at the temples, who exude confidence without arrogance, whose charm is hydra-matic and who have got to the age where their features don't matter any longer so long as they are "interesting."

We have a few advantages over the younger men. If we are lucky we have a little money and a little position and an air, at least, of experience. The most successful among us are the prototypes of men in today's most exclusive ads. We wear our beards and our eye patches with an air of gentility and savoir faire. We are relaxed (outwardly) about our features because we believe in the new longevity statistics, or at least tell ourselves we do.

We take heart from the women of our generation whose glamor is persistent—the Marlene Dietrichs and Joan Crawford's and Gloria Swansons who go on being beautiful and active and as attractive as ever. We suspect (and we have very real medical and sociological evidence to back us

up) that the middle aged are in fact younger than they used to be by every measure except the calendar.

Or it might be, and this is a disconcerting idea, that advertisers are merely trying to convince us that we have glamor. We are, after all, the age group with the fattest bank accounts. Unfortunately, it isn't just our bank accounts that show a tendency to swell. There are our heads, for example, and our children's clothes allowances, and we are at the ripest age of all for flattery.

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