

"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.

Editors Find Something Special Here

toured North Carolina over a long week-end, spending Sunday in the Sandhills, were obviously pleased with their reception here and elsewhere.

Routine gratitude for hospitality, was to be expected, but the enthusiastic reaction of the editors-to the State in general and to the Sandhills specifically-was not forced. They just plain liked it hereabouts.

A distinguished member of the party-one of the top editors on one of the world's most famous newspapers-confessed that he had never before been in North Carolina. The implication was that he had no idea that there existed such places, such people and such activities as he had been meeting and seeing.

It's always wonderful to be admired and praised, most notably so when those bestowing the kind words are persons of intelligence, experience and perception. We are pleased that the editors found in the Sandhills during their brief visit a measure of that "something special" that we who live here recognize and enjoy.

The lesson in all this, if any, is that we in the Sandhills must realize that, over the years, a very fine way of life has been built up

The newspaper and magazine editors who through the exercise of civic interest, friendli-oured North Carolina over a long week-end, ness and tolerance by people with a generally unpretentious and democratic outlook.

Native Scotch thrift, piety and persistence have blended here with New England industriousness and energy-lightened and enriched with the leaven of persons who have had imagination and a wide variety of skills and with those who have had musical, literary, artistic and intellectual interests. Moreover, these skills and interests were not aloofly held but were integrated into the community and played their important part in the making of the "something special" that is ours.

So, while seeking to put a sounder economic base of industry and business under the Sandhills and while making those changes that are inevitable with the years, we must also be alert that the virtues of our special way of life are preserved.

We do not think that these aims are incompatible and we consider that those who hold this view do the Sandhills a great disservicewhether they disagree from the point of view of those who want changes or those who don't.

What people everywhere want more and more, it seems to us, is good living, a satisfying way of life. This people can find in the

President Friday and Academic Freedom

While the main emphasis on the outlook for the University of North Carolina and other State institutions of higher learning has been on the need for increased faculty salaries, we are pleased to note that President William C. Friday, in his inaugural address a few weeks ago, spoke out very strongly on the matter of academic freedom.

Every member of the faculty, he said, should have "that freedom of teaching and research which is an essential condition of the proper and effective discharge of his duties as a member of the faculty."

And he noted: ". . . Faculty members, like Americans everywhere, have the freedom to speak as responsible citizens on the issues before the people."

tion of the University was characterized by such freedom. A number of faculty members lost by the University in recent years have left to take higher-salaried posts elsewherebut, according to a source close to the University, "What much of the public may not realize is that some of the migration of professors from the University campuses may have been due to fear of a trend away from the University's traditional academic freedom."

A university professor's freedom to speak his mind on controversial matters is somewhat remote from public interest and understanding-yet it is a vital aspect of the system of higher education in which North Carolina takes pride and which over the years shapes the thinking and the attitude of thous-These assurances are in the great tradition ands of the State's citizens who attend these

Automobile Power: Thriller or Killer?

Apparently, the trend toward greater speed cupants than two old-fashioned, regularand power in automobiles has not reached its end in the 100-miles-per-hour cars that are on the roads today. Reports from Detroit tell about experimental and also 1958 models which top the performance of 1957 models, by the use of "fuel injection" engines. This, we suppose, means more speed and more

This is a gloomy outlook-although, if the auto makers are right in their estimate of public opinion, it must be a thrilling outlook to millions of Americans. We can't see what sense it makes to manufacture cars continually bigger and more powerful (not to mention more expensive). We must be dreadfully out of tune with the times.

Safety features are stressed by the manufacturers who go happily along making cars less and less safe for the simple reason that they are more and more powerful. Now there is talk of hydraulic bumpers that would ease the shock of colliding vehicles. Question for the research department: would two superpowered cars colliding with hydraulic bumpers at 80 miles per hour kill more or less oc-

bumper cars colliding at 40 miles per hour?

The questions that keep nagging at the back of the mind are: Do people really want all the extra speed, power and expense that the development of the American automobile entails? Or have they been convinced that they want it because the auto makers have been so glitteringly telling them that they want it? Or are a large proportion of them, who really don't care about size and power, buying because they feel they should keep up with a standard or pace set by a smaller, more flamboyant group of enthusiasts for super-this and super-that?

If the question were only a matter of taste, it wouldn't be worth much thought or discussion. The main point is that big, speedy cars are killing and injuring thousands and thousands of persons in this country every year-a good many more persons, we believe, than if most of the cars on our highways were smaller and slower models. When human lives are involved, the good sense of the public and the responsibility of the auto makers should both be questioned.

In Praise of Wasting Time

A book with a most arresting title has been a useful purpose but we cannot help but feel attracting attention-Robert Paul Smith's that they are too numerous and that they do "Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did not inspire a great deal of that quality which You Do?" "Nothing."

Since the book is an argument for wasting time, we are at once prejudiced in its favor. albeit the volume refers to wasting time in childhood. While thankful that somebody has had the wits and courage to challenge the notion that children always have to "do" things, we await with eagerness the still more courageous writer who will extol a similar policy for adults. But now we are talking

about the children. Several items printed on this page in recent weeks have questioned whether life today, for both adults and young folks, is not too highly organized. The book with the arresting title is the most elaborate attempt we have yet seen to expound this thesis.

Mr. Smith recalls, for instance, some of the delights of an unplanned youth:

"Many, many hours of my childhood were spent in learning how to whistle, how to snap my fingers. In hanging from the branch of a tree. In looking at an ant's nest. In digging holes. Making piles. Tearing things down. Throwing rocks at things."

Various adult supervisors, counsellors, dihedge in a child's existence today may serve .occupations in our scale of values.

is childhood's special province, carrying a

special meaning of its own: "having fun." An editorial in the Raleigh News and Observer rounds out this subject with a disquisition on the old-fashioned back yard ("likely to be untidy and all cluttered up with horse shoes and fishing poles and balls and bats and dogs and cats. . . a high board fence around it and usually a large tree that was excellent for climbing"), as contrasted with back yards since landscaping has come in and that area has become "a pretty place for tired adults to rest in deck chairs. . . And the boy meets his friends in a public park or asks them into his house to watch television." Is all lost, then, for childhood? Of course not. All children are made of more wonderful stuff than that. We suspect that, despite and in some cases even because of, organization, children still have plenty of fun. And each generation, we suppose, has its own pleasures or types of pleasures. But we see in Mr. Smith's book and in nostalgic reminiscences like that of the News and Observer a warning to parents that children often should be let alone to find and make up and enjoy their own kinds of entertainment. "Wasting rectors, instructors, coaches and so forth that time" and "doing nothing" remain honored "Care To Sign Up For A Quick Ride Home, Kind Sir?"



Billboards On Federal Road System?

Legislation to control billboard cut: and similar detrimental construction within at least 750 feet of main highways is being advocated by Thomas B. Watkins, president of the N. C. State Automobile Association.

The motor club president is urging federal and state legislators and other officials in Washington and Raleigh not to let highways be made into "billboard

"It is true that motor clubs such as ours have been guilty in isolated cases of erecting billboards bearing safety messages along the state's cluttered highways. Perhaps they also distract instead of making the driver safety-conscious as intended. The N. C. State Automobile Association, always ready to help in promoting highway safety, is willing and eager to go along with any legislation to control their location or even abolish them," says Mr. Wat-

Indiscriminate erection of billboards will blight the new 41,000mile federal Interstate Highway System, he believes. He points

A Minnesota study showed an increase in the number of highway signs was accompanied by an increase in fatal traffic accidents.

that of those interviewed on a nationwide basis, 65.9 per cent favored billboard control and only 25.9 percent were against it. A Maryland study showed that of 9.869 Maryland motorists quizzed, 9,408 said they favored elimina-

tion of signboards within 1,000 feet of the highway and only 461 said they did not favor billboard control. has asked for Federal control of billboards and roadside structures over the Interstate road system

Any value that land adjacent to highways may have for rental for billboard purposes is the direct result of the building of the highway itself, so as to bring motorists within viewing distance of the

that is to be built in the next 13

proposed billboard. North Carolina has started construction on a small part of the

712 miles of Interstate Highways to be located within its borders at a cost of millions of dollars. In the last two months, the

State Highway Commission let five contracts for as many A Trendex News poll reported links in the Interstate System, and more such work is scheduled to be put under contract this year. The Interstate System will be a

free public road system with no toll charges in North Carolina. The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads has definitely located and approved for construction a total

of 446 miles of the 712 in North Carolina. The state plans to spend \$500 million on the Interstate System during the 13-year construction program. The cost of constructing only one mile of this system ranges up to \$500,000. The federal government is paying 90 percent of the costs and the state 10 percent.

The Pilot believes that, in the public interest, this matter of eliminating billboards and other unsightly developments on the new Federal highway system should be given the most careful consideration by Federal and

State authorities.

FISH SCALES, FLY PAPER, LAMP CHIMNEYS, ETC.

Unpleasant Tasks Of Housewife Recalled (Rena B. Lassiter in The Smithfield Herald)

An article in the Morganton News-Herald about changes that have come about in the marketing of chickens set me to thinking of all the unpleasant household chores that this generation of housewives does not have to con-

Of course wringing a chicken's neck, mentioned in the aforesaid article, was one of such chores. I thought when I began keeping house that I never could kill a chicken, let alone do it by wringing its neck. But I found out on occasions it was necessary to behead a chicken in some manner. When the cook in the kitchen was too chicken-hearted to manage it, somebody had to do the gory job.

Spoiled Appetite

Another unpleasant chore for me was cleaning fish. I could spatter scales over as wide an area as anybody, and it seemed to me that the fish odor clung to my hands for days and days. The fact is whenever I had to dress either fish or chickens, I ate little fish or fowl.

Another unpleasant job was taking care of the garbage. With no way of sending greasy dishwater down a drain, or grinding scrap food i "disposall" in a sink, there we usually a slop pail somewhere on the outside for such waste. There was no water and light system in Smithfield until 1913. Before that time, colored men with their mules and wagons would make daily rounds to some of the residences to collect slops for their hogs which they kept on the outskirts of town. But what a chore to keep that slop pail anyways decent! Back in those days our tax money did not provide for garbage

Another unsightly and unpleasant part of housekeeping before folks began to screen their windows and doors was putting out sticky fly paper to catch as many flies as possible. Every neighborhood had its cow lot and chicken yard and flies were everywhere. Fly paper was a necessity. Even flit and the flit gun had not come into use in those days.

Then of course there was the task of washing lamps and lamp chimneys and filling the lamps with kerosene. At least one day a week at our house all the lamps in the house would be assembled on the kitchen table. A pan of hot, soapy water, the kerosene oil can, scissors for trimming the wicks and tissue paper for polishing the lamp chimneys kept one busy for an hour or so. And then those hearths that

had to be clayed. No pretty tile

that could be washed in a jiffy. It took a bucket of Spanish brown and a mop, or a can of black paint and a brush to make the brick hearths presentable.

Marvelous Age

These are just a few of the disagreeable chores that housewives 40 or 50 years ago had to cope with. Housewives of that day would have thought our modern kitchens heaven. And to have been able to buy chickens and fish already dressed would really have taken much of the drudgery out of cooking.

Come to think of it, this is a marvelous age for housewives to live in. Never has there been such a wealth of modern conveniences, and though housekeeping is still a never-ending job, most of the really dirty, distasteful chores have been done away with.

Murder By Television

(From The Stanly News & Press) for such terrible crimes from tel-

The blood-curdling story of how two young boys, ages 11 and 13, killed their father, after the fashion of television murders, was spread throughout the nation re-

got the idea for killing their father and disposing of his body from watching television. That admission is indeed an indictment of the television indus-

The boys admitted that they

try. It is not the first crime we have heard of among juveniles which was said to be traceable to television drama. We do not mean to infer that

television, itself, is bad. Just like radio, newspapers, motion pictures and other mass communication media, it is good in itself and can serve a worthwhile purpose. That juveniles are getting ideas

evision programs, however, is a clear indication that more attention needs to be given to the sort of programs which are sent out over the air.

It is inexcusable for those planning the programs to permit material to go out over the air which will teach boys and girls in their formative years how to commit crimes and escape detection. So long as the television industry does not do a better job of selfdiscipline it will be open to criticism and will be inviting the ire of these who would use regulatory means of keeping its stand-

ards high. It will be much better if the industry leaders will take steps to improve their standards than to have outsiders dictate the terms of the censorship.

Grains of Sand

Fooled Again

Folks who patronize the Sunrise Theatre, reaped a bonanza from the credulity of some of their fellow-men . . . and wom-

Before the showing of the movie, "Baby Doll," the management slyly made use of an ad gimmick that proved, apparently, most effective. They issued postcards purporting to be signed by the heroine of that remarkable script, the pitiful, ridiculous child-of-a-girl named Caroll. The card carried a tantalizing message suggesting a date with the receiver at the stage door. All in good (ad) fun, BUT:

When one local movie-fan called up his wife, to ask a simple question about dinner that night, he was stunned to have his loved one reply: "That's a-a-a-all right! There won't BE any dinner tonight. And just WHO is 'Caroll

But the free passes from the management received by all patrons "in apology" were surely appreciated.

A good gimmick-even if rather old stuff, having been used by the trade, (and, we believe, about that particular movie) a good many times during these years. But why not? A good gimmick is a good gimmick so long as it works.

Caw-Caw, Yourself!

Do birds have a sense of hu-

Until the other morning we would have sniffed at such a thought. Birds. . . those hardeyed, sharp-beaked creatures with a sense of humor?

But then came the other morn-

This is the time of year when you wake up early. With the birds. We woke up with the first cardinal, located just a few feet away (drat him). He whistled. Then the wrens began; then the summer tanagers, chuck-chucking down the scale; then the yank- yanks of the pair of nuthatches, to be seen any hour inching up or down the pinetrunks. Then they all got to going together, with others joining in. Such a jubilation for Old Sun as he came up!

But about the sense of humor. After the crowd had hushed, came the crow. THE crow. He sits on top of the biggest tree and makes an infernal cawing. Or sawing. Just as regular as a good carpenter, in the groove: "saw-saw-saw-saw-saw." saws, or caws. No more, no less. He went on and on: "caw-cawcaw-caw-caw," then a pause and then, monotonous, dull, boring: and LOUD to deafen you: "cawcaw-caw-caw-caw."

We lay in bed and thought: that loud loud-mouthed bore, out there. Sitting on his tree, deafening everybody: orating. If he does it just once more we'll stick our head out and yell "Hush!"

And then it came. There was one more: "caw-caw-caw-cawcaw" and then, from a nearby tree, a chickadee let go: "Deedee-dee-dee-dee." Way up in high treble. We lay back and laughed and

laughed. They went at it one more time: "Caw-caw-caw-cawcaw" and, right after it, way up high: "dee-dee-dee-dee."

It was too much for the crow. He gave one furious squawk and flounced away. You could hear his wings batting with indignation in each swoop. Oh my, what wounded dignity! The chickadee? Not another

peep out of him. He'd said his say and that was that. But was he laughing? Wouldn't you love to know! A dog would have laughed. .

maybe a cat, (we aren't cat-wise . . . yes, we regret it; apologies to the cat-people and all that. But it's a fact.) A horse would have laughed, obviously. But. . .

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