



"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.

Law: Safeguard of Liberty

The essential meaning of the whole Mississippi nightmare during the past week was succinctly stated by the President in his dignified address to the nation Sunday night:

"... Our nation is founded on the principle that observance of the law is the eternal safeguard of liberty—and defiance of the law is the surest path to tyranny... Americans are free, in short, to disagree with the law—but not to disobey it..."

That is the heart of the matter. That is the noble guiding principle that was challenged by the governor of Mississippi in refusing to honor the rulings of federal courts as to the admission of a Negro

student to the state university; the principle that was trampled by the rioters on the campus and in the town of Oxford; and the principle grossly and dangerously ignored by General Walker, the self-appointed patriot who is now quite properly undergoing mental examinations to determine the condition of his sanity.

As we asked in these columns two weeks ago: what in the world did Mississippi hope to do? It is utterly inconceivable that this nation could long harbor and condone a pocket of lawlessness within the federal Union. The sequence of incitation, violence, bloodshed and ultimate failure of such a rebellion could have been predicted by a child, from the outset of the affair.

Hazards of Ridge Street

The owner of a much-valued pet cat that was killed by one of two apparently racing cars on N. Ridge St., called us Tuesday to point out the frequency and extreme hazard of speeding on this street that is one of the main arteries leading to and from the East Southern Pines school buildings.

Another resident of Ridge St. reports that a boy on a bicycle on Ridge was very nearly hit recently by a car entering from the downhill Orchard Road intersection where a "stop" sign on Orchard is reportedly frequently ignored.

Several streets intersecting with Ridge run into dead ends or private driveways on the east side of Ridge, forcing an automobile entering Ridge from a cross street to turn left or right, giving it less time to get out of the way of a speeder on Ridge than if the cross-street car could shoot straight ahead and get out

of the way in a hurry.

Enforcement of the speed laws on this street, of course, is the province of the police department and we feel certain that, once the situation is brought to the department's attention, measures will be taken to check the street, especially at the places where offenses are worst: the north end of the street from 6:30 to 8:30 a.m. and the Orchard Road intersection.

We mention the matter here to alert parents of school children of the Ridge St. hazards which apparently include both cars speeding on Ridge and cars entering Ridge without stopping as indicated.

Words of caution are in order to children using this street to get to and from school, either on foot or on bikes. Words of warning likewise are in order to adults who have been driving carelessly either on Ridge or the intersecting streets.

They Can't Seem To Learn

The brazenness and stupidity of some traffic law violators never cease to shock observers of the courts. Some drivers can't seem to learn to stay out of trouble, no matter what penalties are threatened or placed on them.

Second, third and even fourth offenses of drunken driving have all turned up in courts of this county during the past few months, with some of them ending in prison sentences. We can understand how a person can get drunk repeatedly, but not how he can get drunk and then take to the roads, knowing that he faces a fine up into the hundreds of dollars or time in prison if he is caught.

Recently, in the local recorder's court, a young driver was in real trouble on a hit and run charge and was also charged with having no valid operator's license, careless and reckless driving, no registration plate on his vehicle and no liability insurance. But that's not all: in February of this year, in the same court, he had been given a suspended three months' sentence for (guess what!): no valid operator's permit, using an expired license plate, having no liability insurance and,

for dessert, so to speak, possession of 20 per cent wine with the seal broken.

On his recent appearance in court, he was bound over to Superior Court for trial on the hit and run charge and was given eight months in prison for his other offenses—a judgment none too harsh under the circumstances.

The state's "point system" has combed numerous such drivers out of the traffic melee and has sent the worst offenders back to driving school to try to inject some sense into their heads. Officers watch especially for known previous offenders and do a commendable job in calling the turn on them. In fact, we marvel sometimes that chronic law-breakers obviously so determined to flout the law at all costs are rounded up as frequently and effectively as they are.

If there is any answer to the appalling irresponsibility of some drivers, including young drivers' frequently tragic and fatal impulse toward speeding, it is in taking away more licenses and taking them for lesser offenses, before offenders hit the big league of hit and run, manslaughter and the rest.

Television or Running Water?

Some startling figures on living conditions in Moore County were revealed at this week's meeting of the county commissioners in Carthage.

Census figures presented to the commissioners by the county's two home economics agents showed that:

About half of the 9,866 dwelling units in Moore County don't have complete plumbing facilities.

About one-third have no inside toilet.

About one-quarter have no running water.

One third of these dwelling units use wood for heating fuel and nearly a quarter of them are without gas or electricity.

But:

Nearly three-quarters of the dwelling units have television. More homes have television than washing machines. Only 16.4 per cent of the homes lack automobiles.

The Negro home agent told of seeing a television in a home without running water, where the family noted that it had been given to them.

How much better it would have been, the agent observed, if the donor of the TV had given the family a water system!

Human nature, no doubt, was ever thus. One can picture a cave man (or cave woman) more intent on a string of beads than on a needed stone skinning knife. It is a cold person, indeed, who cannot understand with sympathy, if not logically approve, this mentality, who cannot see why a TV's gateway to entertainment, music and other voices and other faces can mean much to a lonely impoverished

rural household. Which of us can say that, in the circumstances, we would not choose TV over a water system?

Yet, steadily, all over the county, living standards are improving. The Negro home agent gave an impressive report on how she tries to help low income rural families spend their money wisely and undertake improvements in living conditions that will make life not only easier but pleasanter. (The goal for kitchens, she explained, is "the four C's—clean, comfortable, convenient, cheerful.") It can be understood that in the bottom quarter of the county's families, reaching this goal can be a meaningful achievement—something like buying a Cadillac for those in the top brackets.

Again it was brought out in this report how important it could be to have a Negro agricultural agent in Moore County—a request that has been made to the commissioners a number of times but has always been turned down. Usually, the Negro home economics agent noted, the men of low income families control what little money there is, and a woman agent cannot as effectively explain needed farm and home improvements to them as could a male agent.

This statement was an eye-opener for us and convinced us even more thoroughly that a larger proportion of the federal, state and county Agricultural Extension Service funds should be spent in the guidance and encouragement and practical education of this lowest-income quarter of the county's citizens, many of whom live in rural areas.



Sanders

FOURTH GRADER'S FATHER CONFESSES

How Do The Birds Travel South?

By ROBERT WELLS
Writing from Milwaukee in
The Christian Science Monitor

My daughter is no longer in the fourth grade, so it's all right now to make this confession: I really don't know how the birds get South.

The episode of the migrating birds began simply enough. Nancy announced that unless she had exact details on how certain species make their vacation jaunts from Wisconsin to warmer climates, her life would be ruined. She would have to remain in the fourth grade forever, which would interfere with her ambition to own a ranch and raise mustangs.

I assumed the birds probably flew, but this turned out not to be a satisfactory answer. The assignment called for specific information. Did the ruby-nosed pipsqueak travel in flocks or alone? Did the yellow-throated dowager eat seeds or hamburgers on the way? And would the purple-toed flycatcher accept insects not approved by Duncan Hines?

The men who wrote the encyclopedia apparently had given as little thought to the migration details as I had. The bird books available in the house were concerned mainly with how you tell a robin from a duck, and vice versa, not how they travel. Even the ultimate authority on controversial matters, my wife, was of no help.

Inspiration

A child's faith in her father, a rather shaky commodity at best, was at stake. Miss Alpenstock had to have the answers by tomorrow. Despair reigned. But then came inspiration. If the men who wrote the books didn't know exactly how birds get from Wisconsin to Florida, maybe the teacher didn't either.

It was quite a migration we staged that night. One bird—I think it was the bobtailed flush, although it may have been the double-breasted grosbeak—left Milwaukee promptly at 7:36 a. m. each Oct. 18, traveling by way of Route 41, skirting around the Illinois Tollway to save money.

It stopped first at an abandoned cornfield in Triune, Tenn. Then, refreshed and full of vigor, it took wing for a cottonfield in Alabama, from which it journeyed to the outskirts of Kissimmee, Fla., averaging 36.8 miles to the gallon because of a strong tailwind.

Some of the birds ate only specified seeds—the lesser sapsucker, for example, would touch nothing but barley. Others preferred boll weevils. Some flew in flocks that darkened the sky. Others skittered along singly, hiding in a bush if anyone looked at them. The lapwing introvert was one of these and the account of his tribulations when he blundered into the midst of the

Georgia Tech-Alabama football game would have made a fine novel.

By midnight, Nancy's manuscript was full of facts never before imagined by ornithologists. She had one last question: "Dad, do you really know anything about birds?"

"Do I know anything about birds?" I said indignantly. "I know things about birds even the birds don't know."

"I guess it's all right," my daughter said, doubtfully. "One more year in the fourth grade may not be so bad, after all."

Doubts

The next morning, doubts arose; but it was too late to change anything. Suppose Miss Alpenstock really had inside information on the private life of the ivory-billed crossbitch. Suppose she knew that the little fellow didn't really hitchhike rides on southbound helicopters.

But the fears were needless. The paper came back with a large red "A" scrawled on top, and a comment in Miss Alpenstock's firm hand.

"Very interesting," she wrote. It was an ambiguous statement

if I've ever heard one—and, being married, I have. But Nancy accepted it at its face value and I kept my own counsel.

The months passed. We survived questions calling for the names of the men who rowed Washington's boat across the Delaware; problems involving the time spent by a man driving between Paoli, Pa., and Ashtabula, Ohio, at an average speed of 83 miles an hour; the question of how much interest a husband would pay on a \$63 time purchase if he missed the first seven payments.

Confident

In the spring we graduated, Nancy and I, to the fifth grade, which would pose a new set of problems. But we were confident. After the migratory bird episode, nothing a teacher could ever ask would make us miss a stride.

And so it has all ended happily. But once in a while, generally about 3 a. m., I stare at the ceiling and wonder: How do you suppose, the cost of transportation being what it is, those birds really do get South?

The Public Speaking

To the Editor:

I have been asked on several recent occasions, by both young people and adults, about the purposes and goals of the newly formed Teenage Democratic Club in Moore County, and what one might expect to gain by being a member.

We are all politicians if we vote, if we discuss politics with our friends, if we contribute to a party, or if we support a candidate. Furthermore, this is more than an opportunity; it is a duty and a responsibility that we show

our beliefs and ideals through the candidates and party we support, and through the domestic and foreign policies of government we uphold. And yet, how many people go to the polls today, ignorant of the policies for which their candidates stand; how many people shirk the responsibility of voting altogether; how many people can tell you much more than the names of the two parties on whose shoulders rests the destiny of this country?

The "Teen-Dems" realize that we need to know more about politics and government in order to fulfill our roles as citizens of America, and that we need to start now, as young people.

The Moore County chapter of Teen-Dem Clubs has grown in membership to over seventy young people, from all over the county. The club elects its own officers, who conduct meetings and plan programs. There should be many opportunities to hear well-known and well-informed speakers. The club also provides a way of getting to know other high school students throughout the county and state.

Young people who would like to know more about their country and its way of government, and the responsibilities that go along with citizenship, as well as to make many new friends and associates, are invited to join with us. Inquire at your school or write: Democrats, Box 324, Southern Pines.

'All Mankind . . . Minus One'

"If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

"The peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it."

"If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error."

—JOHN STUART MILL
"On Liberty" (1859)

Grains of Sand

AUTUMN
World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy woods, this autumn day,
that ache and sag
And all but cry with color . . .
—Edna St. Vincent Millay

"Singing Words"
A weekend in Chapel Hill always means good talk. It may be about music or plays, or the Wilderness Bill, foundering in its false amendments, or about capital punishment or the Congo troubles or the mess in Mississippi. Whatever it's about, it is always to the point and sometimes it gets somewhere.

Not always, though. In the parlous complexity of these times, conversation is apt to come to a sudden stop. No one sees the way ahead and few are ready to come forward with suggestions. Then perhaps, someone will sigh and say: "We need a Lincoln; we need someone who can speak with the right words; someone with a vision who can make it live."

That was said this last weekend in Chapel Hill, and someone spoke up: "There's only one man who can fill that bill: Adlai Stevenson."

The columnist of The New Republic had that idea last week and wrote a good piece about it. We reprint below T.R.B.'s urgent words from the October 1 issue. "The high point for us last week was Adlai Stevenson's commemorative speech on the Emancipation Proclamation before the Lincoln Memorial. It was Stevenson at the top of his form; it was magnificent. In essence what he said was that Lincoln, even in the depth of the Civil War, never saw opponents as all-bad, his own side as all-good. He never stooped to the cheap rhetoric of the patriotic occasion. Consequently he was, as Stevenson recalled, accused of weakness, even of treachery, because he could not go along with the single-minded jingoism of much of the propaganda of his day.

"What is it about Stevenson that is so very special? It is, I think, that most of us still yearn for the American Dream (whether we know it or not) and that Stevenson can touch the chords that evoke it. So many try and fail! — selfservers say the words and make us want to retch; lesser figures say them but lack the richness, fervor and power.

"The man who writes songs for a nation is more important than nation is more important than the man who writes laws; Stevenson does have that rare power of uttering singing words."

Effective Advertising
Dear GRAINS:
My little grandson, Tommie Meadors, age 2, was looking at last week's Pilot when his eye caught a restaurant advertisement picturing a meal on a plate and he piped up with "Supper's ready!"

Insult to Injury
It's bad enough when a good Democrat—or a good anyone else—lands in the hospital with a heart attack, but when our friend, Roscoe Prince, was whipped off to Moore Memorial this summer and told the nature of his ailment, he got an extra shock.

"I've had a heart attack," says he to the doctor.

"Hum?" hummed the physician. "You've had an Eisenhower coronary, Mr. Prince."

"Oh-oh," said the good Democrat. (Only he probably said "Ouch!" by that time.)

So Good
Little Mary came in to her Ma, after spending a good half hour watching the men who were working on the road in front of the house.

"Ma," said Mary, "those men must be awfully good. They're always talking to God."

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