INCIDENTALLY

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS.

WILL GOOD BE "THE FINAL GOAL OF ILL"?

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill . . .

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."
—Tennyson in "In Memoriam."

"Not one life"—not even Eleanor Rush's.

The statement issued last week by W. F. Bailey, Director of Prisons, three days after he had received a transcription of the Coroner's Inquest on the death of Eleanor Rush at the Women's Prison, suggests that this particular instance of ill may be productive of good in the N. C. prison system.

Without specifically mentioning the gags or the grisly hand-cuffs like iron claws which were used on Eleanor immediately before her death, Mr. Bailey implicitly bans their use when he says that henceforth "approved means of mechanical restraint" for prisoners will be interpreted to mean "standard leg cuffs and hand cuffs and restraint belts for men and restraint belts for women." He adds that "these devices and methods will be similar to those approved for use in mental hospitals of this State and in accordance with the standards approved by the American Prison Association." Specific approval by the Director of Prisons will be necessary if any other restraining methods are used or any other steps taken for the control of prisoners.

That last is an excellent provision, one which should prevent recurrence of the sort of sadistic improvising by underlings which had such tragic results in the case of Eleanor Rush.

Another very good thing about Mr. Bailey's statement is his recognition of the problem presented by the connection of mental disturbance and crime. He says that, even when the best facilities for the segregation of mental cases among the prisoners have been provided with what funds are available, there will still be part of the prison population for which there'll be no appropriate facilities. "This segment," he says, "is composed of mentally disturbed prisoners who do not respond to disciplinary measures approved for use in the State Prison System and who present a constant danger of injury to themselves and others." An effort will be made to work out an arrangement with the officials of the State's mental hospitals whereby as many of these prisoners as possible may be moved to the penal wards of those hospitals until they can be taken care of in adequate prison facilities outside.

That's all to the good as far as it goes. But how far does it go—with our mental hospitals already badly overcrowded? Does it, for instance, cover cases such as that of Eleanor Rush? The clearest thing about her case was that she was a borderline psychopath seriously disturbed emotionally, but technically not insane and, hence, not admissible to a State mental hospital. There are probably hundreds like her in North Carolina prisons. What about them, members of that legion which presents such a problem, not only in North Carolina, but in the whole country? But, anyway, it's certainly encouraging to have intelligent recognition of the psychiatric aspects of crime by the Director of Prisons. Mr. Bailey is headed right. How far he can go will depend upon the provision made by the State for dealing with this simply staggering problem.

Mr. Bailey says that a written directive on discipline and custody is now being drawn up. Although a general set of rules and regulations for the State prison system, based largely on recommendations by the Prison Advisory Council, had been approved by the Governor and adopted by the State Highway Commission (which has no earthly business being the final authority on the State's prisons), when he took office "there was no manual of departmental policies and procedure for the guidance of prison personnel responsible for executing those rules and regulations" which, he says, are analogous to a constitution for the prison system and form the outline of the Prison Department's administrative structure. Hence, he finds that "there is a manifest need for detailed guidance, before a uniformly good administration can be achieved in the State Prison System." And with the best advice available, including that of the Institute of Government at Chapel Hill and the Prison Advisory Council, he is preparing to provide such guidance.

Mr. Bailey's statement is definitely heartening. How much of it was a result of Eleanor Rush's death nobody can say, of course, but that most of it was is highly probable. Although Mr. Bailey doesn't specifically censure the authorities at the Women's Prison for their horrid handling of the Rush case, in his statement that censure surely is implicit. In this, Mr. Bailey differs from the members of that "Blue Ribbon" Coroner's Jury who found no fault with Eleanor's gaggers and shacklers. Thus, it would seem that Mr. Bailey is not a "Blue Ribbon" Director of Prisons—a fact for which we should all be duly thankful.

HARDEN'S HA'NTS

John Harden has done a good job in collecting in one volume, just published by the University of N. C. Press ($3.00), a number of ghost stories which for years have been circulating in this State. And to the more familiar he has added others. He calls his book **'Tar Heel Ghosts."** Like his earlier book, "The Devil's Tramping Ground," it is illustrated by Lindsay McAlister.

At the outset it should be explained that this collection is not intended to appeal to the serious student of psychical research, since there is no attempt to establish the authenticity of most of the stories. They are told mainly for fun, just for entertainment, of the sort which a group of friends might have spinning yarns around an open fire on a winter night while a bitter wind howled outside. And very good entertainment they are.

I'm glad to see that North Carolina's two best ghost stories are included, both of which have been commented on at length in this column. One of these is the Chaffin Will Case in Davie County, in which information supplied by a revenant led to the discovery of a will made subsequently to one which had been probated, and resulted in a substantial change in the distribution of the estate. This is a matter of court record. The Chaffin Will Case already has been included in at least two anthologies, "One Hundred Cases for Survival after Death," edited by A. T. Baird, and William Oliver Stevens' fine collection, "Unbidden Guests."

The second of our two prize stories, which Mr. Harden calls "The Three Veils," is that of the experience of the late Dr. H. M. Wagstaff, professor of History at the University of North Carolina, when, as a young man, he spent several exciting and mystifying nights in a haunted room in one of the buildings of a small college in western North Carolina. Dr. Wagstaff's own account of this first appeared in Louis Graves' Chapel Hill Weekly and later was amplified in INCIDENTALLY by a letter from Dr. Wagstaff to me.

Unlike most of the stories in the Harden book, these two are unassailably authenticated.

I was pleased, but quite surprised, to find included under the head of "A Haunted House" a rewrite of the account of one of the most mpressive psychic experiences ever printed in INCIDENTALLY, to which Mr. Harden gives credit. (Most writing in newspapers is not copyrighted and may be reprinted without the author's permission. However, if mine had been asked, I'd gladly have given it.)

This haunted house was first described in this column by the woman herself who had the strange experiences in it. For instance, several times she stood at the foot of a certain staircase, looking directly at it, as she counted the footfalls of something invisible descending all its 22 steps and then becoming muffled when they reached a rug at the bottom. Oh, that tale's a humdinger!

Then we have some of the old standbys—the man buried alive at Wilmington who came back to reproach his friend, the Maco light, Poole's Woods near Raleigh as a scene of haunting.

I was especially interested in the account of the old house in Raleigh in which, according to Mr. Harden, if any of the portraits are moved around, "the strains of eerie music from stringed instruments unlike any in common use today float through the rooms and halls." I never heard of that one! I must follow it up.

Though I thought that, from my reading, I was familiar with every sort of ghostly manifestation, I came across a new one in Mr. Harden's tale about a death warning traditional in a family in Anson County—the mark of a small black cross which appears on some piece of family linen—a sheet, say, or a handkerchief—before a death in the family. This mark is ineradicable by ordinary means, but after the death which it has foretold has taken place, it mysteriously disappears.

Altogether, Harden's ha'nts are a very entertaining collection and, regardless of their lack of authentication, make an excellent piece of Caroliniana.

Stonewall Kin Discusses Book

(The following article was written by Mrs. Julia Jackson Preston of Washington, granddaughter of General Stonewall Jackson.)

"Not since Mary Johnston's 'The Long Roll' has such a caricature been made of Stonewall Jackson as he is portrayed in Burke Davis' book, just off the press—'They Called Him Stonewall.'

"My grandmother felt compelled to answer Mary Johnston's 'The Great Roll,' and I, being the nearest surviving relative and General Jackson's only granddaughter, feel that I must make my protest against the picture of General Jackson, the man, unrecognizable to those who knew him intimately and have left their records of the kind of man he was.

"Tho' Mr. Davis cites as his authorities T. J. Arnold and Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan and my grandmother's Memoirs of her husband, he seems to have ignored entirely their first-hand intimate knowledge of the man. As far as I can see, he takes Kyd Douglas ('I Rode With Stonewall') as his first and last authority. Kyd Douglas was the youngest member of the staff—a gay and dashing young officer who looked through uncomprehending eyes on his commander 'as he put it—a bumpkin Presbyterian fatalist.'

Through Cadet Eyes.

"Burke Davis describes General Jackson through the eyes of a cadet—'Lookit, old Tom Fool, giving orders to God'—'we heard him last night praying for old John Brown's soul like a damned nigger lover.'

"This is the opening sentence of Mr. Davis' new book, 'They Called Him Stonewall.'

"Roosting on the fence in the early May sun he was more scarecrow than man—a joke of some sort, otherwise he defied belief. He sat, incongruously, sucking a lemon this spring day of 1862—wry-faced and pensive he dealt with his everlasting lemon, evidently oblivious to all else—an unkept, sunburned beard, thin, sharp nose, and pallid lips, tiny blue eyes set deeply, clouded as if with fatigue—his voice was a squeaking drawl like that of a woman'—such is the picture Mr. Davis draws.

"In contrast, my grandmother writes in her Memoirs, page 96: 'His head was a splendid one, large and finely formed and covered with soft, dark brown hair, which he wore close cut, and short side whiskers. After he was persuaded to turn out a full beard it was much more becoming to him, his beard being a heavy and handsome brown, a shade lighter than his hair. His forehead was noble and expansive—his eyes were blue grey in color, large and well formed, capable of wonderful changes with his varying emotions. His nose was straight and finely chiselled, his mouth small and his face oval. His profile was very fine. All his features were regular and symmetrical and he was at all times manly and noble looking. His manners were rather stiff but they had a certain dignity. His uniform consisted of a dark blue frock coat with shoulder straps, double breasted and buttoned to the chin with brass buttons and faultlessly white pantaloons — it was very becoming to him.'

West Pointer.

"Mr. Davis' description of the 'mussed uniform and mangy cap' belie the rigid training of a West Pointer, and also the testimony of those who knew him in Lexington, and his nephew, and namesake, T. J. Arnold.

"It is tragic to me that a man of Mr. Davis' gifts as a writer, for he writes with compelling charm and force, should have allowed himself to stray so far away from the picture of General Jackson as he was known to his friends and give us this distorted version taken from quotations of young disgruntled soldiers and others equally undiscerning and prejudiced.

"Mr. Davis' description of General Jackson's death and the coming of his young wife and baby is poignantly and beautifully done and very moving, but he has done a great injustice to my grandfather in showing him as a freakish, uncouth and awkward boor.

"In confirmation of what has been stated above, there is appended an excerpt from an article written by the late Mrs. Elizabeth P. Allan of Lexington, Va., 40 years ago in answer to the misrepresentations and ridicule of General Jackson's personality, which appeared in a novel, 'The Long Roll,' by Mary Johnston.

Answer to Novel.

"Mrs. Allan's words should carry great weight, as she was a historian, noted author and church leader of the past generation and knew General Jackson intimately during the period of his residence in Lexington, her father having been one of his close friends, and she saw him frequently in her home during her girlhood. As the type of sneering ridicule of Jackson in 'The Long Roll' is a counterpart of that contained in Davis' book, 'They Called Him Stonewall,' Mrs. Allan's description of Jackson is strikingly applicable to the present controversy. She says in part:

"'Miss Johnston's claim that she is presenting Jackson from the soldier's point of view is an adroit defense of her caricature of the great soldier. But she does nothing to substantiate her claim. And in view of the vehement protests now being raised by the old soldiers throughout the South against Miss Johnston's misrepresentations of Jackson's lineage, manners, dress, habits and speech, it is incumbent upon her to give her authority for such damaging statements.

"Those of us who are ourselves veterans, and who were in touch with his soldiers during those two years of Jackson's brilliant career, got no such impression from them. We certainly got no such impression from the intimacies of daily intercourse. 'Major' Jackson, as he lived among us in Lexington, was a man of the highest courtesy, careful in dress and appearance as are all West Pointers, of great refinement of thought and speech, of unusual gentleness of manner, and a lover of children. My little brother, John Preston, and I counted him a boon companion, and claimed his attention as soon as he crossed the threshold. Could a man known and loved for such characteristics as these be suddenly metamorphosed by the accident of war into the harsh, disagreeable, and absurd figure that Miss Johnston paints?

"'Eccentric is a word which may unfairly be applied to General Jackson, mainly because he was that rare thing, an absolutely consistent Christian. His Master bore the same reproach. But he was never known to thrust his 'peculiar' views on any one, was never known to speak harshly of any one; never claimed to be more righteous than others; and therefore gave no offense. And though his friends and neighbors jested about his strict views of Sabbath keeping, and his rigid adherence to those duties which most of us treat so lightly, he was loved and honored by high and low in the community. We may be forgiven if we consider it somewhat presumptuous in a young woman born after the war, to insist that she knows the characteristics of this great man better than those who had the privilege of his companionship. But literary success is a heady wine, and Miss Johnston has allowed her sense of the dramatic to beguile her into doing a grave wrong to the truth of history when she presents General Jackson as rough, uncouth, boorish, slovenly and unbalanced!

"'The Long Roll' is disastrously out of drawing in this respect.'

"As a result of the public protests against the false and distorted picture of Jackson in 'The Long Roll,' the descendants of the Confederate soldiers of that day let it be known in no uncertain way that they disapproved of and repudiated the book; the Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and other organizations passing resolutions to that effect.

"It is hoped and believed that the present generation of those who are loyal to Jackson's memory will take the same attitude toward Mr. Davis' book, and will give full expression to their opinions to the end that in the future, ambitious young writers will not again attempt, for their own financial profit, to rehash old, discredited army gossip which tends to bring into ridicule and contempt the memory of one of the noblest, purest Christian characters in American history."

In Goshen's Land

Wind Helped Collecting

BY ROBERT KING.

SUTTONTOWN — There is no humor about death, especially to one who has lost a child as a result of burning.

Here on Goshen Swamp, all the way from Mt. Olive and Faison, east: on to Newton Grove, and west, the hurricane played havoc.

But, looking back on what was a tragedy, we can sometimes see humor in a situation. For instance, our church had not met its full quota on our budget. It fell to my lot, along with others, to raise the money by the deadline date for victory conference. The conference was scheduled to be held on the evening that Hazel blew through our land.

The Conference.

It is needless to say that conference wasn't held. Electrical current was off everywhere. There were no lights at the church building. Trees and power lines were strewn across our highways.

Early on the morning of that day, I went on a mission to collect this money that we owed our church budget. Thinking back, it is hard to tell just what prompted me to leave on so windy a morning. Whether it was love of the Lord, or fear of old Hazel—I went.

During the first part of the storm, I went by Sutton's cross roads store. Regardless as to motive, the operator was busily engaged selling tickets to a church supper. Without hesitation, I purchased two. Then continued on my journey.

All around our little community I went. And, found that it is easier to raise money for a church when a stiff gale is blowing. Didn't I myself buy two tickets for that supper?

Hazel stepped up her tempo. I rode up to a farm house and found a man grading tobacco. When I turned the door shut, the wind jerked me inside. It took two of us to close that door. Through the farmhouse window, one could see a broad topped oak swinging and swaying in the breeze.

"Have a seat!" invited my host. I couldn't sit. I just kept gazing out at that oak tree.

"Here, have a drink," my host said. "Why, you're all white," he exclaimed, as he handed me the bottle. Without waiting to look at the name on the label, I drank. I stuck the bottle back at him. The man's hand trembled. Outside the window, the oak tree was bending low in the gale.

"I can't stay here long," I yelled at the man, who continued grading his tobacco. "I'm around looking for our church budget. Can you help us?"

Have Another.

Out came the farmer's bill fold. His hand flipped out a ten spot like an experienced card player's hand might flip out a card. "Here," he yelled, "have another drink?"

"I'd better be getting back to my kids," I answered. "This storm is beginning to really blow."

At home the children had begun to run from window to window to see the different trees around the wood's edge as they careened crazily, and toppled to the ground. Every time there was a loud crash, my three-year-old would exclaim:

"Hot dog, daddy."

She would laugh with glee when a pecan limb would come tumbling to the ground.

Not Enough.

There was a sudden calm. The wind almost stopped blowing. It looked as if the sun was about to appear from behind its screen of clouds. I began to count the bills that I had collected for the budget. It wasn't enough.

A neighbor walked up. "This storm is about over," he remarked. "See, it is almost calm. There are no houses down. Only trees blown over, and cotton on the ground. How about riding with you and maybe picking up a drink. I feel like I need one."

Together we left home. We had travelled about four miles when a dark cloud came sailing in from the west. We turned off the highway onto a dirt road. And, on a clay hill, the car stalled.

On each side of the road there was an embankment that partly shielded the car from the wind. Up on the hill, small tree tops were bending to earth. Large pine trees were snapping off like match stems 20 feet above the earth. I prayed for my children. My neighbor forgot about the drink as the old car rocked to and fro, even partly sheltered as it was from the hurricane.

We turned the old car's radio on. We began twisting the dial as station after station was blown off the air. We heard a faint voice up in Durham trying to give the public information about where Hazel was. No need to tell us. We knew where she was.

After the worst of the storm was over, we were pulled from the clay hillside.

Then we went on to a farm occupied by devout people. The house-wife began to tell about how she and her husband braced the doors with furniture to keep them from blowing open. And, how they virtually held in one section of window frames by hand to keep it from crashing in on the floor and letting in the wind and rain. Their shelters had been demolished by the storm.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked, half expecting to hear her say that she was either praying, or chanting some good old hymn.

But, she laughed. "Why, I was thinking about that new hit song as I helped brace that left section of windows:

"' I ain't got time to oil the hinges
Or repair the window panes,
I ain't goin' need this house no longer
I'm goin' up to meet the Saints.' "

Perhaps it is amazing how a religious woman would laughingly admit how she was thinking about "This Old House," instead of "Nearer My God to Thee" during a hurricane. But, the storm was just as amazing.

House Lifted.

Hazel tore down large packhouse, and folded three tobacco barns in a row, like collapsible drinking cups. Yet, she spared many flimsy dwellings. One farmer told me how the house would lift up during the hardest blows of wind and tilt at an angle, only to thump back on the blocks when the wind subsided for a moment.

One fellow left a flimsy tenant house and sought haven under a bridge that spanned Goshen Swamp. One family found refuge in a hole in the ground normally used as a flower pit.

One farmer here on Goshen Swamp had a large umbrella tree that he was very fond of. During the height of the storm, this fellow took a plow rope. He tossed one end of the rope over a tree branch, and fastened the other to a stout post. "There, I guess that'll hold you," he said as he went back into the house.

The tree came up as the wind suddenly began to blow harder. And, up came the post, fence and all.

But, that slim plow line didn't break.

Blacksmith Likes Competition Lack

STONEWALL, Man. (AP)—Steve Fell of Stonewall has been blacksmithing for 74 of his 89 years. But he has no plans to retire.

Fifty-eight years ago, when he started his own business there was competition to worry about, but not any more.

"There were six blacksmiths in town when I started. Somehow I managed to last out."

Wanted to Be Sure He'd Get His Reply

RICHMOND, Va. (AP)—Governor Thomas B. Stanley received a letter from a man who wanted to be sure he got a reply or his letter back. He listed two street addresses in Roanoke, the Roanoke city jail, the state mental hospital at Staunton, and added:

"If not found at any one of the above try city morgue."

The Meherrin River grows narrow at old Princeton wharf site.

This Town Just Vanished

BY F. ROY JOHNSON.

PRINCETON, THE VANISHED TOWN OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY — Here is a beautiful plantation. . . one of Northampton County's finer. . . and in this agriculturally rich northeastern county that means one of North Carolina's finer.

The soil of the rolling acres on the Meherrin River is rich in organic fertility. . . and rich in history.

A small party accompanied me on a visit in late summer to the several forms which make up the broad expanse of farmlands. Thunderstorms had watered the deep loamy soil; and cotten, corn and peanuts had taken on a healthy glow of life. We felt good motoring through this plantation where plant life was radiating its finer lustre.

We had heard much about Princeton and were acquainted with its history which rolls back into a dim post-colonial era of nearly 200 years ago.

Only Fields Now.

In one corner of the plantation, upon a farm lying beside the snake-like Meherrin River crawling about its northeastern flank in near semi-circle, once stood the town of Princeton, one of Northampton County's earliest and more prominent. But looking over the acres where the town once was we saw only fields of corn and peanuts.

The remains of the town. . . chartered a few years before the turn of the 18th century. . . are to be found in history books, a few letters, cemetary headstones, an occasional time-scarred tree giant spared in a hedgerow, and longer-lasting brick and chinaware fragments plowed into the soil.

Price located the exact site of old Princeton on a high ridge of land running westerly from the Meherrin River. We visited many home sites and formed in our imaginations an avenue running east to west from Princeton Wharf with homes lining either side.

We identified the brick found at the home sites as eighteenth century; it is very likely they were imported from England. They are easy to distinguish from nineteenth and twetieth century brick by shape; they are not so thick but much wider.

Historic Record.

The late B. B. Winborne (father of North Carolina Utilities Commissioner Stanley Winborne of Raleigh) in his "History of Hertford County, N. C." published in 1906 has recorded in interesting account of the vanished town of nearby Northampton County.

The late judge says:

"The General Assembly of the State, on the same day it incorporated Murfreesboro (June 6, 1787), also incorporated the town of Princeton on the lands of Matthew Figures, Nehemiah Long, Nicholas Edmonds, Henry De-Berry and Benjamin Cokeley, Commishioners and Trustees for the designing and keeping up of said town. The commissioners were all influential and prominent men. James Vaughan was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and won distinction as a soldier, and after the war he and Howell Edmonds became leaders and legislators from Northampton.

"The new town was established and soon became the home of several families of prominence. Col. James Washington, the old colonial legislator of Northampton, became a resident; Capt. James Vaughn, Howell Peebles, Capt. Robert Peebles, Benj. Williamson, and others took up their abode in the new town. But Princeton did not flourish long. The dreams of its promoters were not realized. Its rival on the hills a few miles below on the Meherrin possessed too many advantages. Finally the charter was surrendered, the buildings taken down and removed, its inhabitants became denizens of other places, and its beautiful streets and decorated and handsome residences and lots became parts of a magnificient plantation, which still bears the name of Princeton, and now (in 1906) owned by T. J. and Uriah Vaughn, of Murfreesboro, the great grandson of William Vaughn and one of the original commissioners of Murfreesboro."

Princeton plantation now in 1954 is owned by C. M.Forehand of Murfreesboro, Will Stephenson of Pendleton, Garland Ricks of Conway, and Coy Martin, resident farmer.

There are no remains to suggest the location of Princeton Wharf even though it continued in use for the plantation through most of the nineteenth century.

The river is seeparated from the highland by a quarter of a mile of low lying and muddy swamp, and the slight ridge at the river's edge is only two or more feet above normal water.

River arteries were the main highway of heavy and long distance cargo transportation during the days when Princeton had its beginning. Sailing vessels, plying the seaways from England and the East Indies, frequented Choanoke River ports. Often calls were made by the schooners at Murfree Landing on the Meherrin at Murfreesboro. But at Princeton the Meherrin has grown narrow, barely more than 150 feet wide, and it is hard to visualize how a large sailing boat could make its way up the stream with tall swamp trees choking in close to becalm air currents.

By overland the town was well located for the pioneering era. Until this day the marks of old roads may be detected at several places. One much traveled road followed southwestward across Vaughn's Creek to Murfreesboro along about the same course at the present state road. Another old road skirted the northwest corner of the plantation and crossed the Meherrin River about a mile from the town site and at a ferry later known as Skinner's Bridge site. On the north side of the river the road forked; one branch led eastward in the direction of Como and the other northwestward towards Boykins, Va.

Settlements of the back country in which today are located the towns of Pendleton, Conway, Milwaukee, Potecasi, and Woodland were extremely sparse. It would be guessed Princeton had a road bearing in the direction of this back country; it could have crossed the Murfreesboro to Jackson to Halifax (a few years earlier Halifax was the capital of North Carolina) stage road near Conway.

Picked By Indians.

The town site chosen by the incorporators of Princeton was the same as that which had been selected by the Indians for a village site at an earlier time. . . perhaps several centuries. There were almost a thousand acres of good land from which to choose; but relics mixed in the soil reveal the town site was also the Indian village site. It has nearest access to the river; and both Indians and early settlers relied heavily on streams. . . the Indian for water for consumption and the settlers for travel and transportation. The Indian depended a great deal on the Meherrin for food. . . fish and fresh water muscles, the shells of which are flaking in decay at the village site.

Big Snakes.

The river swamp is noted for its large snakes . . as I well discovered. I led the way through the swamp along a narrow pathway hemmed in by tall wiry grass enroute to the river landing.

My uneasy eyes moved across a log and caught those of a large cottonmouth moccasin. He had lifted his head high and drawn it backwards; his broad white mouth gaped wide. Two more steps and I would have been at his mercy. The snake looked me in the eyes. Out of reach of his fangs I fixed him with my eyes. But I couldn't get my camera aimed in time to get a picture. The snake broke the stare, turned in a big lunge, plunged into the tall grass and went away with the sound of a frightened rabbit.

Place of Solitude.

I have never visited a place which so completely overcame me with a feeling of solitude. It must have been because of the natural beauty of the guts and sloughs breaking off from the river. . . their bosoms adorned with water lillies, edges lined with cypress knees, and hugging in close and uttering not a whisp of sound.

Up on the farms there's plantation life of which I sensed a similarity to my conception of the carefree spirit of the old South.

Our party stopped at a Negro tenant's home to inquire our way about the plantation. A large group of young children crowded the porch and the yard; there must have been 12 to 15 of them. Pigs rooted in the yard.

We had brought along a small dog. The dog danced around the pigs barking. The runt of the group, considerably smaller than the others, ruffled up the hair along his spine and slapped his nose sidewise at the dog with "yuff, yuff" defiance. The children danced over the yard screaming with joy as they delighted at the bullish behavior of dog and pig.

A moment later the pup directed his attention at the noisy children. Two of them ran from the yard and down a row beside butter bean vines where their ma and pa were gathering beans. The pup, as if by impulse, took the hint and opened chase yapping. The children stopped at the end of the row; the dog quickly froze in his tracks about halfway; he jerked his knob-like bob tail as he yapped on.

The children ran behind the butter bean vines to the house where they crowded the porch with the other children. The group cried with laughter as the pup skirted about the grassless yard yapping at them.

Corn, cotton, corn, and the quiet life of the working man and his family is Princeton plantation of today. Long ago it defied urbanization and found its natural advantages in its rich soil. These riches seem to forecast many years of happiness in simple living for many people.

Don't Fret

See Page 11 Section I

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