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For Health and Hope

It is probable that Moore County citizens, as they face the March of Dimes drive now getting under way, hardly need the added spur of Chairman Blue, that "we are all morally responsible to help this cause," to impel them to contribute. The memory of the epidemic two years ago, when the hospital beds were crowded with polio patients, and the knowledge of what the Foundation did in caring for them is still fresh in every mind.

Many causes come before us every year. To one this may seem more important than any other; to another it will take second or third place to what seems to that person a greater need. Sometimes the knowledge that a cause has national backing will give it added validity in one person's mind, while, again, that very fact may emphasize, to another, the greater need, because of less wide appeal, of a purely local charity.

The March of Dimes has a very poignant appeal because of its concern with children, because of the dramatic quality of the dread disease itself, and because, also, the healing effects of the treatment which the funds raised by the polio organization have paid for are often so miraculous.

However, though these obvious points may bring the quick response, there is another side to the picture which might, if it were better known, make that response even more generous. This is: the long grind of the treatment and care that must take place, in so many sad instances, where, because of factors not yet discovered in the study of the disease, the crippling paralysis hangs on, or if it is at length overcome, leaves irreparable damage.

These are the saddest cases, and they are, very often, the ones that eat up the funds. Their care must go on. These children cannot be given up, to shrink back, discouraged and sick of heart, into the pathetic ranks of the crippled and forlorn.

The clinics which keep watch over them, where they come for their treatments and for the strengthening drugs, and food that may help, must be maintained. Never must it be said: "Don't come back . . . there's no use coming any more!"

And that means that we must give all we can. Give to fight this disease through research; give to fight the epidemic that swoops down without warning, like a black cloud on the hot summer day, give for the miraculous cures of desperate cases, and keep on giving to ease the long weary stretch that lies ahead for those unlucky ones whose suffering disability may be permanent, but for whom, always, there must be hope.

Our Accredited Hospital

Appearing in the state papers, and carried in the Pilot, last week, was a report of the list of accredited hospitals in the state. Among the 85 listed was the Moore County Hospital.

What does it mean for a hospital to be on this accredited list? At a time when the public is being asked to contribute towards the enlargement of Moore County, it might be a good idea to find out. It means, first of all, that a hospital has been approved by the American College of Surgeons. There are certain basic things in the way of facilities involved, but it may well be that a good many institutions not holding such approval could qualify as to such physical facilities. It appears that the physical equipment is secondary: the main thing emphasized is superiority of medical and surgical care.

The standing of attending physicians is carefully scrutinized by the examining board. Their qualifications to perform the work they are called on to do is the first point, but next to it must be demonstrated that staff meetings are held regularly, that there is free discussion of cases, and cooperation between the members of the staff. That there is consultation with outside specialists whenever this is indicated is another point made. Clinical records must be kept up.

The administration of an approved hospital is obligated to furnish the full clinical reports of all patients treated for the examination of the board. Further: analyses are made of the work done in the hospital's laboratory, to determine whether careful study is made of each case for proper diagnostic purposes. That this laboratory work must be done by qualified person, properly supervised, is stressed. The same is true of the X ray department: records must be kept, qualified personnel must administer the department and it must be shown that this aid to diagnosis or treatment is being used to the fullest extent. Again, a hospital, to be approved, must show that a certain number of autopsies have been performed, and attendant studies made.

In other words, a complete picture of a hospital from the angle of patient treatment is what is desired, and it is upon this ground that the board of examiners makes up its list. To put it even more simply: is the hospital "a success," is it doing what it is supposed to do, what the people who built it and who back it meant it to do. . . this is what the examiners want to know. And it is significant, and as it should be, that they are thinking more of those who care for the patients than of the physical facilities. They go on the theory, in other words, that great healing is accomplished through the wise use of the means at hand. The surgeon and the doctor come ahead of the pills or the scalpel.

As we contribute to this drive for funds to build the new wing of the Moore County Hospital, we may do so, then, in the full confidence that the hospital has met the standards and has the approval of competent and careful outside opinion. The basic requirements of a fine hospital are already there: the men, the staff, the organization. What we shall be doing is to give them better tools to do still better work to help a greater number of people.

An Un-American Activity

There are a good many un-American activities besides the ones which the committee of that name has investigated. One might be: the procedure by which the Rules Committee of Congress has kept legislation from getting to the floor. Such an attempt to put over minority rule, and a fractional minority, at that, is un-American, to say the least.

Another activity which is just as far at variance with the principles of our democracy is the imposition of censorship by pressure groups. Such was the ban imposed on the publication, The Nation, by the city authorities of New York. Because the magazine had published articles critical of a religious group the Nation was banned from the public schools of New York and, even though the articles ran for only a few months, the ban has not been lifted. At no point before the decision was reached was the Nation, or any interested individual or organization given an opportunity to be heard.

The case is not alone, of course. Similar instances have been noted through the years, notably in Boston where the Watch and Ward society has in the past succeeded in having certain books banned from sale. But the case of the Nation has been conducted in such a manner as to arouse the concern of a good many people.

Among them a group, headed by Archibald MacLeish, has formed a committee to work to get the ban lifted. The statement issued by this group, which reads as if it might be the work of the distinguished chairman himself, strikes us as being a very fine exposition of the proper American attitude toward this un-American activity of censorship. We print below the main body of the statement for the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

"The school system in the United States provides the most important training ground for American democracy. For the majority of our youth the high school is the last formal period of education—education for citizenship in a dynamic democracy.

"The basis of a dynamic democracy is the citizen's capacity to exercise independent judgment. Cultivation of this capacity involves the opportunity to read, see and judge for oneself from the whole range of divergent and controversial materials. The ideal product of education is the precise opposite of the standard and uniform human product which dictatorships labor to produce by imposing a cordon sanitaire around the preconception of a government, of a party or any other institution.

"The danger, if the ban on The Nation is maintained, is that the youth in our schools may come to regard censorship of a publication obnoxious to a particular group as a normal and desirable practice in a democracy. Further, that once the principle of an area of forbidden subjects is established, that area, under the pressures of one or another group, may be extended to threaten freedom of expression on about every matter of importance to society, if that matter is controversial."

It looks as if the Rules Committee had lost out in its attempt to keep a stranglehold on the democratic process of legislation. It is to be hoped that this other un-American activity of censorship will suffer similar defeat.

No Abstract Journalism

No two methods of expression are farther apart than a newspaper and an "abstract" or non-representational painting. The former deals in a carefully checked and arranged series of facts. The latter deals with forms and colors that have little or no relation to the world of men and nature and that depend for their "meaning" entirely on an emotional reaction to their shapes and contrasts.

We thought of this when we chuckled, as millions of non highbrows must also have chuckled, at the recent news story telling how a child's daubing—in which the kid's kitten had rolled as a finishing touch—received favorable and very weighty comments at an art exhibit in England.

There is nothing the ordinary man likes better than to get a laugh on a highbrow. While we do not by any means advocate universal scorn for unconventional art, we do like to see a pontifical critic confounded.

What a wonderful thing it would be, if we could occasionally turn production of The Herald over to, say, a couple of the carrier boys and their dogs and cats—and then get praised for it. But, alas, we do not live in the shadow world of abstract art. The little black letters must still be placed one before the other in a way every one will recognize. We must stand or fall on what they say in plain English and there is no way to interpret our efforts but by the inflexible yardstick of common sense.

—Sanford Herald

Report From Britain

DR JAMES W. SILVER, of Southern Pines, University of Mississippi history professor, is now instructing in history at Aberdeen university, Scotland, on a Fulbright scholarship awarded by the State department. His "Report from Britain" will appear in The Pilot during his year abroad.

If you are looking for advice on this business of carting a sizeable family around the world, I'm the guy to come to. Week before last we packed our bags in Aberdeen, Scotland, prepared to grab the 9:15 a. m. train for London, with reservations through to Italy. During the night Betty decided to continue the family's campaign to wreck the British National Health Service, with the resulting loss of four teeth and five days from our schedule.

We negotiated the intracies of London traffic and channel crossing with the aid of doses of Dramamine and rolled through northern France without seeing it. The journey will always be memorable, though, because of my first try at a combination of high-school French and Indian sign language—which netted a couple of beds for the kids. Missing and changing trains in Switzerland sheer joy because of the gorgeous countryside but put us into Milan at night unmet and apparently unwept. My major accomplishment of the year came in getting through Italian customs, changing stations, and arriving on schedule by local train at Canzo, Provincia di Como, some twenty miles north of Milan, without meeting a single person who spoke English.

What About Conditions?

For the past week we have been soaking in this rare Italian atmosphere and George Carbone, my colleague from Ole Miss, and I have been swapping notes on Britain and Italy. We have come to some tentative conclusions.

Italy is a tourst's paradise. Meals are out of this world and stores are crowded with merchandise, including almost every luxury item you can dream of. There are few controls and prices aren't too far out of line for the American who can afford to come over here. Plenty of sugar, steaks, butter, chocolate, eggs, cigarettes—everything. Bread is particularly cheap and meat runs about the same as in Britain or the United States. As in Britain, rents in older housing are controlled and reasonable but sky high in new buildings. Gasoline costs twice what is does in Britain and four times the price in America. Cigarettes run about a third more than in Britain where they bring two-and-a-half times what they sell for in Mississippi.

The catch to all this seeming abundance is that the workingman in Italy simply cannot afford the standard of living available to his counterpart in Britain where rationing and price controls divide up supplies on a fairly equitable basis. Italian workers are lucky to get enough lire to take care of food and rent. They buy few new clothes. To help with the housework, the Carbones hire a woman whose husband is a metallurgist who doesn't make enough to keep his family going. The gulf between rich and poor is definitely closing in the United Kingdom but is more than holding its own here. Beyond that, unemployment raises its ugly head in this Mediterranean country, especially in the south. Forty-seven million Italians are just too many for the resources of their country.

Passion For Peace

Britons and Italians are extremely grateful for economic aid from the United States and are aware of its source. Both have as their supreme passion the continuation of peace. They realize that in the next war, as in the last, they will do the fighting first, in their own countries. They want no more of that. The scars of war are probably more in evidence in Milan than in London and new construction is going forward rapidly in both places.

Probably an eighth of the Italians have been driven, largely by extreme poverty, into the fold of Communism. The vast majority feels as did the Italian prisoners repatriated from Russia not so long ago. Met at the station by effusive Commies, they proceeded

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Grains of Sand

Unless the members of the Southern Pines school band keep on working hard and playing pretty, they may lose their director, **J. G. Womble**. . . For another career opened up to him not long ago, one in which his princely manner and old-world courtesy would truly shine.

After the Morehead City games a couple of weeks ago Guy went down to the Southland hotel to visit with the Morehead coach. . . He was still dressed in his resplendent band leader's uniform of white with touches of blue and gold. . . The clerk was temporarily absent from the desk and as Guy waited, two men came in, discussing whether or not to spend the night in Southern Pines . . . One of them, spying Director Womble, said, "Boy, will you take care of our bags for us?"

"Certainly," obliged Guy, bowing from the waist. . . He was sadly disappointed when they decided not to stay after all, but to move on to another town for the night.

We are sure he would have given the best of service. . . And collected a handsome tip.

The **Mattocks** family claims a new boarder for 1950 but hopes she won't stay long. . . It is Fortune's daughter Miss Fortune, who has been busy around there since the New Year came in.

To start the year off with a bang, and we do mean bang, she tripped up **Mrs. Mattocks** with an ottoman in the living room. Trying to avoid hitting a child seated on the ottoman, the lady of the house lost her balance and fell face down on the floor, sustaining a compound fracture of the nose.

The son **Gary Mattocks**, on his return to Greenbrier school in West Virginia, got flu, along with an infected heel. These were accompanied by a severe case of homesickness. He has recovered from all but the last.

Then last Wednesday night, Miss Fortune decided it was son **Dick Mattocks'** turn. . . She rushed him into a volleyball net which extracted his two front teeth. . . And he's hoping not to have to wait till next Christmas to get two more.

Have you wondered what these initials "F. X." stood for, in the name of Proprietor **F. X. Credle** of the Hotel Charmella at Vass? We didn't, as we were sure they meant "Francis Xavier". . . We've known of a good many people with that name, that of a great Catholic saint.

But in Mr. Credle's case, they stand for **Fenner Xyvon**. . . And in Xyvon, the X is silent. . . Where his parents got this name for him he's not quite sure, but it gave him an unusual start on an unusual and diversified career, which we hope to get around to writing up some day.

He's an A. B. and A. M. in agriculture, having secured both degrees in the same year at Virginia Polytechnic. . . Taught at VPI, was a county agent, Chamber of Commerce secretary, and Army chaplain, with captain's rank. . . Now in the hotel business.

A big, good-looking bachelor, he says he's looking for a woman . . . He didn't say a word about marrying the gal, just wants her to help him run one of the best little hotels in this part of the state. . . The Charmella is fine, he says, but for that one thing. . . Needs a woman's touch

Of course, the gal might have some ideas of her own on the subject . . Line forms at the right, ladies, moving slowly forward.

Billy Buchan, of Pinebluff, has left the University of North Carolina (where he was taking a journalism course) to go to work for one of the most unusual newspapermen in the state. . . And one of the best.

His new boss is **Billy Arthur**, editor of the Onslow County News and Views, published in Jacksonville. . . Billy is pint-size in physique, full-size in mentality and experience. . . Also in the esteem of everyone who knows him . . He's a miniature to you only when you first meet him, and from that moment on assumes his full stature in all essential ways. . . He has served his county as their representative in the General Assembly, and in businesslike manner puts out one of the best small papers in the state of North Carolina.

Billy is just one of the Sandhill boys to seek his fortune in Jacksonville. . . **Herbert Eastwood**, of Lakeview, is mayor down there at Jacksonville, and **Clyde Cook** went from here last May to be chief of police. . . Both doing fine, Billy told us at the Press Institute at Chapel Hill last week.

Maybe the Postal department is trying to negotiate a loan. . . Anyway, they have honored the bankers with their latest commemorative stamp, which Postmaster **A. Garland Pierce** tells us is now on sale at the Southern Pines post office. . . It's a handsome three-center, known as the American Bankers' commemorative.

Southern Pines has several collectors investing in U. S. commemoratives as they are issued. . . And it's a real investment, besides being a fascinating hobby . . . A U. S. stamp is one thing whose value never goes down. . . And some of them go up in value, a little or a lot . . Thing is, you never know which ones will do this!

The collectors buy a single stamp, a plate number block of four or a whole sheet, according to what they can put into their collection as it goes along. . . One I know who started collecting about 20 years ago has put about $500 into the stamps, which are now worth $2,000 at a conservative etsimate, and will continue to increase in value.

And if you get tired of collecting the stamps. . . You can always use them for postage!

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

TEN YEARS AGO

Mack's Five and Ten moves to new home in building recently completed adjoining the Arcade building.

Miss Janet Davidge Wiggins and W. A. Leland McKeithen are married January 20 at Middletown, N. Y.

Members of Vass Baptist church, discussing fire insurance after Sunday service, notice church on fire and quickly put it out.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Robert N. Page, of Aberdeen, sworn in as a lieutenant governor of the Carolinas district, Kiwanis International.

Benefit concert nets good sum for library building fund. On the program: Mrs. Gertrude W. Page, mezzo soprano; Miss Margaret Bishop, violin; Charles Pier, cello; Mrs. E. Ellsworth Giles, piano; A. B. Yeomans and Miss Mary Yeomans, playing in a quartet with Miss Bishop and Mr. Pier.

Miss Natalie Wheeler will be local contestant in American Legion's oratory contest on "Our Flag."