

THE PILOT

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Red Cross - Good Neighbor

Though campaigns for one cause or another have multiplied during the past few years almost to the point of exhaustion, there are a few which stand out with universal appeal. It is well to remember, as March brings the annual membership drive of the American Red Cross, that this was the first of them all.

The American Red Cross was chartered by Congress to fill definite needs, and has shouldered its obligations with distinction. These charter obligations are so vital that if they were not supported by citizen response, they would have to be supported by taxation.

The charter obligation of home service to nesses and relief takes the Red Cross instantly to the scene of major disaster, whether caused by fire, flood, hurricane or railroad wreck. The only thing predictable about such disaster is that it will strike—somewhere, somehow.

Numerous other services are rendered according to the needs of each "home front." The Red Cross has had, will always have, its ups and downs, plus criticism from those who think they know better how it should operate and what it should do.

Serving widely in natural disasters and in the vast man-made disaster of war, it can make none of these a bed of roses. No agency can—but it can, and does, save lives, bring comfort, alleviate suffering and illness, extend a swiftly helping hand in time of need.

Made up largely of volunteers, supported by the people's funds, the Red Cross acts for us as the Good Neighbor we should all like to be.

No Mercy In Mercy Death

It was testified at the trial of Dr. Hermann M. Sander, being tried in connection with the death of a cancer patient, that when Mrs. Abbie Borroto's husband learned that air injected in her veins would bring a "mercy death," he exclaimed, "Thank God!"

That exclamation, we think, illuminates the whole twisted ideal of "mercy killing"; for it was not God who is to be thanked, but the doctor and his hypodermic needle.

If it is true the air injection brought on Mrs. Borroto's death, God had nothing to do with it. Rather, one of His basic laws was broken by man playing God, dealing with matters beyond his ken and his authority.

It appears the injection as actual cause of death may come in for dispute, but there seems to be no contention as to Dr. Sander's intent, nor the reason for it. Torn as we may be by human pity for all concerned, we feel that Dr. Sander through human failing attempted to make wrong right; that this was a weak thing to do, not a strong—reprehensible, in no way justifiable.

Compassion is the finest emotion of man's soul, but it is just that—an emotion. When laws of God and man, broken for emotional reasons, meet with approval moral chaos results.

If Dr. Sander's act is condoned, it will be time for a wider compassion: for other doctors, now clear in their sense of duty, who will then be confused; for relatives of ill people, tortured by dark, dangerous thoughts freed of moral restraint; for the ill and suffering themselves, trusting in God but at the mercy of man's erratic will.

Lost will be the star we steer by. With no authority other than man himself, "mercy death" can become merciless death in the time it takes a dying man to sigh.

Kindness To Animals

Boy Scout week is over, but kindness to animals, one of the cardinal principles in the Boy Scout book of rules, goes on, whether it is practiced by young scouts or scouts grown up.

The following remarkable story is reprinted from the Humane Review, under the title

ONCE BLIND DOE SEES NOW

The buck fell to the ground, just as the first rays of the sun were creeping through the trees, and as he fell, three deer fled into the nearby trees. When the hunters approached they found a tall, graceful doe standing quietly behind the fallen buck. A curious look in her expression caused one of the hunters to move his hand swiftly before her eyes. She did not blink or start, for she was blind.

It was then that the hunters noticed that she held the tip end of the buck's tail firmly in her mouth. She had been led along the trail by the buck who was acting as a guide for the magnificent but totally blind deer.

The hunter, with great understanding, grasped the tip of the tail held firmly in the doe's teeth and proceeded carefully back to their camp.

Today, in a park in Salt Lake City, the once blind doe grazes peacefully in the warm sun, where she lives in comfort. Her eyesight has been restored by an operation.

Seen Across An Abyss

A friend of ours once had a very horrible experience. Staying as a guest in a mountain hotel, she could look from her bedroom window many miles across a valley to other mountains. From a tunnel made small by distance she could see occasionally a miniature train emerge, puffing tiny gusts of smoke, and make its way across a toy trestle. It was all so far away she could hear no sound.

One day she saw walking on the trestle a young man and girl. Seen across the valley they looked like dolls. Suddenly from the little tunnel came the little train. The dolls saw it too, and moved faster but not fast enough. They ran but the little train caught up with them and ran over them. There was no sound.

So, transfixed, helpless, horrified, we have had to watch from afar the relentless drama of Robert Vogeler's trial and conviction at the hands of the Hungarian government, followed by the mysterious death of his friend, Capt. Eugene Karper.

If from these small, far figures have come screams of anguish we have not been able to hear them. Only in our imagination can these screams resound—desperate cries for help which their hearts hoped would come, though their minds knew it could not.

And a great nation has had to sit immobile, staring across the distance not only between one nation and another, one side of the earth and another but between communism and democracy: a measureless abyss.

Some way must be found across the abyss. Or is this an impossible task of State Department engineering—are we licked before we begin?

More Negro Policemen

The use of Negro policemen in Southern cities and towns continues to grow. The latest compilation by the Southern Regional Council shows 62 cities and towns in 12 Southern states employ 101 uniformed Negro policemen, 33 Negro plainclothesmen and seven Negro policewomen.

In October, 1947, a similar survey by the council showed that 46 Southern cities were using a total of 236 law enforcement officers. A year later 54 Southern cities were employing 279. The capitals of all Southern states except Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Kentucky now use Negro police.

More cities and towns in Florida—a total of 14—use Negro policemen than in any other Southern state. North Carolina runs Florida a close second with 12 cities. Texas has nine cities and towns making use of Negro police. Columbia, S. C., and Atlanta are the latest state capitals to adopt the practice.

About half the cities and towns in the South now using Negro policemen in Negro areas have adopted this practice since 1940. Five cities have employed Negro policemen since 1920, and nine since 1930.

Agencies concerned with improving racial relations in the South have long advocated the wider use of Negro police in Negro areas as a means of deferring crime and easing racial tensions. Cities report the use of the Negro officers invariably is effective in increasing respect for law and order.

Little Woman, Hail

A PHT differs from a Ph. D. as help differs from self-help. The University of Colorado is informally giving the lesser known "degree" to wives of GI students for "Putting Husbands Through" and helping husbands to help themselves to an education under the GI Bill of Rights.

As a woman member of the board of regents explains "Any senior's wife who has pushed, pulled, and put her husband through the University of Colorado, who has contributed economically, domestically, and otherwise to her husband's education, who has learned to wash her husband's clothes and her children in the same sink, deserves full recognition."

Hollywood has already paid tribute to the GI college wife with a delightful and shrewd comedy, "Apartment for Peggy." Statistics pay even higher tribute to her patience and ingenuity in "making do" in order that the titular head of the family may make good. Now all that is necessary is the final tribute from the veteran of battles who is at the same time a bachelor of arts and a husband of parts.

—Christian Science Monitor

Red Cross Campaign Poster for 1950



This simple but forceful picture, symbolic of Red Cross service, is the work of Stevan Dohanos, noted magazine artist.

Grains of Sand

They need \$1,000 for a "blue baby" down at Ellerbe, and they don't care if 1,000 folks show up with \$1 each at a dance the local Legion post is having Saturday night . . . All the money will go to pay for an operation for little Frances Lee Dawkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dawkins.

Cliff McLeod, commander of Richmond County Post 73 at Ellerbe, writes us that they have secured Dick Levin and his State College orchestra to play . . . The dance will be in the old gym at Ellerbe, from 8 p. m. to 12 midnight and we hope lots of our local Legionnaires and other folks will go.

The Public Speaking

A GOOD CAUSE

I want to take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of the Moore County district of the Boy Scouts of America for the splendid publicity that you gave Boy Scout week in your paper. Such publicity does a great deal to advertise the merits of the Boy Scout organization and at the same time build confidence with the general public in the splendid work that is being done among the boys of our community.

All of us who are actively engaged in Boy Scout work in Moore county greatly appreciate your fine cooperation in helping us to keep the public informed of our worthwhile activities, and we are particularly grateful for the space that you gave during Boy Scout week.

Thanking you for all that you have done and with kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours, W. LAMONT BROWN

GOOD FRIDAY

To the Pilot: As a Christian nation it should be our desire not only to give recognition and thanks to God for our civil freedom and prosperity, but greater yet to give thanks to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, for what was done some 2,000 years ago, when He suffered a most cruel death in order that we might live.

Good Friday, the day which commemorates that Death of Christ, will be observed this year on April 7. With this in mind, we would appreciate your helping in a movement in the State of North Carolina to request the Hon. W. Kerr Scott, Governor of the State, to proclaim the hours of 12 Noon to 3 p. m. of Good Friday, the hours of Christ's Agony, as a special time of prayer and recollection and that this time be further commemorated by (1) the closing of schools at this time; and (2) the closing of places of business (except essential public places) and amusement centers.

Because of your position of leadership and influence through the press, we feel that your approbation of this cause will carry great weight.

In a world that is fast declining from the recognition of God and from the invocation of His name, we are hoping that this cooperative effort on the part of many Christians in North Carolina will bring home the significance of Good Friday to the people of our State.

Sincerely yours, NEIL BIRCH, Executive Secretary, N. C. Catholic Laymen's Association.

pose of the Union was to get students to think.

"In his talk to the Kiwanians he continued his policy of trying to get people to think by enlarging on the motto of Kiwanis International for 1950: "Aggressive Citizenship—Safeguard of Democracy." The speaker made it clear that his idea of the meaning of the motto was for citizens to participate in their government and be informed about it on the state, national and local levels, and to demand efficiency and economy on all three."

Bright boy, that Voit—wish we could tell you just how bright! He effectively hushed the mouth of Grains of Sand on the subject of his office warming, which we had plaintively mentioned as overdue. . . He got the best of us, all right, and some day we'll tell you just how he did it, and made us like it, too. . . We're still a little puzzled, ourselves.

After writing all those news

stories telling citizens they should ask for credentials of all household salesmen—including a permit from the town—we did this ourself when we met two lads on our front porch selling brooms. We found out they were two fine boys from Pinebluff, Georgia, Tyner and Jack David, Eagle Scouts, selling the brooms in Lions' Club project to help the blind. . . We bought a broom and hope you did, too.

Approximately 1.5 billion board feet of timber is cut from North Carolina's forests each year.

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