

Boarding Homes Doing Acceptable Job For Aged

(Continued from page 1)
where patients are taken who can pay part of the cost of their care. But, as the state also pays a share, these nursing homes must answer to state requirements, the principal ones being: fire-proof construction, adequate plumbing, and ground-floor rooms.

Visiting the Boarding Homes

A visit to these homes is both a sad and a bright experience. With the sadness weighing heaviest in the picture, as on the heart. Lonely old age is about as sad a thing as there is; when to that loneliness is added the infirmities which so often accompany it, the picture is dark. But there is where much of the goodness of these boarding and nursing homes comes in: they are as un-lonely as is possible for anything to be that is not family life. There is somewhat of a home atmosphere with the more abled-bodied sitting out on the porch, grubbing about in the yard; meals are served all together in the dining room, as a rule; in winter there is a group about the fire.

This was the scene at the Fuquay home in Carthage when you dropped in there a few weeks ago. Out on the porch sat one old gentleman, basking in the warmth of that early spring sun, turning himself a bit every now and then, like a comfortable turtle on a log. His eyes had the blank look of a mind gone wandering, but his smile was kindly. Likely he didn't know much where he was or why, but wherever it was was all right with him. He looked happy.

Inside the small square house, the air was warm from a stove going full blast in the inner room. Here sat the husband of the operator, himself a semi-invalid, and two more of the "cases." One was young and feeble-minded, the other an ill old man, who, resisting always till the last leaving his own little cabin out in the woods, would get sick, sooner or later, and be brought into Carthage. After being set back on his feet again by Mrs. Fuquay's strenuous nursing, he'd go back to the cabin, only to repeat the whole process again when the next bout of flu, or whatever it would be, caught up with him.

He Wanted Out
This old fellow didn't look very happy. In fact, sitting on the edge of his chair, he looked ready to get up and go as soon as he could. An impatient old man, this was. He'd admit he was mighty sick when they brought him in there; he'd admit the lady had got him well again and fed him up and put some strength back into his old legs, but—he wanted out. He wanted to get back into that old cabin of his. Described by his neighbors as full of holes and dirty beyond words, there's no doubt the cabin was no fit place for him, or anybody, to live, but it was his. He wanted to get back there. And there's where humanity has to enter into this work, and, nine times out of ten in Moore County, it does. The Department lets him go back and helps him to keep alive there where he feels he belongs. (Soon after this visit was made he did, in fact, go on back home.)

There was one very ill woman, at the time of our visit in the Fuquay home, a lady who has since died. She was on the edge of being in a coma, had been bed-ridden for some time and Dr. Felton was keeping in close touch. Several times, the operator had expected she would slip away but she would rally and start to breathe again, and even eat a little food. The room was clean, but even so there was a strong smell; Mrs. Fuquay said she had to change the bed constantly and there was never a day when she was not washing. Sheets and towels flapped on her clothes-line day in and day out.

Here was a case where, ordinarily, hospitalization would have been indicated or, at least, the services of a practical nurse. Yet would it have made any difference? Given the funds they have to work with, it seemed as if the County was doing the best thing, and, regardless of funds, could more have been done? It seemed doubtful. But, actually, every effort is made to send ill patients only to the homes with practical nurse care available.

This one of the county boarding homes has been questioned as rough and inadequate. You have visited it several times, more than once unannounced and have never found anything to complain of. It is, of course, extremely simple, the fare looks like "country" fare: invalid cookery would be unknown here, you would imagine. The operator has a rough and ready cheerfulness that should help to bring some sunshine into whatever she does, you'd think. And, of course, these are mostly the rough-and-ready kind of people she's taking care of. She appears to be doing a good job. The house itself is at the dead end of a quiet lane, shaded by big trees. The big porch is a splendid asset for such a place.

Out Jackson Springs Way
Out on a side road from Jack-



AT THE JACKSON SPRINGS BOARDING HOME two of the patients come out to sit in the sun and have their pictures taken with the owner and operator, Mrs. Lilly Leak (center).

son Springs—the same road where our former commissioner in charge of the Department of Conservation and Development, George Ross, lives—is the home of Lilly Leak. A one-story frame cottage, the little house has undergone a complete refurbishment since the boarders were first established there a couple of years ago.

The Leak home now harbors four patients; Lilly hopes to get it licensed for more later, as she knows of several who, she says, want to come. Since you saw it, a year or so ago, it has undergone great change. The necessary plumbing was installed soon thereafter, but, since then, the operator has gone on to add a lot more which should certainly increase the place's value in the boarding home picture. She has a fine kitchen, now, new linoleum on most of the floors; there's been a good paint job done, and she has bright curtains at the windows. The open porch has been made into another room and, down under the house, is a well-equipped laundry.

This appears to have involved quite an outlay of funds and you can't help but think that some of it might have been spent making the room where the patients sleep a bit cheerier. This is the darkest room in the house; there is a stove, for heat, which the operator rushed in to stir up as you came in.

The two bedridden women there were quiet. One was a still shadow of thinness, lying across her bed in one corner. In the other, just where you saw her on that previous visit, was the other patient, a whisp of a gentle, timid creature, who had, in better times, been nurse in the home of one of Moore County's leading

families. Crippled, (with arthritis?) and mentally oppressed by fears and confusions, but quite able to recognize you with an eager smile, she lay on the tumbled bed, unable to be up in her wheeled chair, unless helped.

"Does she get up at all?" you ask, "Where's her chair?"

The answer is: "We put it away; afraid she'd hurt herself; we'll get it out when warm weather comes."

Come Out for Photographer

The other two patients came here after terms at a state mental institution in which case the state pays any extra boarding home costs. They are able-bodied and, apparently, reasonably well-behaved. They are up and dressed and come out to sit in the sun and have their pictures taken with the operator, standing on the steps of the home. Their faces, as you take the picture, are as uninterested as unearring, as emotionless as the blank wall behind them. Or is there some fear lurking? One draws back as you suggest she come a little further forward: "She never like to have her photo taken," says Lilly.

As you drive on down the road, the thought comes which has been so often in your mind: If only there could be Good Neighbor committees organized in the nearby towns to visit these homes! It is impossible, with all their other duties, for the Welfare staff to get there often and, anyway, the casual visits of the local folks would be the best possible guarantee that things were going on well, besides being a real morale builder for the unfortunate people themselves. Is this something for the churches to take up, you wonder.

(To be continued)



THE LEAK HOME has had quite a face-lifting, outside and in, which should add greatly to its value in the boarding home program of Moore County's Department of Public Welfare.

CALENDAR of EVENTS

- April 25—Tonight—Pinehurst Forum, 8:40 p.m. Columbus Boy Choir.
- April 22-27—North and South Invitational Golf Tournament, 57th annual, Pinehurst.
- April 24-25—Harness Horse Trotting Time Trials, Pinehurst.
- April 27-28—Sandhills Skeet Championships, Pinehurst.
- April 24-27—Seniors Grand Masters Golf Tourney, Pine Needles CC.
- April 25—Baseball, Aberdeen here, 8 p.m.
- April 26—SPHS Annual Band Concert, Weaver Aud., 8:15.
- April 29—Girl Scouts annual Court of Honor, Weaver Aud.
- April 29—Primary Elections, Southern Pines.
- April 29-May 3—Amateur CGA Golf Tournament, 43rd annual, Pinehurst.
- May 10-11—N. C. Bankers Association, Pinehurst.
- May 7—General Municipal Elections, Southern Pines.

LAST IN ASSOCIATION SERIES

N. C. Symphony Delights Children, Adults In Two Performances Here

"They played better than ever before! A lovely program! They were wonderful, and what a fine voice that young man has!"

Such were some of the comments heard in the lobby of Weaver Auditorium as the audience streamed out, Tuesday evening, from the concert given by the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra.

And quite as enthusiastic, if less sophisticated, were the remarks to be heard around the gymnasium, that afternoon, from some of the more than 1,500 school children of Moore County who packed the big building for the free concert.

This was for the orchestra and their noted director, Dr. Benjamin F. Swalin, the first appearance on a tour that will cover the state. Travelling in busses, the group arrived here before noon, going to the Hollywood Hotel where they were staying. Followed a visit to the concert location, lunch at the cafeteria, for some—including Dr. and Mrs. Swalin who had their lunch with School Superintendent A. C. Dawson.

The afternoon performance started at half past one, with a few busloads of children filing in quietly as the orchestra was tuning up. In line with usual procedure, the students joined with the orchestra in several folk tune numbers, learned in school during the winter months in preparation for this musical event. The noted orchestra leader commented glowingly, following the concert, on the excellence of the local singing.

"As good as anything we ever hear on these tours," he said. "Those were all pretty difficult songs, with changes of tempo and key. The children never missed a note or a beat." Dr. Swalin included in his praise Miss Mary Logan, supervisor of music in Southern Pines and a member of the Sandhills Music Association. Miss Logan was in charge of the preparatory work for the concert and transportation of the students from other Moore County towns, through the cooperation of Moore County Schools Superintendent H. Lee Thomas, of Carthage.

Tuesday evening's concert, the

last in this season's series under the sponsorship of the Sandhills Music Association, presented a program that included Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and the music of Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Mozart and contemporary composers. Soloist of the evening was Walter Carringer, who delighted the audience with his voice of exceptional brilliance and tone. The noted tenor handled his varied numbers, ranging from Mozart to Puccini, with unerring musical sensitivity and skill.

The intermission brought to the stage the new president of the sponsoring group, Norris Hodgkins, Jr. Mr. Hodgkins' remarks were brief and to the point, hinting at good plans now being made for next season's concert series, and suggesting that "an early ticket sale would help!" Mr. Hodgkins said that in order to obtain the best possible musical talent, it was necessary to make dates well in advance.

"This season has been a success," he said: "We have stayed in the black—and we have all heard some wonderful music!"

Following the concert, the members of the orchestra enjoyed relaxation and refreshments at the home of Mrs. James Boyd, through the hospitality of Mrs. Henry Page.

W. Southern Pines Preacher Honored For Long Service

Testimonial services were held last week at Harrington Chapel in West Southern Pines for the Rev. J. A. Williams, who has been a preacher for 62 years.

The Rev. Williams began his ministry in Harrington Chapel Church in 1895. Since he has held pastorates in a number of places, including Carthage, Eastwood, New Hope, McCain, Raeford, Rennett, Red Springs, Pinehurst, and Southern Pines.

He has been secretary of the district union, secretary of the annual conference of the church, moderator of the conference, member of the general executive board of the conference for 25 years, and chairman of the board of Harrington Chapel for 18 years.

Speaking at the testimonial services were the Rev. G. D. McNeil, Jr., Mrs. Larcenia Harrington, W. J. Gore, Rev. Bland, and the Rev. J. R. Funderburke.

A total of 40,000 Americans were killed in 1956 traffic accidents.

Thursday, 11 A.M.
Said The Man:

"Ordered a batch of plants from the nursery and today they came . . . and me with a sprained back! There they were, all bent over, and so was I. Said: 'Thank goodness, it's Thursday! I'll wait for The Pilot and . . . just perhaps . . .'"



Friday, 11 A.M.
Said The Man:

"And there it was! In the classifieds: 'Yard man . . . weeding . . . planting — has truck and tools.' Called the number. He came a'hustlin' and got my plants in before you could say 'PILOT!'"



The folks who have what you need Advertise in. . . .

The Pilot