

THE PILOT

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A NATIONAL SERVICE ACT

It looks as if the American people had not yet recognized the critical urgency of these times: the drive for a national service act is letting up. The moment the Belgian Bulge began to decrease and the Russian offensive to start rolling, Congress and the country sat back and relaxed.

It is distressing to see the change coming over the country: to think that intelligence plays so small a part in our actions and that we have to be scared into doing the right thing.

A Universal Service Act should be passed for these reasons:

First, because it will help win the war more quickly and with fewer losses.

Second, because its passage would immediately raise, sky-high, the spirits of our fighting men.

Third, because it would unite our country and wake up our people by giving each of us a direct personal stake in the war and a responsibility for victory.

Fourth, because it might help to make us, through this experience of individual participation, feel at last that America is part of the world and so carry us into whole-hearted participation in an international organization to enforce the peace.

Fifth, it is the only just arrangement, affecting all men and women alike.

None of these reasons for passage of the bill is disputed by its opponents. Their objections are based solely on their claim that the Act is unnecessary, from a military stand-point.

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tion to her girls and asked for volunteers. Every nurse raised her hand.

Courage is not rare. Almost everyone of us would have responded, in such a situation, as those nurses did. The nurses, now, whom it is proposed to draft because they are not coming forward when so urgently needed, would have volunteered in Bastogne. It is not courage that we lack, it is not even willingness to sacrifice—men in battle who take unnecessary risks, giving their lives to save each other, are not different from the rest of us. But they are there; they see and they know. And so they do.

Lack of imagination and lack of intelligence: these are the crying needs in America today. Lack of these two qualities, above anything else, brought this war upon the world. We shall need them both in order to get out of it and to build a structure of law and international unity without which other wars will be inevitable. There is as yet little sign of their development.

Our hearts are wrung, but as yet our minds are dim. Only through passage of a National Service Act, bringing with it immediate individual participation in the struggle, will America heed and heed the urgent call to action. —KLB

PULPWOOD SAVES LIVES TOO!

Although pulpwood makes most of the powder now used to blast paths for our fighting forces to Berlin and Tokyo, pulpwood also performs many missions of mercy.

Pulpwood can claim credit for the remarkably high recovery of our wounded men. Out of each 100 GIs wounded in this war only three die. That is less than one-third of the death rate in World War I.

Prompt treatment on the field or immediately behind the lines is mainly responsible for the saving of these precious 97 out of 100 lives. And this prompt treatment is made possible by pulpwood.

Blood plasma, which has worked miracles on every front is packaged in paper made of pulpwood. Every fighting man carries a package of paper-protected sulfa drugs and tablets into battle. A newly-developed surgical gauze, made of pulpwood, has stopped the blood flow of many a GI until he could obtain a doctor's care.

All bandages, surgical dressings, surgical instruments, and first aid dressings are delivered to field stations in perfect condition because of special paper packing. Even ambulances are paper protected for overseas shipment. It takes 52 pounds of paper to wrap each one.

So when you are trying to decide whether or not to cut pulpwood, remember some boy's life may depend on your decision.

Sand Box Being Filled Weekly BY WALLACE IRWIN

To be conservative, let's say that Russia seems to be doing well on the Eastern front. Do I hear some Nazi inspired whispers that Stalin planned this giant victory so it would fall on the eve of our presidential inauguration? A communist plot to boost the New Deal, understand. This theory is not too silly for Doc Goebbels to broadcast for serious discussion over American tea tables.

Ida is no longer front page news; she's been crowded out by Elliott Roosevelt's pup, which is supposed to have pushed our Army and Navy off a transport plane. Remember how F. D. R. told a campaign audience that the opposition wasn't satisfied with abusing his family. Now they are kicking his dog around. . . That was the report, you remember, that the President had ordered the Pacific fleet to turn around and take Shiela off a desert island. This fish story has a touch of realism. If Shiela got himself lost, I'll bet he was looking for Polynesian garbage cans.

Maybe the Roosevelt family shouldn't keep dogs. But they mustn't ask me to take them off their hands. I have Ida. Sometimes I tell Tish that Ida ought to be sent to a more ideal environment; some home where her little heart would bound with happiness from morn to dewy eve. "And what sort of home would you choose?" asks Tish, rising to the bait. "Give her to the garbage man," I suggest.

It's hard to get around me, when I'm in that mood.

Speaking of dogs you see I'm

trying to get the Sand Box back (on the front page) I once had a tortoise shell cat named Gwendolyn, who was very efficient and had fits. She never molested a rat or mouse, but devoted her life to killing song birds. This is a true story, starkly told. A Distinguished Poetess came out to visit our quaint colonial home at East Setauket. She had no sooner gotten off the train than she told us she was neurosthenic. She had a duplex complex; the sight of a cat or a bird threw her into an ecstasy of fright.

So we locked Gwendolyn in the cellar, and looked forward to a pleasant week end. To insulate the Famous Poetess from bird-life we put her in a summer house in the rear lawn, where we had tea and a cozy chat about summer in the country . . . when suddenly the Poetess dropped her cup and made a noise like a fire engine. It was Gwendolyn she beheld. Gwendolyn had escaped from the cellar and was eating a fresh killed robin. The robin seemed to disagree with Gwendolyn—maybe it was the feathers—for with a ferocious growl she threw one of the most elastic fits in her repertoire. The Poetess, who is a nice gal, forgave me, when she stopped yelling. I gave Gwendolyn to the fish man, after representing her as a famous mouser.

Let's see—I was talking about Dogs, wasn't I? Well, a city editor was supposed to have said, lowed that up very well. They devote a lot of space to telling us that what we expected to happen has happened. They make an annual spread of Christmas, for instance, when we all know it's Christmas. If the Weather Bureau should come out some December 26th and tell us that the event was really July 4th, that would be news.

And there's the Presidential Inauguration. It always gets front page priorities, with pictures. But it lacks the charm of the unexpected. It isn't news, according to the city editor's classic. Under Hearst management, the re-inauguration of December 20th would have been quite chic. Mr. Roosevelt would have stepped out on the White House portico, brushed the Chief Justice aside and proclaimed, "I hereby retire in favor of Thomas E. Dewey, who didn't put up much of a campaign, but might improve with experience."

That would be news. But I'm glad that it didn't happen that way, and I'm right grateful that the dog bit the man . . . Merely a figure of speech . . . The short, inexpensive and effective Inauguration is over. Now let's keep 'em rolling toward Berlin, and toward the inter-allied unity that will bring us there. As the Stars and Stripes said grimly, "What matters except killing Huns?" I hope our Sandhills nature lovers will admire this essay.

They had that old time delicacy—remember? chicken. The only thing about the whole ceremony reminiscent of Hoover was the chicken in every plate.

And we heard one guest remark between forkfuls: "All this—and Truman too?"

The Army was represented on the portico by an all-star cast—General Marshall and General Arnold, with five each.

The Navy was in stripes. But the Secret Service was on the job.

No chair was provided for any guest. Sewell Avery was not there.

Among Governors present was not New York's.

Harry Truman was sworn in by Hairy Wallace.

"Ma" Perkins said she came for two reasons: a labor of love, and a love of labor.

There were several First Aid tents on the grounds. Presumably for lame ducks.

Weather Note: The Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief,"—but none fell.

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From the Nation's Capital

BY MARTHA P. HYDE

Washington, Jan. 25—Only regular White House correspondents of the big dailies were permitted to attend the President's fourth inauguration, so your reporter will have to pass the word along by telling you a few of the things the other half of the family had to say about the historic gathering. Here we go, in the words of a former editor of THE PILOT as written for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:

Well, he's now been inaugurated—again, and again, and again.

Those words, "I do solemnly swear—" etc., rang out as if he knew them by heart. He should.

It was the sixth swearing in of a Roosevelt. But not all were Franklin's. Two were Teddy's.

Rumor has it he's going to keep on trying until some day the oath is administered by a Democrat.

Three times he was a victim of the Hughes era, and now it's the Stone age.

This was the first knothole inaugural. If you weren't on the invitation list, you peeked through the fence.

Of course no tickets were sold, but a lot of guests paid \$1,000 to get in.

They were rewarded, though.

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RATIONING REMINDERS

RED STAMPS Q5 through X5 good indefinitely. No new red stamps until January 28.

BLUE STAMPS X5, Y5, Z5, A2, B2, C2, D2, E2, F2, and G2, now valid.

SUGAR STAMPS Sugar Stamp No. 34 now valid. Another stamp will become good on February 1, 1945.

GASOLINE A-14 coupons are good for four gallons.

FUEL OIL East and Far West 1, 2 and 3 period coupons good indefinitely all over the country.

SHOES Airplane Stamps 1, 2 and 3, in Book Three, good indefinitely.

BUY WAR BONDS

Valentines

Some Nice Ones For Him Some VERY Nice Ones For Her Valentines For Children Some that Are LOVIN' Some That Are AFFECTIONATE Some That Are FUNNY Some That Are JUST FUNNY

at HAYES'

Sandhills Book Shop

Mail Now For Overseas Delivery

Pinehurst North Carolina January, 24 1945

The Stockholders Bank of Pinehurst Pinehurst, N. C.

Gentlemen:—

It has just come to the attention of the Moore County Insurance Agents Association that the Bank of Pinehurst has gone into the insurance business and is at present represented by F. Shelby Cullom, its Executive Vice-President, as a licensed agent. We feel that we must protest this action for the following reasons:

- 1 There are at present five insurance agents in this small community of Pinehurst that is of limited insurance possibilities. These agents are fully equipped to write and service far more insurable risks than now exist or ever will exist in this community. A sixth agency is absolutely unnecessary. 2 The Moore County Agents Association is in a position to efficiently write and service all the insurance that now exists or ever will exist in Moore County. 3 The Bank of Pinehurst by entering the insurance field is taking an unfair advantage of the insurance agents of Pinehurst, Aberdeen, and Carthage, since all of these agents are depositors in the Bank and it has confidential data pertaining to each of the agent's insurance accounts. 4 The Bank of Pinehurst, being the only financial institution in Pinehurst, by entering the insurance field removes from the Pinehurst agents its financial advice and service by becoming a competitor of its own depositors. 5 It indicates on the part of the Bank of Pinehurst a desire and intention to deliberately enter the insurance field, of which it is ignorant having had no practical experience, and knowing full well that by so doing they are deliberately injuring by unfair competition established agencies of years of experience in all types and forms of insurance. 6 If the Bank of Pinehurst enters the insurance field in Pinehurst, it will as a result create much unfavorable criticism and ill will toward the Bank of Pinehurst and Pinehurst itself and this ill will would materially affect the future of real estate in Pinehurst, as well as the splendid community spirit that has made the Village the delightful place that it is.

The above is being presented to the stockholders at this time to acquaint them with the injustice that the Directors of the Bank of Pinehurst will do the Community as a whole, and the Pinehurst insurance agents in particular, if the Directors permit the Bank of Pinehurst to enter the insurance business.

Respectfully soliciting your cooperation in preventing the Bank of Pinehurst from entering the insurance business in Moore County, we are,

Yours very truly,

MOORE COUNTY ASSOCIATION OF INSURANCE AGENTS

ABERDEEN Theo Berg Mrs. Evelyn H. Pleasants

PINEBLUFF Levi Packard

CARTHAGE United Insurance Agency, J. L. McGraw

PINEHURST Biddle & Company, H. J. Menzel, Pres Mrs. Robt. Gouger Sec'y & Treas.

SOUTHERN PINES Paul T. Barnum, Inc., John S. Ruggles, Mgr.

Harry B. Emery

A. S. Newcomb Eugene C. Stevens D. H. Turner

Colonel George P. Hawes Jr. Robert N. Page, Jr.

VASS United Insurance Agency, J. L. McGraw, Mgr.

Pinehurst Insurance & Realty Corp., H. G. Phillips, Pres.

Advertisement

BUY WAR BONDS