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EASTER

This year the message of Easter strikes with redoubled force. The story of the translation of the physical and its consummation in the triumph of the spiritual has peculiar significance for our world. Over and over men are warning us of the danger to mankind of our present concentration on material advancement at the expense of the things of the spirit. Not only in the religious books, which, as always after a great war, are flooding the market, but in the words of economists, psychiatrists, educators, thoughtful leaders in every walk of life the emphasis is the same: man must, if he is to survive, bring his spiritual evolution up to the level of his material life.

Man has gone ahead in the physical world to truly miraculous lengths. The things that he has made are fabulous, but what his will does with those things is another matter. Continually he fashions or discovers something that is almost beyond his power to control. The number of automobile accidents, the ghastly misuse of the radio are two illustrations that come readily to mind of the narrow margin of man's ability to control even these familiar tools of his daily life. At the other end of the scale of course, is the atomic bomb, the latest potential frankenstein. Perhaps the greatest threat of his own devising, this fruit of the tree of knowledge poses an "either, or" that is clear-cut and final. If the physical properties of the bomb are not controlled by the spiritual will and wisdom of its inventor, it will destroy him.

But, actually, the bomb is simply the most dramatic example of the dilemma with which mankind is faced and always has been faced. The lesson of Easter has been ignored down through the ages and rests on fundamentals in the light of which the problem of the atomic bomb, or any other physical devil man can make, is merely incidental window-dressing.

Those fundamentals are deeply shaken now. Lack of religious or any sort of spiritual teaching, the glorification of the material, the increasing tempo and pressure of life, the effects of the war, have profoundly undermined man's belief in the truth, or the efficacy, or even the importance of spiritual things.

A recent headline on the front page of one of our papers, casts a lurid light on our present spiritual condition. "All Germany A Clinical Study In Mass Hunger," it says, and the article quotes the army officer in charge of health in Germany as saying: "The way things are going we should be able to accumulate a large amount of scientific data in the next two years."

This inhumanly phrased version of the horror that is starvation in Germany is doubtless no true expression of the feelings of the scientists or officer whose words are quoted. But that such a headline and an article so written could get by the desk of one of our great metropolitan dailies is shocking evidence of the spiritual degradation of our time. Those who recall, as they read it, how "science" was pled as the basis for some of the dark deeds of Dachau, will feel a coldness settling in their hearts. And if they notice, next to that article another, telling how far America is failing in carrying out its promises to feed Europe, that coldness will be very deep.

Science, education, discoveries, better health measures: what is to be their use? Why have more "leisure," why, in fact, live longer lives? This is the great "why" of the ages, being side-stepped now as never before.

Unless the world listens to the lesson of Easter this search for

physical betterment is a waste of time and can only lead away from that happiness, that fuller life, which is held out as its reason and reward. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

The Public Speaking

The Editor, The Pilot.

There could not be a better omen for the improvement of North Carolina health conditions than the interest which is everywhere manifest in that problem.

We shall appreciate space in your columns for a description at some length of the thinking being done at the Moore County Hospital upon that subject, and for some discussion of the principles involved.

It is, of course, not the function of a hospital to assume responsibility for the entire health program of the section it serves. Hospital work is but one phase of general health effort, though the good hospital seeks to help that effort in every proper way.

Like many institutions devoted to the care of the sick and injured, the Moore County Hospital studied with close attention the figures presented by the Broughton Commission on health conditions in the State, which included, obviously, data on this county. The consultant, Mr. Oliver G. Pratt whom the Hospital engaged last summer to examine our work, and to make suggestions as to our future course, used the Broughton statistics extensively as a base for his recommendations.

Admittedly, the North Carolina health picture is not what any good citizen would like it to be. Neither is the picture in Moore County. But we should remember two things. First, an important step has been taken, in that the people of this State now know the situation. Second, in working to improve it, we must use the Broughton Commission figures thoughtfully.

As has been already explained in the press, the Directors of the Moore County Hospital are giving much consideration to the report made by Mr. Pratt, and to plans developed under it for a more adequate hospital to serve this section.

We want to bring total bed capacity to 135, with increased accommodations for white people and for colored people. We want to add to our Staff a specialist in X-ray, and a specialist in pathology, so that every physician using the Hospital may have the benefit of the presence and service of these men.

We have consulted the State Health Department, and our County Health Officer, as to the practicability of establishing the County Health Department in a building adjacent to the enlarged Hospital. We recommend a continuation, in fact an extension, of neighborhood health clinics throughout the County. We feel that the Public Health Department, and the Hospital, should be independent, but that they should closely cooperate. One way to further cooperation, which means better service to all citizens, is to bring the headquarters of the Health Department close to the Hospital. This avoids duplication of facilities, and it should promote the efficiency and understanding of both groups.

Our suggestion has met with favorable response from the State and County Health Officers. We have discussed the plan informally with some members of the Board of Health and with some of the County Commissioners, and we are working on a detailed description of it for the consideration of both those bodies. It is hoped that the Hill-Burton bill now before the United States House of Representatives will become law, and that under it a measure of Federal assistance may be forthcoming for the accomplishment of this plan.

There has been some discussion of what relation exists, if any, between the number of physicians practicing in this area and the fact that two doctors work exclusively in the Moore County Hospital on a salary basis. Does the fact that the Hospital employs two doctors on salary deter physicians from settling in Moore County?

The evidence would appear otherwise. Two physicians now practicing in the County interned at the Hospital, and knew our system intimately. Recently two

other doctors, returning from service with the armed forces, resumed their practice. And within the past few months two new doctors have settled here.

The employment of a competent surgeon when the Hospital was opened, and the development of the system to a point where two doctors are now on salary has meant that the people of this area have found immediately available at the Hospital, by day or by night, medical and surgical services of a quality far above the level that is provided by an interne alone.

Not only are the fees charged by the doctors reasonable, but those men, with other members of the Staff, do an enormous amount for patients who can pay little or nothing. Every physician in the section knows that an impressive total of excellent free service has been rendered at the Moore County Hospital to people unable to pay for it. This service has meant a great deal to the health record of Moore County.

Fees collected by the resident doctors in excess of their salaries go to the funds of the Hospital, for promoting its work. It is a fact that both the salaried men could net greater financial returns in practise outside the institution.

Mr. Pratt felt that with the adoption of an enlargement program it would be time to turn away from the salary idea. Many observers and supporters of the Hospital do not share this view. The system we have followed is believed by many people to be largely responsible for the excellent medical record of the institution, under the particular conditions of this section. As with all aspects of the Pratt Report, it is the intention of the Directors to consider carefully each recommendation, and not to decide to abandon a good thing until we are fairly assured of having a better.

The Board has a standing committee on Professional Relations, of which Richard S. Tufts, of Pinehurst, is chairman. Other members are Sturthers Burt, of Southern Pines; Wilbur H. Currie, of Carthage; and G. C. Seymour, of Aberdeen. The Administrator participates in conferences of the committee, the secretary of the Hospital keeps the records, and the president serves ex officio.

This committee is examining many features of our professional service, with the purpose of strengthening it in every way possible. The members will seek advice from many quarters, medical and otherwise. It appears clear that any modification of the salary principle, if undertaken at all, could not be instituted, in fairness to the people we serve, until an enlarged Hospital makes it possible for us to secure an adequate supply of good internes.

Everyone should understand that doctors practicing in this area are free to apply for membership upon either the Active or Courtesy Staff of the Hospital, as they may desire. At present there are 8 physicians serving on the Active Staff, and 15 on the Courtesy Staff.

The governing body of every hospital, and in the Moore County Hospital the governing body is called the Board of Directors, has the clearly established responsibility of making Staff appointments, and of limiting surgical and medical procedures in the Hospital to physicians capable of performing them with safety and satisfaction to the patient.

A governing board makes its decisions after hearing recommendations from the Active Staff. Our Directors undertake this responsibility with but one purpose in mind, to serve best that person for whom the institution exists—the patient.

The Directors of the Moore County Hospital know very well that there are many phases of our Hospital service which are far from perfect. We are giving earnest attention to efforts to improve, now, various aspects of Hospital care, without waiting for the enlargement of plant which is so urgently needed. We welcome suggestions, and we shall be happy to answer any questions as to the work or plans.

Space prevents adequate mention of many splendid agencies which have worked, and are working, to improve health conditions in this section. It has been our endeavor to integrate our activities at the Hospital with the preventive and curative programs of all such agencies.

What has the Moore County Hospital done for this area? Since November 25, 1929, we have admitted 29,590 in-patients, a figure which happens to be only a

little short of the present population of Moore County. Major operations totaling 5,181 have been performed here, and 2,697 babies have been delivered. Over the years the average rate of free in-patient service to total in-patient service has been 40 percent. Our salaried doctors alone have not been responsible for this record. It is the result of high-minded and devoted Staff service by many physicians.

We wish the Hospital to participate in the effort to improve State health, but we are also proud of our past contribution to health. Moore County is by no means at the bottom of the list in any comprehensive examination of the North Carolina situation. We think our institution has meant a great deal to the rural patient, to the resident of the towns, and to the seasonal visitor. We are frequently inspected by hospital experts, who want to observe some of our ways of doing things. It is the purpose of the Directors, as trustees for the people of this section, to continue to try in every way to improve our institution.

Yours faithfully, S. Donald Sherrerd, President, Moore County Hospital

Sand Box

BY WALLACE IRWIN

HOW IT FEELS TO GET BACK TO SOUTHERN PINES

Quite literally, we have been away for ages. We went away at the latter part of the Blockbuster Period, and when we got back the Atomic Age was here to stay, apparently.

I wonder if the cave dweller didn't tumble out of his granite bed one morning and say to his wife, "I don't know where we are. Maybe we're in Statu Quo." If he dared such a wisecrack, I'll bet his wife replied, "Modernize yourself, old Flint Heart. We're not Ice-men any longer. We're Neolithic."

I'm afraid I struck a chronological sour note in the opening paragraph. Most writers have to do that now and then, if only for artistic effect. As a matter of dull accuracy, before we left here U. S. bombers had already opened the atomic season in Japan. But it seems ages. Just when was it? Don't ask me for accurate dates. About the only date I can remember is 1492, and some of our surrealistic historians maintain that I'm wrong there, too.

Probably it was last spring when we set our course, dead reckoning, North by South and re-discovered the ancient homestead at East Setauket, Long Island, where such of the landscape as the moles hadn't eaten was still recognizable. Then, before the first frost had nipped the dahlias and the last plumber had gone on strike, we reversed our gears and came to our senses one morning, only to find that we were in Summerville, S. C., under the weeping whiskers of the Spanish moss.

In Summerville, where it rains more than it drains, there dwells a race of mythomaniacs. Even the camellias down there are liars; they keep on blooming during cold snaps, trying to make you believe that you're basking in the tropics. The popular myth in Summerville is that the Arctic Circle begins about four miles north of Monk's Corner. As we were pulling out for Southern Pines a colored carpenter stopped hammering and yelled down at me, "Good luck, kunnel. Hope you don't strike no blizzards on ye way up."

So we're back in Southern Pines. Since we've bought a house (q. v.—unless Editor K. Boyd hasn't had room to put in the write-up) we intend to stay here the best part of the year for the best part of our lives. "Buy a house and you'll stay" is, possibly, the slogan that kept the Pilgrim Fathers permanently on Plymouth Rock. And if Gene Stevens wants to put the slogan in his window, I'll make a royalty agreement with him.

It's great to be back. Our long leaf pines—yes, they have them in South Carolina, too—stimulate the human lung and freshen the human heart. I haven't asked Dr. Mudgett's opinion on this, but I am convinced. The Sandhills may be only a few inches above sea level, but after leaving the exotic miasmas of the Low Country you have a feeling of being in the mountains, not too high. When I first came here, several years ago, a stranger asked me, "What's the altitude?" and I

lightly answered, "Oh, about 2,500 feet." Let it go at that. It's only mythomania.

Strolling down Broad Street, I have the Cave Man's feeling of living happily in Statu Quo. Let Russian delegates walk in and out of UNO, let the New York Daily News declare war every Thursday morning, let Franco deny everything that he has done and do everything he has denied, yet here I go down Broad Street, glad to see so many friendly and well-remembered faces. Feeling that my hair is growing to a wind-swept wave over my shoulders, I visit the Temple Barber Shop, and almost believe that I am in an annex to the Country Club. There's George Jenks, sitting like a supreme court justice (Republican) while the shears go round and round; there's Henry Page, trying to finish the Charlotte Observer while somebody's fox terrier goes to sleep in his feet; and in marches Commander George Atterberry, far more pleasant and agreeable than he must have looked to the Japs. Getting a haircut is such a rare event in my life that I always remember it, as one remembers his high school graduation or his first trip to the dentist. Around the Temple shop I expand and usually out-talk the barber. I call everybody by his first name; if I've forgotten the name, I just say "Charlie", which goes pretty well in most cases. So, fleeced by my tresses, I go forth from drugstore to drugstore, happy to see that Mr. Overton is still wearing his auburn smile and that the young are still drinking the coke of olden times.

The dear old Seaboard still blasts conversation with its hell-made dieseltry; Mr. Page's prize Packard taxi, which he says was made in 1938, moves with a youthful suavity that shames my Buick; cars, cars, cars, tourists, tourists, tourists—we have acquired gasoline since I was last here and high combustion is a peril at every corner. The other day a lady rammied my Buick on the starboard side and simultaneously yelled, "Why don't you look where you're going?" Quick thinking, I call it.

Despite the superficials, above-mentioned, Southern Pines is progressive. Maybe it's the effect of sandy hills and piney air. Moving about among our cheerful little parties, whether it's tea or cocktails or just talk, there's every shade of opinion, politely expressed—usually. Smugly let's say that we're a jump ahead of beautiful Charleston which has the loveliest architecture and the dullest newspaper in America. A one-party system of thinking produces mildew. Some of the First Families down yonder are complaining because Yeomans Hall, populated by rich Yankees, is so exclusive that they won't admit visitors without an identification card!

In Southern Pines there's enterprise, patriotism, public spirit, a tendency to move with the world. The Moore County Historical Society's plans to restore our past, so that we won't forget the story of the men and women who cleared the wilderness, is a move forward, because a memory of our past vitalizes our present.

The bequests to Moore County Hospital, the vigorous drive in Southern Pines to contribute our share to national cancer research—these items, as I read them in the Pilot upon my return, convince me again that Southern Pines is going ahead. We're cosmopolitan and we have unity. Shouldn't the United Nations send down a few delegates to study us?

Whoa, Irwin. You're writing like a booster. Maybe it's your California blood. Or maybe it's because you're in the real estate business. There's plenty the matter with us, I guess. Only I'm glad to be back!

On the Land

KEEPIN' 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM. Tar Heel vets are staying down on the farm in droves, says the Veterans Administration P. R. O. office here in state this week, even though these same ex-G. I.'s have seen Paree— or Berlin—or Tokyo. What with the govt's lending a helping hand with farm-training, and scientific methods, the vet office is figuring that now, as the farm-minded returnees go about the business of spring plantin', the future looks plenty bright. Just now . . . more than 2,600 of them are enrolled in schools with vo-

FEED 'EM BETTER when they're dry, it'll pay off in more milk later on. That's the advice Dr. William Moore, veterinary head with the Agr. Dept., is passing along to dairy farmers in state. 100 milking cows that were checked for a period of about 10 years, Dr. Moore says, were found to give 25 pounds more milk per cow, per milking, for each pound the cow had gained while dry.

BUT WHAT ABOUT FARMERS who bought the stuff? . . . The Pecos Valley Alfalfa Meal Co. of Chandler, Ariz., recently was fined \$50. for misbranding of a 250-bag lot of alfalfa meal sold to the Griffin Implement and Milling Co. of Monroe, according to Asst. Agr. Commissioner D. S. Coltrane. Marked as containing 17 percent protein, the feed was shown by analysis to contain only 13.88 percent. Also, the Monroe firm was paid \$117, as penalty for the misbranding.

CEILING LIQUADATED on Irish potatoes, agr. heads have been informed this week, with price controls to be wiped out on N. C. spuds to be marketed between April 11 and June 26. More than 50 percent of the State's early commercial potatoes, it's estimated will be sold free of ceiling for the first time since 1943.

WHAT N. C. DID IN THE AGRICULTURAL WAY during the past year, complete with facts and figures, is the picture farmers will glean from the 52 page booklet entitled "Agricultural Statistics", now ready for distribution. Included within the covers are a detailed review of weather-crop conditions during '45, and studies of crop production in each county. Neighbor, get yours now!

GOOBERS GROW in Northampton, we reckon they must—with that county's leading list with a 51,000,000 lb. record crop. Return for peanuts in '45 ran about 9c per pound. "A wonderful crop,

producing fine food, oil, and feed for hogs and other livestock," says farm statistician Frank Parker. And again, we reckon they do.

This and That

SOME CHICKENS!

Did anyone besides us take note of the behavior of the live roosters in the chicken coop at the Pinehurst Show Sunday? Parched with thirst, thundered at, back and forth, by every horse that jumped over the poor things, their spirit was undaunted. When the Ladies' Hunter class entered the ring every last one of them began to crow, and the two biggest sheiks upped their hackles and flew to it in a knock down and out fight of their own that lasted till the class was over.

HIGH OVER!

How does the old ballad go . . . ? Roosters crow way down in the hollow, Hi . . . O . . . Diddle-dum-do! So many pretty girls I can't follow, Hi . . . O . . . Diddle-dum-do!

DENIAL OF SELF DENIAL

I'm glad to fight for the starving By eating less myself, With less food on my table And less on my pantry shelf. But, frankly, I'm reducing, So a secret I'll divulge: The fight I'm really fighting Is the Battle of the Bulge. A. S. N.

WOMANS SOCIETY OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH Members of the Woman's Society of the Church of Wide Fellowship will meet Thursday afternoon, Apr. 25, at three o'clock in the church parlor. Hostesses for the afternoon will be Group Three.



TO ALL

OUR MANY FRIENDS

Easter Greetings

WITH EVERY APPRECIATION OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP THRO THE YEARS. MAY THE HAPPINESS OF THE SEASON BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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