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BROAD STREET TRAFFIC

What can we do about Broad street?

These crowded months, which are, we are happy to note, stretching farther and farther beyond the so-called season, the traffic congestion along our main street is becoming truly serious.

With cars parked on both sides of the street, it becomes frequently impossible to find a place to park, and it requires the skill of a trick driver to get down the street safely. The two lines of traffic barely graze the parked cars, while, if one starts to back out, the line is held up several minutes and many a nice new fender has been dented in involuntary scrapings.

Two ideas present themselves and we submit that though each one appears pretty drastic, the time is rapidly approaching when drastic measures will have to be applied. One thought is to make East and West Broad streets one-way streets. The other is to forbid parking along the curb.

Both these ideas make for great inconvenience on the part of everybody; neither will appeal to our people. But the Pilot cannot think of alternatives which are any more agreeable that will do the trick.

We invite the participation of our readers in a discussion of this pesky problem, in which everybody is closely concerned. Here is a real "town meeting" question that ought to be decided by all of us together.

CARTHAGE GATHERING

The Moore County Historical association is planning to hold its next meeting in the court house at Carthage and to take a tour of the historic sites in that section of the county.

This is good news. Up until this date, and that means for the first year of its existence, the society has met in the Southern Pines library. Chosen because of its convenience for many of the founders of the association, the library seemed, because of its attractiveness and its atmosphere of books and study, an appropriate meeting place in which the society might get under way with the proper feeling of history and tradition behind it. But it is time, now, to hold a meeting in our county seat, in a town where there are many historic sites and which is North Carolina from top to toe.

In a report recently submitted to members of the association, the president describes the accomplishments of the group to date. They are impressive. From a material standpoint, the great achievement is the purchase and reconstruction of the Squire Shaw house at the southern end of town. This first project of the association stands, now, as proof positive of its success and value to our section. And now, realizing that this project can stand on its own feet, the society is looking ahead toward the other projects which they have in mind.

These have not yet been listed, but, says the president's report, "our projects are ambitious." The phase is full of promise and it would seem that the first step, in holding the next meeting in the Carthage court house, is a happy one. It is planned that the group will meet there to hear a talk by Salem College's Dr. Rondthaler, after which the prizes will be awarded to the winners of the society's contest in historical writing in which 13 Moore County students have taken part. Following the ceremony, the gathering will take to the road and visit the House in the Horseshoe, Governor Williams' tomb and other historic spots of that section, finishing the tour with refreshments at the home of one of the members, Julian Bishop, on his quail farm.

All of this seems to us quite exciting. If ever there was a time when we needed to be reminded of the faith and fortitude of our ancestors it is now. We can, perhaps, without stretching things too far, compare our present state of mind to theirs. Like us they had come through a bitter fight and hard struggle to survive. Whether the fight represented the actual armed clashes of those times or the arduous efforts of

the pioneer, there must have been, while it lasted a feeling of unity, of excitement and stimulation that gave a spirit of confidence to those living then. But after it was over came the long pull. Then the hardships loomed large, the weariness grew sometimes bitter, the way ahead seemed endless. Many people quit and went back to England; that part of the story is seldom heard. Those that stayed are the ones we think about: they are our ancestors.

So today, confused, weary, bitterly tired of facing things, we face what may lie ahead.

The people who take the Moore County Historical association's tour on April 20, who will stand by vine-covered tombstones and the tumbled rosy bricks of old homesteads, may well come away refreshed and strengthened to have felt, for a moment, the steady hand of the past reaching out to touch them on the shoulder.

DEEPLY DISTURBING

Let's admit, first, that we do a lot of things that the other nations don't understand and don't like. The criticism that follows is not made in a "better than thou" spirit. We are ready to admit that we may well be a lot worse than many of the "thous".

The trouble of mind we're in this time is what to do and think about our friends. We are getting sadly used to being gloomy and desperately uncomfortable about Russia. But what are we going to do about Britain?

The hanging of the four Jewish extremists strikes us as hideously wrong, hideously unwise. Surely such severity will have the opposite effect from that desired.

Saville Davis, the Christian Science Monitor's chief of their London News Bureau, writes as follows of the event:

"The tragedy of Palestine was deepened immeasurably today when four Jewish extremists, including Dov Bela Groner, were executed suddenly and secretly by British authorities.

The action precipitates a state of virtual warfare between two peace-loving peoples and raises questions of rights and wrongs tactics and policies, which are extremely complex.

The four executed men never had been either charged or convicted of killing anyone. Only one of them—Groner—had been proved to have taken part in a raid in which one Arab policeman was killed.

No one, of course, questions the British casualties which have resulted from the many terrorist incidents in Palestine. But it is notable that the four men who were selected for these executions of such great symbolic importance required the severest sort of military justice to qualify them for the capital penalty."

Granted that the question of Palestine appears almost insoluble, we cannot believe that anything but continued trouble, hate and pain will come of such methods.

Bringing further dismay to friends of Britain is the account of the Herald Tribune's Homer Bigart, long a trusted member of the paper's staff, of recent British-Arab dealings. The report tells of important concessions offered to Britain by four Arab states in return for a decision favorable to the Arabs in the Palestine dispute.

The states invited Britain to train their armies and offered to help erect defense positions as a bloc against Russia if Britain would help their cause. The sinister touch is in the statement of the delegate of the Arab committee that the suggestion of military co-operation came from the British War Office and was carried to Cairo by the cousin of the exiled Mufti, the most notorious scoundrel of the Arab world, a former staunch supporter of Hitler.

Bigart does not vouch for the truth of this report, but quotes it as coming from a usually reliable source. A reporter with a strong sense of responsibility, it is certain that he would not release this story if he did not himself believe it to be true. It gives a picture of secret intrigue that is frightening in the extreme.

The United States is new at this sort of thing and we would certainly be no match for the old hands, even if we wanted to be. Perhaps somehow we can manage to steer a way through the intrigues of the old world into the light of a new and better one. For there is no doubt that this is not the sort of thing our people like.

We have been deeply troubled by some aspects of the Greek-Turkey situation and most Americans are even more distressed over Palestine. These latest developments will further shake our confidence in those with whom we are trying to work.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE

The week of April 20 has been designated Public Health Nurse Week.

This business of "weeks" is absurd and exasperating; and rather insulting too. It insults our

intelligence, as well as the causes thus crammed down our throats, to have to be told when to feel good or bad about something or other. In some cases the motive behind the "week" is as dubious as some of the causes: commercialism, pure and simple. But in just a few cases, it is a fact that, so worthy of notice are they, and yet so unpublicized and unglamorous, it is perhaps just as well that they should be brought to our attention even in this stupid way.

That may be the case with this present "week". Nurses are, in general, the unsung heroines of the medical world. Their work is grueling and they go about it so quietly, so efficiently that, to our shame, they are very seldom thought of, much less rendered due respect and credit.

This is, perhaps, especially true of the public health nurse. In fact, it is a fair guess that if you asked a roomful of average people what a public health nurse was, few of them could give you a correct answer.

The public health field lies in that of preventive medicine, almost entirely, and, beyond that, is concerned with those who cannot afford private care. The health department under whom these nurses work, conduct public clinics, as well as carry out many other forms of public health work. Beginning with pre-natal clinics they follow the whole cycle of life: baby clinics, preschool clinics, school clinics and on into the adults with TB, VD, and so forth. The nurses help with the clinics, and visit patients, frequently at remote inaccessible farms or hamlets, and try always, while they give needed medical instruction in line with that prescribed by the doctors, to advise and teach better ways of living. Education plays a leading part in the public health nurse's job. And, incidentally, bedside nursing plays no part in it beyond demonstration and advice.

A public health nurse's work is not as confining as a hospital nurse's task; it is not as hard, in concentrated, exhausting work. But the endless struggle which it represents must be infinitely wearying. The repeated efforts to persuade unwilling people to do this or that: to eat better food, keep themselves clean, come to the clinics, take better care of their children or themselves, must get very discouraging, while the lack of the slightest gratitude on the part of the majority, and the almost complete lack of recognition by the public at large must be disheartening, to say the least.

Perhaps it is just as well to have Public Health Nurse week, to force us to stop and think about these admirable, self-sacrificing women, going about their business so quietly, helping to build up and keep up the health of our people.

STATE SYMPHONY

Last week I had the good fortune to hear the concert by the State Symphony orchestra under its gifted director, Dr. Swalin at the Maxton air base.

I understand that some, perhaps many, of the players are amateurs. If so, they completely despoiled their amateur standing on that evening by playing with the assured competence of seasoned professionals. The result was a highly skilled, well knit performance completely satisfying from both interpretative and technical points of view. Moreover the players tackled their immensely difficult assignment with a youthful enthusiasm and devotion which was both inspiring and refreshing.

The total effect on at least one absorbed listener was comparable only to the creative thrill to be experienced by playing or singing a part oneself with a group of musically sympathetic friends. Whether the state symphony players were conscious of this creative thrill, as they played Tchaikovsky's stirring fourth symphony or Debussy's lovely Afternoon of a Faun, I do not know but there was every indication that they were.

Notable features of the program were beautifully played solos for flute and harp. An original modernistic composition by Dr. Swalin put the musical comprehension of the audience to a severe test which the writer failed to pass.

The avowed purpose of the orchestra being not only to provide evenings of the most rewarding kind of recreation but to help make the enjoyment of fine music indispensable in every home in the state, it should be considered one of our most valuable cultural and educational assets, and one in which we can take great pride. As such it is entitled to the moral and liberal financial support of the state government. Equally important to its success is the assistance all can render by becoming members of the symphony society and paying its modest dues.

My one feeling of regret at the close of the evening was that we

PEACE PRIORITIES

I planned an ultra-modern home when priorities were lifted
BUT A BELGIAN WOMAN whispered: "I have no home at all!"

I dreamed of a country place of luxurious weekends
BUT A JEWISH LAD kept saying "I have no country!"

I decided on a new cupboard right now . . .
BUT A CHILD IN CHINA cried out, "I have no cup!"

I started to purchase a new kind of washing machine
BUT A POLISH WOMAN said softly, "I have nothing to wash."

I wanted a quick-freeze unit for storing quantities of food
BUT ACROSS THE WATERS came the cry: "I have no food!"

I ordered a new car for the pleasure of my loved ones . . .
BUT A WAR ORPHAN murmured, "I have no loved ones!"

Mayme Garner Miller

A Threat to Historic Trees

To the New York Herald Tribune:

Within a few weeks, or perhaps we should say days, the most menacing and destructive raid on our national parks system in many years will come out in Congress, well organized to win a quick victory over all opposition, since it is backed by the approval and support of the highest officials who ought jealously to protect the parks.

It is proposed to trim at least ninety-two square miles out of the western lowland part of the Olympic National Park in Washington. It is in this lowland region and nowhere else that the famous big timber of the Olympic Peninsula grows; Douglas firs seven or eight feet in diameter and sometimes over 300 feet tall (the last large examples of that wonderful tree which used to be America's greatest timber resource), and also immense trees of other kinds such as Sitka spruces, Lowland white firs, Western cedars and other species of which large examples are fast disappearing. The park has now far too little of this lowland big timber, and this proposed boundary reduction will turn over to the local lumber interests a large percentage of it, perhaps the greater part of it.

The environment on the Olympic Peninsula includes a wealth of vegetation. The trees, encouraged by heavy rains, reach a maximum exceeded in but few localities throughout the world. When these forest giants are cut down the climax vegetation of centuries will disappear. It will be impossible to restore primitive conditions in a region that has been cut over for timber.

To preserve some of these wonderful stands of big trees was the chief purpose of the park, but the protests and obstruction of the local lumber companies prevented much big timber from being included. The Olympic Mountains themselves, with their snow and ice fields, rocky peaks and small, worthless trees of fence-post or Christmas tree sizes, are in no danger either in or out of the park.

The Olympic National Park was finally established in 1938 by the earnest and persevering efforts of Secretary of the Interior Ickes, Governor Monrad C. Wallgren, who was then in Congress, and President Roosevelt himself. All through the perilous period of the late war its timber was protected from the hysterical demands of the local lumber men, who pretended it was needed to win the war, by the ceaseless and self-sacrificing work of the director of the National Park Service, Mr. Newton B. Drury, with the support and backing of Secretary Ickes and of President Roosevelt.

During the war a large tract of splendid timber just west of the park that was to have been included in it was logged and destroyed forever, but, thanks to the courage and determination of the men just mentioned, not an acre of the park itself was invaded. But now Roosevelt is gone and Ickes is out of office and conservation no longer gets the same consideration in Washington. The local lumber and wood-pulp industries of Gray's Harbor and Port Angeles see their long-awaited opportunity and will not delay in making the most of it.

The Olympic National Park is the property of the whole American people and was established to be permanently preserved and protected for their benefit. Yet now we have the highest administrative officials of this great nation of nearly 140,000,000 people telling us that the business interests of two or three counties in Washington State are so powerful that the nation's only hope is to appease them by surrendering to them the most important area in this great park or else

had in the Sandhills no auditorium large enough for a concert by this admirable organization.
—Alfred B. Yeomans

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