

THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep it as good a paper as Nelson Hyde has made it. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Message From A Soldier

Comments by Major General Ira T. Wyche, of Pinehurst, published in last week's Pilot, have apparently struck close to home with many of our readers.

In giving his thoughts on the present war situation this eminent retired military man, toughened by war experiences, trained to look facts in the face and sort out unsparringly the assets from the liabilities, the essentials from the non-essentials, comes down to the one thing vitally necessary for victory: Faith.

Faith in God, faith in each other, faith in ourselves and in the goodness of our cause—battles cannot be won without these things.

General Wyche points out to us the rigorous course of self-sacrifice which lies ahead—a course which we must tread in unity. It is as a soldier that he tells us faith alone can bring us through.

A Matter of Special Pride

When visitors come to the Sandhills area, we are never at a loss for interesting sights to show them. We take them on the "grand tour" which includes golf courses, riding stables, beautiful resort home and country clubs, longleaf pine forests and peach orchards—sights not seen everywhere.

Yet the chances are we are passing up a sight that is especially unique, one of national as well as local and sectional pride. Perhaps it is because many of us do not even know about it, or if we do, do not realize that it is open to the public.

A story in the current Esso Road News, which points out unusual sights to induce more—and more interesting—motor travel, tells us about the combat museum of the 82nd Airborne division, which is right at our back door. Weapons, uniforms, pictorial histories of the famed division in two world wars are displayed here; also stirring mementoes of the division's participation in battles from Belleau Wood to the Bulge.

The magazine calls attention also to the "live" drama being continuously enacted at the division's training grounds, as rookies are changed into experienced paratroopers as much at home in the air as on the land. This, too, may be seen by visitors.

The 82nd Airborne, past, present and future, is a matter of pride to all of us. Many of its members are our fellow townsmen and friends. Yet comparatively few of us have visited Fort Bragg and Pope field to see the things of which the 82nd is so justifiably proud.

A Time For Precaution

With only three cases of polio reported so far in 1950 (and one of these actually developed in 1949, but was not reported at once), Moore county can give itself cautious congratulations—and keep right on being careful.

According to the county health department, this is actually less than normal incidence and there is no cause for alarm on the part of anyone. This is correct also for the state as a whole—98 cases so far in 1950, 44 in July.

Yet in a state and county so hard hit by the 1948 epidemic, there is no need for us to say that each case must be taken seriously, and all possible precautions seriously observed. The health authorities are, we are assured, keeping a rigorous eye out, and the rest of us will cooperate in any way we are told.

We have the greatest of sympathy with the families of those whose children have been stricken, are concerned along with those whose children have been exposed to the disease, and sorrow along with our neighbor state Virginia in an apparently localized epidemic now taking place in Wayne county there. Every year polio strikes somewhere, with viciousness and virulence. Moore county knows. Moore county will be careful.

Doctors Should Make Return

A grave error seems to have been made in not placing physicians trained at government expense, for wartime service, in a special reserve, so that their training could be called on instantly to fulfill its original purpose when the need should

arise.

Knowing human nature and the involvements civilian life can place on a man, some arrangement should have been made for collecting the benefits of this training. Now our armed services are placed in the silly position of having to say to the doctors, "Please come back, do!" while our soldiers are fighting, bleeding and dying in Korea—and there's no telling how many other battlefields are being set up for them.

We learn that 12,500 young men trained as doctors under the ASTP program of World War 2 received appointments as reserve officers in the Army Medical Corps, while others were trained by the Navy. Some 4,500 more received all or part of their medical training at government expense without ever having to enter service, as the war ended before they finished.

We are glad of every bit of medical training given to these young men, most of whom could not have had it otherwise. This is one group the peacetime economy has been able to absorb without waste, with benefit to the whole nation.

But we think each should examine his conscience to see just how far he has repaid to the service what was done for him as a wartime measure, and how far it would affect the medical set-up in his own community if he should respond to the urgent call which is now being issued. If he should find that it is his own career which would be most affected, he should consider whether or not the time has not now come to make return for what was freely given him, for the sake of the men and boys now suffering and dying for us all.

Just Pay Him No Mind

We have never found the military man an overly communicative animal, especially in time of war when he knows his life and the lives of his buddies may depend on a buttoned lip.

However, even among the military may be found, it seems, the windbags and blowhards which are one of the great pains of civilian life at such times. The know-it-all doesn't necessarily change when he puts on a uniform, and his leaders would just as soon you paid no attention to his noise or knowing looks.

At least, that's what we gather from an Army release which showed up on our desk this week, giving us a good laugh, also a good warning, which we'll pass on to you:

Whenever military events take a new or sudden turn some civilians begin to view the soldier as a veritable fountain of reliable information. Overnight the man in uniform becomes a walking encyclopedia.

It isn't so bad that people want to look on men of the Army as such learned creatures. The trouble is that occasionally a soldier will accept the proffered cloak of wisdom and begin to enlighten his less informed fellowman. The result? Total confusion.

These self-styled experts on military affairs may be divided into three groups, the volunteer Information Center, the "don't quote me, but—" type, and the silent "no comment" character who smiles and nods knowingly in reply to every question.

The first of these, the Information Center, may be found wherever there is an audience. Usually, the most naive can measure the temperature of his hot air in a matter of seconds.

The guy who lets gems of information slip through his lips in hushed tones is far more deadly simply because of his manner. But the trained observer can spot him by the way he glances furtively over his shoulder to see if anyone else is listening and then begins with "now, don't quote me, but—!"

The third type is the most dangerous. Ironically, he is forced into his role of sage and counselor. In order to impress his questioner, and at the same time not reveal his own ignorance, he brushes every inquiry aside with a brisk "no comment." But occasionally someone asks, "About the plan to move the Hawaiian Islands to the South Pole—but I suppose you're not allowed to discuss it, are you?" and modestly the "no comment" character brightens and answers, "Yep, that's right."

Whenever a soldier is asked about military affairs and he repeats what he has read in the newspaper, then he can be considered a well informed man. If he says any more he's a fool. Trying to obtain inside information from a soldier is a waste of time. The man in the Army knows exactly what the civilian knows. If he knows any more—he won't let on.

Republicans abound in young civilians, who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living, and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you get sufficient voices to make it a law.

But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, that perishes in the twisting.—Emerson, "On Politics."

Grains of Sand

Eight-thirty o'clock in the morning is no fit hour to be sitting down to breakfast. You may have the word of Rep. Robert L. Doughton, of the Ninth district, for that. At the age of 86 he arrives at his office at Washington, D. C., at 6 a. m.

When John McConnell, administrative assistant of Sen. Frank P. Graham, called to invite him to the breakfast being given this week by Senator Graham for Governor Scott, the Sparta veteran grumbled. "I can't come to any breakfast at such an hour. I get up at 4 in the morning and I'm not going to wait around till any 8:30 for my breakfast."

"Call it lunch," suggested John. "Farmer Bob" agreed, in view of the fact the Governor was to be guest of honor, so, while the rest of the delegation breakfasted with Scott, Doughton lunched with him.

We know a very nice young lady, a good driver, who likes to take rides about town and around the countryside in the early evening after her work, and would like to take someone along with her. She suggested that maybe some elderly person, or someone who can't get out often, would make a nice companion. She hasn't lived here long, doesn't know anyone to ask and in fact would like someone who knows the country better than she does and can think up interesting sights to see.

Now isn't that a splendid idea? We were regretting not long ago that the pleasant custom of inviting friends to "go for a ride" had just about gone out of style, and now comes along this happy contradiction. She would like anyone who would enjoy sharing her rides to drop a card to Grains of Sand, The Pilot, giving name and address, also telephone number if they have one.

Col. C. H. Burkhead can report at first hand that the civilian life in Japan is calm, and that the American personnel there aren't worrying.

He makes connection with Tokyo every now and then by means of his "ham" radio, and through another "ham" there, Major Lance (who used to be at Ft. Bragg) can speak with his daughter, Jean. She is Mrs. J. W. B. Stirode, wife of an Army colonel in charge of the big American hospital at Tokyo, and has been overseas with her husband and three youngsters for about a year.

Conversing last week, Colonel Burkhead did his best to lure Jean home. "We have a good home here for you, daughter," he said enticingly. "We have a good home here, too," laughed Jean. "And good schools," said the Colonel hopefully. "There are mighty good schools here," said Jean. "Thanks, daddy, but we're all okay and expect to remain so."

She intimated that the only reason she would pick up her children and come home would be the supply situation, if many new troops come overseas and the supply lines become so heavily taxed that unnecessary civilians are a nuisance. Everything must be shipped to them at Tokyo, you know, and that could understandably become a difficulty.

And we suspect Colonel Burkhead isn't worried either—just wants to see his daughter and those grandchildren again.

Letter to Mayor Page: Dear Mayor, How about fetching over that polio spray machine again? As we remember from last year it did a magnificent job with the gnats and flies. The gnats are just about to get us. If we stop on the street to talk to friends, watch a baseball game at the town field or just sit on our front porch minding our own business, here come the gnats. We're about worn out fighting them. Please, dear Mayor?

The other day we asked our friend Arch F. Coleman, public relations counselor for the N. C. State Optometric Society, Inc., what the dickens was the difference between Op-this and Op-that. All the different eye men. We knew Arch would know this, or should if he didn't, and we spoke from the depths of an abysmal ignorance we believe is shared by a good many other people.

Arch came through with a fine written thesis on the Ops, including Optimist, and we gladly share our new knowledge with you this week:

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD? By Arch F. Coleman
A fellow came into the office of a friend of mine the other day and said, "Are you the Optimist?" Just like the old days on Broadway when Eddie Cantor opened his famous act by bouncing on stage asking, "Are you the Ostermoor?" I always felt that if Cantor didn't know the difference between an Ostermoor and an osteopath, he was in for trouble, and before his act was finished he always demonstrated just that.

Now it so happens that my friend really is an optimist, but he is also an Optometrist, first and foremost. It's pronounced optom-e-trist, you know. Sometimes his patients are confused about various titles, and I can't say that I blame them.

There is a professional practitioner who calls himself an Ophthalmologist, and he happens to be a physician who by additional years of technical training has made himself a specialist in the diseases of the eye. If your eye is diseased or sick, you might want to see an Ophthalmologist. He also examines eyes for visual correction.

Then there is the physician who by some additional training has become an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. He will treat diseases of the eye as well as those of the ear, nose and throat, and he, too, will examine eyes for visual correction. He is often called an Oculist.

And then there is the Optician, who is not a medical man at all. His specialty is the grinding of lenses and the fabrication of spectacles in accord with prescriptions that he may receive from other specialists. He stands in relation to the eye specialists just as the pharmacist stands in relation to the physician.

Then, of course, there is my friend the Optometrist. His status is unique, for he is a licensed specialist who concerns himself with visual correction only—either by the prescription of lenses or by a technic known as visual training. He has a doctor's degree, for he must have one before he is allowed to take the State Board examination, but he does not attempt to cure or treat disease. He is trained to recognize eye diseases or pathological conditions, but if you should discover that your eyes were sick, he would send you to an Ophthalmologist or an Oculist for treatment. His real concern is the correction of your vision, bearing in mind the effects that correction will have on your nervous system and your habits.

Get it? Ophthalmologist, Oculist, Optician, and Optometrist. And the chances are that every one of them can be an Optimist.

Wonder if that was Col. Bill Fisher who was being so roundly bussed by Barbara Stanwyck and other assorted movie stars, in a movie short at the Carolina the first part of this week? The news shot of stars at a movie premiere ("The Furies") was made at Davis-Monthan AFB, Tucson, Ariz., of which Colonel Fisher, who was raised in Southern Pines, is commanding officer. Beautiful Barbara was shown christening a bomber, in the presence of assorted high brass which she then promptly hugged and kissed. The officers' backs were turned to the camera during most of the shot so we couldn't see, but Barbara

The Public Speaking

To The Pilot:

Have you a boy or girl in the draft age? Have you a loved one serving in our Army or Navy? Do you love America? If you do, then now is the time to raise your voice in an urge to our members of Congress and the President of our nation, urging that we go all out for war. Write to your Congressman and Senator today. Urge that we go all out for war and that the President be given the power to again place this nation on the rationing system.

Of all people on this earth, I, for one, detest this method of life, yet I cannot stand by and hear the horrible news that comes to us by newspaper and radio and learn that our boys in Korea have instructions to stand by and die rather than retreat. Those are horrible orders as we who have served in the armies of our government well know. We here in America do not seem to realize the fact that American soldiers, marines and sailors are out there in Korea dying and we here at home stand complacently around, getting everything that we are able to buy, enjoying all of the many blessings that we Americans have and very few of us even thinking of offering a prayer for those boys that are now giving their life's blood that we here in America may continue to enjoy those privileges.

Will you meet once a week in your own community and pray for those men fighting for our way of life? I urge that you think and do something today. It may be your boy, your daughter, your loved one tomorrow. Without God's help we can and will lose this, what our President calls a skirmish.

J. L. McGRAW.
Carthage, N. C.

could, and since Bill is about the best-looking CO we know, if he was there he probably got the biggest kiss.

The use of 2,4-D for controlling

weeds is growing in popularity among Union county farmers.

Weaned lambs grazing Ladino pasture gained an average of one-fourth pound per animal per day.

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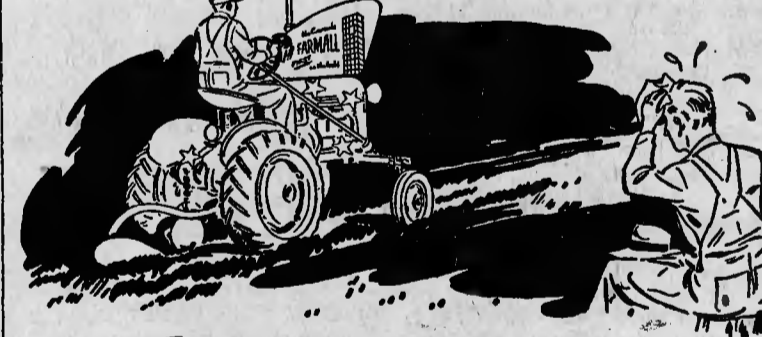
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