

THE PILOT

Southern Pines

North Carolina

"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Wherever 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.

Town Planning: Here's Hoping!

Planning is planning; it isn't waiting around until something has been done and then wishing there had been a plan to guide the footsteps of inexperience or the poor taste of ignorance.

Planning is looking ahead, but it is also looking back. It is foreseeing coming needs and coming events in the town's development, it is looking back to studying the town's history, its path through the years, in order to avoid early mistakes, and perhaps even more important, to guard those precious features that have made the town a happy place to live.

Southern Pines now has two committees, both having to do with zoning, though one of them is called "the planning board." They have another feature in common: both meet very seldom. Now, hopefully, there seems to be the possibility that a true town planning committee will be established.

This has long been a wish of a good many people. They feel that past mistakes might have been avoided had there been a group of interested citizens meeting regularly in open session to study and work up the planned development of the town. Such a committee would arouse much interest and support, its influence could be great. After all, this town was founded by a town planner, John T. Patrick, and it is worthwhile to think back to the good plan he drew up, a plan which if it had been adhered to in all its details, might even have made

our town a more convenient living-place than it is now.

Patrick, prospecting for the railroad, decided a town should be built here, but he didn't let it grow like Topsy, every whichaway—as has been the unfortunate practice too often since then. He sat down and planned how it should be. There was little here when he started—and there was no population explosion right under his nose either—nevertheless, he thought big. He laid out a gridiron plan of avenues, streets, little alleyways, stretching out into the piney woods and hog lots; he planted trees along the parkways. Only mistake he did make—pardonable perhaps in a railroad man—he overestimated the charm of the tracks and let the town grow up on both sides of them. But most everything else he planned was first-rate and, for those times, unusually far-sighted. The spirit with which he attacked the problem was generous and wise.

The center squares and the little alleys are gone now, more's the pity, but about everything else that Patrick planned has endured basic to the structure and life of Southern Pines.

With this good example a part of our tradition and with the spate of developments, golf courses and so on, almost overwhelming us, it seems high time to get to serious work on the way we want our town to grow. Here's hoping the new planning committee becomes a reality, and soon.

Major McLendon On The Right Track

Given the nature of politics, it is too much to expect that the Senate Rules Committee will renew and expand the Bobby Baker investigation in this election year. However, there will be widespread public agreement with recommendations in the report made public this week from L. P. McLendon, the Tar Heel attorney who is special counsel for the committee.

Under these recommendations, senators (and their employees) would have to disclose their financial interests, would also be prohibited from associations with contractors doing business with the government, and would be subject to appearing and testifying before Senate committees.

Major McLendon's report, obviously motivated by moral convictions, makes good reading—even in the news story summaries appearing this week. The attorney's strong statements contrast notably with the back-tracking and hesitancy of the Rules Committee Chairman, Sen. B. Everett Jordan—the figure exhibiting typical consternation in today's cartoon.

Despite all the hullabaloo about

Bobby Baker's former associations with the now President Johnson, and Republican pressure for continuing the investigation, reform in the wheeling and dealing of senators and their aides is a non-partisan issue. We suspect that extraneous financial interests and complications—the sort of thing that would be prevented or sharply limited by adoption of Major McLendon's recommendations—are not by any means limited to the Democratic side of the aisle.

A shocking, fundamental aspect of the Bobby Baker case is that Baker could draw a \$19,000 annual salary, paid by the taxpayers not by the senators, and apparently operate without supervision, accountability or control. Most of his time, it appears, was given to his "outside" interests which he was even able to administer from his office in the Capitol building.

If not a crime, this was an affront to the Senate and to the nation. It may take the Senators some time to get around to regulating their own financial dealings, but they should move promptly to make certain the Senate's officers and employees are earning their pay and staying out of trouble.

World Trade Not A Remote Matter

This is World Trade Week, proclaimed by President Johnson to alert the nation to the tremendous value and potential value of world trade and especially U.S. export trade.

The proclamation points out that "the expansion of United States export trade is vital to the improvement of our balance of international payments, to the continuing growth of American industry, and to the fuller employment of American workers . . ."

Speaking of the mission to expand exports, the President recently said: "There are few tasks that are more important, or closer to my own concern for the future of this country."

Is this remote from North Carolina and

Moore County? Indeed it is not. International trade contributed one billion dollars to the economy of North Carolina in 1963—\$6 million from exports and \$4 million from imports. Jobs for some 50,000 persons were provided by this trade.

The increasingly successful work of the Greensboro Regional Export Expansion Council—which covers this state—was the subject of an article on the front page of the Business and Financial section of the New York Times last Sunday, telling how the officers of the Council and the many volunteer business men who work with it are advising growers, processors and manufacturers on exports, holding conferences for business and industry leaders and otherwise promoting the export of products made or produced in North Carolina.

It comes closer to home than this. A local resident, Walter J. Kelly, who has many years of experience in the export and import fields, is working voluntarily with the council and with the North Carolina World Trade Association, a group of more than 80 top businessmen of the state who are helping further the financial interests of N. C. business through increased international trade—not only because it is patriotic, but because it is profitable and good for the state.

Even closer: Mr. Kelly is calling on manufacturing firms in this immediate area, receiving, he says, a response that is encouraging and that may eventually be reflected in the economic growth of this area: more dollars in the tills of every business, right here at home.

Yes, we welcome World Trade Week and are pleased to bring to the attention of readers its vital significance to the nation, the state and Moore County.

"Take This . . . This Unspeakable Infant And Be Gone!"



Grains of Sand

Mom's the Word

This isn't a delayed reaction from Mother's Day; it's about women campaigners.

It used to be that gangs of men went gallivanting about the country whooping it up for their candidates, having the biggest sort of a big time. It was a fine free-and-easy man's world. It is so no longer.

Women have taken over. Mom campaigns as hard as or harder than Dad. In fact, quite often the candidate has the galling experience of being aware that his wife goes over better than he does. The crowds tolerate his words of moderation and good sense but go into fits when she takes over. The children get into the act, too. Mostly they stalk on the fringes, gazing with distaste as their parents kiss babies and hug other children, but there they are, on view.

It's a picture of togetherness that appeals to the American preference for heart-throbs over brain-waves. Look out, gents! We'll have a lady prexy yet.

Outer Banks Alarm

At the recent Democratic convention in Carthage, Cliff Blue told one of his tales, as follows:

A man and his wife, who lived out on one of the outer banks islands, were startled by a telephone call late one evening. The husband answered it.

"Hello?" he said. A voice answered and he listened, then: "I don't know," he said into the receiver. "Why don't you call the Coast Guard?" and then he hung up.

"What on earth was that?" his wife asked. "What did they want?"

"Search me," said her husband. "Somebody sort of whispered: 'Is the coast clear?' and so I said I didn't know and I said to call the Coast Guard. Sure are lots of stupid people in this world."

'Ray For Business!

Sad indeed is the tale of the business executive whose suit to recover damages for an injury, under the workman's compensation act, was refused by the judge.

It seems the gentleman, a Mr. Hancock, was in Chicago on a so-called business trip when he was injured in what the judge decided was hardly a business activity. Said the AP account:

Mr. Hancock's attorneys argued that he was in Chicago on orders of his firm, was injured in the hotel at which he was registered and was on his way to dinner when hurt.

The insurance company said that, while Mr. Hancock's employment took him to the hotel, "it did not require him to stand at the edge of a balcony and throw hats and coats over the balcony railing, the activity he was engaged in when the accident occurred."

Well at least he must have had a high old time while it lasted.

Eggheads Ahoy!

A recent report of the town library presents an alarming picture. If you feel that way about eggheads,

The circulation figures of books read show non-fiction to be less than a third lower than fiction.

For those who deplore this sign that the eggheads are taking over, there is this consolation: the kids are still reading a whole lot more fiction than non fiction. That is: if you count Winnie The Pooh and The Jungle Book and Treasure Island and Men of Iron as fiction. We are never quite sure.

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SKILL, RESTRAINT, PROPRIETY INVOLVED

Keeping London's Statues Clean

London is full of statues. Most of them are in the many parks and gardens and squares that are dotted with such lavish grace throughout the city, but some stand tiptoe on their monuments right in the middle of things. Among the latter are the flying Eros teetering high above the traffic of Piccadilly Circus and, of course, Lord Nelson in splendid snobbish isolation on his column flanked by the British lions. Many of London's statues are familiar to visitors and to those of us who pour over the mouthwatering travel guides to the British Isles.

And all these statues have to be cleaned. This involves skill, restraint, and a certain amount of delicacy—or would propriety be the better word? You can't just scrub at Nelson's face, or Mercury's, far less at the "little bronze lady carrying the lamb," and other less comfortably garbed females, as described below.

The article which follows, titled "Dirty Work," is by a staff member of the Manchester Guardian. Carried in that newspaper's May 14 issue, it tells about some of the difficulties encountered in the job of cleaning up London's statues.

By JEAN STEAD

London's statues are like the Forth Bridge; work on them never stops. Two men clean them all the year round. As soon as they get to the end, the fog and fumes have taken off all the polish from the bronze and dulled the Portland stone and they have to begin at the beginning again.

The Ministry of Public Building and Works has 300 statues in its care. Enormous quantities of lanolin, unslaked lime soda, and soap are lavished on them and the Ministry spends 37,000 pounds a year on their maintenance.

The Public Speaking

President's Visit—As Interpreted By 'Chub'

To the Editor:

Will Rogers said all he knew was what he read in the papers. According to the papers it looks like Cousin Lendem Billions Johnson, our new barn-storming, beagle-breeding Belshazzar of national Babylon, has done ruined himself with the liberal press. He had three pictures taken with nobody but white folks.

Sitting on the front porch in the rich farming section down East, trying to get a peep at our poverty, is sort of like sending a box of CARE to Aristotle Onassis or putting John D. Rockefeller on relief. It is the same kind of political black molasses used by Mussolini when he was a rider up and down just to see what's goin' on, and a say-a to everybody, where do you work-a, John.

Mixing Rocky Mount and Goldsboro with Appalachia is like swimming in the surf at Blowing

Carthage

Others are looked after by local authorities.

Statue-cleaning as a profession requires a certain temperament, which, if not built-in, must be acquired. Imperviousness to remarks from the passing public is necessary. Whenever the cleaners are working round the hindquarters of a horse, someone invariably calls out the same tired joke, telling them to be careful it doesn't kick. If they are brushing a beard, a wag will shout to them not to pull too many hairs out. This is one reason why Field Marshal Smuts, in the exposed centre of Parliament Square, is highly unpopular. Also, the ladder has to be set almost vertically before they can reach it. Epstein never thought of that. It is disliked on artistic grounds as well —"he looks as if he's roller-skating."

Esoteric Tastes

The statues are not judged by the cleaners only on utilitarian considerations. Even in whipping wind or rain, they preserve an eye to the aesthetic. Their tastes are decidedly esoteric. The majority favourite is "the little bronze woman holding a lamb under her arm" which is tucked away not far from Queen Mary's Garden in Regent's Park—a statue most Londoners might be expected to have missed. They like her, not because she is easy to clean, but because she is strangely sympathetic, especially on a fine day. Like the others, she has a regular cleaning four times a year. For bronze, the process is hot water and a strong solution of washing soda, followed by a generous plastering with lanolin, which is polished off after an hour. Marble is unslaked lime and water painted on to the surface, left for a week and then rubbed off. Portland stone is

cleaned with a fine spray and a bristle brush, but no one worries about the dark stains which appear on it. Those are considered by the connoisseurs to be "quite acceptable."

Nude statues rank high among the non-favorites. This is because the cleaners feel embarrassed when working on them. They put up canvas screens all round to protect them from the public gaze. Mr. Albert Lay, a 31-year-old cleaner who started the job 10 years ago, likes its never-ending quality and sees no reason why it should not go on until he is 65. He says: "It's awful cleaning the nudes at first. You really feel embarrassed. Then you get used to it. The worst is doing parts of that devil at Hyde Park Corner. (The Achilles statue?) There is a block of offices opposite with a lot of girls working there who watch us, so we have to screen for them." The main reason for screens, however, seems to be to protect the cleaners from the leering gibes.

'Feel It's Alive'

Puritanical feelings apart, the cleaners find themselves offended aesthetically by other statues—particularly the Guards Crimea Memorial group in Waterloo Place. "Not good at all," says Mr. Lay. "Ugly to clean and not a bit lifelike. I don't like looking at it. I think it's a bad piece of work." He may be glad to know that one of the few works on London's statuary to have been published agrees with him. In this, it is condemned, concisely: "It looks its best in a fog." Mr. Lay likes the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner with its stone howitzer and bronze gunners, a difficult work to clean, but he says it's so real, you feel it's alive. There is universal affection among the cleaners, if nowhere else, for the Albert Memorial. "Wonderful. Real craftsmanship," says Mr. Lay. "Albert takes two or three weeks to clean, but none of us mind."

Cleaning the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens on a sunny day is a pleasant job. The bronze rabbits and mice on the base have been worn right down to a bright yellow by the children's kisses and stroking hands. Nelson in Trafalgar Square is too exalted for the cleaners. He has to have steeplejacks to attend to him and his stone is inspected every quarter, but cleaned only as a special event.

Gloomy Inheritance

Those who regret London's gloomy inheritance of Victorian public figures and war memorial statuary would find support among their preservers. "I wouldn't like to see even the ugly ones pulled down, because our jobs would go," says Mr. Lay. "But if I could choose I think London should have smaller, sweeter statues instead." Like the lady carrying the lamb in Regent's Park.

CHUB SEAWELL