

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.

John McConnell, Judge And Friend

Judge John D. McConnell, presiding last week over the court term at Carthage, earned respect as a superior court judge which in no way diminished the warm regard in which he had always been held as a private citizen of Moore.

In the courthouse where he obviously and quite naturally felt at home, he was "John" to all and sundry with no loss of dignity. Everyone was glad to see him, as "John" and as Judge.

With some pride, the comment ran, "He hasn't changed a bit." Well, of course he has—those robes do change a man; that's what they're for, to set him apart so that he can better perform the hard task of judging his fellow men. But since

he has always had inherent dignity, a fine intellect and wide knowledge of law, he hasn't changed in any of the essentials, or needed to.

Beneath the portraits on the courtroom walls, where his own will no doubt hang some day, he handed down some excellent judgments, matter - of - factly, without oratorical frills. They were commonsensible judgments fraught with human understanding. An example was that of the Robbins youth who for three years, since he was 16, has been a problem in our courts. Tried for arson, he will go into prison a boy and come out a man, but a man with the advantages of psychiatric treatment, by direction of Judge McConnell.

Grand Juries And Rest Rooms

We are interested in the ancient and honorable institution of the Grand Jury, and respectful of its powers, which are so broad as to be practically limitless in protecting the citizens and taxpayer, securing unto him his rights and investigating anything which might be a damage to him.

We are fascinated, and also somewhat appalled, at the uses to which the Moore County Grand Juries generally put their great powers, concerning themselves almost exclusively with trivia unworthy of their time and attention.

We hardly remember a Grand Jury report which didn't worry about rest rooms in the county courthouse—whether there were enough of them, whether they were clean and whether they had toilet tissue in them.

Last week's Grand Jury, for example, notes there was no toilet tissue in the ladies' rest room down stairs; that it needs painting, and new seat covers. The Grand Jury found nothing wrong with the men's rest room, but had to let us know they were there, with the comment "Men's Rest Room downstairs in good condition."

Here are other matters they found worthy of note: "window cord needs replacing in Grand Jury room; mirror and wastebasket needed in Ladies' Jury Room; interior paint job suggested at Moore County Jail, particularly in vicinity of cells; mattresses need replacing in Aberdeen Jail."

Otherwise, they found the Moore County Jail in good shape, also the Southern Pines Jail, Reynolds Rest Home, Prison Camp (except for some window glasses which need replacing) and Samarcan Manor. Also, "The Clerk advises that Administrators, Executors and Guardians reports are in order."

We suggest that it is ridiculous for a group of responsible citizens and landowners, as Grand Jurors must be or they are not summoned to serve, to be called from their homes and businesses to make

such a critique as this.

The trivial things are too trivial, the big things too big—how can they inspect whole institutions to any purpose, within the short time allotted? As for "Administrators, Executors and Guardians' reports," it should be no part of a Grand Jury's business to quote the Clerk.

The Grand Jury, it appears to us, could note the way space is used, or not used, in the courthouse; which departments need more space or could use their space to better purpose, and whether the small room in which the commissioners meet is adequate to receive the public.

With the county straining to find funds to build an Agricultural Building and also a county library, with a bond issue possibly in the offing, the Grand Jury could investigate these needs and hand down a citizen opinion which could be of great value. As far as we know, the Grand Jury has never visited the present rented library quarters, to observe their crowded state, with no place for quiet reading or research.

With the welfare department also seeking a new building, for which federal funds will eventually repay the county, it could interest a Grand Jury to determine whether this is needed also. Federal funds come out of our taxes too.

A Grand Jury might have long ago investigated the need for consolidated schools, and perhaps have given this program a needed push years before the commissioners were persuaded to do so.

It might now be studying ways to use the school space which will be left when the first consolidated high school opens. It may be that some school building might provide space for agricultural office and auditorium needs.

These are just random ideas—but pointing out ways in which Grand Juries could find matters of intimate concern to Moore County citizens and their pocketbooks, to investigate. There are plenty of others, more important than the courthouse rest rooms and their paper supply.

John Mare—A Man With A Dream

John Mare was a man with a dream, and the courage to fight for his dream—that of restoring Jugtown, Moore County's famed pottery works, to its prestige of former years, and to insure the continuation of the native folkcraft in the tradition of its founders, the Busbees.

When tragically stricken by cancer, which caused his death August 13 at the age of 47, he had gone a long way toward achieving his dream. In so doing, he had done more for Moore county and North Carolina in a few short years than most citizens do in a lifetime, or in many lifetimes.

He had thrown his time, talents and means into the cause with singleminded devotion—but he had no way of knowing how short the time would be. Death caught him with his work unfinished, his plans still in the making—but we believe he should have full credit for both his plans and accomplishments.

Amid the bitterness following upon a long year of litigation over Jugtown, Mare took over with a reverential spirit, and devoted himself to making Juliana Busbee's last years serene and happy while bringing Jugtown back to creative life. Employing native potters with a heritage of pottery-making dating back before the Revolution, he supervised the production of the beloved old Jugtown shapes and glazes while experimenting with new adaptations, as had Jacques Busbee in the old days. He also brought back forms of the old Jugtown ware which had not been made in many years. He beautified the isolated spot in upper

Moore county in keeping with its spirit and history, clearing out the weed-grown jungles, repairing the buildings and kilns, bringing old gardens back to life, remodeling the shop into a pleasant, sunny place and in many other ways making Jugtown more hospitable, convenient and inviting without stinting the cost.

His dynamic energy and considerable intellectual powers were all bent toward his task, in particular to that of learning all there was to know about pottery, in ancient Egypt and China as well as Moore county. He became before his death probably the foremost authority on the subject in the State.

He worked with a singlemindedness and dedication which would eventually, we are sure, have brought him wide recognition, along with success for the new Jugtown comparable with the old.

John Mare was most likely the only person who could have made Jugtown live again, not only after the litigation which almost succeeded in killing it but the great blow of Juliana Busbee's death last April.

He had pledged to set up the Busbees' log-cabin home as a memorial after Mrs. Busbee's death. His own death occurred before this could be worked out, and it is hard to see now how this plan can be followed.

Now is the time, it seems, for some organization or foundation to come forward with a plan by which Jugtown can continue to live—not only in the tradition and spirit of the Busbees, but also of John Mare.

"Why, We Operate The Cleanest Spectacle In Town"



ENGLISH EXAMPLE TO PONDER

Public Utilities and Landsape

By GRADY CLAY
In "Landscape Architecture"

A remarkable series of advertisements has been appearing in the British press. Sprinkled with sex, as homey as a cat by the fire, they come from that colossus of nationalized utility combines, the Central Electricity Generating board. They show a concern for the proper design of England's landscape which American private utility companies and their associates, present and future, would do well to ponder.

A typical full-page ad shows a mildly amorous young couple seated cheek-to-cheek in a lovely English countryside of hedgerows, small fields, big trees, and distant hills. Looming in the background is a huge pylon of a transmission line. Long cables stretch across the sky. "Why couldn't they put them somewhere else?" asks the headline.

Another London ad shows a lissome lady perched in an unlikely and arresting position upon a dishwasher standing disconnected in a hayfield. She takes the classic model's pose, bosom thrust, hands behind head, chin into the wind. Behind her stands another giant power pylon. This time the headline admonishes, "She can't have one without the other."

Both ads repeat a theme which by this time must be tiresomely familiar to most literate Englishmen: that the dear old Generating Board is really a well-meaning bunch, and surely not a power-mad cabal intent on despoiling the loveliness of the English landscape.

"Since Mary and Jim were last here, the transmission towers have appeared," admits the Board. "Why couldn't they put them somewhere else? This couple will soon be back in town—switching on the light, the kettle, the oven. She'll do some ironing; he'll use his power drill. They will both watch TV. The current they use may reach them along the power line they dislike. There were several possible paths for those towers. One wasn't just potted on the map. Men stood here to judge the effect, to balance the needs of power with the natural lie of the land."

Another ad argues that the Board, bless its heart, is made up of "men who are as anxious as you to keep this land green, pleasant... and up-to-date."

These ads, as well as the Board's attitudes, are an interesting response to public pressure. And this pressure seems to be a direct response to the irresponsibilities of the past, in which great dams, cooling towers, buildings, pylons, and tanks have been laid out across an intimate landscape (remarkably like that of the New England and Middle Atlantic states of the U. S.)—with little regard for their visual effect. And it is this public pressure which offers, I think, a particularly useful lesson to American utility companies, landscape architects, and all others who share a concern over the future design of major constructions, and their total impact.

Four years ago, Parliament, in response to public pressures, adopted a new law which said, in effect, that everything the Board builds must take into account special values inherent in the landscape. No more singleminded construction. The Board must now consult, consider, and publish its plans widely. Scale models of its proposals are published and criticized.

By American standards, the Board has gone far in living up to its responsibility. It is producing a three-dimensional product, and must consider its three-dimensional impact on the community. It has put a chief architect in a responsible position to review new power facilities. It recently employed its first landscape architect in a review capacity.

"The Board now realizes there is a lot of political dynamite inherent whenever it locates a suitable site for a nuclear or other power station," says one official. As a result, the Board commissions independent landscape architects as consultants to prepare reports on proposed sites. These set out the alternate ways in which development can make the most of each site, with the least damage to both site and environment.

Perhaps most important of all, the Board insists on early collaboration between private contractors who build these giant facilities and the Board's own staff, as well as with other agencies and groups, both public and private, which will be affected.

Thus the need for a well-designed landscape has been accepted as a vital part of Britain's good standard of living. The so-called "amenity lobby" in Parliament has required the Board to recognize that its "zone of psychological influence" extends far beyond the site on which its dams, generating plants, and transmission lines are built.

American utility companies, in common with other major contributors to landscape alteration, should learn from the British example—before they find themselves facing an outraged public. As the billboard industry has discovered, this is a risk well worth avoiding.

In making this announcement the Surgeon General released a revised statement of "high risk" groups to be vaccinated. Two changes are significant; first, all persons 45 years of age and older are now considered as high risks, where previously it was only those over 65. Second, serious consideration should be given to vaccination of those in medical and health services, public safety, public utilities, transportation, education and communications fields, and industries or large institutions where absenteeism is of particular concern. Otherwise the recommended high risk groups are the same as last year.

Included in this group and urged to get vaccinations are persons at all ages who suffer from chronic debilitating diseases, e. g., chronic cardiovascular pulmonary, renal or metabolic disorders. Special emphasis is put on patients with rheumatic heart diseases, especially those with mitral stenosis; patients with other cardiovascular disorders such as arteriosclerotic heart disease and hypertension, especially those with evidence of frank or incipient cardiac insufficiency.

Also patients with chronic

chitects as consultants to prepare reports on proposed sites. These set out the alternate ways in which development can make the most of each site, with the least damage to both site and environment.

Perhaps most important of all, the Board insists on early collaboration between private contractors who build these giant facilities and the Board's own staff, as well as with other agencies and groups, both public and private, which will be affected.

Thus the need for a well-designed landscape has been accepted as a vital part of Britain's good standard of living. The so-called "amenity lobby" in Parliament has required the Board to recognize that its "zone of psychological influence" extends far beyond the site on which its dams, generating plants, and transmission lines are built.

American utility companies, in common with other major contributors to landscape alteration, should learn from the British example—before they find themselves facing an outraged public. As the billboard industry has discovered, this is a risk well worth avoiding.

In making this announcement the Surgeon General released a revised statement of "high risk" groups to be vaccinated. Two changes are significant; first, all persons 45 years of age and older are now considered as high risks, where previously it was only those over 65. Second, serious consideration should be given to vaccination of those in medical and health services, public safety, public utilities, transportation, education and communications fields, and industries or large institutions where absenteeism is of particular concern. Otherwise the recommended high risk groups are the same as last year.

Included in this group and urged to get vaccinations are persons at all ages who suffer from chronic debilitating diseases, e. g., chronic cardiovascular pulmonary, renal or metabolic disorders. Special emphasis is put on patients with rheumatic heart diseases, especially those with mitral stenosis; patients with other cardiovascular disorders such as arteriosclerotic heart disease and hypertension, especially those with evidence of frank or incipient cardiac insufficiency.

Also patients with chronic

Grains of Sand

It looked kind of bare on the corner, but when Clyde asked us, "Do you see anything wrong?" we couldn't think for the life of us what was gone.

We stared toward the busy intersection of Pennsylvania and Bennett. What was missing? We are ashamed to admit Clyde had to point it out to us. Only the spotlight was gone, that was all.

Where all these years had hung that multi-colored electronic warning device, Tuesday morning there was only a tag end of ragged cable hanging.

Traffic was behaving normally. Nobody seemed confused. That was because, of course, Chief Seawell had put up stop signs on Bennett, giving Pennsylvania the right of way.

We asked the Chief, where did that spotlight get to? For of all things anybody would steal, it seemed that would be about the last. It wasn't thieves, but high trucks—two of them—that did the work. One, an unknown, hit it Sunday night, and left it hanging lower by some two feet. That set it up for the next high truck, which came along Monday. Tuesday morning, the spotlight was really dragging, and the police took it down.

It will be several days before it's back in place, and in the meantime, said the Chief, he expects no trouble. People are obeying the "Stop" signs just as if they had been there forever. Maybe all the drivers are like us, and don't see anything wrong.

How could this happen? Was our signal too low? If so, how has it got by all these years??

No, the trucks—the first one, anyway—was too high. The signal hangs 14 feet up, and under the clearance law, trucks aren't supposed to be higher than 13 feet six inches. One came along which exceeded the height.

The poor old signal got pretty well beat up, its glass broken and inner works scrambled, and is getting a real repair job, by a local electrician. Which truck did the damage? "Both," was the Chief's opinion.

From traffic lights to summer flowers: Anyone wanting that spiritual lift that comes from a feeling of accomplishment should try gardening in the Sandhills in the summer.

Of course along with the lift, you get frustrations, and maybe these too, are good for the soul.

It wasn't for nothing, we learned, that we were warned years ago that "nobody tries to garden here in hot weather." Of course, some do, and always will, but it takes a lot more doing than in most other places, where summer is the gardener's season of joy.

Spring, yes, in the Sandhills—but summer?? When the sun burns hot, and the rain falls seldom, and what rain does fall sinks right through the sand clear to China?

There are many rewards—early mornings thick with dew, the nursing along of plants till they respond with gorgeous color, the routing of all other problems in trying to beat those of making a garden.

But, take it from one zinnia-petunia-marigold self-titled expert, it's tough when a few days without rain constitutes a drought. By this gardener's count, we have had 487 droughts since May. Even now, the foliage hangs limp again, it's browning around the edges, the blooms are fairly gasping for water. And the new-planted azaleas! To quote Bugs Barringer, our favorite garden editor, "If they dry out just one time, boy, they've had it." So good-bye while we rush for the hose again.

The PILOT

Published Every Thursday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated
Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD—1944

Katharine Boyd Editor
C. Benedict Associate Editor
Dan S. Ray Gen. Mgr.
C. G. Council Advertising
Mary Scott Newton Business
Mary Evelyn de Nissoff Society

Composing Room
Dixie B. Ray, Michael Valen,
Thomas Mattocks, J. E. Pate, Sr.,
Charles Weatherspoon and John
E. Lewis.

Subscription Rates
Moore County
One Year \$4.00
Outside Moore County
One Year \$5.00

Second-class Postage paid at
Southern Pines, N. C.

Member National Editorial Assn.
and N. C. Press Assn.

GREATEST NEED
The world's greatest need... is mutual confidence. No human being ever knows all the secrets of another's heart. Yet there is enough confidence between mother and child, husband and wife, buyer and seller, to make social life a practical possibility. Confidence may be risky, but it is nothing like so risky as mistrust.
—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE