

## Magann's Future In County Uncertain

By SCOTT SHANE  
Daily News Staff Writer

Consider for a moment the plight of Guilford County School Superintendent Douglas Magann.

A school board majority that consistently supported him on major issues was replaced in April by a majority that regularly rejects his advice.

The new majority approved May 12 a school budget for next year that slices his professional supervisory staff from 42 to 28 and that he has publicly called "an educational disaster."

Board meetings routinely disintegrate into name-calling matches. Communication with some board members is non-existent.

His associate superintendent and personal friend, Willis B. McLeod, Thursday accepted the superintendency of another school system.

With Magann nearing the end of the third year of his four-year contract as superintendent of the 25,000-student rural Guilford system, many school watchers are asking how long the dynamic, combative superintendent will last in the job.

### Analysis

Will Magann, not yet 40, resign and move on to another post? If not, will the board majority dismiss him? Short of dismissal, might the board act on or after July 1, as state law permits, to inform the superintendent that his contract will not be renewed when it expires a year later?

Or — on the other hand — has the rigidity of the 4-3 board division that has prevailed on major votes since April been exaggerated by the press? Will tempers cool when the grueling budget process is completed next month, permitting the re-establishment of decorum at meetings and cooperation between Magann and the board on important educational issues?

Magann himself and his supporters on the board, former Chairwoman Evon Dean, Nancy Jo Smith and Dot Lambeth, stress the potential for reconciliation. Smith emphasizes that Magann has not refused to administer the budget that would decimate his staff. "He has indicated that he would run the schools as the board directs him."

But the board majority that approved the budget — Chairwoman Ann Talbert, Betty Smith, Carolyn McGee

and Vance Pegram — sounds less certain that the rift between them and Magann can be patched up.

Asked whether the board should act to buy up the remainder of Magann's contract and, in effect, dismiss him, Betty Smith said: "I don't know. That's something I'd have to think about. I'd have to be convinced that it was fiscally responsible to the people of the county."

Betty Smith, the Guilford College real estate agent whose election last November set the stage for the shift of the board against Magann, is probably the most pessimistic of the board majority about the chances for reconciliation. But the others are non-committal.

For his part, Magann was conciliatory in an interview this week. "You've got a majority of four. But each of those four is motivated differently," said Magann. "It's not a monolith. To say all four are hostile to the superintendent's philosophy is an oversimplification."

Only Pegram, a Greensboro teacher who frequently reiterates his desire to keep administrators and supervisors to a bare minimum, has a theory of education that is clearly opposed to his own, Magann said.

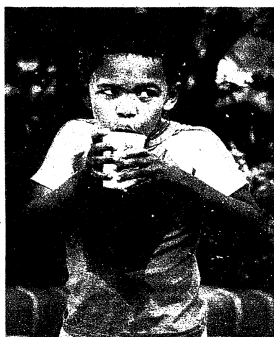
(See Magann: B-2, Col. 1)



Douglas Magann



Nyrobi Good, 6, had a cool idea at High Point celebration. Get a glass of water, sip it, then pour the rest on your head



Staff Photos By Joe Rodriguez

## Museum Birthday Fete's Pure Fun

By SCOTT SHANE  
Daily News Staff Writer

HIGH POINT — A museum might seem an unlikely institution to play fast and loose with history. But for the High Point Museum, a sunny Saturday in May proved a fine time to celebrate its 10th birthday — even if it was five months early.

"Our 10th actually comes in October," said a slightly sheepish museum Director Jay Gaynor, his pipe protruding from the shade of a big straw hat. "But we have better luck with crowds in the spring."

Indeed, High Pointers turned out by the hundreds to share a piece of a museum-shaped birthday cake, jibbering to bluegrass music, compete in some unusual contests and take in some history in an unscholarly but palatable form. "I'd say we've had close to a thousand people," said Gaynor at mid-afternoon. "It's a sort of a hang-out day — people seem to be taking their time and enjoying themselves."

The bold rolled watermelons, gobbled pancakes, bobbed for apples, blew bubblegum bubbles and rocked rocking chairs in tests of endurance and demonstrations of useless talents and extraordinary capacities. In perhaps the strangest competition of the day, the Mysterious Pantyhose Contest, blindfolded male volunteers struggled to put on pairs of the finest products of High Point hosiery mills, over their clothes and against the clock.

"High Point is a great manufacturer of pantyhose," said the ubiquitous Gaynor, "but half of our population never gets to experience it. We wanted to do something about that."

Another piece of local boosterism was the Fil-Back Contest, sponsored by the Fil-Back Co., whose High Point factory supplies the world with those

wooden paddles attached to rubber balls by elastic strings, without which no childhood is complete.

Of a more sober nature were the historical demonstrations, which lent the day a tone appropriate to a museum's birthday.

Apprentice blacksmith David A. Rawley, a freshman at Wake Forest University, pumped a huge bellows to feed a coal fire and heat his iron red-hot. What would the long, narrow piece he was working on become in the end?

"Don't know yet," said Rawley, red-faced from hammering in front of the forge while the temperature rose into the 80s. "Probably be a pot-hook of some kind," he said, and plunged the glowing metal into a barrel of water to cool.

Willard D. Moore, a lifelong tinkerer with things mechanical, showed off a 1907 gasoline engine originally used to power a shoe factory in Jamestown.

"I found it sitting out in the woods beyond a fellow's shed," said Moore, 64, taking it easy in the shade of a parasol while his engine chugged and growled beside him. "The fellow sold it to me on the grounds that I'd not scrap it. Took me two or three years to restore it to where I wanted it."

Moore's machine, which formerly transmitted power via shafts and belts to dozens of sewing machines, now is hooked up to a solitary pencil sharpener. Moore handed out unsharpened pencils to admiring onlookers who boned them and took them home as souvenirs.

Inside the museum's restored, colonial-era brick house, Robin Apple of Davidson County baked corn bread in a Dutch oven set in the coals of an open fireplace. She served it to visitors with butter produced in the wooden churn that sat nearby.



This group lost the tug of war, but not for lack of determination

Joshua L. McKaughan, in an old green jacket emblazoned "Liberty or Death," led a contingent from the 3rd N.C. Regiment of the Continental Line (See High Point: B-7, Col. 1)

## Toxic Chlorine Gas Leaks At City Pool; Girl, 8, Overcome

By SCOTT SHANE  
Daily News Staff Writer

An 8-year-old girl was overcome by poisonous chlorine gas that leaked from a defective tank at Greensboro's Warnersville Pool, 601 Oak St., Saturday afternoon.

More than 200 other children and adults, awaiting the 1 p.m. opening of the pool for the summer, fled out of range of the toxic yellow gas while firefighters wearing oxygen masks capped the leak.

Karetha Caldwell of 400 W. Meadowview Road was treated for gas inhalation at Moses Cone Memorial Hospital and released in satisfactory condition, a hospital spokesman said.

The accident occurred at approximately 12:55 p.m. as pool manager Delwyn R. Johnson attempted to close a valve on a chlorine tank he believed to be empty. Chlorine from the tank is mixed with circulating pool water and acts as a disinfectant.

"The tank seemed to be empty," Johnson said. "I tried to close it off. I had to turn it six or seven times, where ordinarily one turn will close it."

As he removed the tank, the pressure gauge that sat atop the tank blew off and gas began to flow out, Johnson said. "I tell you I heard it and ran. I

could feel the pressure of it hit me in the chest," he said.

Johnson grabbed a bullhorn and ordered the crowd waiting outside the pool gates to move to higher ground in front of the Warnersville Recreation Center, since the heavy gas tends to flow downhill. But Caldwell and a few other children ran the other way, moving in the same direction as the escaping gas, observers said.

Eventually Caldwell, who apparently had inhaled the most gas, collapsed. Firefighters trained in emergency medicine gave the girl oxygen for about 20 minutes before taking her to the hospital for further treatment. Firefighter A. Steven England said.

No one else was treated for chlorine inhalation, a hospital spokesman said.

G. Wayne Butler, a Greensboro recreation official in charge of the city's six pools, said the only previous chlorine leak he could remember occurred at Windsor Pool about three years ago. He said no one was injured in that leak.

Butler, who arrived at Warnersville Pool immediately after the firemen, praised Johnson for his quick response. "He handled a very dangerous situation extremely well," said Butler.

Butler said the chlorine tank was provided by Worth Chemical Corp. of Greensboro.

## Patrol Blasts Legislation Banning Ticket Quota

By WILLIAM M. WELCH  
The Associated Press

RALEIGH — A law enacted by the General Assembly last week should lay to rest the common complaint of stung drivers that the only reason he got a speeding ticket was because the trooper had to meet his quota.

But state officials of the Highway Patrol don't like the bill passed into law banning arrest and citation quotas of any shape or description.

And Burley Mitchell, secretary of the state Department of Crime Con-

trol and Public Safety, says the new law has crippled his agency's ability to properly manage and review the work of troopers.

"If we have a man that goes two months without writing a single ticket, we can't take any notice of that now," Mitchell said. "If we've got a man who writes 30 a day out on the interstate, we can't take notice of that, either."

Highway Patrol officials have complained loudly that the term "quota"

(See Patrol: B-2, Col. 1)



Betty Cone outside Carolina Theater, which she helped save

## Betty Cone: City 'Commissar Of Culture'

By WILLIAM MARCH  
Daily News Staff Writer

In the master bedroom of the fashionable, white brick house on Lafayette Court overlooking the sixth fairway of the Greensboro Country Club golf course, Elizabeth Ward Cone was in labor and about to give birth to her second son one night in 1974.

Between labor pains, Betty Cone shouted advice to friends in her den several rooms away working on Greensboro United Arts Council business. They were members of a committee Cone had formed to convince Sears, Roebuck and Co. to donate its downtown building to the council.

"Sears decided they weren't in a position to give us the building," Cone recalled recently, "though they made us a great offer for a sale."

Her other labor of that day was more successful — Samuel is now 7. Later she convinced the city to use federal money to buy the old Greensboro News Co. building and raised \$500,000 to buy and renovate the Carolina Theater, giving the Arts Council both a permanent home and a show hall.

"That's typical," her husband, Benjamin Cone Jr., said when asked what it's like to be married to the woman who may be, after 12 years in Greensboro, the city's leading one-person civic action empire.

"The advantage is things are always exciting," he said. "The disadvantage is she isn't home as much as the average housewife."

The average housewife she isn't. Her father-in-law, Benjamin Cone Sr., calls her the "commissar of culture." Good friend and Arts Council co-worker Sam D. Hummel calls her "incredible."

Her resume is mind-boggling — directorships of a dozen arts and civic organizations, presidencies of a dozen more, seats on the Wake Forest University and N.C. A&T State University boards of trustees, several awards as outstanding young woman of the year, including the statewide Jaycettes award in 1977, occasional political work and management of two Old Greensborough businesses.

"If we start choosing sides to get something done in Greensboro," said another friend and civic activist, Richard D. Levy, "give me Betty Cone and you can take the rest."

From her history and descriptions by her friends, a picture of Betty Cone emerges that's striking for single-mindedness and energy — a goal-oriented woman "ferociously goal-oriented," said one friend who can't stand to see a job done wrong. "I'd rather barge in and do it myself," she said.

"She'll sit in a meeting for hours and go over details with incredible patience to make sure

there's no misunderstanding and it's going to be done right," Hummel said. "Or she'll do it herself."

Toughness and loyalty to friends are also in the picture. "You can't have that management style without occasionally exasperating people," Levy said. "But after you disagree, then the next day you get on with the job. If you go to Betty's house, you'll see new people there, but you'll also see the same old friends year after year."

What isn't clear is exactly why she does it. The jobs don't pay, and she's never sought the political power that often flows from civic work.

"I guess I just can't sit still very well," she said when asked why she'll regularly work all night on a project, then get up from her desk, eat breakfast and go to a meeting. Neither she nor her close friends could give a much better answer.

Cone, 38, a Winston-Salem native, joined one of Greensboro's wealthiest families — the Cones of Cone Mills Corp. — when she married a grandson of one of the company's founders in 1967.

The two met on a blind date in 1962, when both were students at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

"He forgot my name," she said. "He came into Cobb dorm and said he had a date with some-

(See Cone: B-4, Col. 1)