

OLD DAYS WERE NONE TOO GOOD

Writer Recalls Incidents Of Country Life In Warren Quarter Century Ago

CALLED GOOD OLD DAYS

By **BIGNALL JONES**

Our experiences nearly a quarter of a century ago at Heck's Hill in Sandy Creek Township, Warren county, were typical of that period. I suppose, but for some reason or another I have been thinking of them quite often during the past few months.

A natural tendency is to lose sight of proportions and in thinking about the evils of the day to forget the progress that has been made. But when I think of things as they then existed in a good section of the State, I can not help but feel that our condition is better, financially, morally and physically. We have had problems before and managed to handle them. Today we are much better equipped to handle those that arise and no doubt with the end of the present depression we shall enter an area brighter than we have before enjoyed.

My father had managed to make a comfortable sum of money for those days while he was in the telephone business in Wilson, but succeeded in losing all he had in truck farming in Whitakers and went back to live in the country where he tried sawmilling and farming. We had no money, but were like our neighbors in that respect.

I have never in my life seen a person with more energy than my mother. I was born when she was quite young and at that time she was in her early thirties. I can hear her now, "Brodie, Bignall, get hold of that bed," and as we little fellows tugged at one end she would grab the other and swing it around. Lots of times we would have had breakfast and mother would have the house cleaned up long summer morning when the 6 o'clock whistle would blow at Henderson. She would work hard all day and then often go to a neighborhood party or dance in the evening.

Our school was located about a mile and one-half from our home. It ran for four months in the year and was presided over by one teacher who taught from the first through the seventh grade. Our teacher was Miss Bessie Blacknall, who is now an Episcopal Missionary from this parish to Alaska. I don't know whether or not teaching us little heathens had anything to do with her deciding to become a missionary.

We walked to school. Duke was six, delicate and spoiled on that account. The weather was cold quite often. When Duke's feet got cold he would cry and sit down in the path. This usually occurred about one-half mile from home. The remaining mile Brodie and George Pritchard, a neighborhood boy, would carry him on their backs. It was almost a daily schedule.

It was generally quite late in the fall before father would buy us any shoes. I expect he had to sell his cotton. He would buy each of us one pair. When they were worn out, we went barefooted. Our trousers were straight in the prevailing style of the day with two or three buttons down the side. They were made from some of my father's old suits.

Charlie Rowland was our hero. He was quite an athlete. We knew he was good because he was even stronger than Brodie who was our youthful standard of measurement. He was at that time about seven or eight years of age. I remember one recess as we were playing "Double Cat" with a string ball, that the ball was knocked over his head. He turned, ran back, jumped into the air and grabbed the ball for a put-out. That made quite an impression on me. I have seen professionals do it several times since. The last time I heard anything about Charlie, a few years ago, he was catching for Rocky Mount club and had been recently sold to Philadelphia. There must have been better ball players than Charlie for I have not seen his name in any big game line-ups.

Charles Blacknall was ingenious. One day he came to school with a mitt that he had made from some old cloth and some cotton. That was the only mitt or glove in school at that time, but later somebody got a 25-cent mitt from town that was the envy of the entire school. Many of the girls wore poke-bonnets. We put a wasp nest in one. I have forgotten the consequences.

Dave Evans had a fine dog that would track you. We thought that was fine. Somebody would hold the dog and Dave would walk through the woods about quarter of mile. In a few minutes the dog would come racing up on his trail.

We had hardly any books. One of the most pleasant recollections of that period was when father would get down his Bible and read us about David and Goliath. We came into possession of an Alger book and father read that to us. My first book, that I can remember, was "Frank in the Woods," by Castle-

man, I think. I remember that book quite well to this day.

We had no well but used water from a spring about quarter of a mile from the house, one of the finest that I have ever seen. One day, I can remember for sufficient reasons, I was sent to the spring for water. I jiked to bring water up with a gallon lard bucket in each hand. For some reason one was not available and father told me to take a water bucket. It was too heavy I said. His suggestion that I only fill it half-full failed to meet with my approval and I went down the path feeling that I was being greatly imposed upon. After pitying myself all the way to the spring, I was mad as a hornet. I would fill the bucket to the top and start home. It would be heavy before I could reach the top of a little hill nearby and I would get mad and decide that I just would not carry it any more, so would pour it out. I was afraid to disobey my father, so in a few minutes I would go back to the spring and fill the bucket again. This procedure was gone through several times. The last time I filled the bucket I looked up and saw my father stand by me with a switch in his hand. He didn't lecture me, but with one out of that switch told me to take that water home. He whipped me from there every step of the way home. When I got there the bucket was half-full as he at first suggested, the rest I had spilled in my hurry.

I am glad that he whipped me. I feel that it was what he should have done. Maybe that is the reason that it makes me sick to this day to hear a parent tell a child to do something and have absolutely no attention paid until about half dozer threats of a whipping which are often then not carried out. No wonder when they are grown they have no respect for constituted authority.

Some days mother and father would hitch Jim to the buggy and ride eight miles to Henderson where some times father would sell eggs and attend to other business. Some times they would return with five-cents worth of hoar-hound candy for the children. One day he came back from Warrenton with a graphophone, one of the first in the county. We were pretty big in our feelings then.

One day mother came back from Henderson highly incensed because as they drove into town some little boys yelled, "High there, country tacks."

Mrs. Plummer Jones lived about three miles from us. We called her "Cousin Mattie." One summer day we heard a Hallo in the yard and rushed out to see her sitting in a buggy to which was hitched a huge ox. That's the way she came calling. A few years later she inherited quite a bit of property and moved to Wake Forest where she now lives. This summer I told her about the ox episode. She said she remembered it perfectly; that the horses were in the field working and that she had no idea of taking one of them out. I believe that she would do it to this day. That's Cousin Mattie's spirit.

That was not so long ago. We had a good time. But—

The roads were then almost impassible. The schools were pitiful. The houses were unpainted. No attention was paid to lawns. There were few good books to be obtained.

The more pretentious form of interior decorations consisted of a few cheap paintings and a prominently displayed, "God Bless Our Home." No steam heat. No running water. No radio. No hardwood floors. No automobiles. No telephones. No bathtubs.

They were the "good old days" during which the young folks listened to the older people tell about "the good old days" of their own childhood.

But I will take mine now, thank you!

JUST A FEW WORDS
Good bye 1931, wa bid you
A fond adieu,
And can truthfully say
That only a few
Have profited by you.
We welcome 1932
And hope that more than
a few
Will profit by you.
—M. M. Drake.

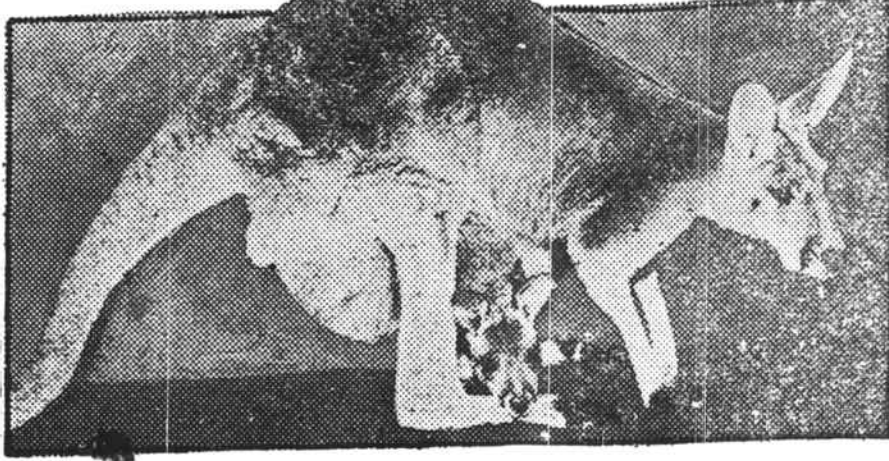
Recent purchases of pure bred Jersey bulls by Wayne County farmers brings the total in the county to 18 registered breeding animals.

Robeson County farmers are beginning to reclean and treat tobacco seed for planting next season. The farm agent has already cleaned 195 pounds of seed.

CARD OF THANKS
We use this method to thank our friends and neighbors for their many deeds of kindness and sympathy they rendered during the illness and death of our loved. May God richly bless each and every one.
W. A. HILLIARD
and Family.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to thank our friends for the many kindnesses shown us in connection with the sudden death of our little boy.
MR. AND MRS. H. G. MOSELEY.

A Sensible Baby Carriage



This Australian kangaroo, a member of the Budapest Zoo, never fails to give youngsters a thrill when they see the way it carries around its baby

Weekly Bible Lesson

By **DR. J. T. GIBBS**

If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life—Revelation 22:18, 19.

Religion is essentially a matter of individual conscience. What a man believes is to him eternal truth. He may not take in all truth but so much as is essential to his need: The little shepherd lad of Bethlehem playing upon his harp in the solitude felt the divine presence, and when the bear came out of the wilderness his heart did not fail and when Goliath dared Israel he was not afraid. The measure of truth needed to meet these emergencies had come into David in his communing with God.

In a world of doubt and indifference Elijah singled-handed withstood all the priests of Baal, for his God was stronger than all the royal power of Ahab and Gezebel. The Athenians with their well trained minds unlocked the sacred places of beauty and eloquence, but Paul had taken in enough truth to tell them that they knew not God. The birds that sing and the flowers that bloom have that measure of truth that make them cheerful.

The Bible has nothing in common with the learning to which men apply themselves or with the authority to which they bow. Organized society rejected its central figure as it rejected the prophets before Him. As it had no part in the making it can have no right to amend. What is written in the Bible was written despite the most earnest opposition of those who had assumed the wisdom to guide and the authority to govern. Much of the Book is hard to understand. The infidel and the skeptic have often expended upon it the most arduous labor of trained scholarship without benefit to themselves and without shaking the faith of them that believe.

The inspired word brushes away all distinction of knowledge and wisdom and must be spiritually discerned. The great Teacher said, that to receive the kingdom one must become as a little child. The wisdom of the world must give place to implicit faith in Him who made the earth and the sea and all that in them is. We ought to obey God rather than men.

The Pharisees added to the law of Moses the counsel of their own teachers. They built up a great body of doctrine more moral than spiritual. Tithing mint and cummin

they neglected the weightier matters of the law. There is still danger that men add thus to the Book. The churches are concerned with present day problems. The greatest care should be exercised that nothing be required that is not clearly taught in the Bible as essential to salvation.

And we should be equally careful not to take away from what is written in the Bible. A generation or two ago there was more preaching than now on heaven and hell. This may be due to a better present interpretation of the Bible, or may be adding to the Bible mere human opinion that no man is good enough for such a heaven as has been preached and that no man has done evil enough to deserve eternal punishment.

We don't know very much in detail about the world to come but any man can see that the Bible teaches that life and death are stern realities. We may not see the difference between the good and the bad as God sees it and as God emphasized it in the gift of His Son. Not believing what is written in the Bible of future rewards and punishments look dangerously like taking away from the words of the book of this prophecy.

Our modern life is very wilful and very self-sufficient. We are not accustomed to look to the past for guidance nor to depend on a power outside ourselves. Nor do we have our father's view of the realities of life. They subdued the wilderness and did away with its perils. They harnessed the powers of nature so that we know little of real hardship. It is harder for us to feel the threat of impending doom. It may be that our moral fibre is softening. The old Saints were thoroughly in earnest. They remembered Lot's wife and lost no time in looking back or speculating on the reasonableness of their fear. They were fleeing for their lives and they kept running. This intense earnestness often developed noble Christian character.

If scientists object to the Bible as a few of them do. I reply that it is not a matter to be determined in the sphere of scientific demonstration. In all reason, is it not supposable that our Maker would give us a rule of conduct and law by which we are judged. Our common sense and our God given consciousness of the eternities tell us. He would do this. We dare not add to or take from the Book He has given.

Renew Your Subscription.

The HUNTERGRAM

A Newspaper Within A Newspaper

Vol. IV. January 1, 1932 No. 24

A. Jones, Editor Walter White, Adv. Mgr.

Pa, said little Peter, what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?
They make a referee out of him! growled his dad.

Pencils 2 for 5c

Now is your chance to purchase these writing sticks at a low price. Business makes them essential and we make them available.

Best Wishes For The Year 1932

Jolly Tom says that love first starts when you'd rather waltz with a girl than fox trot with her.

Kit: Gee, but that date last night was fresh.

Kat: Why didn't you slap his face?

Kit: I did and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco.

Opportunity only knocks once and then the instalment collector does the rest.

He: Remember that night I met you?
She: Yes.
He: Remember how we loved each other as soon as we met?
She: Yes.
He: Remember how I kissed you?
She: Yes.
He: Remember—
She: Yes.

Girl: Where are you stopping this weekend?
Roommate: I'm stopping at nothing.

Nit: What is the idea of the crowd at the church?

Wit: An ice man is confessing his sins.

I don't like the tone of your radio. That's no radio; it's our washing machine.

HUNTER DRUG COMPANY

Home of the Western Union

Arcola Items

Christmas passed quietly but pleasantly. The weather has been ideal and the health of our people splendid. Quite a number of visitors have been in our town, among them are Mr. and Mrs. Nat Brummitt and children of Oxford; Mrs. Herbert Tharrington and daughter of Chester, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Veagey and son of Greensboro, Mr. Benj. H. Johnson of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Capps, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cooper, Mrs. G. D. Modlin, Mr. Geo. Capps and Miss Geneva Harper of Rocky Mount; Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Burt and Miss Lucy Burt of Louisburg; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Coley of Brinkleyville, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Skillman and sons of Raleigh, Mrs. Leyta King Miss Sadie King, Messrs. Harvey, William and Palmer King of Liberia Miss Irene Davis of Grove Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Skillman and daughter, Miss Annie Sue Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Harris of Warrenton; Mr. W. M. Duke of Heathsville, Mrs. Lee Grissom of Epsom; Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Capps of Rocky Mount; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Davis of Creek and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Williams and children of Inez and Miss Emma Duke of Raleigh.

Rev. N. G. Harrison filled his appointment here Sunday evening and preached an able sermon. Mr. and Mrs. Matthey Person, Mrs. Mollie Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper of Serepta church, Centerville, were visitors to hear him.

Miss Lottie Neal returned home from Park View hospital Saturday where she has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis.

Miss Louise Price leaves next week to enter Rex hospital, Raleigh for training.

Miss Rebecca Davis of Louisburg College and Miss Lucille Davis of Louisburg graded school are spending the holidays at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Odora were run into Saturday night on their way home from Rocky Mount and forced into a ditch. The other car was driven by negroes from Virginia. Not much damage was done and no one was hurt.

Miss Lucille Davis entertained a number of her little friends with a candy stew Monday. Games were played and all had a merry time.

Patronize the Advertiser.

Palmer Springs News

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Williams spent Christmas in Richmond with Mrs. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Byerley and son of Raleigh are visiting Mr. E. F. Bobbitt.

Mrs. C. B. Hendrick and E. W. Hayes Jr. went to Farmville Tuesday. They were accompanied back by Misses Elizabeth Hendrick and Lucy Read, who are spending the holidays here with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell and children spent Saturday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nevell of Warrenton.

Mr. Hendrick Gilmore of U. M. I. is at home with his mother, Mrs. Courtenay Gilmore for the holidays.

Miss Sue Bobbitt of Winston-Salem is visiting her father, Mr. E. F. Bobbitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Alford of Roanoke Rapids are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Spain.

Mr. Jack Coleman of U. S. Navy is visiting his mother, Mrs. N. A. Coleman.

Mr. Dick Hayes of Raleigh is at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Arrington Davis and baby of Henderson are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Read this week.

Mrs. Claiborne and children of South Hill are spending the Christmas holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jeffress.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Cheek and children, Miss

Lucile Tharrington, Mrs. Macy Milam, Miss Emily Milam, Mrs. J. A. Ross and children, all of Macon. Sorry to report that Mr. W. O. Tanner is ill at this writing.

Sunday night at Union church a lovely little Christmas program was given by S. S. children.

Mr. Robt Kimball of Elon college is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Loris Tucker and children of Atlanta Ga., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Tucker.

Mr. Chas. L. Read of Richmond spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Read.

On last Wednesday the teachers of Palmer Springs high school gave the children a Christmas tree with presents for all. The children also rendered a program which was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Oscar Hull principal of the school is visiting his parents at Roxboro.

Misses Lucile Gillispie and Elizabeth Macon are spending the holidays at their homes in LaCross and Baskerville.

Miss Mary L. Read who teaches at Skipwith is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Read.

Miss Rosa Palmer a teacher of the Wise high school is spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Palmer.

Miss Lizzie Hendrick of St. Lukes hospital and her friend Miss Brown are spending the Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Gilmore.

Music printed on dark green paper with the notes and staff in white is being used to reduce eye strain.

WOOD DRY PINE

Sawed and Delivered—Very low Price

John G. Tarwater

Phone 160-J

EFFECTIVE TODAY

The Price Of

The Warren Record

Becomes

\$1.50 a Year

In view of the times and in an effort to aid as many of our subscribers as possible to continue taking The Warren Record, we reduced the price to \$1 a year for a limited time. The response to our efforts has been very gratifying.

It was our intention originally to resume our old price of \$2 a year. In view of the recent developments, the paper will be \$1.50 a year instead. We welcome people of this section to our mailing list.

The Warren Record