

# The Warren Record

Published Every Wednesday By  
Record Printing Company  
P O Box 70, Warrenton, N. C. 27589

HOWARD F. JONES  
Editor

GRACE W. JONES  
President

THURLETTA M. BROWN  
News Editor

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE  
IN WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, UNDER THE LAWS OF CONGRESS  
Second Class Postage Paid At Warrenton, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
In Warren and adjoining counties \$10.00 Per Year  
Elsewhere \$12.00 Per Year  
\$6.00 Six Months \$7.00 Six Months

## A Fine Effort

Featured on the second front of this newspaper this week is an account of the activities of the Warren County Education Fund, one of the brightest things to be put together in our county in quite some time.

From its inception, the Fund has been a source of good in the county, and has displayed, despite the low per capita income found here, an ability to raise much needed funds for public education. It has received favorable national interest.

Under the direction of Fund Chairman Karl Hehl, and with the full guidance and support of School Supt. Mike Williams and Community School Coordinator Mary Hunter, the Fund netted over \$10,000 earlier this year, with individual gifts averaging between \$15 and \$25.

The fund raising campaign was called "A Day for Warren County Schools." And what a day it was. Some 72 volunteers met at the high school, heard a keynote speech from fifth-grader

Mary Parker Coleman, and then went out into the communities of the county to call on prospects.

When the special day had ended, and donor prospects were followed up and combined with mailed in contributions, the total raised stood at \$10,142.

An outgrowth of the fund raising was the establishment of teacher mini-grants to enrich classroom activities with programs not provided for in the regular school budgets. The mini-grants, which ranged from \$100 to \$300, have helped to establish a quiz bowl team, a high school drama guild, a literary magazine, a foods fair, the purchase of appropriate dictionaries for special education students, the construction of a nature trail and outdoor laboratory, and much more.

From all indications, happy days await future drives to generate local monies for additional projects. Mrs. Hunter noted this week that recently a letter advising recipients of the accomplishments of the money raising campaign was mailed. It asked for no contributions.

Yet, more than \$500 has poured into Fund coffers from people interested in the welfare of school children.

You might not expect a school-related fund to fare quite this well in a county which is often linked with hard times. But the success of the Warren County Education Fund, both in terms of generating volunteer effort and community financial support, is just another reminder that it seldom pays to sell Warren County short.

## The Warren County Scene



Fall's foliage transformed the Warren County Court House Square into a thing of beauty this autumn. In the background, a postman passes by the law offices used by the late John Kerr, Jr. and his father, Congressman John Kerr. The office is now occupied by attorney Charles M. White, III.

(Staff Photo by Howard Jones)



Thurletta Brown

## Reasons To Give Thanks

You can't go too far these days in Warren County without finding something to be thankful for and this week I'll list a few of the occurrences that warrant noting.

Under the watchful eye of Nathaniel Macon—who no doubt lies smiling in his stone-covered grave that overlooks his old homeplace—progress is being made by leaps and bounds at the Buck Springs 4-H Camp. Warren County's commissioners, along with other guests—among them Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ward, Monroe Gardner, County Manager Charles Worth and Mrs. Linda Jones—had a first-hand "taste" of that progress with a site visit to the camp on Monday.

All present were served lunch—catered by the Warren County High School cafeteria staff—prior to presentations from agricultural extension staff members George W. Koonce and Phil McMillan. The luncheon was held in what was once an old tenant's house on the Nathaniel Macon property. Through hours of hard work and perseverance, that old, abandoned house has been transformed into a useful structure that now houses three workshop areas, as well as kitchen and sex-specific restroom facilities, that can be used for year-round day camps.

Seated on some \$2,800 worth of padded chairs that had been donated to the Buck Springs 4-H Camp by Ft. Bragg, those present Monday learned that the camp include a 28-foot-by-40-foot multipurpose shelter next to the ballfield and a 100-foot-by-120-foot multipurpose court to be used for baseball, volleyball and badminton tournaments. In addition, plans have been made for a five-mile nature trail on the grounds. I feel certain that Nathaniel Macon, wherever he may be, is thankful that such good use is being made of his old homeplace.

Also on Monday, the wallet lost in early September by Jane Aycock was found. Faithful readers of this column will recall that young Jane, a student at Meredith College in Raleigh, lost the french purse while home in Warrenton celebrating her Labor Day birthday. The wallet was inadvertently left on the back of the family car and was lost on an outing down E. Macon Street. Readers will also remember that the personal items inside—the pictures and other mementos—were the ones most sorely missed by Jane. Well, that young lady must have been "livin' right" because on Monday, the wallet was found by an inmate who had been assigned to a work detail behind the CarQuest store on E. Macon Street. There in the brook that runs behind CarQuest, Jane's wallet was found. Of course, the money was gone—along with the credit cards—but the wallet was found, restoring Jane's faith in human nature. Neat, ain't it?

The third reason to be thankful is a very personal one for me. Some of you may remember that an August column about my trip to the Duke Chapel asked for prayers that the two trumpet players needed for my Christmas Eve service here would be available. Well, as luck would have it, last week BOTH cancelled out. One of them, after giving up two Christmas Eves for me, has finally decided to spend that evening with his wife and three small children. The other, also a two-year veteran, has a son who has a scheduled performance in Carnegie Hall in New York City that night. Both of these are good reasons, but with all the other problems in my life just now, I did not need to hear "no's" from my two trumpeters, especially not for the night of the premier performance of an anthem I have composed. Well, prayers have not brought me trumpeters yet, but in Monday's mail at the office was a letter from the daughter of one of the members of the church that will host the 11 p.m. service who actually VOLUNTEERED to sing with us on Christmas Eve. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!

The moral of all this: Sometimes life does not give us exactly what we think we want, but our needs—our true needs—are always met in some form or fashion. As the Thanksgiving season approaches, look about your own lives. There may be much there to complain about, but I'll bet there are lots of things to be thankful for as well.



Americans consume an average of 58 pounds of chicken a year per person.

## Here and There

Howard Jones

## Post Card Collecting

A former resident of Warrenton who now calls northern Virginia home wrote us the other day, asking that we send her some of the postcards which we advertise weekly. She was interested solely in local postcards.

Our inventory of local postcards is small, indeed. We have several thousand color postcards of the old Warrenton Depot, which was consumed some years ago as a result of arson.

Our second color postcard, which must number in the hundreds, is one which my grandfather had published in the 1920s and which features wording and a picture of Annie Carter Lee's grave. It is interesting to note on the address side of the postcard that the writer was instructed to affix a one-cent stamp prior to mailing.

Today, we do have a good stock of black-and-white postcards, all reproduced faithfully by my friend Barrie Davis, who runs Theo Davis Sons, Inc., a fine printing concern in Zebulon. These cards were made from an accordion folder of 1920-era Warrenton street scenes, and featured among the ten scenes, four of the town's churches, including the Baptist church which burned in the mid-Thirties, and the Methodist church, which was drastically altered and enlarged several decades ago.

I mention these cards more as an example of rising interest in postcard collecting than as an attempt to make a sale.

Some time ago I received literature from the International Federation of Postcard Dealers, which is headquartered in Manassas, Virginia, not too far from where our letter-writer mentioned earlier lives.

The Federation pointed out that way back before World War I, the picture postcard hobby was the greatest collectible hobby the world has ever known. Just about everywhere, it seemed, everyone from royalty to peasant had a postcard album.

Just after the turn of the century, postal restrictions were lifted and picture postcards could be mailed for one cent. This ability to mail at low cost opened a window on the rest of the world.

Oldtimers will remember that this was a world where the average person never travelled more than 20 miles from his place of birth during his lifetime. It was a world without radio, without television and with only primitive motion pictures. The average person had little knowledge of the world outside his immediate neighborhood. Then came the picture postcard.

Stereoscopic viewers were found in virtually every parlor, and the most advanced printing plants—then in Germany—turned out millions of picture postcards.

In addition to the millions of cards produced in huge plants, the small-town drug store often had a display case where pictures were developed and printed as postcards, serving a local news item.

With the coming of two world wars, the interest in postcard collecting waned. But now it is back, apparently in full swing, and veing for a place usually reserved for stamp collecting and coin collecting.

About a month ago, while browsing through an antique store, I came across a postcard printed in Germany before the First World War. Its value was made greater because it contained a postage stamp and a legible note. The price—\$5.00. I suspect that many postcards go for much more.

The International Federation of Postcard Dealers lists more than 300 dealers in the United States who specialize in picture postcards. Additionally, there are thousands of small dealers who buy and sell cards at antique markets or through the mail.

Finally, there is the small collector, such as our reader in northern Virginia, who wants only a reminder of what a hometown looked like many years ago, and who doesn't want to pay a king's ransom for that memento.

Bill Hudson, a representative of the U. S. Census Bureau, stopped by our office last week to drum up interest in a recruitment drive which the Bureau is conducting for census takers. When he finished talking with a reporter, and was on his way out, he stopped to tell me something. But he forgot what. "I never have been able to remember very well," he said. "But now I am 68 years old, and finally I have an excuse for forgetting."

A very pleasant lady from Norlina called the other day to request that she be given a refund for a classified advertisement which our newspaper published for two consecutive weeks.

The problem was the old typo bogaboo. The lady had intended to advertise pears for sale. As rotten luck would have it, our typesetter omitted the "r" in "pears."

The disappointed advertiser admitted that she was perplexed when folks started calling for peas. It took a couple of weeks to realize what went wrong, and by that time her pear crop had come and gone on the tree, a victim of peas she never had.

## Letter To The Editor

### The Rules Of The Game

To The Editor:

Life is a game, and every game has rules. That idea might be the philosophy of some persons. After all, there are deadlines, commitments, responsibilities and—oh, yes—laws that we all are required to meet and obey.

There are time clocks to be punched, quotas to be met and criteria that must be satisfied. There are rules and laws and interpretations and explanations of laws that use reams of paper and boggle the somewhat feeble, fickle human brain.

The resulting questions are many: Is it necessary? Is it productive? Have we become so inundated with the rules of the game that we forget that the purpose of the game is to gain personal and spiritual satisfaction?

I would not attempt to answer any of those questions. What I would do instead to soothe the fear inside and calm those nagging doubts is to quote a phrase that someone—ever so insignificant in major world events, but equally as wise and understanding—said.

Life, religion and what they entail is not of rules. It is of relationships. The rule says "turn the

other cheek." The relationship says "forgive." The rule says "thou shalt not kill." The relationship says "love thy neighbor." Rules are not made to be broken, but they are broken quite frequently. Relationships, if based on sound spiritual precepts rather than inflexible rules, last indefinitely.

I have no doubt that we will always be governed by laws and rules. I have even less doubt that we should always be guided by love.

There is a language for laws that few create and few understand, but to quote something that hangs on my wall that I read everyday: "The language that God hears best and we all understand is the silent language of love."

MILTON GOODWIN DAVIS  
Warrenton

## Editor's Quote Book

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.  
William Penn

## Littleton Life In '22

November 11, 1922

The election passed off quietly in Halifax County. There being no contest, all the Democratic candidates were elected. People taking very little interest and it was doubtless the smallest vote ever polled in the county.

Mr. H. M. Sykes has gone to Fremont after holding a Peruna demonstration here for the firm of S. J. Stallings and Son.

Mr. Joseph Macon of Warrenton was a visitor in town yesterday.

### Freeze It

Butter may be frozen if wrapped in a moisture and airtight wrapper.

## Looking Back Into The Record

November 5, 1948

Warren County residents on Tuesday joined with other voters of the nation electing Harry Truman as President of the United States in the biggest political upset in American history.

A planning board—with responsibility for advising the mayor and commissioners on matters of beautifying the Town of Warrenton and preserving its natural and historical distinctiveness—has been appointed by Warrenton Mayor Frank Banzet.

The 10-acre homeplace of the late Will Rogers is expected to be purchased soon for roughly \$17,000 as the site of the new Warren General Hospital.

November 8, 1963

The parents of 53 black children living in Warren County have filed a suit in federal court asking that the Warren County Board of Education be directed to present a plan calling for desegregation of all schools in the county this school year.

With only one shot, James H. Robertson of Macon killed a 180-pound 18-point deer last week while hunting with Thomas Neal of Embro.

The Mayflower community, winner of top honors for the past three years, will represent Warren County in the Capital Area Community Development competition to be held Nov. 18.

Gaston Lake will have its own air strip soon thanks to Oliver S. Davis, owner of three and one-half miles of lakefront property of which 2,600 feet will be used by Davis for the construction of the proposed runway.

November 9, 1978

Warren County voters gave their support to the passage of a \$680,000 bond issue to build a new sewage treatment plant by a margin of more than 2-1 Tuesday, with only two townships—River and Smith Creek—failing to lend their endorsement.

A search of a car involved in a traffic accident yesterday turned up CB radios and fire extinguishers reported stolen in September from the Inez Fire Department.

A cornerstone, indicating the organization of Cooks Chapel Baptist Church in Warren Plains in 1877 by the Rev. W. J. Harvey, will be installed Sunday.