

CHOWAN HERALD

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Coming Next Week

Albemarle Magazine:
Chowan County Fair
and much more!

— and —
Edenton Aces tennis,
soccer previews



Fresh meats are cut and packaged daily at Whiteman's in Rocky Hock. Arleen Dail and Sue Carr ring up Sam Hord for a loaf of bread and a newspaper. Fresh produce from Rocky Hock and beyond is available during the summer and fall.

Whiteman's store

Old times aren't forgotten



Earline White/The Chowan Herald

David Harrell always gets a rise out of the boys at Whiteman's in Rocky Hock. Alvin Bunch can't help but cover his face from laughing so hard.

BY EARLINE WHITE
The Chowan Herald

David's at it again — trying to play matchmaker.

"Hey, Bill," he says, "why don't you come down to the Red Barn tonight and meet this pretty gal who's looking for a fellow as good to her as I am to my honey?"

Bill Lane, who just walked in the door of Whiteman's store after his shift at the dye plant sits down near David in one of the broken slat wooden chairs near the cooler.

He smiles, tips his blue cap up a bit and takes a long swig of yoo-hoo.

"You should come and meet her. Maybe she'll cook you something good so you won't have to eat Nabs for dinner," David laughs.

Bill just smirks. He's used to this.

Bill drops by Whiteman's nearly every day, grabs a snack and heads to the corner of the store where the good old country boys sit talking about women, farming and politics.

They've been doing it for years, just like their Rocky Hock-bred fathers before them who used to sit down at the former Rocky Hock Grocery and do the

same.

Everyone who walks through the double glass doors they know. And sometimes the boys speak even when the shoppers don't.

The whole scene — the half dozen men sitting around in a semi-circle in a corner of a country store, telling stories after getting out of the field — is reminiscent of country stores across rural America, now fading.

The men's faces may change but the chairs are always waiting.

Ray Smith comes in to Whiteman's fresh from a shower. His clean-pressed white shorts beam against J.C. Nixon's field-dusty Dickies.

Ray says that he's been in the field most of the day, but most likely he's been the one driving the tractor, not the one picking the melons.

"They're looking pretty this year," Ray said to J.C. about the peanut crop. J.C. would know — he was after all, the county production winner for peanuts in 2003. He's spent most of his day working on the peanut picker, getting it ready for next month.

"Yeah, they're all right. But I'll have to get 6,000 pounds to the acre to get my money back," J.C. tells him.

"All the spraying and spraying this year. I used to could get \$680 per ton, now I'm good to get \$340. If I don't get a good price for yield, I'll be sunk.

"If I had a boy that told me he wanted to farm I'd have to put this up his behind," J.C. says and lifts his right foot off the cement floor.

A young couple comes in, walks past the fresh local produce on display, the freezer full of nightcrawlers and minilending library filled with romance novels, heading for the fishing tackle.

David Harrell, who has been here for a while today, surprisingly does not know the couple but says hello anyway.

They stand in the fishing section (beside the hunting section) debating which lure to buy. The seven-foot wall is lined with anything and everything a fisherman might break, run out of or forget to bring.

"You know you probably shouldn't go fishing tomorrow," David tells the girl with a dragon tattoo on her neck.

"Why not," she asks the stranger with a hint of aggravation.

"When the wind is in the east, fish bite the least," David tells her. "Wind in the west, fishing is best."

The boys all nod their heads.

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"It ain't Peyton Place," Robert jokes about Whiteman's social circle, "but almost is at times."

Robert Wiley, a.k.a. the best transmission man in town according to his circle of friends, stops in for a quick smoke before moving on to another job in the adjoining garage at Whiteman's.

His glasses are smudged with grease and his fingernails dirty with oil.

About once an hour he'll stop in just to see what the boys are talking about. He won't stay long — he's got too much to do.

But for a few minutes he'll sit and listen to one of David's stories.

"Tell her the one about you on the gurney," Robert tells David.

J.C. Nixon says, "Tell the one about going to make a deposit at the bank."

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Cape Colony
pastor shares
vision, hopes for
church's future

See INSPIRATION C8

Rogerson to lead Northeast agency

BY SEAN JACKSON
The Chowan Herald

A veteran employee with the area's top economic development agency has been tapped to lead the organization through its rebuilding process.

Vann Rogerson was named

president

and CEO of

the North-

eastern

North Carolina

Regional

Development

Commission

during the

organization's

board meeting

last Wed-

nesday. Rogerson

has previously

been the vice-

president of the

Northeast Partner-

ship, a subsidiary

of the Commis-

sion.

"Vann has all the

skills and talents

we need to lead

our regional

economic develop-

ment efforts,"

Gene Rogers, Com-

mission chairman,

said last

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Rogerson

Suspects charged in crackdown

BY EARLINE WHITE
The Chowan Herald

More than 700 grams of marijuana have been recovered, and six people arrested, by Edenton Police Department during a community crackdown initiated by Police Chief Greg Bonner.

"Our officers have been working diligently to get drugs off the street," Bonner said, "but we wanted to also address several issues in the community such as noise ordinances and curfew violations. I want to commend the officers on a job well done and encourage them to continue ensuring the safety of the citizens."

Special assignments began last Wednesday night and resulted in numerous citations for loud mufflers, driving with license revoked, juvenile curfew violations and noise ordinance violations.

Later that night, a search warrant was served for the second time at 1013 C. Badham Road.

Just two months after being

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EDENTON, NC
TICKETS
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SONS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION
SHRIMP FEAST
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SEPTEMBER 9, 2006
5:00 PM TO 7:30 PM FOOD
8:00 PM TO 9:30 PM MUSIC
\$20: Pre-Sale; \$25: At Gate

