

The Warren Record

Published Every Friday By

The Record Publishing And Supply Company

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Member North North Carolina Press Association

Entered as second-class matter at the post office in Warrenton, North Carolina, under the laws of Congress.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1960

Should Read Article

In another part of this page will be found a thought provoking article by Peggy Wood, a Raleigh citizen and a graduate of Duke University who is now teaching in Rye, New York. We hope that every reader of this newspaper who is interested in public education of North Carolina will give this most interesting and revealing article more than a casual reading.

Miss Wood was among the five finalists for an Angier Duke scholarship at Duke, and failing to obtain this scholarship won another valuable scholarship at Duke where she majored in English. She appears to be intelligent, and a schoolmate at Duke says that she is charming, she is dedicated to her profession and seems to be just the type teacher we need in North Carolina, where she would prefer to teach. In her article she tells why she feels that she can't come home.

Anyone familiar with the economic conditions of North Carolina must know that the state is not able to pay the salaries paid in wealthy Rye, New York, to furnish

the light teacher load in effect in her school, or to offer all the aids to teaching found there. But it does point out the reason why so many of our fine young girls are entering the teaching professions in other states. Two capable former members of the John Graham High School faculty are now teaching in Florida at a salary of more than a \$1000 than they were being paid here. We have been informed that a former Warrenton girl is teaching in New York at a salary of more than \$7,000. The talents of all these teachers are needed in North Carolina.

While we can not hope at the present time to match the salaries paid in some of the wealthier states, we can face the fact that we can not have first rate schools in North Carolina so long as our average teacher's salary is \$1000 below the national average. The question before the next legislature, it seems to us, is not whether the state of North Carolina can afford to spend a great deal more money on its public schools, but whether it can afford not to spend a great deal more.

Raises Questions

The 1960 preliminary census report shows that Warren County during the past ten years suffered a population loss of nearly 3800. The fact that present indications are that no corresponding drop has taken place in pupil enrollment in Warren County schools and that little if any decrease is expected in 1960-61 enrollment raises some interesting questions and thoughts to ponder.

Until final census figures are available, showing the loss by races and sections of the county, definite conclusions can not be made, but they are suggested. We believe that the figures will show that a large number of both Negroes and whites have migrated from the county. We further believe that the migration has been from among the older citizens among the colored people and from high school graduates and boys and girls in their early twenties among the white. Whether these will balance and whether their will be any change in white-Negro ratio will not be known until census figures are revealed.

But it is a well known fact that many of the Negroes who have gone North have left their children in Warren County with relatives to be educated. On its face this would indicate that there is no pressing cry for integrated schools among our colored people. As a matter of fact, one Negro parent on a visit home told the editor of this paper that she wasn't going to have her child

"in all that mess in New York."

It is not generally known, but Warren County actually lost a great many more people during the past ten years than is indicated by the census reports. Around 4000 more persons were born in the county than died in the county during that period, so the actual migration was nearer 8,000. Most of them had been educated in Warren County schools at the expense of the taxpayers of Warren County and North Carolina. If we assume that they averaged attending our schools for ten years and that it costs \$240 a year to educate a child in our schools (it may be higher) then the bill for each child was \$2400. Multiply this figure by 8,000 and we come up with a total of \$19,200,000.

If the figures are not accurate, they are at least suggestive of the heavy cost of educating children who in their productive years aid in the development of other sections. It certainly adds ammunition to those who think that the federal government should bear a greater part of the cost of public education.

Another question raised is whether Warren County and the State of North Carolina should be required to educate the children of parents who earn their living in other states?

We do not have the answers. All we are trying to do at the present time is to present the problems to our readers for their thoughtful consideration.

NEWS OF FIVE, TEN AND 25 YEARS AGO

Looking Backward Into The Record

May 27, 1955

Mrs. R. H. Bright was installed as president of the Warrenton Woman's Club at a dinner meeting held at Hotel Warren on Thursday night of last week.

Saturday will be Poppy Day in Warrenton and throughout the nation.

May 28, 1956

Charlie Justin, famous football star of the University of North Carolina, was presented an honorary diploma at graduation exercises of the John Graham High School here on Tuesday evening.

The newly organized Lions Club at Holston held its charter night program on May 18 with 11 clubs participating.

The Warren County Board of Education

on Monday night rescinded its action of April 26 halting school construction in Warren County pending clarification of a decision on segregation by the United States Supreme Court.

May 24, 1935

The Rev. A. J. Hobbs, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Wilson, has been assisting the Rev. O. I. Hinson in conducting revival services at the Methodist Church this week.

Former officials of the Bank of Warren were not called to trial this week on a charge of violating the state banking laws on account of the illness of G. B. Gregory, cashier of the defunct bank, who underwent an appendicitis operation in Richmond last week.

Can Girl Ever Come Home To Teach?

Peggy Wood, a Raleigh girl, is teaching in Rye, New York, and she wonders, "Can I Come Home Again?" in an article in the current issue of North Carolina Education, the magazine of the North Carolina Education Association. The answer to her question is found in teacher's salaries, the kind paid in Rye, New York, and the kind being paid in North Carolina, and in teacher's load, the kind in Rye, New York, and the kind in North Carolina.

Miss Wood, a graduate of Duke University, where she received a sizable scholarship, is in her second year at Rye. She receives a basic salary of \$5,100. In Raleigh she would receive a state salary of \$3129.30, plus a Raleigh supplement of about \$378.

In her magazine article, Miss Wood describes her education and teaching experience and the conditions she has found in Rye, New York. Her article follows:

All things being equal (and they are not), I would prefer to teach in North Carolina. Yet here I am in Rye, New York, approximately six hundred miles from home, my family, and many of my lifelong friends. How did I happen to get here? This is the story I am about to tell.

I was born in Lumberton, North Carolina, into an average, middleclass family. When I was in the third grade, we moved to Raleigh, where I attended the public schools until my high school graduation in 1954.

Perhaps because I always liked school, I decided early that I wanted to become a teacher. Both my parents had at one time taught, but neither said much then about my decision. What I heard from many adults, however, shocked me. So many of them warned me that I would be letting myself in for a life of drudgery at that, if I chose to spend the remainder of my life in a classroom. Harrowing tales of forty students per class, endless papers, and miserably low salaries were only a few of the things which began to detract somewhat from the appeal of teaching.

Competition Keen

For many years I had known which college I wished to attend: Duke University was my choice. Duke it had to be! I was well aware, of course, that Duke was relatively quite expensive and that I would have to get a scholarship in order to attend. Since my grades had always been high, I entered the competition for the Angier Duke Scholarship. Twenty semi-finalists were chosen and I was among them.

I can well remember that cold morning when we twenty met at Thomasville for interviews, from which five finalists would survive. Coincidentally or not, the judge who interviewed me was a teacher. Later I was interviewed briefly by the complete group of five or six judges. I cannot remember what was said, but I do remember being surprised that everything seemed so easy. When I reached home, I told my parents that I thought I would be one of those five finalists. I was.

The five of us spent a weekend on the Duke campus and enjoyed a real taste of campus life, each of us having a student sponsor in whose dormitory room we stayed. My sponsor was a tiny girl, Martha Pearson, who looked like a sixth-grader rather than a college junior. I was tested, interviewed, entertained, and sent home to await the results. What I felt intuitively after the semi-finals, I felt again. This time, however, I was equally firmly convinced that I had NOT won the coveted scholarship. I was right. I didn't!

Dejection and Hope

At this point in my life, I was more dejected than I had ever been. It was a startling feeling to realize that my best wasn't good enough. Four friends, how-

ever, came to my rescue. A high school teacher, Farmer Smith, and my principal, Dr. W. Sanders, felt sure that I could still get a substantial scholarship at Duke based on my showing in the Angier Duke competition, and two men, Dr. W. Amos Abrams and Mr. Joseph Hardison, neither of whom I had ever met, helped to make my dream a reality. Duke offered me a scholarship of several hundred dollars per year for each of my four years. To these four men I owe a great debt of gratitude.

My college years were happy years, I became an English major. Though somewhat disillusioned about the idea of teaching, I had not abandoned it completely. Thus I took a program in education which would include practice teaching and which would end for me a teaching certificate. I still had that unanswered question: What is teaching really like?

As in most universities, the Duke Appointments Office arranges senior interviews with visiting company representatives. Among the companies represented was New York Life Insurance, and I spoke at great length with its interviewer. Approximately a week later I received an offer to be a research analyst. I tentatively accepted, though I had been given a month to make my final decision.

Student-Teaching Begins

By this time I had begun my student-teaching program in Durham County under the guidance of Mrs. Amy Fallaw, senior English teacher. From the day I entered her classroom, I realized that Mrs. Fallaw possessed a talent for teaching which many of us seek but few seem completely to attain. Without raising her voice, Mrs. Fallaw was in command every second. Her methods of presentation were so fascinating that I found myself as enchanted as the pupils, although I had heard the same facts many times. When the day came for me to begin teaching, I was completely confident. Mrs. Fallaw sat quietly in the rear of the room, never speaking until we included her in a discussion. Nevertheless, when I looked her way, I found a broad smile and an encouraging nod to keep me going.

Needless to say, this delightful experience made me realize that teaching was the only profession for me. I wrote to New York Life and explained my situation—that both the job and I would suffer were I to accept under these circumstances.

With this decision, I now faced another problem—getting a job. My college roommate, Carol, a French major, and I hoped to find jobs in the same area, but we had little success. About May 1, the Duke Appointments Office informed Carol that Miss Elizabeth Brown, principal of the Rye High School, Rye, New York, had requested information on prospective French teachers. She was asked to call Miss Brown immediately. After learning



PEGGY WOOD

from an Atlas that Rye was in Westchester County, a mere thirty miles from New York City, Carol resolved to call and ask if by chance there were also an English position available. There was!

We Fly to Rye

Miss Brown explained that Rye required a personal interview with all applicants. Because Duke was still in session this meant a plane trip up and back. With no assurance of even being offered the job, spending fifty dollars for a plane ticket seemed appalling. In fact, my parents disliked the idea of my considering a position that far from home—even when I told them that the starting salary was \$4,700. We made our reservations, however, and off we flew!

First, we met Miss Brown and chatted with her. Then I was introduced to Mr. Dillenbeck, head of the English department, who gave me a more detailed idea of the English program and answered all my questions. I was immediately impressed by his relaxed, good-natured attitude and found the information he gave me most amazing. Later I met Mr. Wendell Hoover, superintendent of schools, and then our brief stay was over. We were told that we would be notified of their decision by telegram within a few days.

I was completely sold on Rye after my brief glimpse of the school. When we were both offered positions, I was ecstatic. Dr. Allan S. Hulbert, one of our Duke professors, told us that we were very lucky indeed to be beginning our teaching career in a position with so much opportunity.

No Drudgery Here

Fall arrived quickly. From the very first I saw that my days were not to be filled with drudgery. I taught five classes, supervised one study hall, and had one free period. With only sixteen in my largest class, I certainly had no excessive amount of papers to grade. I found, too, that I had unlimited sick leave with no pay cut, and my salary each month seemed a small fortune. The amount of available instructional material was staggering, and I had only to name something else to obtain it.

I soon learned, also, that the Rye school system afforded numerous extra benefits to the teacher. Every Friday school closed a half hour early, and we are encouraged not to remain after school on that day. Classroom teachers have no assigned supervision in the halls, lunchroom, or assemblies. We have a faculty meeting once a month and a departmental meeting once a month; school is dismissed early for our faculty meetings; so the day will not be overly long.

Schedules, Salary, and Services

This year my program is much the same as last year. We are presently on an eight-period day which runs from 8:10 to 3:32. I teach four classes, supervise one study hall, and have three free periods, my largest class numbering fourteen. I have now taken on additional responsibilities and am co-advisor of the sophomore class and cheerleading coach, the latter duty entailing attendance at all home and away football and basketball games. My salary at present is \$5,100 plus an additional \$200 for cheerleading. (Rye instituted a new salary schedule as of September, 1959, with a starting salary of \$4,900.)

The Rye school system is definitely an advancing one where new ideas are encouraged rather than banned. Several extra-curricular activities are pursued vigorously. Many specialists are available. The full-time personnel includes a nurse, a dental hygienist, a speech therapist, a psychologist, three guidance counselors, and two developmental reading instructors. In addition, a consulting psychiatrist comes in on request.

The Town and the Gown

Rye itself is a suburban community composed largely of families with above average incomes. Most of the men commute daily to jobs in New York City; thus the great majority of our students take college preparatory courses. The parents seem quite interested in the school program and often take an active part in various school functions. Most of the students are conscious from the seventh grade on that they are heading for college; so many of them are receptive and eager to learn. With the volume of work assigned and the high standards required, virtually all are successful as college students.

Needless to say, perfection is an impossibility. I have found only a few things, however, to criticize in Rye. Socially, the situation is not highly favorable for any young single woman. There are very few young people in this immediate area, attributable mainly to the high rent. I have also learned that Rye is like any typical small city in that it is difficult to achieve any degree of anonymity; many of our teachers live in neighboring towns to avoid this situation. In the school itself, I have heard some teachers complain that, because their students must take New York State Regents Exams, they are not as free to teach extra material as they would desire. This restriction does not affect me, however, as tenth-graders have no Regents in English.

Shall I Come Home?

Nevertheless, as I consider the possibility of returning to my native state to teach, I am continually confronted with the same questions: If I had stayed in North Carolina to teach, could I now,

MOSTLY PERSONAL
By BIGNALL JONES

There is nothing new about the statement that North Carolina's most expensive export is that of its citizens, but it is given added impetus by recently released population figures for the state and county. The state as a whole has shown both business and population growth during the decade but the population increase was disappointing to most persons and relatively low compared with other decades. Actually the growth of the state was small when one considers the natural increase that should occur with the excess of births over deaths.

Bringing the matter closer home, one finds here in Warren County that the natural increase of citizens brought about by births over deaths should have increased the population by some 4,000 persons, instead we had a total loss of around 8,000 persons, which represents about a third of our 1950 population.

There is nothing new in this state of affairs either in the county or in the state. We educate the children and when they reach the age of productivity, they go to other sections to add their contribution to the development of such sections, and we are left with the very young and the old.

This can be seen here at Warrenton where the number of business men in their twenties can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand and where the number of old people is at an all-time high.

One ponders these things and one wonders why Warren County and North Carolina can not hold its citizens, with its many natural resources, fine climate and many other advantages. One does not have to ponder long for it is obvious that the answer is lack of good job opportunities. That it is not lack of ability is shown by the fine success so many of them meet with in other sections. But we turn engineers and chemists and other scientists and teachers and business administrators out of our colleges and they promptly go to other sections. We graduate boys and girls from our high schools and they either go to the growing cities of the state or to other states, where wage scales are higher. They leave because they can not afford to stay at home.

Sometimes a few return. But by and large they resist the pull of family ties and are lost for good to our town, our county, our state. And unless better opportunities are afforded our young people the process will continue.

after a year and a half of teaching, have paid for a new car, have money in the bank, and be earning over five thousand dollars? The answer is obviously in the negative. Is it fair to ask me to take a salary cut of \$1,500 not to mention the additional work I would encounter, just to come home? Why must this be the situation, and why can't something be done about it? I'd like to come back, all things being equal, for I'm still not a Yankee at heart!

Family Resemblance

Among the visitors at the city zoo were a man and his cousin from the mountain country. The grizzled mountaineer stood spellbound as he viewed the giraffes, elephants and various other animals and birds. It was with reluctance that he left one cage to go to another.

As they came to the monkey cage, however, our friend paused for only a moment, then hastened away.

"What's the hurry?" asked his companion, who liked to watch the monkeys.

"I didn't mind a-lookin' at the el-phants and such," he said, "but these—wall, they were a-lookin' at me!"

A Gentle Hint

While waiting to be served in a fashionable restaurant, a customer tied his napkin around his neck in his fashion. This distressed the manager so much that he told the waiter to indicate to the customer as tactfully as possible that this simply was not done in the restaurant.

The waiter walked to the table and in as polite a tone as he could manage he asked, "What'll it be, sir, shave or haircut?"

A psychiatrist ran into one of his lady patients, who introduced her husband to him: "Doctor, this is one of the men I've been telling you about."

Yours truly,
UNCLE LUKE.