

The Warren Record

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Challenge From The Past

Community pride surfaced in a big way here Monday night when a standing-room-only crowd in the Warren County Court House collectively marvelled at the town's architectural heritage.

The occasion was a presentation of the reasons why a large part of Warrenton has been nominated for historical district status. The program was presented by a state specialist who was tremendously conversant with her subject. Color slide after color slide linked the architecture of Warrenton with that of Halifax and even Boston, and it could not have been a more pleasing Bicentennial show. If there had been material for encores, a good number of townspeople would probably still be sitting. And when it was over, it seemed that Warrenton had suddenly taken on the look of an underfunded Williamsburg.

Certainly the potential for increasing our tourists' appeal can be found in the many homes, churches and commercial buildings illustrated during Monday night's program. With proper capital, or increased imagination, or a mixture of both, it could portend big things for both town and county.

A research team spending considerable time in Warren County as of late has uncovered over 200 historically significant sites. Surely, many of these the average resident takes for granted, as many serve still as residences and places of worship and commerce. Possibly the fact that they are in use accounts for the reason many are still in

existence.

Interest in the past has always seemed keen in Warrenton, for various reasons Monday night's evidence of this interest creates renewed hope that our past may yet serve to brighten our future.

Pictures of Alexandria, Va., where unsightly utility poles have been removed and where business district trees have been allowed to flourish, of Salisbury, where gas lights illuminate areas of particular significance, and Wilmington, where uniform plaques provide tourists with the history of a particular building, were offered as examples of what communities can do to promote tourism (which, not incidentally, seems to be a euphemism for bringing money into the town).

Warrenton has an opportunity afforded few other communities in North Carolina to exploit the beauty built by our predecessors. Warrenton has at its disposal the attractions on which tourists seem to thrive, and in some instances can find in few other places.

We need now to advertise these attractions, to increase our efforts at preservation, and to work for keeping our shade trees and removing our light poles and cleaning our community and designating those homes and stores which are worthy of historical note. If we don't, a lot of people who evidenced pride in their town Monday night will be terribly disappointed, and 1976 could go down in history as the year Warrenton missed an opportunity of considerable proportions.

Let's Let It Go

The North Carolina Division of Archives and History has requested that the Warrenton Fire Department turn over to it for restoration and public display what was once the company's fire bucket cart.

Only a few years ago this cart was parked near the rear of the present fire house and appeared to be in fair shape considering its lack of care. Fire Chief McCarrroll Alston painted the cart, although he had to buy the paint. Paint was not enough and Alston had what was left of the cart stored above the toilet room in the fire house. Recently, permission was given the fire company to store what is left of the cart in a room over the municipal building and as this is written there it remains.

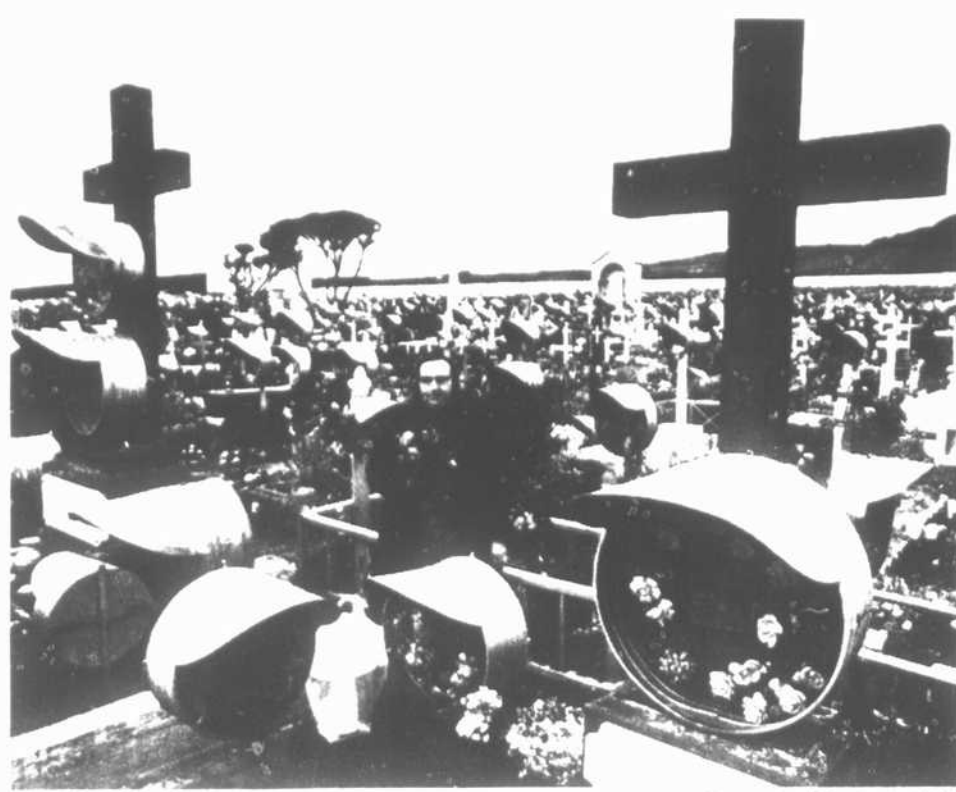
An agent of the Division of Archives and History learning that the Warrenton Fire Department had this material in its possession, contacted Fire Chief Alston asking him that the Division of Archives and History might be given custody of the rare old bucket cart. He said that the division would restore it, repaint it and put it on display. In case the Warrenton Fire Company wanted to use it in special events, it could be borrowed from the state agency. In a recent parade in Murfreesboro Wilson's fire department had on display an old piece of its equipment, restored by the division of Archives and History.

In addition, it has been reported to this newspaper that the agent of the Division of Archives and History has agreed to return the cart to Warrenton should the town build a museum. The cost of the restoration has been placed at \$3,000 as parts will have to be handmade in some cases.

When Alston told Warrenton commissioners of the offer and asked approval, two of the commissioners expressed themselves in favor of keeping the cart, restoring it and placing it on display here, perhaps on the court house square.

We trust that these commissioners have had second thought; if not that they will be overruled by the full board. For Warrenton has not the money nor the know-how to restore the cart and no proper facilities for displaying it in safety. Now that it has been discovered to have considerable value as an antique, there is no guarantee that it will not be stolen from the court house square if parked there. Even if chained, there is no guarantee that its parts will not be taken. Ridiculous? The cannon balls—all four of them—have been stolen from the Confederate monument.

Beyond that, the cart is owned by the volunteer firemen and they want it sent to Raleigh where it will be properly restored, and shared by all the people of the state.



LIKE STOPLIGHTS signaling the end of life, sunshaded photographs of the dead mark graves in cemeteries on the Azores. Despite alcohol, bathrate, Portugal's Azorean population has declined in recent years as

islanders leave to find jobs on the mainland or in other countries such as the United States. A feeling for independence sweeps through the name Mid Atlantic islands, which last year ousted communist officials

Communist Chiefs Ousted As Change Sweeps Azores

As serene and pastoral as the Azores appear, they seem ripe for change.

Discovered by Portugal for nearly 500 years, the 400,000 people on the nine mid-Atlantic islands have long felt oppressed by their rulers in Lisbon. In 1975 the political turmoil in the country stirred the promoters of discontent into a strong Azorean independence movement.

"I heard the refrain everywhere," reports Dion Moser in the February National Geographic. "For years Portugal had been making the golden cow. Azoreans claimed, exploiting the islands' agricultural abundance, taxing imports and exports heavily and providing little in return. Then, that was added leftist control."

Kicked Out Communists

The long-standing resentment exploded last summer when Azoreans burned a Communist Party headquarters on Terceira, dumped a Communist leader's car into the sea, and demonstrated angrily in major towns.

By the end of the summer they had driven virtually every Communist leader to Lisbon and had demanded—and won—the ouster of a number of unpopular Portuguese officials, including a governor.

Generally poor and ill-educated, the Azoreans are, nevertheless, hardworking, generous of spirit, and honest almost beyond belief.

On Corvo, the smallest of the islands, the jail has not been occupied within memory. On any island a visitor who forgets a pencil stub or near-empty cigarette package in a car will be chased down the street by

someone trying to return it.

The people are blessed in other ways. They live on hot volcanoes covered with rich soil. The North Atlantic Current, a branch of the Gulf Stream, ensures a climate without extremes of heat or cold.

Yield Rich Harvests

The earth responds by yielding bumper harvests of both temperate and tropical crops: corn, sugar, sugar beets, oranges, and bananas. Flowers, too, bloom in abundance and gave the name Flores to the small island at the western end of the archipelago where pastures are separated by lush hedges of hydrangeas.

The economic hub of the Azores, the city of Ponta Delgada rests at the foot of volcanic cones on Sao Miguel, attesting to the origins of the island and the entire archipelago. A hundred-odd miles to the west of Sao Miguel and neighboring Santa Maria are the central cluster of five islands. Pico, the most spectacular, lifts a volcanic cone 7,615 feet above the sea.

Beautiful scenery doesn't keep the Azoreans anchored to their islands, however. They have been emigrating to North America since the 1700's in search of a higher standard of living. Some 5,000 still move to the United States each year.

The United States in turn has a vital interest in the Azores. An Air Force contingent has been based at Lajes Field on the island of Terceira since World War II. It operates "the big gas station" that keeps flights moving to and from the United States and North Atlantic Treaty Organization bases in Europe.

Ed Gill: Welcome Ally

To say that State Treasurer Edwin Gill's opposition to an industrial development bond issue narrowly defeated by voters of this state two years ago was mainly responsible for its defeat may be attributing too much power to one man, but the fact remains that when Edwin Gill speaks, people listen.

Voters listened to the warnings Gill raised two years ago, and proponents of the industrial revenue bond issue were never quite able to counter his warnings.

Now, two years later and faced with the same issue, slightly redefined, Tar Heel voters are getting a different urging from the state's treasurer.

Treasurer Gill has announced his support for the proposed amendment to the state constitution that would allow governments to issue bonds to finance new industry or industrial pollution control equipment.

In urging voters of the state—the only one in the nation which does

not allow issuance of industrial bonds—to support Amendment No. 2 on March 23, Gill said there would be "criticism of my action because I have changed my mind, but that does not bother me if I know that I am helping to meet the urgent public needs of our day."

A changing of mind is often the sign of an educated man, as Treasurer Gill certainly is. Rather than retaining an inflexible attitude simply to appear consistent, he has taken a new look at a proposed method of attracting good industry and he has found it more attractive than two years ago. North Carolinians urging passage of the amendment should be cheerful over Gill's conversion.

Two years have done nothing to dim his reputation as a conservative watchdog of the public treasury and a persuasive spokesman for sound fiscal policy. This time around, we trust a large number of voters will again listen to what Mr. Gill has to say.

A Great Teacher, A Great Lady

By BIGNALL JONES

A great teacher teaches a great deal more than is to be found in books as her personality and character are reflected in her contacts with her pupils. For this reason it is hard to see how a person can truly be a great teacher without being a great person.

This is illustrated by the life of my Cousin Mariam Boyd, whom I almost invariably called Miss Mariam. I with hundreds of others can boast that she was once my teacher, but in truth it was only for a short time. But for a lifetime she has taught me much by being such a great lady and such a decent person.

Miss Mariam Boyd lived for more than 90 years and most of that time was spent in Warrenton where she was born and where her life was an inspiration to those who came in touch with her in the classroom and in the almost daily contacts of a small town.

Her father was the late Henry A. Boyd and even as a youth and as a young man I was impressed with his gentleness and reminded that a gentleman is a gentle man. Miss Mariam inherited this quality in full measure. No one ever had reason to question that she was a lady. Not that anyone went about analyzing her. To me and to thousands of others she was just Miss Mariam and that meant something special—the grace of breeding, the possession of a kind and understand

ing heart, a sense of social responsibility and a love of people.

That Miss Mariam was a citizen of Warrenton made of Warrenton a much better place in which to live. That she was a great teacher was a blessing to hundreds of children and a contribution to her county and state. Her participation in the civic, social and religious life of the town made Warrenton more charming place.

And now that her life is a beautiful memory, her nieces and nephews upon whom she showered her maternal love rise to call her blessed.

In the Southern part of Warrenton where in my boyhood another great teacher operated a school in a small frame building, now stands a modern brick school with hundreds of children daily carrying on the process of learning. This fine school bears the name of Miss Mariam Boyd and that name should be an inspiration to those who enter its doors.

I know that Miss Mariam must have deeply appreciated the deserved recognition and I know the county school administration honored itself in honoring this great teacher and lady. But I also know that Miss Mariam needed no monument of brick and mortar, for she lived and lives in the hearts of those she taught and in the hearts of her friends and neighbors.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor:

In responding to your letter of February 19, 1976, entitled, "Sparing Some Kilowatts," I would like to say that Mr. Randolph Rooker is guilty of gross misrepresentation of the facts.

What he failed to mention was that Soul City Boulevard is a main street in the New Town and it extends past South Tech I, a 73,000 square foot industrial incubator. This building now houses The Soul City Company and Information Center. The Company office hours are from nine to five, Monday through Friday and the Information Center is open seven days a week. There are over sixty people working on site daily and there is a Health Center that treats over 1,000 patients per month. The Information Center recorded ninety-five visitors during the week of February 8, 1976. In addition, there are four different Mobile Home Parks in Soul City that house the workers and their families.

We must then question the veracity of a person who claims he "traveled this length of road several times, day and night," without seeing any of these people. In his haste to enrage the local taxpayers, Mr. Rooker also miscounted the streetlights, there are 49 instead of 51. We, the residents of Soul City, can appreciate their aesthetic and functional value.

JANICER CRUMP
Associate Director/
Public Affairs

To The Editor:

We wish to express our appreciation to Sheriff Davis of Warren County and his deputies for their help and cooperation in our recent robbery at Kerr Lake.

We wish especially to thank Deputies Capps, Bartholomew and Paynter for an outstanding job, for their untiring and dedicated inquiry, which apprehended and brought to trial and conviction the ones responsible for a rash of robberies on the lake, including ours. We feel you are indeed

fortunate to have such outstanding and forth right officers to preserve peace and order.

Thank you, Warren County, for your help and support in protecting our property and well-being and for making us feel much a part of your community.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. RICHARDS
South Hill, Va.

To The Editor:

The town of Warrenton is to be commended for bringing art to this community. We are very fortunate in securing Susan Simmons, an excellent teacher, for our area. As a pupil of Susans, since the first day of class, I feel qualified to say that this is a great and informative program.

The adults that have attended the art classes have not only shown remarkable improvement in their work, but I feel, have also learned to appreciate all types of art work and the beauty that surrounds us.

Susan's work with the young students is really great. It is an experience they will profit from for years to come. To keep young minds and hands busy, with something constructive, is to keep them out of trouble, and who knows what great contribution these children will make to our future society, as a direct or indirect result of this art program.

A personal note—I may never be a great artist, but the self-satisfaction I get from a painting I complete is something money can not buy. I must thank The Warrenton Art Commission and Susan Simmons for making this possible.

JACKIE YOUNG

Correction

Headlines of an article in last week's paper stated that Mrs. E. C. Evans was named Teacher of the year at John Graham. Mrs. Evans was the "Teacher of the Day," as the accompanying article did point out. Other teachers will be honored throughout the year.

Overheard: A Good Lesson About Always Being Critical

By HOWARD JONES

Maynard Hale, a personable Littleton salesman with a number of friends in Warrenton, was swapping yarns in a local grocery Tuesday and during the conversation recalled a trip a friend had recently taken to Egypt.

Maynard said in anticipation of the trip his friend went to the barber shop. While being groomed, he casually mentioned to the barber that he and his wife were planning a vacation, and were going to Egypt.

"That's the dirtiest place on earth," the barber interrupted, "everywhere you go there is poverty, and you'll travel from one slum to another. I wouldn't go there for anything. Why're you and the wife going?"

"We've always wanted to see the country, the pyramids, and

President Sadat and his palace," the dismayed customer said. "Old Sadat is one of the vilest people you've ever seen," the barber said. "He's an arrogant, obnoxious man and his palace is a dump."

After a few more minutes of trimming the barber asked how the trip was going to be made.

"We're planning to fly TWA, already have our tickets, as a matter of fact," Maynard's friend replied.

"Sorriest airline in the world," the barber said. "Discourteous stewardesses, messy aisles, dirty windows, the works."

The haircut completed, the customer excused himself, glad to get beyond the range of the critical barber.

Two months later the two had a chance meeting at Raleigh Durham Airport, just as the Egyptian visitor and his

wife were returning.

"How'd your big trip to Egypt go?" the barber wanted to know.

"It was just fine," the newly returned traveler began. "We had one of the most pleasant flights I can remember. The country of Egypt was lovely, the people hospitable and the food superb. And the trip to the presidential palace was the highlight. It was a gorgeous building, and we even got to see President Sadat, one of the grandest fellows I've ever seen. To top it all off, the President called me over to the side as a group of us were touring the palace."

"What on earth did he want?" the barber asked.

"He wanted to know where in town I got this sloppy haircut," Maynard's friend said.