

The Warren Record

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BIGNALL JONES, Editor
HOWARD F. JONES, Business Manager
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Tribute To Wilkins

America is only as strong as the people of whom it is formed and no section can prosper except as the whole prospers. No people should have learned this better than the people of the south. Because we believe this and among many other reasons we have been for many years a great admirer of Roy Wilkins, former director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who died on Wednesday of last week and who was largely responsible for the Supreme Court ruling in 1954 in Brown versus the Topeka Board of Education in which separate but equal ruling of the nineties was stricken from the law books.

Quiet and soft spoken, he labored for the advancement of his people for many years and he labored well, seeking wherever and whenever possible the support of the courts. He did not believe in all black towns or in segregation in any form, whether white or black, and was a supporter

of ERA for many years before it became popular, and as it has turned out, he proved to be a friend of the white man.

We did not know all of this until after his death when it was set forth in a tribute in The News and Observer on Thursday morning by its editor Claude Sitton. But we were greatly impressed by his dignity and honesty and sincerity and by many of his successes which were successes for all mankind. Like all who strive for worthwhile goals, I think he was misunderstood and faced abuse, and was called "Uncle Tom" but he calmly continued his efforts. This was called to our attention Tuesday by a black leader in response to our praise. But that was at one time, he said. They have now learned better.

We think that many of us have learned better about a great many things, and we can thank Roy Wilkins for this.

Man In The Shadow

By CLAUDE SITTON

In The News and Observer
 To those who say let us now praise famous men, one might ask in reply who in this day deserves such praise. Among the few names that come readily to mind is that of Roy Wilkins. He stood quietly for years in the shadow cast by lesser men who sought and won public acclaim as civil rights leaders while using the base that Wilkins built and defended against assault from within and without. I first met Wilkins in 1959 in the slightly shabby quarters in midtown Manhattan from which he directed the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Memory offers no anecdote that might give a clue to his success. Modesty left him all but threadbare of drama. But in more than six years of covering the civil rights movement in the South and elsewhere for The New York Times, I found no leader more effective, more courageous and more dedicated to the best in that cause and in America.

The Martin Luther Kings, the James Farmers, the Whitney Youngs, the Floyd McKissicks, the Julian Bonds and the Rap Browns came and went, but Wilkins—who was there before them—remained. Protest marches, freedom rides and sit-ins claimed printer's ink and camera's eye. But the N-Double-A under Wilkins never deviated from its emphasis on the political and legal action that, with hind-sight, can be seen as the lever to black progress.

Unlike the oratory of the Kings, the Abernathys and the Shuttlesworths, that of Wilkins swayed no multitudes. But his rhetoric, while sparse, was sharp, evocative and to the point. Once when the Kennedy administration had succumbed to pressure to appoint the segregationist W. Harold Cox to the federal bench in Mississippi, Wilkins asserted: "For 986,000 Negro Mississippians, Judge Cox will be another strand in their barbed wire fence, another cross over their weary shoulders and another rock in the road up which their young people must struggle." And so he was.

Wilkins was a breeder of champions, his NAACP Youth Councils providing the testing grounds on which future leaders of the movement pioneered some of the direct action tactics later adopted by other groups. Vernon Jordan, who resigned yesterday after distinguished service as president of the urban League, came out of that background in Atlanta and served as a Southern field secretary of the NAACP under Wilkins.

Wilkins was a practitioner of women's equality while ERA was but a gleam in the eye of the leaders of women's liberation. For his toughest assignment, that of opening in Birmingham the first permanent NAACP office in the Deep South, he chose Mrs. Ruby Hurley. She arrived there in 1951 when lynchings were not uncommon in the South and the city's segregation ordinances even contained a prohibition against blacks and whites playing checkers together.

Wilkins was an integrationist, even to the day when black separatism came into political fashion among the remnants of the civil rights movements. The all-black new town—that slicked-up

version of the ghetto—and the black studies fad held no appeal for him. He vowed publicly in 1969 that the NAACP would go to court if necessary against this separatism, just as it had fought white-ordered segregation in years past.

Wilkins was also a patriot, in the best sense. He never lost faith in the ability of America to live up to the promise of her Constitution and Bill of Rights. Yet, none knew better than he the sorry details of this nation's denial of that promise to his own people.

Wilkins' deep belief in the American system and his refusal to go beyond its bounds in seeking solutions proved to be both strength and weakness. That approach brought slow but certain progress. However, the frustrations it generated among a people too long denied cost Wilkins and the NAACP in membership and support in the 1960s and 1970s.

For all of his quiet demeanor, Roy Wilkins stood firm—a symbol of endurance and faith among a weary people—at a time of critical stress in American society. The fact that this can be said of but few others provides perhaps tribute enough at his death.

Drawing Reply Finds Its Mark

In The Smithfield Herald

This little story was not "clipped" but it was "lifted" from an old book gathering dust on a top shelf almost out of reach. It illustrates how Tar Heel countryfolk in the old days could hit the bull's eye with a rebuke without raising the voice in anger.

Soon after the Civil War a prominent man stopped overnight in the little town of Warrenton up near the Virginia border. Next morning, as was his custom whether on a trip or at home, he took an early stroll. And he met a countryman who greeted him with a "Howdy" and passed the time of day cordially.

The native was barefooted, and the visitor's curiosity was aroused. With air of condescension, the man of prominence said: "Is it the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes?"

"Wal," came the drawing replay, "some on us does, but most on us 'tends to our own business."

Quotes

Drafting women into the army will solve a lot of problems. Once they start drafting women, the men will all be rushing to volunteer.—Peter Falk.

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.—John Stuart Mill.

By BIGNALL JONES
 High school and college football seasons are now underway and this week I will use a recent bus trip to a high school game and an automobile trip the past Saturday to a college game, as vehicles for observations and reflections about matters of which I hope will be of some interest to readers of this column.

The high school game was held at Mebane on Sept. 4 and marked the debut of the Eagles of the Warren County High School, and was scoreless until the last 30 seconds when the Mebane Eagles scored on a pass and made the extra point for the victory.

Some years ago Deputy Sheriff Theo Williams entered the bus business with one bus and now operates three. Working in the office of Sheriff Clarence Davis with Deputy Williams is Mrs. Billy Frazier, office deputy, and wife of Warren County High School Coach Billy Frazier. Some one conceived the idea of going to Mebane by bus and Mrs. Frazier made the arrangements with Theo, who agreed to furnish all his buses if they were needed. He agreed to take as few as one full bus of 39 for \$5.00 a person, and then agreed that he would send one bus with a partial load at this figure, when he found how badly some of us wanted to go by bus.

Rain threatened all day Friday and due to this threat several persons who had promised to go by bus backed down and others did not apply. As a result the bus pulled away for Mebane around 6 p. m. with only 22 passengers aboard. It was the first time that I had ridden a bus in about two years and I think the first time that I had ever ridden a regular bus to a high school game. The Trailway size bus was clean and comfortable and with toilet facilities.

As we drove South on Highway I-85 with interior bus lights off and at times traveling through the rain with now and then girlish laughter from young women being heard, with cars being overtaken and meeting large trucks carrying on the business of state and nation, I thought of how important to North Carolina is its highway system. As one who likes to go places, I reflected that I would rather pay \$1.50 per gallon for gas and ride over good roads than pay the present gasoline prices and ride over worn roads filled with pot holes and run the risk of breaking shock-absorbers and

Mostly Personal

Paying For Our Roads

wrecking the car. Howard and I were seated a few seats back of the driver, Joe Williams, brother of Theo. I was greatly impressed by his skill as he drove that big bus at a constant speed and always in the correct traffic lane, and at the skillful way he parked the bus when we reached the school near Mebane. An account of the game has already been written up in the last week's edition of this newspaper.

On Friday night of last week Howard and I attended the first home game of the Warren County High School Eagles—their second game—and this time they won, an account of which will be found on another page. The next morning, at around 10:30, Grace and Ann took us to Chapel Hill in Grace's car, where Howard and I witnessed the football game between the University of North Carolina and East Carolina University, which North Carolina won quite handily and in the process gave encouragement to Carolina fans, among which Howard and I are both included.

Again I was thankful that we had a four-lane highway from the outskirts of Manson to the outskirts of Chapel Hill and devoutly wished that it had continued around Chapel Hill to a point near the stadium as cars moved bumper to bumper for miles over a two-lane highway.

We settled in our seats on the south side of the stadium five minutes before the kick-off, having stopped for a light lunch at a K&W cafeteria in Chapel Hill, when we made up our minds to leave earlier on the next Saturday. There were more than 53,000 persons gathered in the stands. Figuring the costs of tickets, travel, food and drinks, I figured that the average cost per person would be at least \$20, or more than a million dollars, not counting the thousands of dollars donated in addition by members of the Rams Club. And this was only one of several stadiums in the state.

In politics, I know that political leaders must do the best they can, and I am thankful that Governor Hunt induced the legislators to pass a 3c gasoline tax for our roads, but I thought then and I think now that roads should be built and maintained by a gasoline tax only, and my visit to Chapel Hill only strengthened this belief that the folks who use the roads should pay for them. I know hundreds of persons

who never attend football games or for that matter seldom use their roads, or go anywhere. Many of them find their only diversions in wine, beer, or intoxicating liquor, which is to be regretted. I don't think it is a fair thing to add to their taxes while talking about a one-cent added tax on food, and no increase on tobacco taxes; and I also feel that if we as a state are able to spend so much on athletics, we are rich enough to raise the salaries of our teachers.

Sunday afternoon we read an editorial in the Southern Pines Pilot on the value of tourism in which it was stated that last year tourism meant \$48,073,000 in business for the Sandhills and Moore County, which is another example of the value of good roads to the state. We ate lunch in Chapel Hill, my wife and daughter bought a few articles in Chapel Hill, and to boot we all ate supper at Darryls. So the "wasted" money on a football game at least meant more jobs, more happiness, more state taxes and even more taxes to a federal government, which does much good, but seems willing to cut food to school children and the poor, while reducing the taxes of the rich.

To end on a happier note the Carolina fans saw a new record established by a Carolina back when Kelvin Bryant, black player from Tarboro, established a new touchdown record of six in one game, while also rushing 211 yards, and our kicker, Jeff Hayes, who kicked nine extra points and all kick-offs going into the end zone. And Bryant only played less than three quarters.

Earthmoving

Sinkholes occur in regions underlain with water-soluble rock formations such as limestone and dolomite, where water percolating down through the porous rock over the centuries has carved away subterranean tunnels and caverns.



PUCKER POWER... Watermelon seed spitting contests where distance is the name of the game are happening at fairs all around the country when enthusiasts of all ages try to break standing records.

Peanut Program Means Much To Us

By REP. L. H. FOUNTAIN
 WASHINGTON, D. C. — Expressions like "He's working for peanuts" or "That reward was nothing; it was peanuts" are often used when talking about low pay or low reward. The meaning being that working for peanuts is like working for next to nothing.

The origin of these expressions is unclear; but, one thing which is clear is that the peanut—through the peanut program—is a vital contributor to the economic growth of North Carolina as well as to many other states. Indeed, there are just under 60,000 peanut farms in the three major peanut producing areas of the United States, and about 18 percent of them are located in North Carolina. So whether or not we are directly involved in the peanut industry, we benefit from the peanut program as a state. We benefit because peanut farmers and their families and workers not only grow a valuable crop, but they also contribute to the economy of our cities and towns—they contribute through the buying of goods, of homes, of automobiles, and they are an important part of rural North Carolina.

Unfortunately, there are those in the Congress who would do away with the crucial peanut program—a program which has helped to stabilize the family farm, keep a steady and high quality supply of peanuts available at a modest price, and all the while insuring a reasonable return for the farmer.

Those in the Congress who would destroy the peanut program are kicking the peanut farmer when he is down—down because of the severe drought last year which saw the North Carolina peanut harvest fall about 40 percent below that of 1979.

Incidentally, even with the peanut shortfall—the first such shortfall in over a quarter of a century—the farm price for a pound of peanuts was only 24 cents, up just 12½. And with or without the peanut program, there isn't a Congressman I know who can control the weather.

Some who would dismantle the peanut program argue that the

acreage allotment and marketing quota system "restricts" the peanut industry.

But, does an industry which, in the space of only 22 years, nearly tripled production to about 4 billion pounds sound restricted? Does the peanut industry, which has increased its per acre yield through the use of new seed varieties, new technology, better use of fertilizer, and improved management, sound restricted? And does an industry which had a crop value of \$800 million in 1979 alone sound restricted?

The answer, of course, is a definite No.

The House Agriculture Committee has drawn up an excellent 1981 Farm Bill, and the bill includes the peanut program—a program which at the reasonable cost of about one cent per person per year has insured an adequate supply of high quality peanuts for the consumer and protection for the farmer.

The Committee Farm Bill will preserve the peanut program by retaining peanut acreage allotments and poundage quotas (1.3 million tons minimum), and setting loan levels at the average cost of production, but not less than \$600 per ton. Hopefully, this bill will be adopted without massive and destructive change.

For with the adjustments placed in the 1981 Farm Bill, the cost to the taxpayers for the peanut program is projected at only \$1.8 million by 1985. And that's a small price to pay for a program which contributes so much—a program which has, in fact, helped the U. S. to displace India as the world's leading exporter of peanuts, with exports of over 360,000 metric tons of edible peanuts in 1979.

The peanut program contributes substantially to the economy of both our State and Nation. I don't believe the American people want our farmers thrown off the land and the peanut industry controlled by a handful of corporate farmers. So we must not and will not permit our peanut program to be destroyed by those who do not understand its value, neither to the farmers nor to the total American economy.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor:

A letter to the editor in your last week's paper stated that I was ranting, raving, and using profanity at a recent meeting at the Town Hall in Warrenton. If attempting to bring jobs to Warrenton in order that the citizens can have a better standard of living is "ranting and raving," so be it. As to the accusation that I was using profanity, I suggest that the writer seek Webster's advice concerning the difference in profane and profound.

CHARLES A. HAYES
 Warren County Industrial Development Team
 Member

To The Editor:

After having a very enlightening conversation, I thought of something that I had written some time ago that might be of interest to your readers. It made me think. Maybe they will think about it too.

Love is a many splendored thing. It is needing and being needed. It is understanding and being understood. It is being a friend and having a friend. It is loving someone to talk to when you're lonely and when you're not lonely. It is being glad when that one special person is happy and feeling his or her sadness too. Finally it is feeling that there is no one else quite like your lover, no one quite so beautiful, or intelligent or exciting. Yet love means

simultaneously that your friend is not perfect, that she or he can be wrong and that he or she is human. It is love and care despite humanity. It means being able to care for some one without smothering them. It means being able to agree with them and at the same time remain a different person. Paradoxically, it is being one yet being two. It is the coming together of two into one.

MILTON G. DAVIS
 Rt. 1, Box 100
 Warrenton, N. C. 27589
 456-4219

Completes Course

U. S. Air Force Airman First Class Francine D. Alston, Jr., of Rt. 3, Warrenton, has graduated from the U. S. Air Force course for electronic computer systems repairman at Keesler Air Force Base, Miss.

Graduates of the course learn to inspect, operate and maintain electronic computers and related equipment. They also earn credit toward an associate degree in applied science through the Community college of the Air Force.

Airman Alston has now been assigned at Offutt Air Force Base, Neb. for duty with the 1st Aerospace Communications Group.

She received an associate degree in 1979 from Durham College in Durham.

News Of 10, 25 And 40 Years Ago

Looking Back Into The Record

Sept. 23, 1971

Roosevelt Alston, counselor at Norlina High School, was recently appointed assistant principal by the Warren County Board of Education. He came to Norlina from the Wilson County school system where he served as a counselor in the Springfield School.

Both the Warrenton Chamber of Commerce and the License Plate office will be relocated by the end of the month at the Rotary Room at Colonial Lodge, Chamber directors announced yesterday. A side entrance to the office at Colonial Lodge will be provided.

Sulphur Springs Baptist Church of Elberon will hold homecoming services on Sunday, Sept. 26. A picnic dinner will be served on the grounds at 12:30 p. m.

The guest speaker will be the Rev. J. M. Long of Murfreesboro, a former

pastor of Sulphur Springs Church.

Sept. 21, 1956

David Shearin, son of Sheriff and Mrs. Roy Shearin, and sophomore center on the John Graham High School football team, broke his ankle in the game at Norlina on last Friday night.

Billy Rogers, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Rogers, broke his arm in a fall from a tree on Saturday afternoon. He left the hospital Monday.

V. Krishna Menon is Indian Prime Minister Nehru's trouble shooting envoy.

This bit of information was responsible for Mrs. James T. Mustian winning more than \$600 worth of merchandise on Tuesday afternoon when she answered correctly the day's question by Durham TV station describing Menon.

Sept. 19, 1941

Recommendations made

at this term of court by the Grand Jury call for the installation of a signal light at the railroad crossing at Warren Plains and the presentation of names of those who have failed to have their dogs vaccinated to prevent rabies before the investigating body for possible action at the January term of court.

Warren County's financial rating was given a boost this week when \$15,000 worth of Fork Township refunding bonds were sold with an interest rate of only 2 cents and 2¼ cents on the dollar.

There will be community singing at the Arcola school building on Friday night, Sept. 26, at 8 o'clock daylight saving time.

Miss Mae Williams, formerly of the Baldwin Beauty Shop in Durham, has accepted a position with Margaret's Beauty Shop in Warrenton.