

Bonnie and Allen Campbell, Jr. of Ridgeway are shown above with their pet Labrador in their acreand-a-half pumpkin patch on their farm, Poplar Ridge. The dog is just one of many barnyard creatures the Campbells hope will be enjoyed by families visiting the farm to purchase pumpkins. The couple expects to harvest about 1,000 pumpkins

## Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart Are Paid Tribute In 1905 Speech

By BIGNALL JONES Anyone interested in the history of .Warren County may find in the County Warren Memorial Library a copy of "Recollections and Reflections," by Col. Wharton Green. Several years ago I reviewed this book for The Warren Record. Since that time I have received several letters from Vaughan Hawkins, of Box 1226, Daytona Beach, Fla., concerning incidents in the life of his aunt, Miss Lucy Hawkins and other former residents of Warren County.

of Sept. 12, 1984, he writes of Col. Green's reflections of Lee, Jackson, Stuart and others in an address delivered to the United Daughters of the Confedeacy of Fayetteville, on Jan. 19, 1906. This letter is being shared with our readers. It follows:

Dear Mr. Jones:

Sometime ago in your column, you wrote of Col. Wharton Green. **Aunt Lucy Hawkins was** very close to the Green family. In 1870 Aunt Lucy went to Maryland with Col. Green and his While in family. Baltimore she ran a private school out of the Green home. According to informa-

tion that I have, Col. Green was a great great-grandson of Philemon and Delia Hawkins. He was wounded during the Civil War in the siege of Washington, N. C. and was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg. In later years Col. Green resided at the famous "Tokay Vineyard" near Fayet-teville, N. C., where he was elected to Congress.

A few weeks ago I found, among some papers of Aunt Lucy, the text of a long speech that Col. Green elivered on the 19th of January 1906 in Fayetteville before the J.E.B. Stuart Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The Green family sent the contents

of the speech to Aunt Lucy. Col. Green had the ability of deeply stirring the imagination and emotions. Some excerpts from the speech are quoted here.

Col. Green votes for Robert E. Lee: ". . . .Quintette of the incarnate gods of war; here they are: Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon, Churchill, Lee. But grand as they are, and as are the two-called down, ye powers, how they pale before the courtly gentleman and unpretentious schoolmaster of Lexington. Who would hesitate, in the right of choice, as between him and imperial Caesar? Not I. forsooth. And so by my vote he stands the foremost man of recorded time, Paul alone excepted."

Green speaks of the relationship between Lee and Stonewall Jackson: "...The two seemed designed for each other, and for the great occasion in which they were to act in respective role, so symmetrically were they adjusted each for his work. 'Better it had been me than he.' exclaims the great captain when he heard of the untimely fall of the other. 'Not so,' quoth the wounded hero, better a hundred dead Jacksons than one Lee. I would have followed him blindaround world.'..."

Green on Stonewall Jackson and his great appetite for lemons: "...He had an insatiate appetite for that acrid fruit and was always sucking one, when resting on a march, and to supply himself with that tropical delicacy, the men were wont to say that he kept the commissary trains under constant contribution..."

Green mentions General Dick Taylor, Stonewall Jackson, President Davis, General Grant and President Lincoln: "...But General Dick, in appetite

epigrams or antithesis must sometimes be taken, 'cum grano' for his intimates very broadly in fascinating book that 'Old Jack' was a crazy man. If so it be, President Davis might have plagiarized his brother President across the line of mark when told that his new and last appointee to chief command was a little too given to turning the little finger above his dexter. 'If I only knew his brand of whiskey' quote Abraham, 'I'd send a barrel to each of my commanding Generals.' Mr. Davis might have said to his illustrious brother-in-law, on basis insinuation, 'I wish I knew the mandrake that incites such mad-

ness'..."

Col. Green tells of a comment from Stonewall Jackson after the retreat from Kernstown: "Pardon another anecdote which my old and honored friend, Hunter McGuire, his chief of the medical staff, gave me during one of our long talks about his idolized commander. It is told simply to illustrate his sublime self-reliance, the predominant trait of all the greatest soldiers of all time. Said the Doctor: 'I was riding with him on the retreat from Kernstown, which I felt sure had been decided on against his approval. Notwithstanding the great disparity of odds against us, both in hand and within reach, I had never seen his brow so lowering and with every indication of ill humor and discontent. After riding along in silence awhile, remarked: 'I have just done a thing that I have never done before, and shall never do again. A council of war leaves the General in command saddled with all of the responsibility, but impotent to follow his

matured convictions, if

a majority of the

tribunal prefer a coun-

my belief that at the worst stage of the fight we had at worst an even chance and, if successful the results in our favor would have been incalculable'..."

Col. Green speaks of his friend and classmate: "Daughters of the Confederacy, I rejoice exceedingly that the Chapter of my hometown bears the name and emblazon of a much loved friend and classmate of my early manhood, J.E.B. Stuart, or as he was lovingly dubbed by his intimates and associates, 'Old to 'Bute Stuart,' was a man of opposites, but of singularly lovable character...And yet, withal he was so full of exuberance of spirits that he would fain at times break forth into a loud whoop, a lively song, or a mad dash on flirtation walk..."

Col. Green praises the U.D.C.: "...No wonder you are proud of your paternity, and of their unsullied escutcheon in the noblest, purest, sublimest of earthly struggles. No wonder you exalt in the soubriquet you wear, 'Daughters of the Confederacy; and of Confederate heroes. I doff my cap and salute you in deference and humility for trying to keep alive the spark of sacred memories, which others of the sterner sex seem equally anxious to extinguish frivolities, (suggesting)."

Green ends his address: "I will close by requesting my friend, Mrs. Dr. MacRae, to give us in her own inimitable style that glorious camp song which, owing to salt in the eye and frog in the throat, I have never been able to read aloud myself. It was Stonewall Jackson's way."

Cordially yours. VAUGHAN

Young Couple Tries New Crop

## Jack-O-Lantern Paradise Found On Ridgeway Farm

By KAY HORNER **News Editor** 

This past June, when soaring temperatures sent most Southerners in search of frosty refreshment and cool shade trees, a Ridgeway couple turned their thoughts to October, the month of ghosts, goblins and that most familiar sight of the season, the Jack-o'-Lantern.

Bonnie and Allen Campbell, Jr. sowed an acre and a half of their 88-acre farm, Poplar Ridge, in pumpkin seeds, a venture undertaken for both pleasure and profit.

During a recent interview, the two walked through their pumpkin patch lifting the large, trailing vines to reveal the fruit of their labors, a variety of pumpkins including sugar pie, princess, mammoth gold, and albino specimens.

Sugar pies are ideal for baking, Bonnie explained, while the larger varieties lend themselves to Halloween decorations.

Although some of the pumpkins, cousins of the squash, appeared to weigh in easily at 20 pounds, Allen lamented that the really big ones - the Big Macs - had drowned during the unseasonal rains of early summer.

The Campbells, who are both Warren County natives, bought the farm near St. Paul's Lutheran Church last year from the Nau family.

The farm today is a menagerie of 19 cows, two quarter horses and a lively assortment of chickens, ducks, turkeys and goats. Bonnie was the family's first pumpkin enthusiast.

She caught the fever from her employer at Jackson Enterprises, a camper distributor in Henderson, who cultivates 25 acres of pumpkins each year.

Bonnie convinced Allen, who works for her father, Joe Greer, in his logging operation, that the pumpkin business was just what they needed to round out their farm.

Tending the pumpkin field and the farm has taken every moment of the Campbell's spare time this summer, and an unexpected chore, keeping their black angus calves out of the pumpkin patch, was

The calves acquired a taste for the forbidden vegetable that necessitated stronger fencing around the pasture and a more watchful eye by Bonnie and

Actually the calves and their fellow barnyard

creatures are one of the tools the Campbells are using in marketing their pumpkin crop.

"We want people to stop by the farm for their pumpkins and to bring their children to see the animals," Bonnie explained. "If they buy a pumpkin, they can look around all they want.

The Campbells decided to retail the pumpkins themselves rather than sell to wholesalers. Pumpkin shoppers can find the Campbells at home week nights after six and during the day and early evenings on weekends.

In addition, pumpkins will also be sold from a stand on U.S. 1 near Ridgeway.

Bonnie said this week that a harvest of about 1,000 pumpkins is expected, and prices could vary, depending on the size and variety, from 50 cents to

The Campbells are expecting their first child in December, but the prospects of parenthood don't seem to have diminished the Campbell's plans for an even bigger pumpkin patch next year, if there is

A well-cultivated patch of an acre could produce as many as 2,500 pumpkins, Allen noted, and Bonnie chimed in that they were already planning to dry some of the seeds in anticipation of next summer's planting.

On the couple's dining room table is a variety of pumpkins arranged in a harvest motif along with Turk's turban, acorn, butternut, golden nugget and hubbard squash. In the yard is a flatbed wagon loaded with bales of hay and several varieties of pumpkin.

There seems little doubt that for now, pumpkins are center stage at Poplar Ridge.

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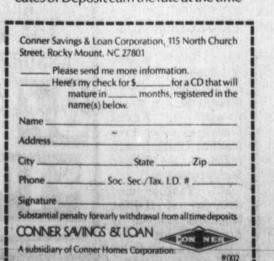
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