

The Warren Record

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Children Of Poverty

Statistics quoted recently in "The New York Times" reflect problems among a group of vulnerable and dependent citizens, America's children.

According to the figures, 22 percent of persons under 16—numbering about 13.8 million—live below the poverty line, by definition of the federal government a yearly income of \$10,650 for a family of four. Fifteen years ago, the percentage of minors living under the roof of poverty stood at 14.3 percent. What are the implications for a society whose children appear poorer than those of a generation ago?

We do not wonder that the class of poor children has developed so subtly. Because children are not customarily the heads of households, the plight of poor children is often buried within the larger dilemma of impoverished families. Further, children have no vote, rendering them political-

ly powerless to draw the attention of legislators.

As limited as their power to attract assistance is their ability to escape on their own devices. Breaking the reins of poverty is no easy feat for adults, but it is a virtual impossibility for children alone, without the trainability or skills or experience which adults often possess.

The despicable nature of poverty and its effects on the individual is reason enough for alarm. Additionally, there lies the threat of allowing a class of poor children to develop into a class of poor adults with neither the tools nor the drive to escape and with social and political philosophies nurtured in a far-from-desirable environment.

The poor children of America rank high on the list of groups in need of an intercessor to plead their cause now, before their formative years have passed and the cause is lost.

Results Are Mixed

In The Greensboro News & Record Although more black students than ever before are enrolled at the University of North Carolina's 16 campuses, minority students aren't always enrolling at the right institutions. By that, we simply mean that black students are not attending predominantly white institutions in satisfactory numbers.

As a result, the 1981 desegregation plan, signed by the UNC system and the federal government, is lagging behind its goal of having black students comprise 10.6 percent of enrollment at historically white institutions by 1986. The figure now stands at only 8.39 percent.

But that's the down side of the story. Here's the good news. UNC's five historically black universities have exceeded the goal for white students that the desegregation plan mandated for their campuses. The goal is 15 percent white enrollment by 1986. That objective was reached last year, and the number stands this fall at 15.63 percent.

Ever since the consent decree was signed, the UNC system has faced a problem. In public elementary and secondary schools, attendance zones can dictate racial composition of a school. But the university system doesn't work that way. College-bound students enjoy free choice to enroll where they wish.

Another factor affecting black enrollment at predominantly white campuses is the national decline in college attendance by black students. Shrinking federal college aid, rising college costs and more demanding college admission standards have taken their toll nationwide. While more black students are enrolled in the UNC system, some of these factors, particularly admissions standards, may determine where they go to college.

As for tuition charges, it would be wrong to put much blame there. Although tuition varies from campus to campus, the differences are not dramatic. Annual tuition and fees for in-state students at UNC-G are \$888, compared to A&T State University's \$814. And at UNC-Chapel Hill, the flagship of the system, the tuition is even cheaper — \$794 for in-state students.

What appears to have happened, then is that some white campuses have not recruited as actively as they should. Both UNC-G and UNC-Chapel Hill have experienced a decline in black enrollment since 1981.

One explanation is that all of the historically white campuses are now

competing for the same pool of minority students. Some are doing a better recruitment job than others.

UNC-G Chancellor William Moran acknowledges as much. UNC-G has hired a new admissions director whose high priority is to energize UNC-G's recruiting of minority students.

"We are looking at some new directions," says Chancellor Moran. "I think we can do more...I think we can do better."

With the court-ordered 1986 goal of black enrollment still not achieved, it's time for historically white institutions to try harder—a lot harder.

Lots Of Laborers

Peasants who live along a 30-mile stretch of road in China widened the roadbed in just one week, says National Geographic. At its peak, the project involved 200,000 laborers who were each paid five yuan (\$1.75) a day and a portion of the wood from the trees cut down.

Looking Back Into The Record

November 30, 1945

The Warren Record, which has been put to bed in its present quarters for 30 years, will move over to the next door and occupy the corner portion of the Dameron Building where S. M. Gardner has carried on his furniture business for a number of years.

A gift of \$3,000 has been made to the Warren County Memorial Library to be added to the building fund by George G. Allen of New York City, a native of this town.

Farm land prices have reached a dangerously high level, says Ivy W. Duggan, governor of the Farm Credit Administration, who adds that they are rising about one percent a month.

November 18, 1960

Charles T. Johnson, Jr., who has been practicing law in Warrenton for the past four years in association with W. W. Taylor, Jr., has accepted a position with the Trust Department of First Citizen's Bank and Trust Company in Raleigh.

Mrs. C. S. Scott and Mrs. J. W. Scott entertained at a tea on Wednesday for their sister, Mrs. Charles M. Stancil, of Chapel Hill.

The Warren County Scene



Reflections of an autumn woodland are offered in this setting in front of the home of Mrs. Al Williams in Warrenton. The bridge spans the picturesque stream known as Horse Branch.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary

Jay Jenkins

Remembering Harry Golden

Some 30 years ago, the North Carolina General Assembly was conducting hearings preparatory to adopting the so-called Pearsall Plan as the state's answer to the U. S. Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision.

Every shade of opinion was represented by the speakers, one of whom was Harry Golden of Charlotte, editor of The Carolina Israelite and a few years away from fame as the best-selling author of "Only in America" and other books.

Golden was waiting in the wings of Raleigh's Memorial Auditorium while an old, crippled white man denounced integration and cited biological differences in the two races. Golden whispered to a friend:

"When I go out there, I think I'll tell the legislature that while it's true the monkey has black skin and a pug nose, he also has straight hair and thin lips. It's a Mexican stand-off. Whaduh think?"

The friend laughed and said no. So Golden simply argued that the state should obey what was now the law of the land. But the untold story was

typical of the way he made his points with humor, an element conspicuous by its absence in the debates now in progress.

Golden started The Carolina Israelite in the 1940s. Of tabloid size, it didn't publish any current events. As Sam Ragan has noted, it contained brief items and observations about people and places ranging from prehistoric times to the present.

The paper appeared on no fixed schedule, but the Golden touch made it a joy to read, not only for Tar Heels but for national figures such as Adlai Stevenson and Carl Sandburg. The fat little Jew with the big cigar delighted in spoofing many Southern mores, including the delicate one of segregation.

He observed, for instance, that dark-skinned foreigners wearing turbans had no difficulty entering restaurants from which native blacks were barred. Buy turbans, he urged. Black women accompanying white children encountered no problems, he said, so more of them should follow the practice.

Golden delighted in twitting all ethnic groups. One of his tongue-in-cheek claims was that the Irish were one of the lost tribes of Israel and he was in the front row of St. Patrick's Day parades in Charlotte.

For members of the White Citizens Councils then active throughout the South, Golden advised, "Become Jews. There is little likelihood of any appreciable number of Negroes ever going to shul. Every day when the sun goes down you'll have yourselves a nice compact community. You'll never have to worry about Negroes again, and you'll even have yourselves your own country clubs, swimming pools, rummage sales and book reviews."

Asked once how he managed to survive as a tart critic in the heart of protestant country, Golden said, "I live here. I'm not like those guys who come down, throw a rock over the wall, and then run back to New York."

A fire gutted his house on Elizabeth Avenue in Charlotte, where he lived and edited The Israelite, and destroyed many of the books in his large collection. Readers from North Carolina and around the nation rallied to him, offering to restock his library and help in other ways. Harry Golden was genuinely touched by the warmth and scope of the response.

His trenchant and humorous words hit a lot of exposed nerves, and dissected many cherished myths. In the opinion of one man, Harry Golden turned his typewriter into a "bully pulpit" and performed a useful service before he died several years ago.



Kay Horner

'Big Apple' Weekend

The New York weekend had been on the agenda for several weeks, so by the time the four of us gathered in Greensboro Friday morning for our flight to LaGuardia Airport, we were properly armed with tour books, maps and lists of where to eat, where to shop, and what to see, gathered from acquaintances more knowledgeable than we about The Big Apple.

A little more than two hours later, we were standing in the lobby of our hotel, still armed with books, maps and lists, in a quandary over what to do first. In New York City there are more than 8 million people who have spawned things to do by the tens of thousands and places to eat by the thousands. That fact makes those of us who spend our lives in a land where owls still hoot and brooks still babble adjust haltingly, if at all, to life in the fast lane.

As a result, Southerners sometimes say very nasty things about New York. In fact, the closest some of us ever come to admitting that the city has any saving graces whatsoever is when we comment on the South's own version of a burgeoning metropolis. "That Atlanta," we intone. "It has all the bad of New York and none of the good."

Part of the bad press, I believe, comes from a lack of understanding about how to get from here to there in New York. After this past weekend, I feel equipped to offer some advice for visitors to the city.

The first lesson our entourage learned was taught by Yellow Cab drivers. It is this: When the time comes to hail a cab, forget what your mother told you about the power of softspoken gentility. The first day, we tried to hail cabs politely from curbside with a dignified flick of the wrist. We also walked alot.

The second lesson was that in certain parts of the city at certain times, there is no need to try hailing a cab—there aren't any. For instance, at 5 p.m. Monday through Friday anywhere in the vicinity of Wall Street, there are no cabs. If your status in the financial district is such that you can't afford a limousine, you apparently do not want a canary-colored public transit vehicle calling attention to the fact. You simply take the bus, which leads us to the next point.

Do not get on a bus in New York City without \$20 in change. Some people aren't even allowed on buses unless they have the correct change, but apparently we had honest faces and the driver told us to get on and see if we could raise the needed coins before we got to our destination. To our surprise, four people opened bags of shiny tender and offered to share with us. How nice, we said. One lady explained her gesture thusly, "I wouldn't do this for a New Yorker. They should know better."

Southerners also quickly learn that in New York sidewalks are made for walking, sometimes strolling, but never lollygagging. Out-of-towners read city maps on street corners at their own risk because locals give a strict interpretation to the signs "Walk" and "Don't Walk," and they do what the signs say quickly and en masse.

Lastly, do not believe that behind every tinted limousine window there sits a celebrity. Limos are now big business in New York, leased on a daily basis by every Tom, Dick and Harry who doesn't want to wait for a taxi in the rain and doesn't own a car because he has nowhere to put it at night. Go ahead, hail a chauffeur. He might take you across town at a very reasonable rate just for something to do while his other client shops on Fifth Avenue.

Granted, these tips won't solve all the tourist's difficulties with New York. After all, it was nicknamed Gotham, for the legendary English village whose inhabitants were noted for their foolishness, for a very good reason.

But it grows on you. During lunch on Day One, someone in our party looked at the sprawling city from the Windows on the World Restaurant, 107 stories above Manhattan on the Hudson River, and gave us the usual cliché. "This is a nice place to visit, but man, I really wouldn't want to live here."

A day later, he had shopped at Saks, visited the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, seen "The Marriage of Figaro" at Circle in the Square Theatre, through the hospitality of company manager and Warrentonian Bill Conn, met its star Christopher Reeve, and dined on escargot and veal at celebrity-studded El Pyrenees.

After dinner, the naysayer of Day One leaned back in his chair as we talked about plans for our last day in New York and noted, "You know, I could get used to this."

DID YOU KNOW?

By Lewis



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART in Washington, D.C. IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MARBLE STRUCTURES. IT IS 785' LONG. ITS FIRST DONATION CAME IN 1937 WHEN FINANCIER ANDREW MELLON GAVE \$15 MILLION TO GET IT BUILT. IT OPENED IN 1941 AND CONTAINS MANY THOUSANDS OF WORKS OF ART, SOME OF WHICH WERE DONE BY EUROPEAN MASTERS. MELLON ALSO GAVE A NUMBER OF PRICELESS PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES.



MARGARET MEAD THE ANTHROPOLOGIST, WENT TO SAMOA IN 1925 TO STUDY THE NATIVES' LACK OF TENSION. IN HER LIFE SHE LEARNED 7 LANGUAGES.