

# The Warren Record

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## The Warren County Scene



This December sunflower in a Battle Avenue garden held its face toward the sun Monday, before temperatures took a dive below the freezing level.  
(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)



Kay Horner

## A Welcome Letter

In this era of electronic communication, nothing gets my attention quite like a six-page handwritten letter.

One arrived at The Warren Record office last week, addressed warmly to "My dear friends at The Warren Record Paper."

The correspondent is perhaps best known locally as Ada Margaret Limer, or "Maggie."

Little in her letter belies her 93 years, except perhaps her use of the English language. People don't write like Maggie anymore. Witness that for yourself in the following excerpts:

"At this season of the year, my heart is in memory of Warren County and of those first 28 years of my life spent there, from 1893 to 1921.

"Thanksgiving holidays and Christmas were always such special days, as were all Sundays. We lived on an old cotton farm, though we raised other crops—peanuts, corn, cows, pigs and children, too!

"Our parents, Thomas and Isabelle Limer, had 12 children, six boys and six girls. I was the eldest girl. My father died in 1914 and my mother in 1916. I was in my first year at Mars Hill College, but returned home to help with the farm work and with my younger sisters and brothers.

"At age 28, my failing strength and health forced me to leave the farm. Having corresponded with the college president and his wife during my years as an orphan, I wrote to the college of my enforced leave of home on the farm. They replied immediately with an invitation to return to them (at once). This I accepted. I had to work my entire way there and was the eldest of many students. But it was sheer happiness there and will linger in my mind as long as I live, and happily so.

"After graduation, I began teaching school. From time to time, I taught lower grades. During the summers, I entered Boone University and took library science, enabling me to be a high school librarian. This employment was right up my alley.

"Reading has ever been my chief delight. Any literature or reading matter satisfied me. Some words, in fact many of them, puzzled me, but there was ever at hand and conveniently near a dictionary in which I searched the words and was satisfied."

"My father liked for his teams of horses and mules to rest in the pasture on the Sabbath and so we walked the two miles to Providence Methodist Church each Sunday morning, and how we did love it.

"My Uncle David was a steward in the church and he taught Bible to us teenage girls. Through that and listening to sermons of the various preachers during revivals midsummer, I learned a great deal of spiritual worth. I also learned to read The Word and to believe!"

"The improvement of the physical condition of churches is noteworthy, and we love to feel that God approves of all we spend on that. But to feel and know that those long gone from this life worshipped Him and accepted his call to live and give and be all for His dear name lingers to influence the descendants of those whom we knew and who caused in the beginning the accomplishments, eternal and in this life."

"I don't know who the editor of The Warren Record is now, but I dearly loved to read it. Mrs. Howard Jones, wife of a late editor, was a great friend and counselor of mine. I shall always remember her with lovingkindness."

Maggie Limer is the widow in turn of B. M. Ellis, a Baptist minister, and David M. Parker. She now lives with a daughter in Greer, S.C.

"Thank you for being there and reading all this," she concluded. "To the editor and personnel, my best wishes in your endeavors."

Maggie Limer Ellis Parker doesn't know it yet, but she made our day.

## Break With Tradition

It is with disappointment that we note this week a decision of the Warren County Board of Commissioners to discontinue the practice of meeting during the daytime hours of the first Monday of each month. Instead, the commissioners have agreed, the traditional day meeting will be switched to night, a move brought about in part by a desire to give the public a better chance to attend the meetings.

We seriously question whether meeting at night will have the desired effect of increasing citizen participation and input. We have observed that when citizens find that their interests can be best represented by their presence, that they take time to appear, irrespective of the hour of the meeting.

Until recently, the board of commissioners met only on the first Monday of the month, spending as many hours as was necessary to get the job done. The press of business has forced the holding of a mid-month meeting, which has been held at night. Public hearings, at which time

public interest is presumably greater than usual, have generally been held just prior to the night meetings, and have proved satisfactory.

By now holding all their meetings at night, commissioners will require a good number of county employees reporting to the board to set aside another night for meetings, something which surely will not lead to increased employee morale.

And there is no reason to assume that the new night meetings will be shorter than the daytime meetings, which have normally lasted three to four hours. That means commissioners will be meeting as midnight approaches, a prospect that neither the board members nor the public can anticipate with much joy.

The commissioners, we suggest, should reconsider their decision to do away with the time-honored daytime meeting. Perhaps several first-Monday nights of meeting in the dead of winter will be reason enough to bring a change of mind.

## As Others See It

### Son Of Pony Express

By JIM SHUMAKER

In The Charlotte Observer

CHAPEL HILL — The congressman from the 4th District, Bill Cobey, has been complaining vigorously and regularly to the Postal Service about our mail delivery, which is laughingly called Son of Pony Express.

The congressman has a point and one that I subscribe to, even though it comes from a Republican. Postal service is downright sketchy in our area, from posting to delivery, whenever that happens to occur.

To begin with, the pavement in the parking lot at Chapel Hill's main post office is rough enough to shake a stamp loose from an envelope. Those with foresight buy their stamps elsewhere.

#### Bring Your Lunch

The stamp machine at the post office is usually on the fritz. To buy from a clerk you have to set aside a day or so for standing in line. Some patrons bring their lunch.

William Faulkner once worked as a postal clerk, you recall. He quit in a huff because patrons kept interrupting while he was trying to read everybody's mail and he didn't like being at the beck and call of every lout with 3 cents to spend.

Except for the price of stamps nothing much has changed. Our clerks don't like it either, being at the beck and call of every lout with 22 cents to spend. To their credit, they keep right on working, on the theory that maybe the mail might ought to go through.

Criticism of the mail delivery itself is ill-advised, of course, late mail being better than no mail at all. So I won't indulge in it.

All of this being the case, as Congressman Cobey will testify, I have to bypass the Postal Service and once again seize this chance to answer the mail that has been piling up since the last time.

From W. F., Chapel Hill:

A first rate job description! Anyone who knows the job (as president of the University of North Carolina system) that well ought to be drafted for it!

Dear W.F.:

The last time I dodged a draft was during World War II. My cunning ploy was to volunteer instead. That isn't going to happen this time. My decision

to withdraw from consideration is, um, well, er, ah, hrm, final.

From R.M., Raleigh:

Just because The News and Observer made a ludicrous mistake and picked you as a Tar Heel of the Week doesn't entitle you to take a cheap shot at the rest of us.

Dear R.M.:

I got a haircut, had my suit pressed and shoes half-sole, drove 320 miles round-trip and bought a Moon Pie and Pepsi each way. You call that cheap?

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Keep those cards and letters coming, folks, and pray for Congressman Cobey's noble cause.

## Looking Back Into The Record

December 14, 1945

Fire completely destroyed the gymnasium building of John R. Hawkins High School on Thursday night around 6:30. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is believed to have started in the corner of the building around a stove which was heated in preparation for a basketball game there that night.

More than \$500,000 is expected to be spent during the next five years by Warren County homeowners on remodeling and repair work. The year 1946 promises to inaugurate one of the greatest eras in American history for home repairs and modernization, according to estimates released by the Tile Council of America.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Skillman and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter spent several days this week in Jacksonville, Fla.

December 2, 1960

A Warren County 4-H'er with a "bushel of bugs" was awarded a \$400 scholarship in entomology Monday during 4-H Congress in Chicago. He's James W. Clark, 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Clark of Vaughan. For the past eight years, he's been in 4-H work, and it looks like he's been collecting bugs or killing them most of that time.

The approach of a multimillion dollar campaign for a U. S. Senate seat in North Carolina serves as a reminder of the time 31 years ago a distinguished Winston-Salem attorney sacrificed an almost certain appointment to that body to the dictates of his conscience.

Irving E. Carlyle was his name.

In the spring of 1954, Senator Clyde R. Hoey died. As the senior Senator, he was scheduled to address the State Democratic Convention in Raleigh on May 20. Speculation that Carlyle was the top candidate for the appointment was intensified when Governor William B. Umstead chose him to deliver the keynote speech.

Three days before the convention met, the U. S. Supreme Court issued its desegregation decision. On May 18, the day following, newspapers carried Umstead's comment that he was "bitterly disappointed" by the decision.

Carlyle had prepared the routine partisan speech expected of Demo-

cratic keynoters. But, he told Reporter Roy Thompson later, "I faced my conscience, and I knew that I had to say something meaningful to that convention."

Veteran politician that he was, Carlyle knew full well the price he would pay for inserting this fateful paragraph into his speech:

"The Supreme Court of the United States has spoken. As good citizens we have no other course except to obey the law as laid down by the court. To do otherwise would cost us our respect for law and order and if we lose that in these critical times, we will have lost that quality which is the source of our strength as a state and nation."

The delegates applauded the passage, but a friend told Carlyle that didn't signal approval, "they're just admiring your stinkin' courage."

Governor Umstead had no comment. A few days later he appointed Associate Justice Sam J. Ervin of the State Supreme Court to succeed Hoey.

Propelled by his conscience, Carlyle never hesitated to swim against the tide. He angered conservatives by promoting the rights of minorities. He earned criticism from his fellow Baptists because he wouldn't support a statewide liquor referendum. He opposed the so-called Pearsall Plan, the state's answer to the desegregation decision.

As a member of one of the state's most prestigious law firms in Winston-Salem, Carlyle devoted an inordinate amount of time to public service. For 15 years he was on the State Board of Public Welfare. He served four terms in the General Assembly. He was president of the North Carolina Bar Association. For 16 years, he was a trustee of his alma mater, Wake Forest University, and he helped the University of North Carolina secure a four-year medical school.

He was chairman of Governor Terry Sanford's Commission on Education Beyond the High School. From what became known as the Carlyle Commission came the foundation of the community college system and other improvements in higher education.

Born in Wake Forest, the son of a Latin teacher, Carlyle in his mature years was a man of medium height with a thatch of white hair, a somewhat gravelly voice and a gift for oratory. Even those who disagreed most vehemently with his philosophy liked him personally.

He died in 1971 at the age of 75. One paragraph shaped his destiny, but it was a mere footnote in the useful life of a dedicated, talented and caring citizen.

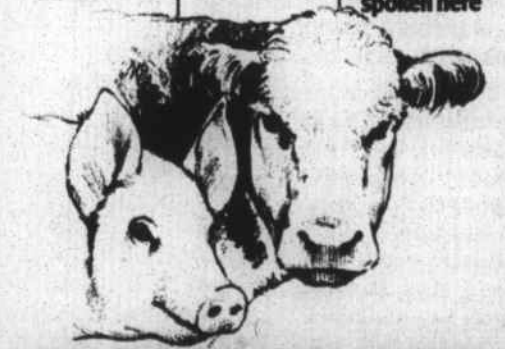
## Carolina Commentary

Jay Jenkins

### Dictates Of Conscience

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