

The Warren Record

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Concept Is Good

Another seed for cultural enrichment was planted in local soil in the recent unveiling of plans for an expansion program at Lakeland Cultural Arts Center in Littleton. If nurtured to fruition, the seed promises to greatly enhance the development of talent in the performing and visual arts among young people of this area.

The expansion program is centered on the creation of a performing arts school which was a goal of the center from its inception eight years ago. To be called the Julian Allbrook Pavilion in memory of the late state senator from Roanoke Rapids who was a supporter of the arts and, specifically, Lakeland, the school will offer early training in music, dance, drama and art.

With \$109,000 from the North Carolina General Assembly, the center plans extensive renovation of existing buildings for a summer arts camp and arts training for 400 students from Warren County and four other public school systems as well as area private schools.

Dormitory space for 75 students, five teachers and five counselors and facilities for three dance studios, two studios for music and painting, a drama arts room, recreation room, art gallery and offices will result from the renovations.

The expansion will no doubt allow local talent heretofore untapped and undeveloped to more nearly realize its potential.

Lakeland's director, Mark Taylor, and the 24-member board of trustees are to be commended for taking positive steps to enhance the cultural development of our people who have in the past been required to travel many miles for training in the arts or to do without.

We who shall reap the harvest of a nearby school for performing and visual arts would do well to foster its development by responding favorably to the request for donations of materials and cash for the renovation program and by encouraging our young people to take advantage of the center's offerings.

Time To Talk Sense

In The Southern Pines Pilot

When President Reagan sent his 86-87 budget to Congress last week the reaction was swift and predictable—from both Democrats and Republicans came the word that it was unacceptable.

Surely the president could not have expected the Congress to buy a budget which calls for an increase of 14 percent in defense spending now and 40 percent over three years and at the same time wiping out or severely cutting long-established programs for people.

But obviously this president regards the military-industrial complex as holy and other programs that benefit the poor, the aged, and the average citizen as intolerable nuisances.

He will not consider any restoration of the unwise tax cuts of 1981, but he will consider selling off the private developers some of the nation's natural resources such as federal oil reserves, timberlands, national parks and other facilities owned by the people.

Eliminated in the president's budget, which still calls for the third largest deficit in history,

As far back as 1707 an eminent surgeon suggested that physicians' watches should have a second hand for taking a patient's pulse, notes National Geographic.

Courthouse Squares



are such things as student loans, Amtrak, weather forecasting, the extension services and other things which have long served the people. Other services would be cut.

Everybody recognizes that the record-setting budget deficits must be cut and eventually eliminated, but no one yet has had the guts enough to point out that the deficits are solely because of the dangerous and unwarranted arms race in which this country is engaged. At some point the Congress must come to its senses and say that this outrage cannot continue and the military-industrial complex must be curbed.

The president's budget has no chance in its present form of making any progress in the current congress, but both congress and the president should at least begin facing reality and start talking sense to the American people.

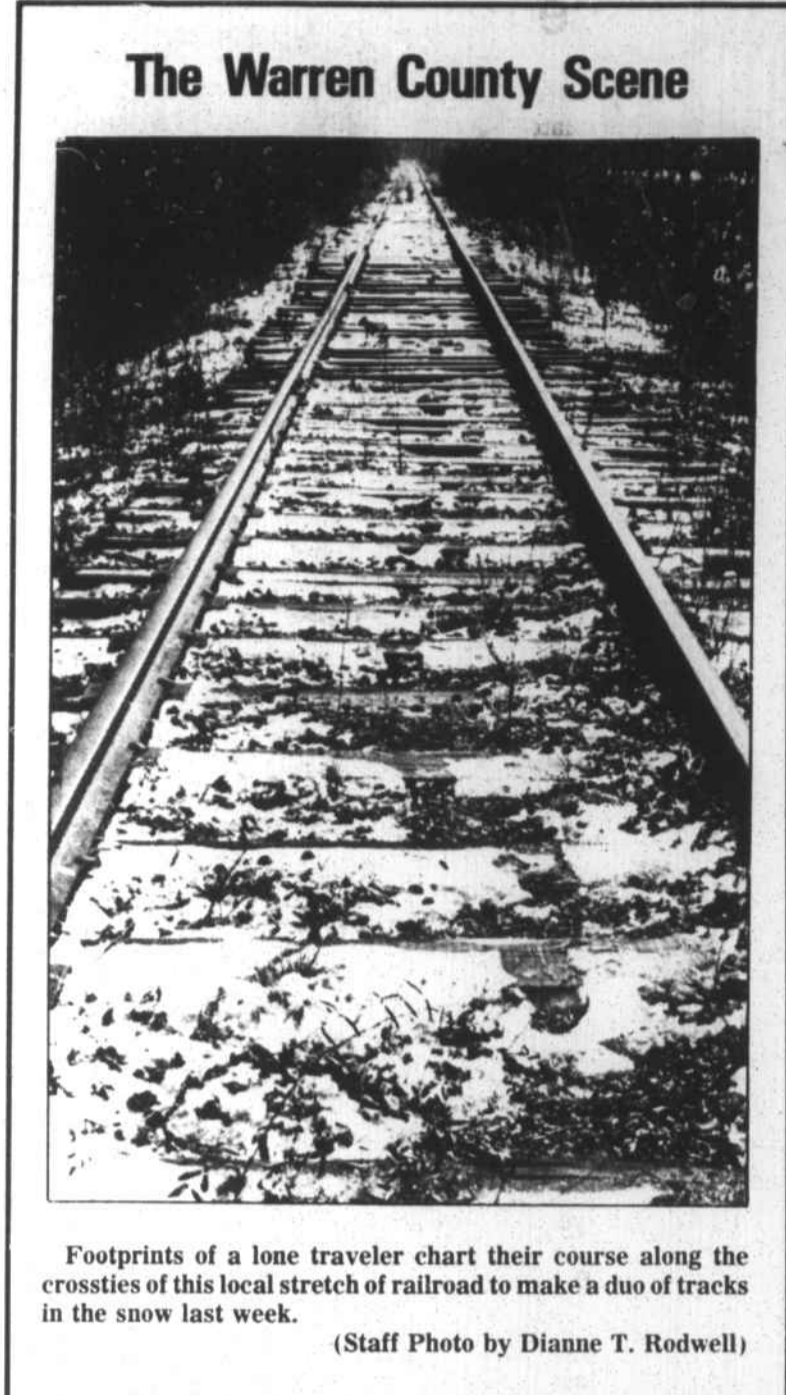
Looking Back Into The Record

February 22, 1946
The solution of our industrial disorders, reconversion delays and inflation, in the opinion of Henry Ford, II, president of Ford Motor Company, is work and vastly increased production.

The N. M. Palmer home in south Warrenton, the property of John B. Palmer, has been purchased by William W. Taylor, Jr.

Mr. Calhoon, former manager of Calhoon's Bakery here, is spending several days at Hotel Warren, en route from California.

February 4, 1961
Whether or not Warren County participates in the surplus food program announced in Raleigh last week by Governor Terry Sanford is a matter to be determined by the Board of County Commissioners, Julian Farrar, welfare superintendent, said yesterday.



Footprints of a lone traveler chart their course along the cross-ties of this local stretch of railroad to make a duo of tracks in the snow last week.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

A Favorite Ploy

One of the most effective lobbyists in the North Carolina General Assembly over the last half-century, now retired, was a notorious tightwad who didn't like to spend a nickle of his clients' money on a legislator.

So this lobbyist would time his appearance in the Hotel Sir Walter in Raleigh, then the home-away-from-home of most of the lawmakers, for around 9 p. m., well past the normal supper-time hour. Then he'd repeatedly and jovially inquire, "Have you eaten?"

After the inevitable "Yes," the lobbyist would say, "Sorry, I wanted you to be my guest. Well, some other time." But two young legislators, well aware of the lobbyist's tactics, strolled into the lobby one night working toothpicks in their mouths as a trap.

Eyeing the toothpicks, the lobbyist said, "Boys, sorry you've already eaten, I wanted to buy you a steak."

"Let's go," the legislators said in unison, and headed for the coffee shop where they ordered the most expensive beef on the menu. They reported later that

the lobbyist had only coffee and a wan smile.

The recollection was prompted by the decision of the Legislative Ethics and Lobbying Committee to recommend legislation that would make it illegal for lawmakers to accept gifts of any value from a paid lobbyist. They still could accept a meal or basketball tickets.

As an image-polisher, the step would be a good one. But its overall effect on voting patterns would be negligible, primarily because paperweights, tie-tacs and calendars don't swing ballots.

Another recommendation would ban as lobbyists legislators' business and law partners and their spouses. That one may be a tad too broad. If the wife of a legislator's law partner, for example, wanted to sign on as a paid lobbyist for the Sierra Club, what's so bad about that?

But overall, the ethics committee is performing a useful function by examining the relationship between lawmakers and lobbyists. It can make one solid contribution by following through on its intention to close the loopholes in the law governing expense reports by lobbyists.

And here a sometime critic of the General Assembly, who watched from ringside for some 40 years, would like to offer an opinion that its 170 members are neither less honest nor more venal than any other comparable cross-section of the North Carolina population.

Few other public bodies in the state, and none in the private sector, are subjected to the same intense scrutiny, day-by-day and hour-by-hour, by the eagle-eyed media as are the legislators while they are in session. Despite the unrelenting pressure, the competing interests and the partisanship, they do a creditable job.

That's why a sizeable number of Tar Heels hope the next item on the study agenda will be a concerted effort to make the procedural changes necessary to halt the trend toward a General Assembly of fulltime, professional legislators. In importance, that issue dwarfs the one concerning lobbyists.

The world's best frankincense grows in the narrow strip of desert plateau that borders the mountains of Oman's Dhofar region, says National Geographic.



Kay Horner

Trojan Women

Greensboro native Leo Snow is the product of three generations of women who, with quiet dignity, survived "broken promises and hard times."

He is also the product of a black woman his great-grandmother met in a South Carolina cotton field in 1904, a woman whose life was inextricably linked with the lives of those in his own family for more than 60 years.

The story of those years is found in Snow's recently-published "Southern Dreams and Trojan Women," an historical portrait in novel form.

Anchoring the novel are two real-life events—a shooting by a deranged and angry neighbor in Greensboro on Christmas Eve, 1947 that left Snow's grandfather and aunt dead and his mother paralyzed, and the suicide of Snow's father in 1958.

The seeds for Snow's novel are planted in 1960, when young Todd, as he is named in the novel, journeys with black Mayzelle, now in her seventies, to the mountaintop cemetery where his father and grandfather are buried.

"You a young boy," Mayzelle begins, "and right now you treat me pretty polite, but the day might come when you just pass me off as some old black woman what told you stories like them fairy tales that your momma told. I hope you never forget what I'm gonna tell you today. I don't have no school learning. What I learned was from my Ila's (Todd's grandmother's) books, my momma's love, and a good ear for listenin'. Now it's your turn to listen. Mind me good. Nobody is ever gonna tell you this again."

Then Mayzelle tells the family history, a history of events and emotions that shaped the lives of women who took what life gave them—in South Carolina cotton fields, in North Carolina cotton mills, and in the Great Depression—and survived.

Among the prized possession's of Todd's Grandmother Ila was "The Trojan Women," a Greek play by Euripides.

"The land of the Trojans is burned and ravaged by events beyond the control of the mothers and wives," Snow writes. "Yet the victims conquer their conquerers by showing a stronger spirit. Ila could identify with that."

"Southern Dreams and Trojan Women" is a poignant recounting of how that spirit got stronger and stronger with each generation through six decades.

In 1983, Snow, a history and philosophy teacher at Freedom High School in Morganton, self-published 2,000 copies of his novel. Almost all were sold by Snow himself.

Later, the book was offered to Winston-Salem publisher John F. Blair for reprint, but so impressed was the publisher with the novel that he released it this past fall in a completely revised and expanded edition.

Rich with people, places and times familiar to North Carolinians, "Southern Dreams and Trojan Women" is rewarding reading from an insightful native son, and recommended reading for those for whom the past is never far away.

"Southern Dreams and Trojan Women," by Leo Snow, John F. Blair, Publisher, Winston-Salem. 329 pages. \$16.50.



Mary Catherine Harris

Early Cookbook

One Warren County resident called on the carpet Macon native and novelist Reynolds Price for his note in an article in this month's issue of Southern Living magazine that there were no cookbooks in the 1930's and 40's. Mrs. T. M. Aycock of Elberon telephoned to describe one such early aid to homemakers which was written by Mrs. Sarah Elliott of Oxford and published in 1870. Mrs. Aycock's neighbor, Mrs. M. C. Duke, offered her copy of the book for review.

The book's broad title, "Mrs. Elliott's Housewife," does not belie its contents, for it contains more than "practical receipts in cookery." Closer examination uncovers numerous tidbits which relate to matters outside the kitchen and which speak to those of us who more than 100 years later dabble in the culinary art with the help of conveniences undreamed in the 1800's.

The author, resting on 20 years of experience in presiding over a household and overseeing fairs and feasts for church and charity, begins the 347-page volume with an expose on the influence of woman in society and the home, moves to a preliminary on outfitting the kitchen, then guides the reader step-by-step through recipes (receipts) for various food categories and ends with instructions on caring for the sick. Sprinkled among the contents of each chapter are words of wisdom, most with religious overtones, on every subject imaginable.

In choosing servants, the author encourages one to "avoid all that are known to be given to open bad habits, tattling from house to kitchen, using bad language, indulging in intoxicating drinks, and the awful practice of snuff rubbing."

The reader concludes from the meat recipes that nothing, but nothing, was considered inedible in 1870. One notable entry is a recipe for opossum, which the author singles out as a "favorite dish with Chapel Hill students in olden times."

Everyday vegetables are joined by poke-root sprouts, salsify and cymbling, among others not so familiar. And anyone who thinks batter-fried vegetables are a new wrinkle on the food scene is as mistaken as Reynolds Price. The book suggests Fried Cucumbers.

Cooks of earlier days may have gone lacking in the conveniences of the modern kitchen, but as a rule the diners were not so deprived. In a wedding supper designed for 100 guests, the meat offerings alone include a 25-pound roast turkey along with two additional turkey dishes, roast pig, stuffed ham, a pair of large ducks, chicken salad from 10 chickens, saddle of mutton, round of spiced beef, dishes of beef tongue, baked chickens and pickled oysters.

Cures for gluttony and other ailments are at hand in Mrs. Elliott's book. Her Nutritious Composition for the sick calls for equal quantities of sage and cocoa mixed with sweet milk and boiling water, with sugar and nutmeg added to taste.

In spite of the questionable delectability of certain of the baser foods, all in all, the author-home economist gives advice pertinent to today's homemaker as well as to those of several generations ago.

Considering that I consulted three different cookbooks and took advantage of running water, refrigeration, electric cooktop and oven, and microwave in preparation of last Sunday's dinner, my hat is off to anyone who could produce a digestible dish in 1870 or 1930, with or without a cookbook.