

The Warren Record

Published Every Wednesday By
Record Printing Company

P O Box 70, Warrenton, N C 27589

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE
IN WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, UNDER THE LAWS OF CONGRESS
Second Class Postage Paid At Warrenton, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
In Warren and adjoining counties \$10.00 Per Year
Elsewhere \$12.00 Per Year
\$6.00 Six Months \$7.00 Six Months

Well Worth Saving

We are certain that Warren County commissioners will give more than casual consideration to their plans for the future of the Hendricks Building, a local landmark which despite its deteriorating condition has long been used as a home for public agencies.

Evidence of the commissioners' concern to learn as much as possible about the physical condition of the building was evidenced last week in their tour of the structure following their mid-monthly meeting. Just what they found on the tour has not come under public discussion.

One thing is evident about the Hendricks Building, and that is that it should be preserved. It is architecturally significant, and it is linked

with the past of Warrenton's black community, which has few physical connections with the past remaining.

Just what it would cost to put the building into condition which would enable it to serve the county as a well-positioned annex to the county courthouse is not known. But we would bet it would cost considerably less than a new building which would take its place.

Warren's commissioners have a duty to see that the business of the county is not conducted in a building which the chairperson of the commissioners has termed "dangerous," but the board would seem to have a duty to attempt, at some reasonable cost, to preserve a building with historical significance which money cannot buy.

The Real Smithfield

In The News and Observer Johnston County hams won five of eight taste-off awards over Smithfield, Va. hams at Saturday's Ham and Yam Festival. And, since editorial writers at the Richmond Times-Dispatch have been dining steadily on crow, wouldn't it be a nice gesture to invite them down to Smithfield, N.C. for a good ham dinner?

The Times-Dispatch boasted last year that Johnston County hams didn't belong in the same league with Smithfield, Va. hams. But the editorialists had to eat their own words when North Carolina entries won three of four awards at the first annual taste-off in Smithfield, N.C.

Oh, there were all kinds of excuses last year. Virginia ham producers complained that they brought too few hams for the competition, that the judging was biased, etc., etc. But what now? They entered fully into this year's competition and the complement of judges was balanced with one from each state and a third from South Carolina. But when it came to taste, Virginia was still eating too low on the hog.

There remain Virginia die-hards, of course. They will never

buy the idea that a sugar-cured, non-smoked ham from North Carolina can be as tasty as a Virginia smoked ham. "There is nothing you can do," says one Charles Henry Gray, "to improve on a Smithfield, Va. ham."

Oh, yeah? Just watch Johnston County's smoke—or the absence of it.

Courthouse Squares



Looking Back Into The Record

April 26, 1946

Efforts of the CIO to invade Warren County have been repulsed for the second time by employees of Peck Manufacturing Company.

Miss Lina McCarroll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shipp McCarroll, rode away with honors in the Annual Granville County Horse Show held at Oxford on Easter Monday under the sponsorship of the Kiwanis Club of that town.

Mrs. L. O. Robertson and Miss Mary Frances Rodwell entertained the Junior Department of the BTU of Warrenton Baptist Church at an Easter egg hunt in the Rodwell grove on Friday afternoon.

April 28, 1961

Warrenton voters will have their greatest choice of candidates for the position of town commissioners in many years in the town election May 2. An even dozen candidates are seeking positions on the seven-man board.

Members of John Graham High School Class of 1926 met for a reunion dinner at the Steak House in Henderson on Saturday evening, April 30.

Mrs. Frank Hunter of Roanoke Rapids was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Foote and Miss Kate Foote at Hotel Warren this week.

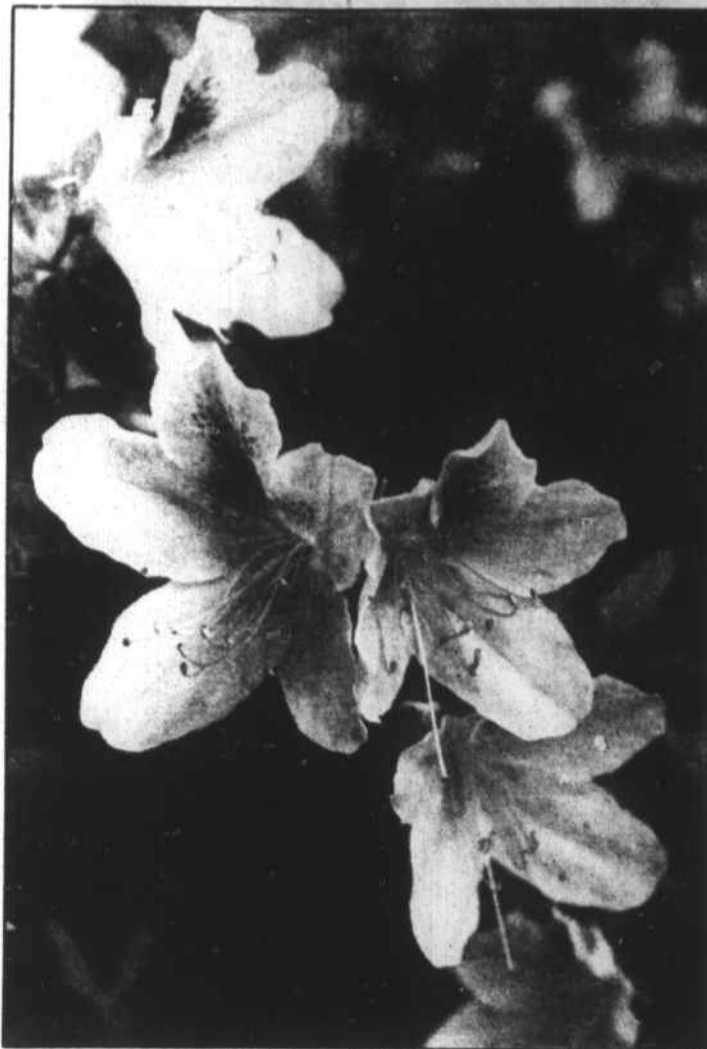
April 22, 1976

Wednesday, April 21, marks the 100th birthday of the Warrenton Railroad Company, whose lines are the shortest of all railroad lines in North Carolina.

Scott Gardner has been named Warren County campaign manager for Rep. John M. Jordan, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor.

On hand to greet UNC basketball star Phil Ford at Hawkins High School's annual athletic banquet Thursday night were Ernest Turner, board of education member; Mrs. Elizabeth Hudgins, secretary at Hawkins; and Hawkins Principal and Mrs. James T. Wilkerson.

The Warren County Scene



Azalea blossoms are now peaking in Warren County and enhancing the streets and countryside with their colorful show. Early spring temperatures have contributed to the vibrant displays of plants which have made this spring one of the most beautiful in recent years.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

Jim DeBrew's Gift

Jim DeBrew was a member of the class of 1936 at Boiling Springs High School in Cleveland County who had a rare gift.

Jim could whistle without seeming to part his lips. The thin trill sounded as though it was coming from far away. When the teacher picked it up and cocked his head, then scanned the classroom in futile search, the culprit was seated four feet from him.

The ruler hit the desk and stern warnings were issued. Jim always followed with another note or two, just for good measure. He was never caught, and none of his classmates ever learned his secret.

Sadly, Jim won't be at the first and the 50th reunion in May, but he and his mysterious whistle will be among the memories of the survivors who gather at the Snack Shop at the crossroads to renew friendships and reminisce about an earlier time of simpler pleasures.

Boiling Springs Junior College, struggling offspring of a boarding high school, had been in operation in its three buildings for nine years when the high school class of '36 graduated. In those depression days, college officials didn't worry about building an endowment; their immediate concern was groceries for the dining hall next week.

On numerous occasions, E. B. Hamrick, local merchant, personally kept the college going. The Baptist church helped keep it afloat. When the college wanted a gym, lacking only money, the men of the community donated the materials and built it themselves. Good people, hard workers.

High school classes alternated using classrooms and the gym with the college students. School started in mid-summer, then took a six-week break so the youngsters could pick cotton at harvest time.

One of the highlights for the class came in its junior year, when the school first fielded basketball teams, with uniforms yet. In one game hosted by a Rutherford County school, the gym lights were powered by an old generator whose hiccups made them erratic and fortunately distracted attention from play on the floor.

The class of '36 was blessed by a corps of competent teachers who had a sincere interest in the students and knew how to motivate them. Only later would

their charges appreciate their singular good fortune.

The business heart of Boiling Springs was the crossroads, the intersection of two dirt roads. On the four corners were a garage, a filling station, a general store and a sandwich company that made sandwiches which were peddled in textile mills. Nearby was a two-room post office.

The post office, an old brick structure, later gained literary notice. In the unheated back room, a Boiling Springs resident, W. J. Cash, wrote portions of his classic book, "The Mind of the South."

Members of the class of '36 whose return visits have been infrequent will find surprises awaiting them in May. It's Gardner-Webb College now, a thriving four-year institution on a sprawling campus and without worries about where the next meal is coming from.

There's a community hospital in place of the lone chain-smoking country doctor who once served the area. There's a drug store, even an apartment complex, and a smart volunteer fire department.

Boiling Springs has a police force now instead of a single deputy sheriff, fast food and city auto tags. The streets long since have been paved. For years, the Baptist church was the only one in town; now the Methodists have one. The population has swelled to 2,500.

All the surface changes that have occurred in Boiling Springs during the last 50 years are likely to have little effect on the old grads, whose recollections will be surging from within at the sight of old friends.

Once we were young; now we are old. But when the talk and the laughter mingle in the Snack Shop, somehow that won't matter.



Hair Trap

Mrs. Thomas Coke's son was born dead in England in 1776, reputedly because she panicked when a mouse got trapped in her immense superstructure of powdered hair, says National Geographic.



Mary Catherine Harris

Garbage Disposal

Disposing of the garbage at our house is a relatively simple matter. As in many households, it consists of lifting a plastic bag from the trash basket, clutching with a little twist the bag's open end, securing the closure with a second little twist of a paper-covered wire and setting the bag aside for transport to the county's neighborhood trash receptacle. The process is made still more simple by the occasional use of trash bags with drawstrings.

Why, then, do the egg shells and bread wrappers and ice cream cartons often threaten to spill onto the floor before the relatively simple matter is undertaken? Nobody likes the garbage detail of housekeeping.

Evenso, there is at least one chore more offensive than clearing one's own garbage. It's disposing of garbage not one's own. And the worst kind of garbage not one's own is the kind which flies in from persons and places unknown. Roadside litter, it's called.

To Templeton, the lowly character in E. B. White's children's novel "Charlotte's Web," the privilege of rummaging through anyone's and everyone's rubbish provided a virtual paradise. But Templeton was a rat!

Every week as we comb our road frontage to rid it of the unsightly litter which has been dropped by passersby, I think of Templeton. Perhaps he would enjoy nosing his way into the crumpled bag from a fast food restaurant or licking the sticky sides of empty soft drink and not-so-soft drink cans and bottles or napping underneath a torn newspaper page. They're all weekly standards, practically. Candy, gum and cigarette wrappers are usually available also as are assorted remnants of glass, metal, plastic and paper.

Located a few feet away from our driveway is a State Highway Department sign which warns litterbugs of a maximum fine of \$200 for their illegal practices. I have surmised that more than a few rebellious travelers attempt every week to defy that warning by using the sign for target practice with their litter.

That, coupled with the fact that we apparently live from Warrenton exactly the distance required to consume 12 ounces of beverage, must account for what I think is more than our share of litter. Contrary to how it may seem at clean-up time though, I know that all the litter does not fall in front of our property. It's everywhere—and it's an ugly menace!

Governor James Martin has proclaimed this week of April as Clean-Up Week in North Carolina and we could well use the observance to tidy up and to resolve to keep the state's roadsides clean.

The resources of nature, through technology, provide us with conveniences among which are paper, glass and plastic, and we mar the beauty of those resources with their very gifts as we contribute to litter along the highways and as we allow it to remain there.

Disposing of the litter problem is a matter not so simple as the garbage chore in our family and it is a problem which grows only more offensive with time. Breaking habits and instilling pride do not happen easily—but they do happen, with effort.

I'd like to keep Templeton and his paradise where they belong, in E. B. White's book. Help!



Kay Horner

A Prolific Writer

The historian's task is often a thankless one—recording and interpreting events for those who remember all too well how it really happened or who know from cherished accounts passed from generation to generation the way it really was.

In the late 1950s, under the auspices of the 31 members of the Warren County Historical Society, Manly Wade Wellman undertook to write a history of Warren County.

The challenge was formidable, for in this county, history is no passing fancy. It is the stuff of conversations from the dinner table to the shade tree.

In 1959, "The County of Warren, North Carolina, 1586-1917" was published and those who read it felt the history of their county come alive and deemed that Wellman had indeed been up to the challenge.

Manly Wade Wellman died earlier this month, at the age of 83, while working on his 84th book. His dream to publish a number of books equal to his age had been achieved.

Many of those who collaborated with Wellman on his Warren County volume are no longer living, but others who knew him, personally or through his writing, will find of interest the following editorial by Roy Parker, editor of The Fayetteville Times:

"The Chapel Hill writer, who settled in North Carolina as town clerk at Pinebluff in Moore County, figured he wrote over 80 books, as well as 500 articles and short works.

"...No one will likely match the record for sheer volume. And few of Wellman's books will be completely forgotten, either. His style was that of a talented journeyman writer who always gave good measure.

"...In middle career, Wellman produced notable historical works about North Carolina, often on commission from local historical groups. He set a model for good research and lively writing of local history in such books as "The Story of Moore County," which he reckoned as his 66th work.

"Wellman was honored with many deserved awards, including the North Carolina Award for Literature in 1978, and was for decades a favorite teacher of creative writing at the University of North Carolina.

"They were honors well deserved by a writer who fits the description that Henry James applied to James Russell Lowell: 'He was strong without narrowness, he was wide without bitterness and glad without fatuity.'"

Those who have not tasted of the history of Warren as told by Manly Wade Wellman have a treat in store.

The book is available for check-out at the Warren County Memorial Library, and those who would like to add the volume to their personal library can purchase a copy at the library for \$10.

As reviewers often say, it's "must reading" for those who call Warrenton County home.



The Olympic runner, Jesse Owens, established four world track records in one afternoon.