

# The Warren Record

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## Inviting The Soul

It's almost that time of year again when we ask the old question—Is Warrenton prettier in the fall or spring? The answer has all to do with your sense of aesthetics and whether Mother Nature has been more enterprising in the fall or spring. It has everything to do with the state of our trees.

Last week attorney George Burwell wrote a letter to this newspaper in which he detailed problems he and his wife have had with small trees which they planted along Bragg Street, where vandals have been particularly hard on the treasures which line Bragg and Church streets.

The little trees to which Burwell referred were trees planted to take the place of much larger trees which were beginning to fail because of age. Warrenton

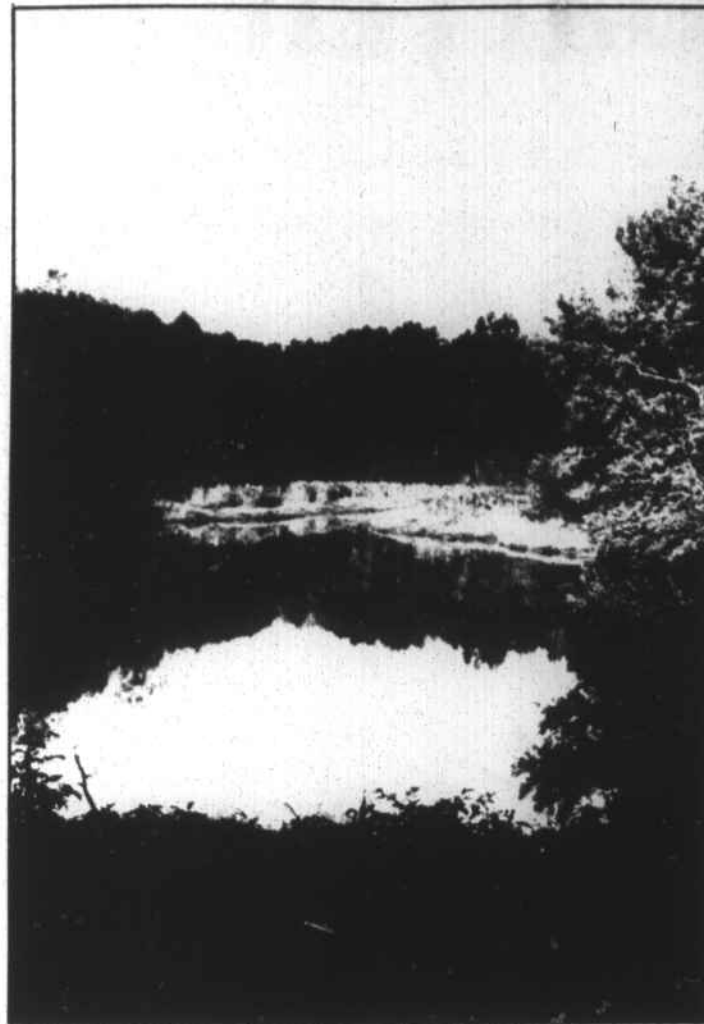
has a number of trees in this deteriorating condition which ought to be replaced.

Simply cutting down the tree is not enough. It must be replaced if our community is to continue as a place of beauty with appeal to ourselves and others.

The Southern Pines Pilot, always a champion of beautification efforts in that town, recently commended efforts of the Southern Pines Appearance Commission for its plans to install benches and other accoutrements in an area of town which would draw people to a place where they may, in the words of Whitman "loaf and invite their soul."

Warrenton has many places where the soul should be invited. Our trees make it all possible, spring or fall. We should all be attentive to their upkeep.

## The Warren County Scene



Framed by lush foliage just beginning to hint the arrival of fall, the still waters of this pond in rural Warren County yield reflections as clear as those of a looking glass.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

## Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

### Legendary Peahead Walker

When footballs begin filling the air, one old Wake Forester's mind always seems to stray to his alma mater's legendary football coach of the 1940s and early 1950s, Peahead Walker.

His name was Douglas Clyde, but everyone called him "Peachad." Everybody, that is, except his players to whom he was "Coach" while they played for him and forever afterward.

Peachad was short and stocky, with a molasses-slow drawl, and under his hat he carried a fine football mind. With a minuscule budget at a school with a student body of about 1,200, he produced excellent teams that made a habit of unhorsing some of the national gridiron powers.

He was a hard taskmaster with a tart tongue. One of his linemen, a handsome campus Romeo, faltered during the push-up exercises and was jolted back into action when Peahead growled, "Breedlove, this is football, not a lovin' contest."

Another part-time halfback, Willis Murphrey, was in the General Assembly more than a decade after his playing days when he got into a packed elevator in Raleigh's Hotel Sir Walter and found the coach there.

"I was still scared of him," said Murphrey. "He asked me what I was doing in Raleigh, and I told him I was representing Halifax County in the legislature. He said, 'God help the people of Halifax County.'"

Peachad and Frank Howard, the former Clemson football coach, were good friends, who enlivened many a banquet by trading barbs. Peahead said that he had wondered why Mrs. Howard always accompanied Frank on trips.

"Then I realized that Frank is so ugly she couldn't bear to kiss him goodbye."

One of Howard's rejoinders was based on Peahead's ability to recruit players in Pennsylvania. Peahead was standing at the mouth of a mineshaft in that state, Howard claimed, when he suddenly sneezed.

"Four of his players in the mine said, 'Here, Coach,'" Howard claimed.

Peachad said that on the first day of practice at Clemson, Howard would take his players into a forest. "The ones who ran over the trees were linemen, the ones who ran around 'em were backs," Peahead said. Golfer Arnold Palmer still recalls the day, toward the end of Peahead's tenure at Wake

Forest, when he was walking across the football practice field to the nine-hole golf course.

Peachad looked at his sweating, grunting players giving their all and suddenly realized Palmer with his golf sticks had a full athletic scholarship, too. Coach dispatched a hulking tackle in full gear after Palmer, who got away.

Peachad, who had coached for ten years at Elon College before beginning a 14-year stint at Wake Forest, quit his job when President Harold Tribble refused to raise his \$7,500 annual salary.

The next year, Peahead became Herman Hickman's chief assistant at Yale. After a single season at Yale, he moved to Montreal where he coached for eight years in the Canadian Football League.

Afterwards, he was a scout for the New York Giants pro team and lived in Charlotte. He was living there when he died at 71. Arnold Palmer visited the Coach during the final days.

In his book, "To Absent Friends" (Atheneum), the famous New York sports columnist Red Smith writes that the Yale sports information director had to fill out a dossier on Peahead, the new assistant coach.

The director was interested to discover that Wake Forest was founded in 1834 as a Baptist school, according to Smith, and he asked Peahead, "Are there a lot of Baptists in North Carolina?"

"Son," Peahead told him, "the only thing that outnumbers Baptists in No'th Ca'lina is the English sparrow."

There are still many Baptists, but there is only one Peahead.

### American Viewpoints



I would rather have my ignorance than another man's knowledge, because I have so much more of it.

Mark Twain



Kay Horner

## Borrowing An Automobile

One cannot be grateful enough for the generosity of friends. Thus it was that last weekend, when I discovered I was going to be without my car for several days, I turned immediately to the only friend I have whose family possesses what can rightfully be called a fleet of automobiles.

A foreign car enthusiast who trades BMWs and Volvos like Wall Street insiders trade pork bellies, my friend responded obligingly to my need.

"Come on over after church Sunday and I'll fix you right up," he assured me.

I arrived at my friend's "lot" at the appointed time, sure that I would drive away at the wheel of a sporty European number.

My friend greeted me with a grin befitting Dapper Dan, the used car man, and ushered me to the vehicle he had carefully selected for my use—a 1974 gold, two-door Cadillac Coupe de Ville that had been bought new by Daddy.

"There she is," he gushed. "All gassed up and ready to go."

Gassed up meant filled to a quarter of a tank, which I soon discovered would take me no farther than the 20 miles back home to Littleton. The digital clock on the dash seemed forever fixed on 2:15, but the gas gauge moved every minute on the minute with the precision of a Rolex.

I do not want to say anything disparaging about the size of the auto I have squired about Warrenton for the past three days, but Monday morning I pulled up to the stoplight at the corner of Main and East Macon streets and was able simultaneously to sit at the light and wave at Bob Jenkins in Fashion Cleaners. For those unfamiliar with our town, Fashion Cleaners is a half block from the stoplight.

Having business to conduct, I parked the car in the dirt lot behind courthouse square, not wanting to expose myself to the liability of parallel parking something three times longer than Michael Jordan is tall.

On Monday afternoon, I gassed up for the second time in as many days and learned the true meaning of the phrase "drop in the bucket." My gas allowance for the week was depleted.

The car's mpg notwithstanding, I set out for Oxford to visit my in-laws. I had been on Interstate 85 about five minutes when I was passed by a tractor-trailer rig. The driver blew the horn and gave me a thumbs-up sign.

I drew similar recognition from the drivers of two other trucks and checked to see if my slip were caught in the door.

Arriving at my destination, I found that the truckers were simply inspired by a large green and white bumper sticker on the rear of the Cadillac. It read, "Trucks Are Beautiful."

Enroute home, I stopped by Stuckey's for a cup of coffee and returned to find two gentlemen surveying my 24-carat vehicle from hood to trunk. They kicked the tires and then got in an Edsel with New Jersey license plates and sped off.

Daddy's Caddy, I am happy to report, is now back in the safekeeping of its owner, and I am once again the proud driver of a mid-sized, understated, economical Pontiac that has never looked so good.

I am truly grateful for the generosity of my friend. He would literally give me the shirt off his back if I needed it. I hope I never will. In addition to his generosity, he also thinks Rodney Dangerfield dresses well.



Mary Catherine Harris

## 'Dark Forest' Is Alive

Vivid summer bedding plants, potted geraniums, hibiscus and impatiens today occupy center stage of a niche at Roanoke Island which was three centuries ago inhabited by valiant English colonists who waded ashore, sojourned for a spell and then disappeared through the forest and into history.

The "dark forest" described in Paul Green's symphonic and dramatic depiction of the plight of "The Lost Colony" has come alive with light and beauty via The Elizabethan Gardens. Created and maintained by The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc. with help from the State of North Carolina, the Gardens are a living memorial to the eager souls who braved the unknown and treacherous coast of Roanoke Island from 1584-1587.

Ten acres of indigenous growth were taken in 1951 and transformed into the imaginative conception of an Elizabethan Pleasure Garden. Today a combination of natural and planned gardening gracefully and handsomely ties the past to the present.

The Gardens offer a taste of formality in the Queen's Rose Garden, the Sunken Garden and the Shakespearean Herb Garden; and of informality in the Wildflower Garden, the Great Lawn and the 16th-century gazebo with thatched roof of Norfolk reed from Old Buckenham, Norfolk, England.

Live oaks, hundreds of years old, with gnarled and massive trunks and dense green boughs—eloquent spokesmen of the past—shade and frame myriad flower beds and borders resplendent with color which speak of the promise of this day and tomorrow.

The Gardens are open year round and have become a favorite cultural attraction of the Outer Banks. Cycling with the stars of the autumn season are the masses of blooming azaleas, dogwoods and flowering shrubs, bulbs and spring annuals which peak in spring; the gardenias, roses, magnolias, crape myrtle, lilies, hydrangeas and summer annuals which crown the summer season; and the outstanding and numerous varieties of camellias which bloom from late fall through winter.

From my recent visit to The Elizabethan Gardens, I can well imagine that Sir Walter Raleigh's "Faerie Queen," Elizabeth I, would be taken with this tiny bit of Old England in the birthplace of the New World where her favored subject sought to plant a colony for her.

I can ill imagine that anything short of natural disaster could bring the lovely Gardens to disappear into the dark forest which swallowed the colony.

## Looking Back Into The Record

### OCTOBER 11, 1946

The "experts," that anonymous group of wise individuals so often quoted, are recorded as believing that the recent break in the stock market was the first sign that the nation is about to shed its inflationary processes for a developing decline in prices.

North Carolina Poland China hog breeders sold their animals at an increase of \$14.50 per head over the average price in competition with breeders from Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, South Carolina and Georgia at the recent sale in Orangeburg, S.C.

The Warrenton Furniture Exchange announced that it had moved into its new store opposite the Centre Warehouse.

### OCTOBER 13, 1961

Plans for the installation of a sewer system at Norlina were given a boost this week with the announcement that the Housing and Home Finance Agency would advance \$1,700 for the preliminary planning of the system.

Tasker Polk, Warrenton pianist, has been selected to appear as a soloist with the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra during its 1962 season.

The Citizens Bank reported assets of \$5,203,479.91 at the close of business on September 27.

### OCTOBER 7, 1976

The Warren County Board of Commissioners Monday accepted on behalf of the county the gift of the George C. Allen Home, "School Days," to be used for county purposes.

Fowler-Barham Ford, Inc. advertised a new Thunderbird featuring power front disc brakes, power steering, automatic transmission, a 302-cubic-inch V-8, full wheel covers, AM radio and steel-belted radials for \$5434.

Banjo music filled the Afton air this weekend as Earl Scruggs, the music man known for his soundtrack in the movie, "Bonnie and Clyde," led a contingent of country musicians into a Warren County arena, five miles south of Warrenton off Highway 401.



The month of July is named for Julius Caesar, who was born then.