

The Warren Record

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Notification Needed

The North Carolina Department of Transportation has, over the years, done an admirable job in informing the public when and where some detours are to occur on the highway system.

Particularly noteworthy of the department's public affairs branch has been the notification effort to let the public know when a particular bridge is to be replaced, and how long the work is expected to take.

We now suggest that the department go one step further in its notification efforts.

In recent weeks the stretches of highway linking Norlina, Macon and Warrenton have been undergoing extensive repair work. Some three inches of asphalt have

been removed from the highways, and new asphalt has been applied.

Thus far we have noticed that every effort has been made to handle heavy traffic with a minimum of disruption. But in spite of every good intention, there has been some unavoidable delay.

We would like to see those charged with repaving highways give public notice of their projects. We think the public is entitled to know where and for how long the work is to continue. By serving notice of all its highway projects, the Department of Transportation cannot help but improve the already good relationship it has with the state's motorists.

Norlina's Landmark

Norlina residents can take rightful pride in the efforts of a Warren County family to restore the Norlina Hotel to its old grandeur.

In recent weeks, members of the Macon Wemyss family have put the refurbished hotel—now known as The Landmark—on extensive public display by opening a restaurant on the first floor of the rambling brick structure in the heart of the community.

The white and blue ceramic tile floors of the hotel have been cleaned to perfection and tie in nicely with the blue and white table decor which the Wemyss's have utilized.

Anyone familiar with the accomplishments of the Wemyss family in the area of dining know that the fare is quite outstanding. The Wemyss's have provided not only Norlina, but all of Warren County, with an eating establishment well worth patronizing.

One can speculate at length as to the future of The Landmark. Its appearance, its good location on U.S. Highway 1, its tasty meals all blend with the Wemyss family's solid reputation for hard work to suggest that Norlina's newest restaurant will draw customers for many years to come.

Looking Back Into The Record

August 22, 1947

The half-holidays which employers and employees here have enjoyed on Wednesday afternoons for the past seven months will come to a close at the end of this month. It was decided this year to extend this practice from the first Wednesday in February through the last Wednesday in August.

Water consumers in Warrenton have been asked to economize on the use of water, especially if there should be another long, hot, dry spell, until the new well which is being bored in north Warrenton has been completed.

The Polk-A-Dot Gift Center, owned and operated by James K. Polk, will open Monday in the building on Main Street formerly occupied by the Hunter Drug Company.

August 24, 1962

This year marks the 22nd anniversary in business in Warrenton for Western Auto Associate Stores.

More than 50 Boy Scouts participated in a swim meet Saturday morning which was sponsored by the Vanwarco District Activities Committee and held at the Hal Connell pool here.

Wesley Memorial Methodist Church was the setting here Saturday afternoon for the marriage of Miss Harriet Ann Daniel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Daniel, and Julius Ed-

mond Banzet, III, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Banzet, Jr.

August 25, 1977

The request of residents of Wildwood Point on Lake Gaston, who want improved fire protection and have asked the counties of Warren, Northampton and Halifax to band together in purchasing a fire boat for the area, will be considered at the next regular meeting of the board of county commissioners.

Warren Countians joined the millions of Elvis Presley fans across the country in bombarding stores for any souvenir of "The King."

Mrs. Eva Clayton has been named assistant secretary for community development by Howard N. Lee, secretary of Natural Resources and Community Development.



Most Polluted

Cubatao, Brazil, its air fouled by at least 75 pollutants from scores of industrial plants, may be the most polluted community on earth, says National Geographic.

The Warren County Scene



The appearance of goldenrod, with its vibrant shock of color, signals a change of season, while reminding passers-by of the beauty of nature in the spring and summer months.
(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

UNC Eyewitness Recalls

At an age when some folks are adjusting the robes around their knees and making the old rocking chairs creak, Dr. Arnold K. King of Chapel Hill has written a book.

It's called "The Multicampus University of North Carolina Comes of Age, 1956-1986," and was published privately by the UNC General Administration as a record of some significant and often tumultuous years in the life of the University.

Those 30 years coincide with the presidential tenure of Bill Friday, and the 85-year-old King's is an eyewitness account. He entered UNC at Chapel Hill in 1919, and from 1925 until 1986 worked there, the final 22 years as a member of Friday's staff.

The 1956-86 period will have to marinate in the juices of time for awhile longer before it can be treated critically by the historians. But anyone who undertakes that task will find King's book indispensable.

One puts down the book with renewed admiration for President Friday, who as the chief administrator had to do battle with governors, trustees and legislators over various issues and at the same time pacify temperamental professors and bumptious students. He was a marvel.

King manages to include all the facts about the various facets of the university's development while keeping the story interesting. He is an opinionated mountaineer and doesn't hesitate to make judgments.

Ticking off some of the controversies will revive memories of many Tar Heels. For example, after a decade, the Dixie Classic basketball tournament during the Christmas holidays was a highlight of the year. After evidence surfaced that the gamblers had invaded it, President Friday cancelled it in 1961. The uproar was deafening.

There also was the expansion of the University to new campuses in Asheville, Charlotte and Wilmington (King was the main architect, by the way), the student unrest of the late 1960s, the Speaker Ban law, restructuring of higher education, and the decade-long hassle with the federal government over desegregation.

Along with the headline-grabbing incidents, there was a steady flow of high drama and low comedy. Because of the special place the University occupies in North Carolina, it stirs

scholars who intend to build on King's foundation will weave in some of the anecdotal material he omits in his book.

King himself is a good source. On one occasion when faculty activists were sounding off, the UNC Board of Governors was in executive session. A Board member fretted aloud about trouble-makers and wondered whether faculty applicants shouldn't submit photos with applications. King whispered in the member's ear.

"I withdraw my suggestion," said the board member. "Dr. King tells me that if we were sent two pictures, one of a convict and one of a professor, we'd pick out the convict as the professor every time."

When the new UNC General Administration building was under construction in 1970, President Friday assigned King to see that it was done right. George Watts Hill, Durham financier and benefactor of UNC and one of King's classmates, admits he's a frustrated architect. So Hill became King's volunteer assistant.

The two old buddies conferred on the landscaping. They talked about interior carpets and colors. Hill had positive ideas about where desks should be placed in vice presidential offices; so did King. Finally King said, with some heat, "Dammit, Watts, you're not gonna tell us where we're gonna place the vice presidential fannies."

King's dedication of his book reads: "To my friend of many years, George Watts Hill, a great benefactor of North Carolina."

Courthouse Squares



Thurletta Brown

Keeping History Alive

My soul is particularly happy! The planned return today to the descendants of John Faulcon the plantation known as "Oakley Grove" means that another bit of history will be preserved. Another Jacob Holt house will be saved from extinction, but of greater import to me, at least, is the fact that a bit of my family history will be preserved as well.

You see, "Oakley Grove" was indeed the inherited homeplace of Dr. LaFayette Browne and his wife, Mary A. Faulcon Browne. There they raised seven children: Alice (late 1830s-1849), Jacob Faulcon (late 1830s-1883), Dr. Ridley (1829-1887), Ida (late 1830s-1893), Vesuvia (late 1830s-?), Lucy Jane, the future wife of Dr. Samuel Eaton, (1830s-1864), and Mary LaFayette (?-1843). Their physician-son Ridley married Henrietta, who bore him 11 children before her death from pneumonia in 1894: LaFayette (1852-1923), Vivian Eugene (1853-1903), Ridley, Jr. (1857-1897), Jacob Faulcon (1855-?), Orville Day (1865-1929), Granville Sharpe Patterson (1858-1931), Mary Estelle (1860-1862), Henrietta Irene (1862-1865), Helen Louise (1873-1875) and the twins, Donald J. (1871-1951) and Wilhelmina (1871-1946). Henrietta's sister, Nellie, married James Pipkin, a forebear of the well-known Mrs. Katie Pipkin, who for years ran a jewelry store here in Warrenton.

But, another family grew up on that plantation. The Brownes, being quite literate, gave to these children names of English literary figures: Byron (1850-1931), Peter Pender (1866-1945), Tom Moore (1862-1902), Shelley Tennyson (?-1940?), George Herbert (?), Milton (?) and little Flora. Byron was my great-grandfather. Byron's children were my grandfather, Grover Cleveland (1885-1970), Robert (?-1926), Jacob Faulcon (?-1964) Lizzie (?), Lucinda (1880-1975), Lucy "Tab" (?), Ellen (1881-1947) and Tom (?). Grover Cleveland and his wife, Mattie Littlejohn Garnes, had nine children: Thurston Thomas, Cornelia Clyde, Byron, Grover Cleveland, Lucinda Eleanor, Gaynell McCain, Arthur, Allen Wheeler and Mattie Esther. And, of course, Thurston Brown sired me.

But, back to the folks at "Oakley Grove." Little Flora grew up, moved to Philadelphia and married a "Mr. Lloyd." While in Philadelphia, she corresponded with Mrs. Katie Pipkin and thus provided fare for the book detailing the history of the two families that was never to be published. Given to me a few months ago was a letter from Flora to Katie Pipkin postmarked June 9, 1934. In it she discussed life at "Oakley Grove." At the end of the war after learning from soldiers that they were free, Byron and his family ran away from "Oakley Grove" to a new life of hard work and acquisition. His will dated Aug. 28, 1924 and two subsequent codicils dated Feb. 19, 1927 and Sept. 5, 1929 disposed of some 541 and one-half acres in Warren County, in excess of \$7,700, and much real estate in Vance County, including nine houses.

Being bitten by the "bug" of Alex Haley's "Roots," I found "Oakley Grove" in 1976. My Uncle Gaynell had found it before that, and of course, all of our ancestors had known all along. Out front of the residence stands a small building, a doctor's office, which in 1976 still contained old apothecary bottles. Out back were outhouses and two graves. I learned a lot from Cornelia and Anne Browne, descendants of Dr. LaFayette Browne. Last month, I met for the first time a cousin of mine, Cynthia LeGale Branch, a student at the University of Texas at El Paso. She will become the family historian. I'm glad that "Oakley Grove" will be around for LeGale to see and for future generations of the Browns and the Brownes to see as well.

The house, in a horrible state of disrepair after serving for years as rental property, would be gone in a few years were it not for the planned restoration by the Killeens. I salute you, Raymond Killeen. Here's hoping that one day we'll meet.



Kay Horner

Southern Living Appearance

Some of you have expressed something akin to absolute shock at seeing my picture in the September issue of Southern Living magazine.

"How in the world did it happen?" you have asked, in the same tone of voice bystanders used when Orville and Wilbur first took to the air at Kitty Hawk.

It was a typical February day in the heart of Carolina. The drizzle was steady. The cold was bone-chilling. Spring seemed a millenium away. I was en route from Raleigh where I had spent the morning running errands and idling in traffic. My spirits were low and my sinuses were on alert.

Heading into Creedmoor on Highway 50, I saw the Cedar Creek Pottery sign. It took nothing to lure me to the end of the rocky road where my eyes could feast on shelf after shelf of pottery from the wheels of Piedmont potters.

It so happened that a photographer for Southern Living was at the gallery photographing wares for a crafts feature. She asked if I would "browse" for the camera. Mind you, she picked me out of the following assemblage: a woman who looked for all the world like she had just come in from the Australian outback; her companion who was a deadringer for the sole survivor of the Great Flood; a cyclist with bar cap, helmet and goggles who had just stopped in to kill time waiting for a break in the weather; and a mother with four offspring who determined that before she left she would pay for something that lay in smithereens on the floor.

And there was yours truly, looking like the consummate Southern Living reader in my black raincoat edged in fawn with matching hat, an ensemble smartly set off by black leather bag and boots. Okay, you can't see the boots but you can look at the picture and easily envision me hurrying home to prune my winged euonymus or to turn out a batch of pink divinity. Only my friends know better.

Now that you know how it happened, let me add that Southern Living does not pay people to "browse" for their camera. They offer nothing more than a cordial "thank you" and all the ribbing you can stand from your friends when the photograph is published.

In closing, let me make two suggestions.

First, if you haven't done so already, visit Cedar Creek Gallery. You'll find there an ever changing array of pottery and craft items.

Second, before you visit Cedar Creek, visit the gallery of Littleton potter Tom Gray across from Mordecai's Restaurant and tell him I sent you. Tom is my potter of choice, but I still have to explain to him exactly what I was doing at Cedar Creek.