The Duplin Times

Straight from the Stockline — Right from the Heart of Duplin

PROGRESS SENTINEL

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Commissioners To Appeal Closing Of Duplin County Jail

The Duplin County Board of Commissioners voted Tuesday to appeal the order of Secretary of Human Resources to close the Duplin County Jail.

The Board has to send a letter by April 19, 1977, advising Dr. Sarah Morrow of DHR and District Superior Court Judge Russell Lanier of their decision to appeal the closing of the jail. A date for the hearing will be set after April 19th.

Woodard Williams, Jail Division, DHR, extended the date to reply to Dr. Morrow's directive on closing the jail from April 15th, 1977 to April 30, 1977.

The Board also discussed the application submitted for State and Federal funds with which to build the jail.

The Board was advised that for the quarter ending April, 1977, $37,450 was received in anti-recession funds. No action was taken on how to budget these funds.

A report was presented to the Commissioners on the number of employees now under the county payroll. Ending March, 1977, the report showed: Full time, 218; Part Time, 41; CETA, 66; Youth Program, 64; and Sheltered Workshop, 61; totaling 430 employees.

In 1968 the total employees by the County was 50.

The Board discussed the repair on the county-owned ambulance. It was the decision of the Board to repair the transmission rather than install a new transmission. The Commissioners instructed the Clerk to write a memorandum to Hiram Brinson stating that ambulances are not to exceed a safe speed.

A letter was received from the Town of Kenansville stating a hearing on rezoning the proposed jail site will be held during May.

Son Of A Gun

By Jim Lanier

Let's back up a few years this week. . . Back when country life was really country life. . . When there were no big, massive machines in the fields . . . When nearly every farm family had a cow, some chickens, maybe some geese and some guinea hens. . . And a mule to do the intricate farm work that a tractor was too bulky to do . . . When the yards were not green with grass but well-raked dirt. . . And the houses were not underpinned, but way up off the ground, providing an excellent play area for the youngsters. . . Where a road-drag made of sticks and weighted with a brickbat could make make-believe roads for rubber-tired toy cars to travel and work with the exception of a chicken or two. . . When it was no big deal to walk to the back fields and find a bunch of guineas de-worming and de-bugging crops. . . When it was a treat in tobacco-curing time to place a green ear of corn in the barn furnace, under the hot coals of an oak log, and soon have a hot and delicious "roasting ear of corn". . . The most dreaded chores were stirring tobacco, worming tobacco and suckering tobacco. . . Some of the pleasant things were picking wild blackberries, briarberries and grapes. . . wading in a clear stream trying to hand-catch a fish. . . The horror of catching ground-itch on your feet. . . Being able to tell when a car was coming from far off – not by the sound of a motor, but by the dust on the dirt roads. . . Hoping the "Watkins Man" would come and Mom would buy some grape-ade. . . And also hoping the ice man would make his twice-a-week visit soon, as all the ice had melted. . . .

Well, here are a couple of stories from those days, and as usual, they are true. . . However, most of the names have been changed – as well as the locations. . . .

Now one of my best buddies back then was Ruddy. . . He was Mr. Schultz' son, who lived down the road from Grandpa. . . I always had a hard time saying Schultz, but it was one of the first words I learned to spell. . . . S-C-H-U-L-T-Z. . .

Sometimes my good buddy would get me into trouble, too. . . One day we had Ruddy over to "Sock Hole" . . . that is where we used to play during on hot summer days. . . Well, we were walking by Mr. John's house, walking a shortcut through his yard that led through the corn field to Grandpa's house. . . when we saw this little little nothing sat on the back porch. . . Well, we walked up and talked long we could like to have some of that pie. . . Well, John would say, "I bet that John would give us some of that pie if we asked us for it." Boys, I tell you he's right hard to resist. . . Well, I decided to ask him. . . Ruddy said, "Boy, John's mad at you for cussin' in his yard." . . . Well, I was mad at myself for cussin' in John's yard. . . Well, we went on to Grandpa's house. . . where we ate lots of good things to eat, but we still had room for some of that pie. . . Well, we went back to John's house, and I was finally able to ask him for a piece of pie. . . Well, John said