

Carolina Central University (NCCU). His father was working, so my grandmother picked up her sister Aunt Sally, who lived on a small farm, where NCCU Law School now stands. So, she and Aunt Sally hitched a mule to a wagon and got on their way. They said when my grandparents arrived at the bus station in Durham, they had prayed all the way for God to bless the mule, because granddaddy had whipped him trying to get him to run fast. That mule was sweating and breathing hard. They were still going to need that mule to finish harvesting the tobacco crop.

My daddy's brother, John Henry, had already left to pick him up in Norlina. My grandmother and her sister had gotten to the hospital before anyone had arrived. When the doors of the "Colored" waiting room flew open, there stood my grandfather carrying my mother and Grandmama Robinson coming behind

him. Grandmama Woods found the colored nurse who worked at the hospital to let her know that my mother had arrived. My mother was taken to a room with her mother by her side, while everyone else sat in the colored people's waiting room. It was a fall, cool, and chilly evening. According to my Grandmama Woods, she said, "Every time someone came through the doors of the waiting room, the windy, cool night air blew in leaves and cold air. I got a little cold every time that door opened waiting for you to arrive." She told her sister, Aunt Sally, that I was slow as molasses in winter.

It was late, but I arrived around 10:30 p.m., October 18, 1952, in Duke Hospital, Durham, NC. **MARGARET'S HERE! OH HAPPY DAY!!**



**Margaret Juanita Woods Bullock's** dream finally came true when she became a founding member of the Heritage Quilters. As a young child, she remembers sleeping under grandma's quilts and watching her mother and father work together on a quilt. She majored in Clothing, Textiles, and Related Arts at A&T State University in Greensboro, NC, and is a retired North Carolina Cooperative Extension agent. She is happy to claim in her retirement that quilting has become her "related art."



# ANOTHER SATURDAY AT NORTH WARREN HIGH SCHOOL

**Sterling Cheston, Jr.**

Crowded into the Ford pick-up, sitting on the springy bouncy bench seat beside Dad, along with my brothers, windows rolled down, we were on our way to another Saturday morning adventure at North Warren High School. I always watched my father driving the 3-speed, observing the way he maneuvered the clutch, brakes, and the gearshift on the steering column. It all looked so complicated, yet he operated it so smoothly, so effortlessly. “How does that work?” I asked. Glancing at me momentarily and with a slight smile, he replied, “Let me show you. When I step on the clutch, you push the lever up to about halfway, and you’ll feel a spot where you can push it away and then you move it all the way up.” We were approaching the intersection in Wise, about to make the right turn at the stone church. We proceeded to cross the railroad tracks and then passed the cemetery on the left. I eagerly awaited my chance to work the shifter. He slowed the truck to negotiate the turn, rapidly spun the big steering wheel clockwise, released it to magically spin itself in the opposite direction until back straight again, pulled the shifter downward, and began to accelerate. With Dad’s instruction and his voice in my ear, saying; “Ready?... Now!” He stepped on the clutch and let off the gas, I could feel we were sort of coasting. I grabbed the lever and tried to follow his instructions. It was a bit clumsy and clunky; he placed his hand over mine for a bit of extra coaching; I understood what he was saying about the halfway spot, and maneuvering the shifter all the way up. “Tee, hee, that’s it, son.” He had a

joyous laugh. I loved to hear him laugh. It always made us want to laugh along with him.

Dad was headed to a workday of cabinetmaking or some other carpentry project, which he took on in his spare time. His job as a teacher of Masonry and Industrial Arts meant that his only spare time was Saturday. He brought us boys along as “helpers.” On arrival at the school campus, we followed the driveway down and around the curve to the shop building, backing the truck near the big garage door. After Dad lifted open the wide door on its noisy rollers, we proceeded to unload supplies from the truck bed. Plywood, lumber, 2x4’s, nails, screws, sandpaper, stain, shellac, paint, doors, cabinetry hardware, and whatever materials would be needed for the day’s project. Also, and arguably most importantly, in the cargo bed of the pickup were 2 or 3 bicycles, depending on how many boys were in the cab of the pickup.



Our tasks as assistants were varied: help Dad navigate the large unwieldy sheets of plywood through the table saw; bring a requested tool when he was caught with too few hands; reply, “Behind your ear!” to his, “Where’s that pencil?” question; write down a measurement for him; double-check arithmetic with him; sand what needed to be sanded; countersink nails that needed to be countersunk; dab wood filler into the countersunk holes; help install cabinet hardware; and laugh at his corny jokes, silly puns, and boyhood tales.

However, all that tedious woodworking was not enough action, not enough excitement for rambunctious young boys. To the rescue, we had our bikes. High handlebars, banana seats, racing slick rear tires, stick shifters...we had the latest and greatest, the best and the baddest, the fast and the fastest. Mine was a gold 3-speed with a stick shifter and handbrakes. The thing about the 3-speed was you could climb steep hills easier and go downhill faster. You couldn't do the serious skids like with the coaster brakes, but that was still OK.

There was a very long straight sidewalk which ran from the high school building at the top of the hill all the way down to the elementary school building at the bottom of the hill, passing by the cafeteria building in between, descending in a stair-step fashion. It turns out that if you rode very fast, fast enough to become a little bit airborne, the long downhill sidewalk was barely negotiable on a bicycle. The ride sensation was fairly smooth on the flats, interspersed by bone-jarring bounces at the drop-offs. An awning supported by a series of sturdy metal posts on either side covered the walkway section from the cafeteria to the elementary building. Those metal posts added a new element risk; just when brain, body, and bike were thoroughly shaken and the accumulated speed

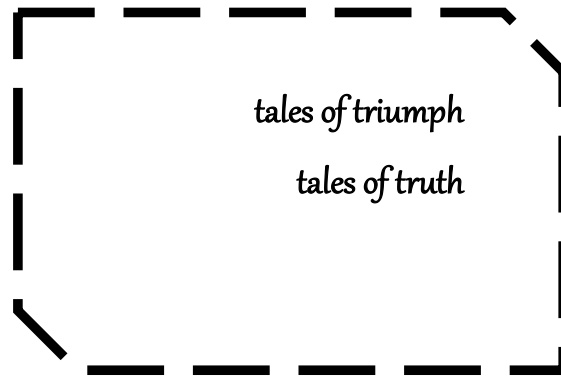
from the long downhill run meant maximum velocity. We loved the challenge and the danger and the ever-present reminder that we were doing something that could potentially go very wrong.

After tiring of our daredevil adventures, or perhaps a minor medical or mechanical mishap, or craving a super-cold drink from the water fountain, we headed back to the shop. I notice the carpentry project taking shape, the collection of parts and pieces assuming their new purpose. By late afternoon or early evening, things were really coming together as we smoothed and finished the surfaces, lightly rubbing along the wood grain, inspecting the corners, making sure everything was nicely square, smooth, clean, and true. It was always fascinating to witness the gradual but steady transformation, from a conglomeration of planks, hardware, and sheets of wood, into a completed kitchen cabinet, picnic table, other recognizable items through my father's skill.

At the end of a full day of work, play, accomplishment, excitement, teaching, learning, laughter, adventure, and love; we all were ready to go home.



**Sterling Cheston, Jr.**, grew up in a home where a sewing machine was frequently in use by his mother who was a homemaker, seamstress, and Home Economics teacher. However, the Norlina native is brand new to quilt making. His vocations and avocations include community support/volunteerism, computers, electronics, inventing, tinkering, learning, and all-around tech guru.





# THE FIRST FIRE STORY

Karen Lynch Harley

In the beginning of the world, there was no fire. The animal people were often cold. Only the Thunders, who lived in the world beyond the sky arch, had fire. At last they sent Lightning down to an island. Lightning put fire into the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree.

The animal people knew that the fire was there, because they could see smoke rising from the top of the tree, but they could not get to it on account of the water. So, they held a council to decide what to do.

Everyone that could fly or could swim was eager to go after the fire. Raven said, "Let me go. I am large and strong." At that time Raven was white. He flew high and far across the water and reached the top of the sycamore tree. While he sat there wondering what to do, the heat scorched all his feathers black. The frightened Raven flew home without the fire, and his feathers have been black ever since.

Then the council sent Screech Owl. He flew to the island, but while he was looking down into the hollow tree, a blast of hot air came up and nearly burned out his eyes. He flew home and to this day, Screech Owl's eyes are red.

Then Hooting Owl and Horned Owl were sent to the island together, but the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes carried up by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home, and were never able to get rid of the white rings.

Then Little Snake swam across to the island, crawled through the grass to the tree, and entered it through a small hole at the bottom, but the smoke and the heat were too much for him, too. He escaped alive, but his body had been scorched black. And it was so twisted that he doubled on his track as if always trying to escape from a small space.



Big Snake, the climber, offered to go for fire, but he fell into the burning stump and became as black as Little Snake. He has been the great blacksnake ever since.

At last, Water Spider said that she would go. Water Spider has black downy hair and red stripes on her body. She could run on top of water and she could dive to the bottom. She would have no trouble in getting to the island.

"But you are so little, how will you carry enough fire?" the council asked. The Water Spider said, "I can spin a web." so she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a little bowl and fastened the little bowl on her back. Then she crossed over to the island and through the grass. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl and brought it across to the people.

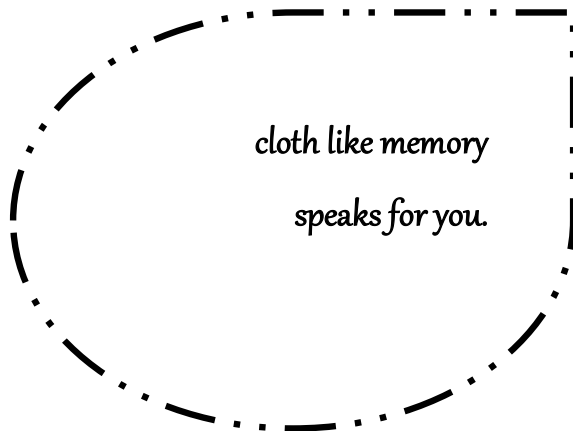
Ever since, we have had fire, and the Water Spider still has her little bowl on her back.

*("The First Fire Story" along with other Native American history and folk tales can be found at [Indians.org](http://Indians.org))*



**Karen Lynch Harley** is a Native American artist. Her work is inspired by her love of her Native American life and culture. She believes art is therapy for the body and soul and enjoys sharing her gift with others to help them find their inner gifts and spirit.







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—1841-1910—  
First black to represent  
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1875-1877; state senator,  
1860-1874. There  
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# UNBRIDLED

John Adams Hyman

The First Black to Represent North Carolina in the US Congress

Portia Harris Hawes

I can't remember when I first heard about John A. Hyman, my great grandfather. He was referred to as "Pa Hyman, the Congressman." The first story that I remember being told was when US Congressman John Kerr came to visit my grandmother, Betty Hyman Jenkins, around 1940. In my young mind, and hearing the story about that visit from John Kerr to Grandma Jenkins home brought Grandpa Hyman into the family picture.

The story goes that Grandma Jenkins met the Congressman on the porch and asked, "Why are you here?" Congressman Kerr replied, "What's wrong with one Congressman visiting another Congressman's daughter? I just wanted to check on you." The visit went well after that. My grandmother and her husband, John P. Jenkins, lived in the two-story house on West Franklin Street, across from the new Warren County Memorial Library.

John Hyman, the son of a slave named Jessie Hyman, was born into slavery, near Warrenton, North Carolina, on July 23, 1840. As a young man, he worked for a jeweler named King. While working for Mr. King as a janitor, the Kings taught him to read and write. When some whites in the community discovered that the Kings had taught John Hyman to read and

write, they forced them to leave Warren County. Hyman was then sold to an Alabama slaveholder.



Hyman, enslaved and literate, repeatedly broke laws to pursue his education, which caused him to be sold at least eight times. When he gained his freedom in 1865, Hyman returned to Warrenton, where he became a farmer and opened a country store on Warrenton's Main Street. A ledger, in his handwriting, has recorded accounts and transactions from that store, which included sales of lumber and other building supplies, food, whiskey, wood for heating, farming instruments, and trip fares to local communities and other destinations.

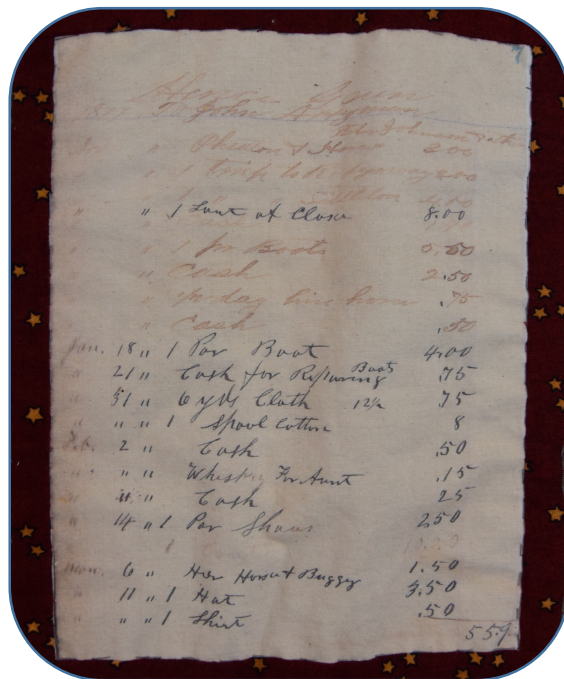
He became active in the movement to secure political rights for North Carolina Blacks. In 1868, he won election to the state senate where he served for six years. In that position, he advocated for a Civil Rights Bill and for states to ratify the 14<sup>th</sup> Amendment before being readmitted to the Union. Hyman voted against impeaching Republican Governor William Holden in 1872 for ordering the arrest of Ku Klux Klan members suspected of lynching and terrorizing the state's black population. He remained a strong and active representative for the "Black Second" district, which had populations that were at least 45% black.

Hyman won a seat in the 44<sup>th</sup> US Congress to represent the 2<sup>nd</sup> Congressional District of North Carolina and served from 1875 to 1877. He was the first Black man to represent the state of North Carolina. Hyman was not reelected for a second term. The white Republicans at the state convention said, "The salary of \$5,000 a year was too much for a kinky head."

John Hyman returned to his farm and grocery store in Warrenton. Being a restless person, always wanting to better himself and his family, he became involved with the Warrenton Colored Methodist Church. John Hyman donated the land for and was active in Oak Chapel AME Church located on the corner of Macon and Hall Streets. However, after the

temperance movement took hold in North Carolina, he was expelled from the church on charges of selling alcoholic beverages and embezzling Sunday school funds. He then left Warrenton, moving to the Washington, DC, and Maryland area.

There was never a lot of talk in the family about my great grandfather, John Hyman, probably because he was expelled from the Church. For his time, he was a "hell of a man." He would not let people push him around or step on him. Most of all he would not be **bridled!**



**Portia Harris Hawes** is the great granddaughter of John A. Hyman, the first African American elected to Congress from North Carolina's Second District in 1874. Her mother, Portia Jenkins Harris, was a dressmaker and growing up, young Portia admired the quilts her mother made with scraps from her dressmaking. Portia is a retired Home Economics and Costume Design Teacher, community advocate for children, and a 63-year Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc., charter member of the Suffolk County, New York Chapter.





# TRANSFORMATION – SERENITY

**Jewel Bullock Hawkins**

Days creep into existence,  
Stealthily with warmth;  
Brownish grass fades away;  
Trees shed their coats and colors,  
Revealing a new beginning,  
Calling out, “It’s Time For Spring.”

Chirping of God’s creatures,  
Vibrate from a distance.  
Soaring songbirds make music;  
Nature speaks out.  
T’is time to plant, time to reminisce, time to meditate.  
Be thankful for a new awakened.

Farmers cultivate and replenish the soil.  
Gardeners manicure the flowers;  
Happily receiving therapy for the mind and soul;  
Buds gradually peep out to be pollinated by the bees,  
Butterflies float around creating a carpet of beauty.  
T’is Spring.

Enter the garden and sit awhile.  
Relax and clean your soul;  
Above the beauty of nature.  
Energize your thoughts.  
Grasp the aroma of the fresh air,  
Gawk at the gorgeous flowers and their radiant colors.  
Show mercy to the omnipotent One;  
It’s Spring!



**Jewel Bullock Hawkins** grew up in a very religious family (her father was a minister) in the Bullocksville Community in Vance County, NC. She received her undergraduate degree in English from Shaw University, a graduate degree in secondary education from North Carolina Central University, and retired from the Granville County School System after 39 years of service. Jewel took care of her father until his death in 2001; and seeking peace of mind, she started quilting and became active in the Vance County Quilts 'R' US Guild.



*your life, your way of  
saying you are here.*