

The Warren Record

Published Every Thursday By

The Record Printing Company

P. O. BOX 70 - WARRENTON, N. C. 27589

BIGNALL JONES, Editor — DUKE JONES, Business Manager

Member North Carolina Press Association

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: ONE YEAR, \$3.00; SIX MONTHS, \$1.50
OUT OF STATE: ONE YEAR, \$4.00; SIX MONTHS, \$2.00

Wine In ABC Stores

The purpose of the establishment of the ABC stores was not to stop but to control the sale of whiskey, and while not entirely successful, it has proven to be a great improvement over prohibition, and perhaps the least objectionable method of handling whiskey. While profit was a secondary consideration, the counties and towns have received hundreds of thousands of dollars of profits that had heretofore gone into the pockets of the bootleggers.

While the sale of hard liquor was restricted to the ABC stores, wine and beer were permitted under license in retail stores. The purpose of this, we suppose, was to permit wines of low alcoholic content and beer in retail outlets as a matter of public convenience in the knowledge that drinks with low alcoholic content offers no great problem. But in some manner things became crossed up and today we find the ABC stores restricted to the sale of low alcoholic wine while the stores are selling fortified wine with a 20 per cent alcoholic content.

While people rarely get drunk from drinking beer and unfortified wines, people can and do get drunk from drinking 20 per cent wine. This type wine, chemically made, is relatively cheap and police officers say that it produces the worst kind of drunk. They say that sale of this type wine in retail stores offers them their greatest problem. Employers of considerable numbers of

laborers are bitter over the practically unrestricted sale of fortified wines. They want its sale of this type wine restricted to ABC stores. That seems to us to make sense.

Principal opposition to this proposal stems from some retail merchants to whom the sale of this type wine offers a principal source of profit. While we do not think that all retailers would oppose restricting sales of fortified wines to the ABC stores, the opposition is quite formidable. We believe the rank and file of our citizens would prefer that fortified wines, perhaps all wines, be so restricted.

A few days ago we received a letter from a highly intelligent and public spirited woman from one of the townships asking that we call attention to the fact that the Board of County Commissioners has been asked by Sheriff Davis and John Britt, ABC officer, to restrict wine sales to the ABC stores. She said in part:

"This community is disgusted. We have four or five stores within a radius of a few miles. The operators pay no more attention to Sunday than any other day of the week. 'I wish you would drive out here Sunday. Check the intersections on our farm for bottles, cans and other litter. Just look around. The worst thing is the misery and fright of the women and children—especially on weekends. I have heard them screaming in the middle of the night. Wine is destroying the colored men and a certain segment of white men in this county. It is a curse and a disgrace."

A Mule Named Kitt

By DR. W. G. WILSON, JR.
In The Smithfield Herald

Do animals think? No one can say for sure how long this question has been argued, but the fact that it is still being debated is proof that an answer acceptable to all has still not been found. So far as I know even a definition of what constitutes thinking has not been agreed on, but if the ability to make decisions is any criterion the answer has to be yes.

Now you take the case of an old mule named Kitt. Since I was a young boy, say about 12 or 13 years old, there has never been the slightest doubt in my mind that on one occasion old Kitt made a very painful decision, painful to me that is.

One day Papa decided to take the whole family with him up to the Viney Corbett farm, some two or three miles away. So the horses were hitched to the surrey with the fringe on top. But there was scarcely room in the surrey for all of us, so I elected to ride old Kitt and follow along behind. Thus we started out according to plan, but we had not counted on old Kitt having plans quite different from ours. No sooner had we begun than old Kitt seemed to sense the lack of authority in her youthful rider and set out to explore the village, undeterred by my efforts to keep her in the road. Eventually I managed to pull her to a stop at a woodpile, where one of my young friends was chopping firewood. Looking down I saw a dog-

wood brushbroom, such as was customarily used in those days to sweep yards.

"Marvin," I said, "cut me off an end of one of those brushbroom limbs."

This he did, and handed it to me, a stick about a foot and a half long and about one inch in diameter. Now I thought to teach old Kitt a lesson and let her know who was boss, so with more irritation than good judgment I brought the stick sharply down between her ears. With an astonished shake of her head old Kitt took off at a lively gallop and had almost caught up with the surrey when she went off at another tangent. That mule must have had good eyesight for she spotted a clothesline at least 100 yards away.

There has never been any doubt in my mind that at that moment old Kitt did some thinking and made a decision, and that decision was to rid herself of that nuisance on her back and to change my idea of the proper way to treat a mule. And like Balaam of old, I learned the hard way. With this in mind she made a bee line for the clothes wire, and in spite of my frantic yanking on the bridle reins ran right under it.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the ground, and the kindly Negro woman who owned the clothes wire was washing my face with old water. Old Kitt, meanwhile was innocently cropping grass nearby, but I am sure she must have looked at me with her mulish heart full of amused satisfaction. And so I learned about mules from old Kitt.

The 'Nonsense' Of Football

The Smithfield Herald

The "football madness" is with us again. When adults become excited at the high school game on Friday night or in the college stadium on Saturday, and yell and act like unrestrained children at play, let no one hastily conclude that football is a sign of American immaturity. Man can overdo football, just as he can overdo eating or drinking. But refreshment for the soul can be found in what some unbending intellectual snobs regard as "infantile antics."

Some years ago, columnist Sydney Harris wrote about the snobs who look down on the babyish ways of men engaged in occasional buffoonery or boisterous play. While holding no brief for offensive behavior, he defended sports and "silly pastimes" as necessary outlets for the childishness that's in us, concluding that pastimes prepare us to return to the rigors of life when play is over.

Harris wrote: "It is no accident that the one type of person universally detested (even though he may have brains and character and ability) is the humorless personality, the man who will not play, the unbending prig who has no time for that kind of nonsense."

Let the "nonsense" of these fall weekends be. It's good for grown-ups to be in good

humor in the stands, enjoying the company of fellow "playmates" who cannot do their playing on athletic fields, cheering young people who do play on the fields, exulting in response to their football feats and victories—unafraid of descending from perches of pretension.

Some psychologists will tell us that the baby in the adult will come out one way or another—if not through the outlet of play, surely through the outlet of some activity or attitude unbecoming to human beings and harmful to humanity.

Quotes

Did you hear about the four-year-boy who was used to saying bedtime prayer? After attending church and hearing the Lord's Prayer, he began his prayer one night. "Our Father who art in heaven, how'd ya know my name?"—Stout Rafofs (In.) Bulletin-Press.

The difference between a little rascal and a juvenile delinquent is whether he is your kid or somebody else's.—Great Northern Coal.

Great blunders are often made, like large ropes, of a multitude of fibers.—Victor Hugo.

Mostly Personal

By BIGNALL JONES

The "Amazing Mets" won the World's Baseball Championship on last Thursday afternoon as the Mets took the last four straight games over Baltimore, which is of course no news to anyone very much interested in baseball, but it does tend to contrast the annual event now and when I was a child and young man.

Perhaps this was just about the finest World's series that has ever been played, but the odd thing is not the millions who watched the games over TV and listened to the play over radio, but the many more millions who had no interest in the series. It has been said that Horse-racing is the King of Sports, but when I was a teenager we knew little of horse racing and baseball was the king of sports locally. We played it on sand lots; almost every town and many cross-roads had their teams, and long before we knew anything of World Series we were collecting baseball pictures from cigar packages. Even now, with a sense of nostalgia, I can see the little wallet size pictures of Babe Ruth, then playing with Baltimore, Chris Speaker, Hans Wagner, Ty Cobb, and dozens of other all-time greats. They were our heroes.

But communications increased and interest grew in national baseball at a time when basketball and football were minor sports. True, we had to wait a day for the daily paper to let us know the results of games, but this did not greatly decrease our interest.

And then we began to get the results over the telegraph. Scores of us went to Norlina where some one had rigged up a telegraph ticker in a large room. The batter would go to the plate, the ticker would give forth its dots and dashes and the telegraph operator would relay, "strike, ball, out, home run," etc., to a crowd unable to contain its emotions. This was the way, I suppose, that Warren County heard an account of the World Series game when Jack Scott, a Warren County boy, became a national hero.

But then the late Roy Davis came to Warrenton and soon he had obtained a radio, crude by modern standards, but an improvement over the telegraph. In a few years there were a number of radios in the town and at World Series time, many of these were blaring forth from doorways as crowds gathered and cheered. It was a terrible time to get any work done. In later years came TV, but by that time baseball was a waning sport, replaced in public interest by football and basketball, and a multitude of activities, and even I, a sports fan, forgot at times that the World Series was going on last week. I have a great deal more interest in the John Graham football team and the result of the UNC team than I did in who won the World Series. Like many others, almost as an after thought, I found myself asking, "Who won the ball game?"

During my teens, Warrenton had an excellent team. Among the players on this team were Bill Polk, Mack Booth, Wharton Moore, Jack Scott, Russell Palmer, and my brother Brodie, not to mention Little Stewart and Big Stewart. Little Stewart

Letter To Editor

CHURCHES DISAPPOINT

To The Editor:
I have just received a copy of the September 18 edition of The Warren Record. If I am correct in assuming that the purpose of Warrenton Private School is to avoid integration, I would like to express my personal disappointment in the Warrenton Baptist Church and the Methodist Church for permitting the private school to hold classes in their churches. It seems inconsistent that the same organization that preaches "brotherly love," the concept of "all men being the children of God," and that spends millions of dollars sending missionaries all over the world to save the souls of black, yellow and brown men, would lend itself to fostering and continuing such an open expression of un-Christian social evil of discrimination against not only fellow human beings—fellow citizens—but fellow Christians.

NANCY PITTARD VAUGHAN
(A former resident)

Malaybalay Bukhinan
Sept. 30, 1969.

art worked for W. A. Miles Hardware Company, was a former professional and had the best arm that I had ever seen on a ball player. The period which I recall had many changes over a six or eight-year period. When I best remember was when Wharton Moore was the pitcher and Jim Moore was the catcher, and Jack Scott played field, which seems odd in view of the fact that Jack Scott later became a pitcher for the New York Giants and was the hero of a series between the Giants and the Yankees. We had a little touch with another baseball great, as Lee Meadows of Oxford, who became a big league pitcher, had a sister who married Buck Green of Warrenton.

Back in those days practically all the business of the town was done in the fall, winter and early spring months, and summer was largely a matter of play for the town boys, and for some country boys who perhaps neglected their cotton to a degree. This not only allowed the players to get off work, but permitted a great many business men to attend baseball games, particularly when we played Littleton, when, too often, a fight or two would take place.

Not only did Warrenton have a good baseball team, but the Negroes also had an excellent team. Among the players I recall were Walter "Bossie" Harris, who played third base and pitched; Richard (Red) Harris, who played first base; Will Sommersville, brother of Mrs. Nunie Stainback Adams, who was the catcher. Across his breast protector in large letters was written, "Thou Shalt Not Steal!" White and colored citizens attended these games.

This was the team who matched its skill against a team from Richmond, Va., to the later regret of many supporters of the team. The Warrenton team, with ambitious whetted by wins over lesser teams, challenged a team from Richmond, and it was a big day when this team came to Warrenton, and dancing and other celebration after Warrenton won the first game.

The Richmond team, it seems, was not only a good baseball team, but its members were not beyond guile or teaching country bumpkins a lesson. From the best available evidence, they threw the first game and that night began taking bets on the second game, and there were plenty of takers. With bets placed the Richmond boys simply mopped up Warrenton in the second game. It was a long dry summer for many of the most ardent fans.

Local Rotarians Attend Henderson Rotary Meeting

Following their appearance here last Monday of last week seven Australians returned to Henderson on Monday night where they were guests at a joint meeting of the Warrenton and Henderson Rotary Clubs. An account of this meeting was given in The Henderson Daily Dispatch on Thursday and is reproduced below for its local interest.—Editor.

HENDERSON—Seven visitors from Australia were special guests and appeared on the program at a joint meeting of the Henderson, Oxford and Warrenton Rotary clubs here Tuesday evening. F. Don Kesler, Henderson club president, was in charge of the program at Henderson Country club. Members of the group from Australia who have been in Henderson since Sunday, were guests of the Henderson club, coming to America as members of the Rotary Exchange program. While here, they have been entertained in homes of several Rotarians and been shown various industries, businesses, farm areas and other sites of interest in Henderson and Oxford.

The meeting was opened with the singing of "Waltzing Matilda," an Australian folk song. The melody was explained by Jim Boswell, an Australian Baptist minister, who stated that the waltzing term is given to the circular walks around sheep stations and that Matilda is symbolic of worldly goods.

Other visitors from abroad who appeared on the program and their remarks, in brief, follow:

Don Robinson, news editor, told something of the country and entered a plea for immigration to that area as all types of skilled and trained labor is needed.

Peter Parrish, a grazier, reported that Australia still has men who move about from place to place. Even though the government has provided them schools and housing projects, they remain restless and hold



POWER PLUS—Preparing the land for future seeding, a bulldozer moves beneath Carolina Power & Light Company transmission lines. CP&L's program of helping develop the right-of-way land into either a wildlife area or farmland was the first in the Carolinas and a model project for the nation's electric companies.

Power Company Lends Help To Wildlife

A wildlife area 70 feet wide and hundreds of miles long is one goal of a Carolina Power & Light Company program being undertaken in both Carolinas.

Using six bulldozers—machines not normally associated with conservation and wildlife preservation—CP&L is de-

veloping the land beneath transmission lines in the Carolinas. The bulldozers are used to clear and disk the land. Following the disking a landowner, farmer or sponsoring organization prepares a seed bed of vegetation favored by wildlife.

Cleared brush pushed to the sides provides protection, and the fairly tall, but tender plants provide shelter and foodstuff that isn't as abundant in the thick forests. Quail, rabbits and songbirds are the major inhabitants of the areas.

"Following development you will find more small animals and bird life in the right-of-way areas than in the remainder of the surrounding forests," Cliff Story, CP&L director of the program, said.

CP&L's land clearing service also is available for farmers who want to plant the right-of-way in agricultural products or pasture.

The power company is cooperating with the Soil Conservation Service, North Carolina Wildlife Commission, various hunting clubs, landowners and farmers in this unique conservation program.

NEWSPAPERS GET MOST

Airlines, domestic and international, spent about \$125 million in advertising last year. Most favored medium was news papers, which received \$43 million. TV was second with \$35 million and magazines ranked third—just over \$24 million.



VAUGHAN'S BODY SHOP

U.S. 158

PHONE 257-3031 WARRENTON, N. C.

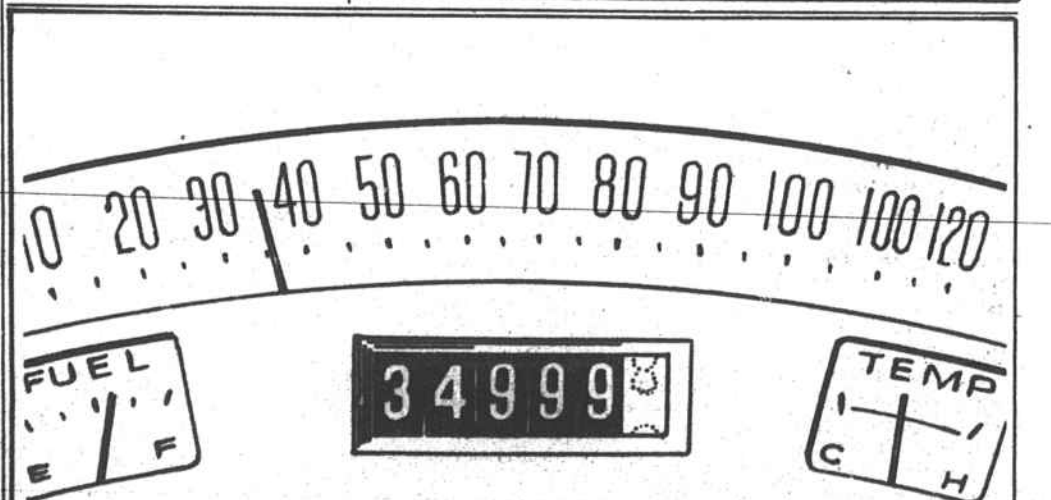
USED CARS

- 1-1964 CHEVROLET - 2 DOOR HARD TOP
- 1-1964 CADILLAC - 4 DOOR HARD TOP
- 1-1965 FORD - 4 DOOR HARD TOP
- 1-1963 CHEVROLET 1 1/2 TON TRUCK
- 1-1969 FORD 1/2 TON PICK-UP TRUCK
- 1-1968 FAIRLANE 500 - 2 DOOR HARD TOP

USED FURNITURE - ALL KINDS

- SOME ANTIQUE FURNITURE
- SEVERAL GOOD OIL HEATERS
- SEVERAL GOOD GAS RANGES
- ONE GOOD ELECTRIC RANGE
- SEVERAL GOOD REFRIGERATORS
- WE REFINISH FURNITURE

EXPERT WRECK REBUILDERS



IT'S TIME FOR A BRAND-NEW CAR

Above the 35,000 mileage mark, parts begin to need replacement.

If your car or truck is pushing 35 thousand, it's a good time to visit the showroom of your favorite car maker. Before you buy, it's a good time to visit our bank—and let us tell you how simply you can arrange low-cost financing here, on convenient terms.

THE CITIZENS BANK

TWO CONVENIENT LOCATIONS

MAIN STREET

NORLINA ROAD

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation