

The Warren Record

Published Every Thursday By

The Record Printing Company

P. O. BOX 76 - WARRENTON, N. C. 27589

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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, \$5.00; SIX MONTHS, \$3.50 OUT OF STATE: ONE YEAR, \$4.00; SIX MONTHS, \$2.00

Congratulations To Cochrane

The Warren Record joins with other business firms and individuals in offering our congratulations to Cochrane Eastern, Inc., upon the occasion of its Open House on Sunday afternoon and hopes that a large number of our citizens will take advantage to visit this modern and beautiful plant.

In selling congratulatory advts to local business people, we suggested to one advertiser that most of the advts offered congratulations to Cochrane Eastern, Inc., in their advts. This man said what he wanted to do was to congratulate the Warrenton area upon obtaining such a fine plant as is Cochrane Eastern, Inc.

We feel that this advertiser has a point and while we congratulate Cochrane Eastern, Inc., upon its selection as a site for its plant, we also congratulate the community upon obtaining this plant.

Cochrane Eastern, Inc., means more to Warrenton than just the obtaining of a manufacturing plant. Its announcement that it had selected Warrenton as a site meant a turn in the economic plight of Warren County which for years has been suffering a decline as thousands of its people left the county to ob-

tain work elsewhere. It offered new hope and promise and the promise is being fulfilled even while the company is in limited production. It has stimulated the demand for housing to a point that citizens desiring to sell their homes for any reason will find a good market for them, and it means that further employment will be provided for those building homes. Its ramifications are so many that the space of this article would not permit their recounting.

Among other things, the establishment of Cochrane Eastern, Inc., here means that other industries and other businesses will come to our county as will more people. Already a second fine factory is being built at our neighboring town of Norlina and should soon be in operation. No doubt other plants will follow suit almost as fast as labor can be provided.

To bring new hope and new opportunities to a community is no small thing and on Sunday when our people attending Cochrane Eastern, Inc.'s Open House it will be but an expression of gratitude that this fine company chose to make the Warrenton area its home.

Mostly Personal

By BIGNALL JONES

Cochrane Eastern Furniture Plant will hold its formal opening Sunday and the occasion recalls my own experiences as a laborer in the days when earth was moved by wheelbarrows, cement was mixed in a mortar box, rooms were plastered over wood lathes, and trucks were in their infancy and most persons worked from sun up to sun down.

As is the case now, many boys in my childhood found employment at intervals after school and on Saturdays and had various schemes for raising pin money. Among these were the sale of needles and thimbles and other such articles obtained through ads in The Youth Companion, but going here was not very remunerative. In addition there were occasional jobs with some housewives who needed the help of a boy, but I always hated to work for a woman because they asked much and paid little. Pat Hunter, now Dr. F. P. Hunter, had a good thing in weekly sales of The Saturday Evening Post. Cousin Will Davis had a farm on the outskirts of town and another large farm near town, so his boys always had plenty to do, although I think that Robert once or twice tried his hand at selling needles and thimbles. Most of my hunting with the Davis boys was done on rainy Saturdays when it was too wet to work on the farm.

In addition Cousin Will, who was a mail carrier had two horses to be fed, and two cows to be milked. The horses were not an unmixed evil as Robert would borrow a horse and buggy some Sundays in the summer and we would take our girl friends to ride. But even with the Davis boys it was not all work, for we found time for tennis, boating, fishing and baseball.

At that time we had a large icebox and an ice cream freezer and indulgent parents who did not object to us using the freezer and the ice. We could buy a package of ice cream flavor for a nickel, and the only thing separating us from ice cream was milk. This problem was solved by the Davis boys. On the night selected for making ice cream the Davis boys would not fully milk the cows, and would return later and get enough milk for a freezer of cream. We would take the ice and freezer in a sly manner to the back of the old hasp factory building where we would be joined by the Davis boys and soon would be eating our fill of ice cream. I have thought of this many times in the knowledge that all we had to do was to ask for the ingredients and we could have made the ice cream on our back porch, but it would not have been as much fun. Cousin Hannah was good to her children and treated us as her own. I remember with

pleasure her cookie jar which she kept replenished with tea cakes, her graham flour biscuits, and skating up and down her hall and going up and down her stairs with skates with her boys.

Cousin Hannah said that she did not mind how much noise her children made so long as she had them around her. We shot caroms in her sitting room and played Rook, which I called Methodist Set-back. Cousin Hannah was a devout Methodist and at that time her church frowned on cardplaying. The two adjoining homes, so far as we were concerned, were but one big home and about the only time Robert Davis and I were separated in our childhood was for punishment. Occasionally in her old age I would visit Cousin Hannah and her daughter, Cousin Bessie. Upon leaving Cousin Hannah would tell me that she always loved me as if I were her own child and remembered me in her prayers every night. I treasure her love and hope that her prayers for me availeth much.

But childhood jobs were not enough when we reached our teens and most of us found summer jobs. Graham Boyd got a summer job with Peck Manufacturing Company and a number of us boys obtaining employment at the old Box Mill, now Warrenton Box and Lumber Company. Boxes have not been made there for years but they were being made there in 1913 when I was introduced to hard work. At that time a 40-hour week was undreamed of, and I got up at 6 o'clock, ate breakfast and walked the more than a mile to work which started at 7 o'clock. After a lunch period, we again worked to six o'clock, five days a week and until noon on Saturdays. I still remember my first day of work and how my uncle, Lewis Brodie, laughed as I dragged my way home that first summer day. To say that I was bushed is an understatement.

My work consisted of removing short planks from a rip saw. The veteran employee who

sent the planks through the saw wore gloves, but I worked barehanded which resulted in splintered hands and occasional pinched fingers. The state of North Carolina would not permit a 13-year-old boy to work around a power saw now, but in those days children were expected to work, and I never heard of any of our crowd being cut by the saw. For this work, as I remember, I received \$3.63 a week. From the 63 cents I bought a Pepsi-Cola to eat with my lunch and splurged the rest at the drug store on Saturday afternoon. The remaining three dollars I turned over to my mother who saved it for me, and when fall came it was used to buy me clothes.

The next summer, the late Sam Scott was in charge of road building in Warrenton Township and boarded at our home. He gave me a job at \$1.00 a day, which was more than many grown men were making. The fact that I furnished my father's horse and wagon at times no doubt contributed to my rate of pay. That summer I helped in the surveying of the Ridgeway road, my main job being to carry a bag of stakes for the engineering crew. Later in the summer we surveyed the Macon Road, now the Airport road. Here part of my work was the handling of a bushaxe on the small growth in our path. I liked to use the bushaxe, as it was light and gave me a play for my muscles.

The following summer I began working at my father's newspaper office, learning to set pied type, put up leads and furniture, and to feed the foot-pedaled job presses. It was that summer that I began to learn to operate a linotype and in a few years I had learned to operate this machine to the extent that I graduated from the ranks of common labor into the ranks of skilled labor.

Mrs. J. L. Newsom of Richmond, Va., spent several days last week with Mrs. Owen Robertson, Sr.

Crusaders Male Chorus Enchants Audience Here

By BIGNALL JONES

The Crusaders Male Chorus of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., directed by Charles H. Flax, presented a program of sacred and classical music at the John R. Hawkins gymnasium on Sunday afternoon under the sponsorship of All Saints Episcopal Churchwomen.

The male chorus, with Eugene Harper, Jr., at the piano, simply enchanted the small but appreciative audience with the beauty of their voices and the harmony and range of their presentation. In the opinion of this writer the chorus was one of the best musical programs ever given in Warrenton, surpassing the Charlotte Boys Choir and many of the programs presented in Raleigh by the Friends of the College.

Not by any means a patron of the arts, the writer must confess that he attended the program with some reluctance and through a sense of duty. But as the chorus sang "Where'er You Walk" by Handel, as the opening number, he knew he was in for a real treat. Turning to John Mitchell he told him that he was going to get his wife and daughter. Mr. Mitchell said "tell them to bring my wife." In a few minutes, Mrs. Mitchell, my wife and two daughters came in. They were just as thrilled as was I and the rest of the audience. Commenting on the program afterwards my daughter said, "When they sang 'This Is My Country' I could feel shivers running up and down my back."

During the intermission, Director Charles Flax spoke of the work of the chorus and what he hoped their efforts would mean. He told of a trip to Sweden where he heard great music and realized that music is an universal language. One hears of the deplorable condition of the world, he said. When

one picks up a morning paper or turns on the TV or radio one sees or hears tales of depravity. The solution is the treatment of all people as human beings, as children of God. All I can ask of you, he added, is that you be honorable.

Almost as though the music was but a continuation of his remarks, the chorus in a few minutes began to sing "This Is My Country," and I think that those present realized, as perhaps never before, that this is truly their country and the country of us all who are fortunate to live in the United States.

All Saints Episcopal Churchwomen are to be congratulated upon bringing a program of such high calibre to Warrenton, and should be encouraged to bring other similar programs here.

It is regrettable that there was not a larger audience, but I feel that those who missed hearing the Crusaders Male Chorus and their truly beautiful rendition have been sufficiently punished by their absence.

BUYS HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bartholomew have bought the home of Mrs. Margaret Williams Barnes in South Warrenton where they are now living with their daughters.

Renew your subscription.

Express Thanks

The family of Al Mustian would like to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends and relatives who expressed concern upon learning of the recent tragic death of our son and brother. Special thanks go to Dr. Hunter and Dr. Mrs. Bunch whose help meant so very much to us at this time. We appreciate, too, the many cards, floral tributes, phone calls, food gifts and visits from all.

Who Can Find The Pabulum?

The Smithfield Herald

The politician who turns a phrase gets more applause than the politician who comes to grips with an issue. This is an old but deplorable political truth proved anew by Vice President Spiro Agnew.

Ever since last October, when he described anti-war protesters as "an effete corps of impudent snobs," Mr. Agnew has stirred the emotions of Americans with rhetoric that often lacked reason as it shunned the substance of issues.

In the last week or so, the Vice President has led enthusiastic followers to believe that the report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest - "the Scranton Commission" - gives aid and comfort to violence-prone students and condones lack of discipline on university campuses. The Vice President has done this, not by citing the substance of the Commission's report but rather by describing the report broadly as "more pabulum for permissivists."

The reasonable way to expose Mr. Agnew's demagoguery is not to say that the phrase-slinging Vice President "is behaving like a drunk in a barroom," as Sargent Shriver described him in an address to N. C. Democratic Women at Raleigh Saturday. Mr. Shriver no doubt evoked applause and laughter. But reason directs us to concentrate on words of the Scranton Commission's report that refute the Vice President's rhetoric about pabulum. Either Mr. Agnew did not read the report, or he chose to cover it up by coining a crowd-pleasing phrase.

Here is what the Commission's report said about campus violence and permissiveness:

"We utterly condemn violence. Students who bomb and burn are criminals"

"There can be no more 'trashing,' no more rock throwing, no more bombing by protesters. No grievance, philosophy, or political idea can justify the destruction and killing we have witnessed"

"There can be no sanctuary or immunity from prosecution on the campus . . . The full resources of society must be employed to bring to justice those who commit terroristic acts. Anyone who aids or protects terrorists, on or off campus, must share the moral and legal responsibilities for the crimes they commit."

"The university should promulgate a code making clear the limits of permissible conduct and announce in advance what measures it is willing to employ in response to unpermissible conduct"

"Faculty members who engage in or lead disruptive conduct have no place in the University community."

Political rhetoric describing that forthright statement as pabulum for permissivists is clearly rhetoric lacking reason - and rhetoric ignoring substance.

It also is rhetoric calculated to distract the attention of the American people from the patriotic role the Scranton Commission indicates they should play and the patriotic role the President should play in the campus crisis. The Commission, led by a former Republican Governor of Pennsylvania who commands public respect, has issued a report that merits respect and positive response from the Nixon administration. The report calls on both people and administration to lower voices, cool rhetoric, and work toward bridging the gap of misunderstanding between youth and the older generation.

To do what the Commission recommends may not win any votes for any party. But it does offer hope of restoring stability to American campuses.

Freedom Thrives On Truth

(Lorain (Ohio) Journal)

"You're a bunch of Communists," exclaimed an indignant, anonymous woman in a telephone call to the Journal . . . She was incensed because the paper printed a United Press International news report about a statement by Chinese Communist Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Mao called for people of the world to unite to defeat "U. S. imperialism." He was sharply critical of President Nixon.

Are newspapers, including our own, communistic because they report such statements by the head of a foreign nation? No, just the opposite. The people of the United States have the rare privilege of hearing all the news, good or bad. No censors are standing over the newspapers saying, "Print this. Don't print that."

In China any such criticism would be banned. Someone in the upper ranks of the ruling Reds decides what the people should hear and what they shouldn't hear.

In free America, those who are sometimes shaken by the news should remember one thing. Newspapers don't make the news. They merely report it. And if they are good newspapers they do so without trying to be judges of censors or the Almighty God.

Some readers seem to feel that only good news should be printed. Unfortunately, this is not a Pollyanna world. Bad news won't disappear if only good news is reported. This point was made in a talk to a meeting of journalists in Dallas, Tex., by L. H. Stevenson, managing editor of United Press International.

He declared that when the free flow of news is interrupted, rumors begin to flow. And that is what happens. The news becomes distorted, the rumors get wilder and wilder. The true news might indeed be bad, but the untrue news is worse.

There is no satisfactory substitute for freedom of the press, for freedom of speech, for truth. The alternatives, though perhaps offered with lofty idealism, quickly turn into suppression, deceit and lies.

Then fear replaces freedom. And if that should ever happen, the United States would no longer be the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Quotes

One may go wrong in many different directions, but right only in one. - Aristotle.

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