

WARRENTON WINS FROM COKESBURY

Takes Interesting Game By 6-3 Score At League Park Wednesday Afternoon

GOOD FIELDING FEATURES

Town Scores Three In First And Two In Third; Coleman Does Good Work Until Seventh; Sidlights On The Game.

By W. BRODIE JONES

Lanky Cokesbury trooped into town Tuesday for a clash with the Moore-Gillam aggregation of town stars, and after the smoke of the fray departed with the small end of a 6-3 score.

The town team, shamed by the defeat upon a former visit, went to the plate in the first with determination to camp on the majority end of the score sheet. Before the initial frame ended Brother Stainback knew his pitching laurels were withering.

Winston started the horsehide pounding with a clear single, Manager Moore fanned, but Brother Jim connected for a base hit, advancing Winston to third. John W. Booth, fresh with the glory of a nifty catch in the Littleton encounter and keen for the thrill of achievement; slugged one through short and center for three bases. Winston and Moore crossed the rubber and Booth only failed to be in the Babe Ruth class because of slow leg work. Falkener followed W. Moore lead, but Booth was helped home by Shorty Gillam's tap over the infield. An infied out ended the inning after four hits and three runs.

Cokesbury went out in order before the portside delivery of Coleman. Warrenton second frame resulted in no scoring. Coleman gave the opposition three goose eggs.

The town came back in the third with two more runs. J. Moore took one in the ribs, Falkener advanced Moore to second and was safe at first on an infield error. Milton Casey tapped a stiff one to short and while the pick-up was clean, judgment was bad and as the pill was tossed about frantically Falkener and J. Moore raced over the rubber.

In Cokesbury's half of the fifth T. Stainback landed for the first safety against Coleman but was held at the second sack. Until the seventh no runner on either side crossed the pan.

In the stretching seventh Cokesbury's W. and C. Stainback started a rally with two singles. Coleman hit another visitor, filling the bases, and when his offering to shortstop Reavis was pounded for two bases, scoring the Stainback brothers, Gillam ordered a change of tactics. Coleman went to the dog house and Loyd and Gay supplanted Moore and Coleman. J. Moore was ordered to third. W. Moore went to the bench and Duke Jones took rightfield vacated by Gay. The shift steadied the team and confidence came when Loyd breezed three by the next batter. A hit over second scored Reavis but the next two men were out on infield taps and the hopes of the visitors nipped.

In the eighth the town scored another run after two players were safe on infield blunders. McGuire's second hit of the day gave the town its sixth and last run.

In the eighth and ninth the visitors were down in one two three order.

Score and summary: R|H|E
Warrenton 3|0|20|0|0|0|1|x|6|5|3
Cokesbury 0|0|0|0|0|3|0|0|3|4|6
Struck out—By Coleman 2, Loyd 2, Stainback 4; Hit by Coleman 3, Stainback 1 (Moore); Time of game 2 hours; Umpires—Poindexter and Rev. E. D. Dodd; attendance 350.

Sport Sidlights.

That's about the best diamond in these parts. One with the baseball inclination wants to be in the game from the start as the pill bounds so true over the even surface. Its a credit to the town; a monument to some mighty hard work by the fellows.

Brings back the old days of the Graham Athletic field and calls to mind Scott, Polk, Meadows, the Stewarts, Brennegan and others. The old time fever for the sport which made Warrenton a popular ball town years ago still vibrates.

Winston's coup yesterday and his opportune toss to Booth left the

GREEN INVITES THE TRIBE; WHAT'S ONE INDIAN TO A CHIEF?

By JOSEPH A. FLEITZER

"Why bother with one Indian? Bring on a tribe," said Chief E. L. Green Wednesday in response to a summons from Road Commissioner Frank Allen to quell an Indian uprising near Warrenton.

Where are the intrepid Daniel Boone of Warren County? To arms, youth of Warrenton! The halcyon days when Tuscaroras and Cherokees stalked their quarry through the forests of North Carolina have returned.

Some colored persons reported to Mr. Allen that an Indian had come out of the woods on the road to Henderson and had questioned them. The redskin, according to the description given Mr. Allen, was bedecked in all the accouterment familiar to spectators at the movie thrillers. With a headdress of green, yellow and red feathers falling far below his waistline; with moccasined feet and reindeer skin leggings, and a tomahawk which was waved wildly through the air, the Indian threw fear into the hearts of those who saw him.

But the younger generation of Warren County Indian hunters will be disappointed to learn that the Brave had discarded his bow and arrows in favor of a modern pistol which hung efficiently at his side.

County Superintendent's Office Closed

I shall be out of the office on June 14-15-16, and from June 21 to July 2. All who have business with this office to be transacted before July 4 will please take it up before the office is closed. It is requested that all school bills of all kinds be presented for payment, so that no unfinished business may be left over when the school year closes on July first.

J. EDWARD ALLEN,
County Superintendent.

Cokesbury man in a daze at second as Poindexter called him out. His fake fumble worked perfectly.

Long Kep grabs the pills at first somewhat like lanky Kelly of the Giants, but he can't swat the horsehide quite as heavily as this second Babe Ruth.

Alvin Harton, a Cokesbury fielding star, smashed into the rightfield fence in practice and was gnashed for two inches above the left eye and bruised painfully on the knee. He was on the side lines during the game after Dr. Peete's five stitches and was apparently anxious to go to the aid of his team mates.

Capt. Terrell, Wiley Coleman, Prof. Nanney and others from over the County gave the old color to the game and ere on the side lines with their accustomed good nature and interest.

Gay in rightfield nipped a rally with a spectacular catch early in the game and Duke Jones who followed him in that garden gathered one similar on the run.

Shades of the old race track and the halcyon days of cocktails and racehorses evidently threw a spell over the ballfield for the attendance was splendid. The group of ladies in the grandstand recalled pleasantly that the famed beauty of the Old South lives in the daughters of today.

The boys have to practice says the pill directors. Good—all know that it is the only way to develop a winning team.

Joe Stainback forgot crop troubles yesterday and to see him cut up behind first in the Cokesbury rally one would have thought that cotton was at forty cents. He was a lusty supporter of his charges from lower Vance and especially interested in his son at second and his nephews, Wayland, Clyde and Herbert, the pitcher, catcher and third baseman. He root-catch hard and his repartee gave Jack Palmer, P. D. Downtin and Al Bialock good chances to come back with some hard shots—and they did.

Best of luck fellows—swat 'em hard and may the gang bring home the big end of the score in every encounter!

Pollyanna Herbert Jones and Jeromebeauty Royster Marry At Opera House Tabernacle

By W. BRODIE JONES

Pollyanna Jones and Jeromebeauty Royster were tied into wedlock at 9 Wednesday evening in the Warrenton Opera House Tabernacle by the humorous words of Rev. Rastus Dolittle Splittlemon Booth, P. D. Q.

The bridal party numbered corking examples of Southern beauty from the confines of the town. The frills and furbelows which ornamented masculine shanks sent the town folks who knew them into gales of mirth.

The old fashioned wedding with the colored mammy and bashful Rastus, with the attendance garnered from foreign corners of the world bringing all eccentricities, with costumes funny in their absurdity and forms beautiful in their repression, gave Warrenton an evening of unprecedented entertainment. It shed new light upon dispositions hitherto unknown for the streak of boyishness which were a part of the characters.

Master of ceremonies Pipkin, in his absurd tie and twelve-inch too much coat tail, announced the bridal party. A. J. Ellington, P. M. Allen and John L. Perry led the party to the stage.

The entree of the cast from the rear of the Tabernacle under Director Mrs. Frank Allen kept the audience turned half the time in their seats to miss not a glance of the buxom damsels of the evening. Every eye followed the cultivated pace which supplanted the stride of the masculine.

Alma Gluck Baxter injected the romance of an active stage career into the ceremony by surreptitiously osculatory remembrances upon the bald pates of the more handsome guests near the aisles. Her exuberant nature later effervesced in song in an effort to sustain a vocal reputation.

Irrepressible young Rastus Rodgers broke from the apron string of Ma Wharton Moore and both clogged to the tune of Rev. Isaacsmiles Davis' banjo. Applause died only momen-

tary for soon hefty Mac, serene Shorty, and complacent John B. Burwell, fully conscious of their short skirts and tiny socks, daintily tossed flowers right and left as they passed to the altar.

Rastus D. S. Booth delivered his famous sermon before the ceremony. His discourse warned against the wiles of the devil and the infatuation of sin. His sonorous voice mimicked the pet sermon-tone of a colored pastor at big meeting. The house rocked with mirth.

And while it was rocking the seven-foot bride, apparently elongated with a frock of white and followed by a thirty foot train, sedately approached the martial state. She advanced to the ceremony on the arm of her short, good natured father, Whisker W. Kidd.

At the altar Jeromebeauty, not bolstered by Bourbon, faltered as he gazed into the face of his bride to be. His nerves drew taut but manfully he accepted her. Long Jones murmured a weak "I do" and Brother Booth tied the Gordian Knot which only death or Reno can cure.

Dainty P. D. Downtin, innocently charming in sailor garb, was ring-bearer.

Mrs. Paderewski W. Price clumsily kicked the recessional march from the ivories and the bridal party left the Tabernacle. Among those conspicuous in the ceremony were Penelopean Macon, Matildavinegar Gardner, Obediahsweet Burroughs, Peachiasweet Walters, Gehisassourcrot Gregory, Switchum Green, and Miss Jennyllyn Burwell.

The happy couple will take their honeymoon in Warrenton. The bride is a former tobaccoist and is now a member of the S. O. R. The groom is in the tune business.

Proceeds from the wedding were \$182.25 less expense of \$23.10. Half of the funds go to the baseball club and the Eastern Star gets the remainder.

VISITING JOURNALISTS PRACTICE THEORIES OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

By HOWARD F. JONES

We welcome to our sanctum Mr. Joseph A. Fleitzer, Special Representative of the United Press and student Columbia School of Journalism. Mr. Fleitzer was four years in Germany, Russia, Austria and Scandinavia. At the outbreak of the World War he returned to the United States and joined the Engineering Corps. His home is Alltona, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Dixon Shamel, A. B., Columbia University, 1921. He is a representative of the Distel Wheel Corporation of Detroit. His home is Gibson City, Ill.

Mr. C. A. Shamel, President Junior Class Columbia School of Journalism. Mr. Shamel was formerly with Bradstreet and now represents Editor and Publisher. Mr. Shamel is connected with the Science Service of Washington.

Mr. W. Brodie Jones, Columbia School of Journalism. Mr. Jones represents Newspaper Personal Service, 385 Broadway, New York.

These young gentlemen are the guests of Mr. W. Brodie Jones while in Warrenton. They leave this morning for a Ford tour embracing the following places: Raleigh to Western Carolina; Mammoth Cave, Ky.; Chicago, St. Louis, Albuquerque, Pike's Peak, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Yosemite National Park, Vancouver, B. C., Lake Louise, Alberta, Glacier National Park, Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Des Moines, Cleveland, Toledo, Niagara Falls. They expect to reach New York City, October 1.

Among the noted towns on this itinerary we remind the Highway Commission is the great and delightful town of Warrenton, North Carolina.

These young gentlemen—all trained in newspaper work—have been requested by the Editor and Publisher of The Record, Mr. Bignall Jones, to edit and publish this edition of The Warren Record. We are quite sure that this edition will show their efficient handiwork.

he rapturously gazes at rose bushes unfolding their natural beauties to all who would look and enjoy. Truly, he is learning that the new life is a beautiful thing.

And of its spiritual guidance Warrenton may well be proud. It is seldom that even in larger communities, one finds ministers with the personalities, the ability, the oratorical powers and the perception of these Warrenton leaders. One hears sermons which would delight and inspire New York congregations. But in addition to the splendid sermons the Warrenton churchgoer receives that which is denied the worshipper in New York, a cordial handclasp from the clergyman at the church door; a handclasp which warms the soul as well as the heart and does more to instill a love for the brotherhood of man than do all the sermons spoken from the most magnificent cathedrals on the Avenue.

The New Yorker enjoys his athletic clubs and his Polo Grounds. But where is there in the United States a town of the size of Warrenton which can boast an entertainment center so thoroughly equipped as is the Military Club? Going to the ball park the visitor anticipates crowds of rooters encroaching on the base lines. Instead, he sees an enclosed ball park with a grandstand unequalled in many towns, much larger than Warrenton.

In the realm of amusements, the Warrentonian has a theatre which presents the best of the films exhibited in New York. The New Yorker with many theatres, encounters poor entertainment as often as he finds that which is worth while. In Warrenton, he finds motion pictures which are carefully selected from the best that Broadway has to offer.

Today, Warrenton is fighting for a highway. The contest will be bitter and there is a chance that the highway may be lost to the town. But the New Yorker, having seen what Warrenton has done in the past, feels confident that the citizens of this progressive town have not lost their ability to get that which they want. He knows that on his next visit this big little town will have another surprise to offer, a highway which shall connect the county seats of the State with Main Street. And then Warrenton will truly be the town complete.

On to Littleton and to victory!

Warrenton, The Town Complete; Views Of A New Yorker In Town For A Day

By JOSEPH A. FLEITZER

Special Correspondent United Press Warrenton, the town complete, greets the New Yorker with many surprises. He expects to find the proverbial southern community or anticipates the bane of all smug salesmen from the Metropolis, the "hick town." He finds, instead, one of the biggest little towns in the Union.

The New Yorker, who has visited towns within a radius of a few hundred miles of Columbus Circle, knows that Main Street usually means mud. He wonders whether he should put chains on his car before driving through Warrenton. He is disillusioned. He soon learns that nothern communities have much to learn from southern towns. Let the northern street commissioners visit Warrenton and see a Main Street with paving equal to that of Fifth Avenue. The first glimpse of this thoroughly "big town" street convinces the visitor that the citizens of Warrenton are "live wires."

But after a few hours in this progressive town the New Yorker learns that the term live wires is inadequate in describing these North Carolinians who, unlike Northerners, are not content with merely petitioning and hopeful waiting but go out and get that which they want.

The New Yorker who petitions for improvements and then thankfully accepts whatever the political and industrial powers deem fit to grant him, should learn from Warrenton how to get what he wants and not be content unless he gets his share in full.

The tables are turned. It is no longer the languid Southerner, but the lackadaisical Northerner. Where in the North will one find a community which, unable to induce the railroad to run a spur, builds its own railroad?

Warrenton needed power and light; she raised \$40,000 and built a modern electric plant. The public school building was found inadequate; bonds were issued which will insure the younger generations an education as good as any offered in the public

schools throughout the country. The health of the community required cold storage facilities; Warrenton built a modern ice plant. The hotel which in the near future will bring added prosperity to the town is unique in that it is owned by the citizens. These Southerners believe in doing things right, so they are building a hotel the equal of which is not to be found in any town of its size in the United States, except in places which are frankly pleasure resorts. Gazing into the future, one sees commercial travelers arranging their routes so as to spend the night in Warrenton, where they will find a metropolitan hotel with all the facilities provided for visitors to big towns. The completed hotel will give Warrenton more publicity than full page advertisements in metropolitan dailies.

But even more amazing than the civic progressiveness of Warrenton is the human element. The New Yorker, accustomed to obscurity and often loneliness in the big city, derives zest from the cordial salutations and the warm hospitality of this little community. He finds himself in a new world; a world of hearty handclaps, of voices which bespeak generosity, of smiles which radiate friendship, and of eyes which beam with cordiality. He who thinks he has seen life, learns that he is just beginning to live.

And as he stays in this natural atmosphere, the New Yorker learns that Nature is not something prohibitive, something withheld from him by "Keep off the grass" signs. Central Park is magnificent, it is true. But it fades into insignificance when contrasted with the lawns and fields of Warrenton.

"Rest on Mother Earth," the Warrenton greenswards whisper to the pavement weary New Yorker.

"One dollar or one day," says the Judge to the New Yorker who has dared to trespass in Central Park.

The New Yorker, gazing through florists' windows, has grown accustomed to thinking of flowers as inseparable from pots. In Warrenton

CLINIC TREATING SCHOOL CHILDREN

High School Building Converted Into Hospital With Many Taking The Treatment

OPERATING UNDER ETHER

Work Under Direction of The State Board of Health Co-operating With the County Board of Education.

By CLARENCE A. SHAMEL

More than four score school children living in Warren county are taking advantage of the free clinic held at the old high school building this week for the treatment of diseased and enlarged tonsils and adenoids. This work is made possible under the State Board of Health operating in conjunction with the State School authorities. One of North Carolina's foremost nose and throat specialists, Dr. Gibson, of Raleigh, is performing the operations over the State with continued success. Dr. W. D. Rodgers, of Warrenton, is administering the anaesthetics.

A corps of eight trained nurses accompany Dr. Gibson from place to place where the clinics are opened, assisting and watching the patients until they are taken to their homes a day or two after the operations.

Miss Birdie Dunn who is in charge of the clinic in Warrenton said yesterday:

"During the school year a nurse sent out from Raleigh visits each of the schools in the county and makes an inspection. A child who is afflicted with adenoids usually falls behind the other members of the class because the nose becomes clogged preventing perfect respiration. A child so affected suffers headaches and is much more susceptible to colds and catarrhal inflammations. Should the adenoids remain in the nose the child might become deaf and fall prey to more serious diseases.

"Enlarged tonsils are as serious, even more dangerous, perhaps, than adenoidal disorders with school children. In many cases tonsils and adenoids trouble the same child. Coughing and choking are the diagnosing characteristics of swollen tonsils. As the child develops and grows older the tonsils expand making a greater surface upon which diphtheria and other troublesome throat disease germs lodge, causing grave illness.

"On Tuesday of this week," continued Miss Birdie Dunn, "Dr. Gibson operated on twenty-one patients, on Wednesday twenty-four. Thursday we expect about the same number. This clinic will be kept open for one extra day and I expect the final number will reach very close to eighty."

Miss Dunn, State Board of Health School Nurse spent several months last year making inspections in Warren County. She made provisions for the emergency hospital in the old high school building. Comfortable cots were installed in the building. The emergency arrangement has all the earmarks of a permanent hospital.

In 1918 this work was started in Raleigh. An appropriation of \$50,000 by the State Legislature specified that an inspection was to be made of all the school children over the State and small temporary clinics arranged at certain intervals in the year to facilitate operations for nasal and throat disorders. A free dental clinic was also included under the appropriation. About a year ago Dr. S. L. Bobbitt held a similar establishment at the school building where many of the children were able to have their teeth examined and treated.

These clinics are held simultaneously over different parts of the State. More than twenty of the best specialists in North Carolina have volunteered their services to the State Board of Health. Two weeks ago a clinic similar to the one here was installed in Gates, a week later in Washington, N. C.

North Carolina was one of the first States to adopt this plan of providing free treatment for school children. Dr. G. M. Cooper, Director of Medical Inspection of the State of North Carolina is accredited with originating the arrangement. This work is being followed out in New York State and in Virginia to a certain extent but in a somewhat different manner.

Under the arrangement used in North Carolina, children from the age of six to twelve are given treat-

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