

The Warren Record

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Merry Christmas

And so this year another Christmas rolls around. Again the world celebrates the birth of Him who was born, lived and died that men might have a fuller spiritual life.

To those to whom Christmas is but another holiday—just another Sunday, so to speak—to those who view it as a time of bothersome shopping, and to those to whom it means a costly exchange of presents, it will this year, as in other years, fall flat.

But to the great majority who realize that Christmas is of the spirit and who have retained the priceless something of childhood in their hearts, Christmas brings great joy.

Regardless of how some may view it, Christmas is synonymous with love.

Every act of the day is significant of that fact. For God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son. And so the giving of presents is not an exchange but a token of the esteem the donor bears to the recipient, a sharing of the good things of life through good will. Nothing is more significant of this fact than the conception of Santa Claus as a Great Spirit who comes to homes on Christmas Eve Night to bring joy to the heart of childhood. That is a beautiful thing.

If people realize that money cannot buy Christmas anymore than it can buy love, that they both are spiritual, then our simple wish will be fulfilled, as we wish each of you a Very Happy Christmas.

The Great Negro Migration

Unless you've studied the 1960 federal census figures, you'd probably guess wrong in trying to name the six U. S. cities with the largest Negro population.

Not one of them is in the South, as that term is generally understood.

Here are top six and their number of Negro inhabitants: New York City, 1,227,625; Chicago, 890,154; Philadelphia, 671,304; Detroit, 558,879;

But He Became Great

Henry Belk in Goldsboro News-Argus Winston Churchill is the best known man in the world today. He has just observed his 87th birthday.

It is comforting to us ordinary mortals to realize that Winnie probably could not have gained admission to a first-class U. S. college today. He would have made such a poor showing on the aptitude and scholastic tests no college would have wanted to bother with him. His record in courses was so poor he was regarded by some as most unpromising.

Once he found himself, once he made up his mind, he went on to greatness and to fame as a war correspondent, orator, government leader, and author.

Churchill's recent birthday brings to mind the crack he gave a photographer who made his picture on his 86th birthday.

"Thank you, Mr. Churchill, I hope I have the privilege of making your picture on your 100th birthday," said the photographer.

"I see no reason why you shouldn't," rasped Churchill. "You appear to be a healthy young man."

Some Ancient Wisdom

W. E. H. in Sanford Herald Having lived here for over 30 years, I can say, and get away with it, that this is the mostest city in the USA in which you can hear almost anything about anybody, usually untrue.

This occurred to me when I read in SNPA Bulletin (published by Southern Newspaper Publishers Association) three handy definitions for words rumor-passers use. As follows:

Reliable Source: The guy you just met.

Informed Sources: The guy who told the guy you just met.

Unimpeachable Sources: The guy who started the rumor originally.

These definitions deserve study. In this locality, you can hear anything about anyone. Usually what you hear is totally untrue; often what you hear is a plain fabrication that damages an innocent person.

Respect to what one hears, only conclusion I have is that ancient wisdom: don't believe anything you hear and only half what you see.

Consistency, Thou Art A Jewel

Changing Times There were two rounds of applause at the last Chamber of Commerce meeting. One was for the announcement of a federal grant for a local project, the other for a resolution against government spending.

His Only Problem

Changing Times By careful budgeting, a friend of ours is able to make his pay check cover a week's expenses almost to the penny. His only problem is that he gets paid by the month.

MOSTLY PERSONAL
By BIGNALL JONES

A few days ago Mrs. Dawson Alston called me at my home to ask if I knew where she could find a copy of the Christmas editorial, "Is There A Santa Claus?" She said the editorial was a favorite of her's, but that she had mislaid her copy.

I told Mrs. Alston that I believed a copy of the editorial was in a journalism textbook which I had studied some 25 years ago. The next morning when I found the editorial, I was doubly delighted in that I could help Mrs. Alston and that my memory seemed to still be good.

This is by way of introduction to my use of this editorial this week in this column. It is probably the most reproduced editorial in newspaper history. It was timely when written and it will always be timely. I trust that those who read the column will find it of interest.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?
We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says if you see it in The Sun it's so. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON.
"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be that is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be man's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exists, and you know that they abound and give to our life the highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make

Letters To The Editor

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON
To The Editor:

In this age of trouble and turmoil the world needs a symbol of peace. This Christmas could be that symbol. The two opposing factions of the political world must realize that life on this earth can not continue in its present state. All the people of the world must understand and desire Christian peace. The spirit of Christmas can be used to alleviate the tension of the world.

The smaller quarrels between friends, neighbors, and families can be settled if we realize the need for love and forgiveness. This Yuletide we must acquaint ourselves with the season's meanings and take from it, brotherhood. This would enable people to live together in harmony and peace.

The citizens of the world can use Christ's birth, death, and resurrection as a gateway to brotherhood.

May this Christmas season bring joy and happiness and tranquil peace the world over. With this peace the world will be a better place to live, work, and worship in.

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tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your pape to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor man can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that is no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise, inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real

and abiding.
No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives and he lives forever. Will continue to make glad the

A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he heart of childhood.
Now comes the coldest season of the year, when the days are shortest and so are we.— Changing times.



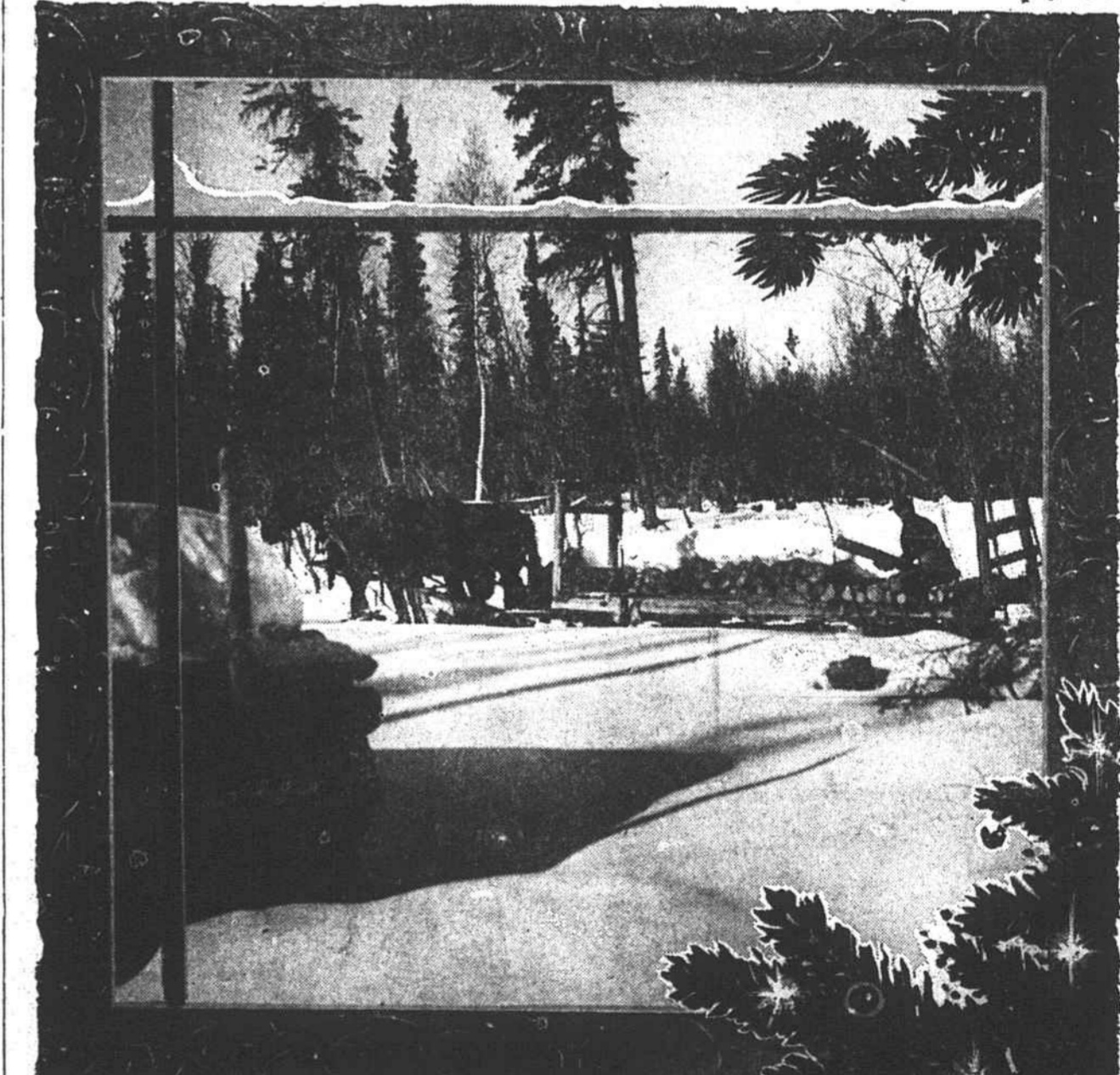
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GREETINGS TO YOU!
An old-fashioned wish that's always new... Merry Christmas!

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



As the Yuletide
season draws near, we wish
you lots of old-time holiday cheer.

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