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Happy New Year

As the year 1962 comes to a close and with it the final edition of The Warren Record we wish to thank our advertisers and those who have contributed news for their forbearance in the errors we have made in the publication of this newspaper, for their tolerance for our sins of omission, and commission, and for their words of encouragement and for their support in the things we have accomplished of a worthwhile nature.

The nice thing about the approach of a new year is that it gives opportunity for new resolves to reduce errors and to improve the quality of a product. Year after year the resolve is made only to be broken, for mistakes will be made, and sometime one is tempted to make no resolution at all. But we do, and so long as we may live and so long as we publish a newspaper we hope each year that we will have the desire and the wish to do a better job. For without the wish and without the desire no progress would be possible.

We beliece the same feeling exists among all those who work to make a living and to make this a better town and a better county by doing a better job. We believe that they too will often fall short of their goal, but it is worthwhile to have a goal, to know that the best way to make this a better town and a better area is by doing the job in hand to the best of one's ability.

We hope that the mistakes of the closing year will be forgotten except as they tend to make one avoid similar ones in the future, and that each of our readers may profit by their mistakes of the 1962, and that their resolutions for the New Year 1963 may be kept to the extent that they may enjoy a happy, prosperous and peaceful New Year.

A Lesson For Americans

Drovers Journal (Chicago)

The Soviet Union once again is going through an agonizing reappraisal of its agricultural plant and apparently is finding much to be unhappy about. Farm failure after failure is still frustrating the ambitions of the men in the Kremlin, and another painful "reorganization" is being undertaken to correct deficiencies and boost production.

What is basically wrong with Russian agriculture was summed up pretty well, we imagine, in a recent report issued by a group of Americans who visited the Soviet Union and saw for themselves. As one spokesman put it, they saw "how not to run a farm." Essentially, the report said, Soviet farm failures stem . . . from an almost complete lack of incentive on the part of farm labor to increase its producticity and on the strangulating inefficiency of a total bureaucracy.

Obvious causes of Soviet farm stagnation that were apparent to the visitors included (1) a 40-year lag in pest control methods, (2) a 30-year lag in the use of farm machinery, and (3) a pitiful incompetence in quality control and standardization. But behind these obvious problems lurk the absence of incentives and unwieldy bureaucracy. . . .

Among other things, this situation emphasizes one of the wondrous aspects of our American system of private enterprise that all of tend to take for granted. Say an American farmer has a flat tire on his tractor. Does he stand around waiting for some bureaucrat to arrange to have it fixed? No, he does it himself or simply buys a new one, if that seems best. The price may not please him, but the supply ordinarily doesn't concern him in the least. If one store or dealer doesn't have what he needs, another one will. . . .

In other words, the American isn't dependent upon some bureaucrat in an office somewhere having made the right decision as to how many tractor tires would be needed a month or a year. . . .

The cause of Russion farm failures, then, is found all up and down the line—from the breaucrat issuing orders from his remote office to the collective farm worker on the land who lacks incentive. The Communist system is at fault. Nature doesn't respond very well to bureaucratic decrees, and neither does human nature. . . .

The vital lesson for us in all this is to realize where the source of our strength lies—in the free enterprise system—and to guard and defend it from all encroachment . . . . The magic is in the system. Let's hang on to it!

Seasonal Note

The Christian Science Monitor

Where are the snows of yesteryear? The French poet Villon asked the question sadly—and, of course, most of us are convinced he wasn't talking about snow at all. We guess he was thinking of those white stretches of memory in which figurative wind-blown twigs fall—runes in a secret code—like nature's shorthand. Not the snow itself, but the transformation of a too familiar landscape into something sudden, fragile, briefly communicative.

Villon never watched those big automatic snow scooper whirring their way through a blizzard-ripped night, with a poetry all their own in which the men at the controls become iron-armed giants dwarfing the elements.

He may have watched children such as those who in today's Luxembourg Gardens or the gravelly park near Paris' old Hotel Lutetia sweep up handfuls of snow with movements like ballerinas. He must have heard the quiet snow whispering its way earthward over waiting, silent country meadows, or descending on the steep roofs of Paris and making them look, as Robert Louis Stevenson was to imagine them, "like little Alps."

Villon probably did not see it on the city tax bill, or in his tax rate, or more welcome in the community water supply. And probably he never waited as today's young poet of action does for the snows the weatherman has promised, asking perhaps, also sadly, where are the snows of tomorrow?

NEWS OF FIVE, TEN, 25 YEARS AGO

Looking Backward Into The Record

December 27, 1957

Modern Cleaners won first prize for its Christmas window display in a contest sponsored by the Warrenton Woman's Club and was presented a check for $5.00.

L. C. Cooper, former assistant county agent in Wayne County, will begin his duties as Negro County Agent for Warren County on January 1.

Top place winners in the Lions Club annual Christmas decorations contest were Mr. and Mrs. D. J. MacDonald and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wood.

The Oakville Home Demonstration Club held its annual Christmas party in the home of Mrs. C. B. Bottoms with Mrs. Clyde Perkinson as co-hostess.

December 26, 1952

Although the completion of the new highway bridge at Clarksville permitted the raising of the waters in the John H. Kerr Reservoir to around 281-foot level, other work at Clarksville will delay any substantial rise for some time.

Around 80 destitute families of Warren County had their Christmas brightened as the result of action by the Norlina Ruritan and Lions Clubs, whose members joined to play Santa Claus to the less fortunate of the county.

Jesse Gardner of Oakville was re-elected chairman of the Warren County Production Marketing Administration at a meeting of newly elected county delegates in the Agriculture Office at Warrenton on Friday morning.

December 31, 1937

Cars and other motor vehicles owned by Warrenton persons must wear a town license tag as well as state license plates when they roll down the streets tomorrow and throughout the year.

Liquor sales in the three ABC stores of Warren County leaped upward on Christmas Eve to break what is believed a record for one day. Sales on this occasion are understood to have amounted to slightly more than $2,600.00.

Playing at the local movie during the first week of the new year will be "Love and Hisses," starring Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie; Saturday's Heroes," starring Van Heflin and Marian Marsh; "Madam X," starring Gladys George and Warren Williams; "The Great Garrick," starring Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland; and "Trigger Trio," starring the Three Mesquiteers.

The Pastor's Paragraph

By TROY J. BARRETT

Where did Christmas Go? It's a question asked by many when Christmas has come and gone. Weeks of preparation; all the anticipation. And now, it's all over. The toys are worn, the tree looks tired if it isn't already down. For a short time everybody seemed to be enjoying a huge love affair that chased away the wrinkles. Now, it's back to the ol' dog eat dog routine. But, does it have to be so?

Well, where did the first Christmas go? Luke tells us the Shepherds returned glorifying and praising God. How about us, will we return to the ol' routine or will we return praising Him from whom all blessings flow?

Where did the Wise Men go? Matthew tells us they returned another way; they took a different route. Where and how will we return to home and school and work, a different way, different persons because we have seen and worshipped and shared?

Where did the Christ-child go? The evil Herod died, but "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." How about us? How will we increase in understanding and being spiritually and socially in this New Year? God grant that we may increase as He, that we may see and share as did the Shepherds and Wise Men.

S. S. Class Given Christmas Party

Members of the "Busy Bee' Sunday School Class of Providence Methodist Church were honored at a Christmas party in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Steed on Saturday night. Mr. Steed, teacher, led the group in games and singing Christmas carols.

The members exchanged gifts and enjoyed the delicious refreshments, consisting of lime punch, nuts, cookies, open-face sandwiches, date bars and candy. Punch was poured by Sarah Ann Fuller, president.

Entertain At Dinner

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Peoples of Afton entertained at a dinner on Christmas Day for members of the Fuller family. A delicious dinner was enjoyed, followed by the opening of gifts and an afternoon of fellowship.

Dinner Guests

Dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Campbell and sons on Friday night were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burgess and children, Angela and E. J., Jr., and Miss Lula Belle Fuller.

Say you saw it advertised in The Warren Record.

Father Time, New Year Babe From Mythology

WASHINGTON — Midnight on December 31 will signal, in cartoonists' lore, the exit of a haggard old man and the apperance of a chubby infant wearing a diaper marked 1963.

The personifications of the New Year Babe and Father Time, traditionally armed with a scythe and an hourglass, are as familiar as those of Santa Claus. Yet these fitting symbols for the end of one cycle of living and the birth of another have roots in Greek mythology.

Father Time survives as a descendant of the Greek god Cronus, lord of the universe, the National Geographic Society says. Cronus' face was creased with the lines of inestimable years, and he carried a long, curving blade.

Strange Appetite

Like many of mythology's earthy gods, Cronus was not without defects of character. Having been warned that one of his children would depose him, Cronus coped with the problem by swallowing each at birth. His wife, Rhea naturally wished to discourage the practice. She hid her son Zeus after his birth, and presented Cronus with a stone wrapped in swaddling clothes.

The trick worked. Zeus lived to dethrone his father, settled on Mount Olympus, and rule as chief god of the Greek pantheon.

Later, Cronus' name was confused with the word "chronos," meaning "time." But the hourglass has found a permanent place in the hand of the white-haired gentleman with the scythe.

Ancient Romans identified Saturn, their god of agriculture, with Cronus. Like his Greek counterpart, Saturn carried a scythe.

Rome celebrated Saturnalia, a solstice ceremony of the year's turning, from December 17 to 23. In many ways, the festival resembled present-day New Year celebrations. All worked stopped: School closed, courts handed down no sentences, revelers gamboled in masquerade, and gifts of waxen fruits, candles, and dolls were exchanged.

Even today, exchange of presents lingers as a New Year custom. The Roman word for good-luck gifts—strenate—survives in "jour d'etrennes," France's popular expression for New Year's Day.

Symbol of Rebirth

The New Year Babe may be as old as Father Time. An infant was paraded as a symbol of rebirth in pagan Greece's festival of the nature god Dionysus. The image of a baby also was featured in Greece's Eleusinian Mysteries, the important religious rites that signified the annual decay and renewal of vegetation.

In more recent times, farmers of West Prussia staged the symbolic birth of a child in harvest fields. A German folk song of the 14th century depicts the New Year Babe in its present form.

The widespread recognition of January 1 as the start of the new year is a purely arbitrary custom stemming from ancient Rome. It was the time when consuls and other officials took office. Thus Julius Caesar designated that date as the first day of the Roman year when he adopted the Julian calendar.

J. D. Randolph Dies In Greenville

James D. Randolph, 58, died in Greenville, S. C., at 2:50 A. M. Wednesday, December 26, after being in declining health for the past year.

Mr. Randolph held the position of equipment maintenance operator with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company for the past 37 years. He formerly worked out of the Norlina office but was transferred to Greenville in 1954. While in Warren County he owned and operated an electronics and radio repair service in Warrenton. He married the former Annie Hawks, whose first husband, Herbert C. Tucker of Warren Plains, died in 1927.

Funeral services were conducted from the McAfee Funeral Home in Greenville, S C., at 10 a. m. Thursday, and final services will be in the Warren Plains (N. C.) Methodist Church at 3 p. m. Friday, with interment in the church cemetery.

Mr. Randolph is survived by his wife; a step-son, H. Clifton Tucker of Kinston; his father, Fred F. Randolph of Benny Creek, Calif.; his mother, Mrs. Vernon Lockwood of Moline, Ill; a sister, a half-brother, and a half-sister.

Renew your subscription.

Knight Funeral Held Tuesday

Funeral services for William Edward Knight were conducted in the Hollister Methodist Church on Tuesday at 3 p. m. by the Rev. H. D. Stanley. Burial was in the church cemetery.

Mr. Knight, 81, a resident of Hollister, died in Warren General Hospital on Sunday.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Ruth Ellington Knight of the home; one daughter, Mrs. J. B. Thompson of Warrenton; three sons, E. M. Knight of Rocky Mount, and J. L. and W. Leon Knight of Norlina.

Mrs. Albert Andrews of Whitakers visited Mrs. B. G. Tharrington on Tuesday.

Cards Of Thanks

Copy for cards of thanks must be in this office by Tuesday night, earlier if possible, accompanied by 50c to cover cost of insertion.

We wish to thank our friends and relatives for the many acts of kindness shown us during the time of the death of our husband and father, L. C. Dalton.

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