

The Warren Record

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The Number One Problem

It has been said that the darkest hour appears before the dawn. It is to be hoped that is true of Warrenton and Warren County.

Plagued by a serious boycott, racial discord, and bad economic conditions, the town of Warrenton has for more than a year largely pursued a policy of drift, while conditions of town and county continued to get worse.

Aggravating the conditions here has been senseless bitterness engendered by political races, the rise of factions, and attention given to things of lesser consequences while major matters have been largely neglected. Warren County can ill afford the luxury of division and if we as a people are going to go forward it is going to require the united efforts of all our people.

An encouraging factor is that a growing number of people are beginning to recognize our plight and are beginning to do something about it. One of the first steps was the voting of a special tax for the employment of an industrial engineer in an effort to bring industry to the county. It is unfortunate that the directors of this fund have not yet been able to employ a suitable

engineer, but efforts have been made, and perhaps some progress has been made here.

Another factor has been the re-activating of the Warrenton Merchant's Association, one of which's first act was to plan a town-wide special sales days program. And still another has been the assumption by the Warrenton Woman's Club of the job of decorating the streets of the town for Christmas, and they have come up with an imaginative plan consistent with the past history of the club. This seems like old times when groups were working together for the common good of the town.

From a county-wide standpoint there have been encouraging developments on Gaston Lake and with promise of much more to be accomplished in the area of development.

And yet Warren County's number 1 problem has not been solved. That problem is to put Warren General Hospital on a sound financial base. It is no secret that the hospital is in serious difficulty, and if nothing is done to change the picture it is likely that the hospital will have to be closed. This is something that neither town nor county can afford, for the closing of the hospital would not only mean the loss of a convenient medical center, but also the probable loss of our young doctors, and lessened hope for their replacement.

It is not too easy to obtain needed industries for a small county such as is Warren County. Without good medical care the problem would be almost impossible of solution. Whether it is going to be necessary for the county to put more money into the operation of the hospital; whether it is to be necessary to have the hospital re-organized; or whatever steps must be taken, Warren County simply can not afford to let the hospital close. For it is a key, perhaps the key, to any progress we may take.

NEWS OF FIVE, TEN, 25 YEARS AGO

Looking Backward Into The Record

November 20, 1959

Dr. Wallace White, Warrenton physician, will leave his practice here around the middle of December in order to take further training at the University of Iowa Hospital. Miss Marjorie Mitchell, "America's female Van Cliburn," will present a piano concert at John Graham High School Auditorium tonight.

Ellen Wood of Littleton Senior 4-H Club was elected president of the Warren County 4-H Council at a meeting held here on Thursday night of last week.

Warrenton Jaycees are expecting a large turnout for a rock and roll show to be held at the Armory tonight.

November 19, 1954

A Mobile X-Ray unit will be at the Warrenton Courthouse on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week to give free chest X-rays. Scoggin Motor Company was sold this week to F. E. Watkins and A. H. Bryson of South Hill, Va.

William S. Bugg of Warrenton was elected president of the Warren County Farm Bureau at a meeting held at the Norlina gymnasium on Thursday night of last week. The Warrenton Rotary Minstrel will be held at the John Graham High School Auditorium on Thursday and Friday of next week.

November 17, 1939

A thief or thieves entered the packhouse of Osborne Limer on Wednesday night and stole around 400 pounds of tobacco, Sheriff Roy Shearin reported yesterday.

A fiddlers convention and amateur contest will be held at the Afton-Elberon school on next Wednesday night.

Dixon Ward, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Ward of Warrenton was among students making the honor roll at Fishborne Military Academy for the second month.

Ben Collier, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Collier of near Norlina, won a prize in the Fiddlers' Convention held at Norlina on Friday night.

Contrary To The Statutes

By JOHN GOULD
In The Christian Science Monitor

A young man limped to our lintel in the small hours of our lonely, rural night, and asked us to telephone the police. He had rolled his automobile over just up the road and needed help. Shortly our local police cruiser picked him up and with flashing lights roared off up the hill to the scene. We went back to bed.

The next morning I looked the situation over, and I could see where the young man's right front wheel had dipped off the pavement and scooped into the gravel. I could see how he had then dragged his brakes for 35 smoking yards across the asphalt and off on the left side. In the puckerbrush he had found the immovable object. I don't know how he had extricated himself.

What interested me in particular was that all this took place about ten yards beyond the stop-sign at the intersection, where he would have been going about eight miles an hour in low gear. Would have, that is, if he had come to a full stop as the law suggests.

Since there was no witness to any of this at the time, and the young man himself is the only person who really knows, I plan to stop in at the police station some rainy day and look at the report on this. I would like to see what it says under, "Cause of accident....."

The other day one of these gay sportsmen from a far place who come around to amuse us got himself all accoutered up with a shiny new shotgun that needed experience, and he went bird hunting. He was sneaking around in the "cover" looking this way and that, and without knowing it he came up behind the Billy Bourgoine place so he was almost at the barn — except he couldn't see the barn for the bushes. Just then he saw a head stick up out of a juniper, and the battle was on. For the next few moments he had great fun. Every time a head popped up he would shoot at it, and whenever he shot two-three more heads would come up to look around and see what the noise was. In a short time the gentleman had mowed down the covey.

Meantime, in his barn, Billy Bourgoine was attending his chores, and he went about six feet in the air when the first shot went off. It was close. He had hardly hit the floor when the next shot came, and Billy was by then rounding the corner and headed for the fray. He arrived to see this city-feller shooting away at his flock of hens.

I am sorry, but I cannot find the words to explain what a thing like this does to an agri-

culturalist. Billy didn't like it very much. But it so happened that there was one thing involved in this which needs expounding, and may be considered pertinent. These hens were not of the egg persuasion, but were Billy's breeding flock for a profitable business he had going in fighting cocks. True: the breeding, growing, keeping, raising, possession, fighting, witnessing and wagering on same is contrary to the statutes made and provided, and this explains why any remote agronomist who turns to this business generally pursues it in the bushes out back. However, this wouldn't devalue the crop, and Billy could see that he had just been put out of a lucrative business by a sportsman who didn't know a simple partridge from a game bird!

I am willing to admit that a speed of 80 mph ten yards beyond a full stop is a remarkable testimonial for the automotive industry and in my agile mind I see some reason to find Mr. Bourgoine's agitation comparable. The hunter, of course, was perplexed at the turn of events — he had a license, and was wearing a red hat, and he had taken a few birds in a wild habitat well surrounded by forests. He had acted upon a reasonable assumption that these birds were fair quarry and even after their identity was pointed out to him he could find nothing in the fish and game laws covering a bag limit on fighting cocks, nor were they specifically excluded if occasion arose.

Billy was nevertheless pointing out that differences do prevail betwixt a woodcock and a game cock, and that anybody with two eyes could tell the difference — three-quarters of a mile. The hunter objected that he was a stranger in the vicinity and shouldn't be expected on short notice to reason such things out.

What with this and what with that the colloquy continued while Billy and the hunter picked and dressed the birds, and during this they arrived at a just settlement. The hunter would pay so much the pound going price for the birds, and Billy wouldn't tell anybody about it. (He did, right away.) Thus the State Police and the Game War-

den were spared a decision in this moot matter, and the crowded court docket was not further burdened.

I am inclined to think there are morals in such things which should appeal to all of us gifted with circumspection, discernment, and perspicacity, I do not believe we have any right to expect public sympathy if we are aggrieved in the midst of our own folly. I think if we are growing fighting cocks and somebody shoots them, we are not in a position to appeal to the Constitution. I think if we bowl our motor vehicle into a shambles we would meditate.

Mr. Dave Drye of West Chester, Pa., spent several days here last week with Mr. Bill Jones.

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Alston Funeral Is Held At Littleton

Littleton -- Funeral services for Mrs. Verna Jones Alston, 76, who died Monday, were held at 3 p.m. Wednesday at the Littleton Methodist Church, of which she was a member, by the Rev. O. V. Elkins, the Rev. James Grant and the Rev. M. Y. Self. Burial was in Sunset Hills Cemetery. Survivors include her husband, Charles Alston; four daughters, Mrs. Hawkins Thompson of Macon, Mrs. Willard Harrison of Washington, Mrs. John Drake of Hampton, Va., and Mrs. Frank Brown of Rich Square; two sons, Frank Jones of Roanoke Rapids and John Jones of Dennison, Texas; four step-children; and nine grandchildren.

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Let Us Remember

Sunday, November 22, marks the first anniversary of the death of President John F. Kennedy, and to millions who truly loved this great American, his memory remains fresh and the anniversary of his assassination still calls forth grief. Sunday, it seems to us calls for a renewed dedication of the determination to make of this country a better world and for all of us to heed his admonition in his inaugural address:

"... Let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessings and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

Keeping It Clean

San Mateo Times

Working without fanfare, scientists around the world are investigating any number of things.

An American, Prof. Alan B. Draper, is investigating the forces that can hold dirt on a floor against the pull of a vacuum cleaner or on the collar of a shirt that is being washed.

The way Prof. Draper reasons it is that if a boulder cannot stick to the ceiling, why can a microscopic speck of dirt? He's discovered that entrapment within pores is one of the reasons. Electrostatic attraction and chemical bonding are two others.

Perhaps Prof. Draper should investigate the mystifying fact that dirt always manages to cling to the backs of a little boy's hands no matter how hard they've been washed. A solution to this problem could win him at least a Nobel Prize.

Quotes

Maybe we were pretty poor in the old days, but at least dime stores didn't have to use lay-away plans.--Changing Times.

I crave one of those foreign sports cars --with the foreign sport still in it.--Dawn Anderson.

Freeways aren't free. There's an emotional toll.--Don Sherman.

Texans are a religious people. They worship one another.--Jack E. Leonard.

It's easy to spot the successful man. Box seats at the ball game, bucket seats in the car.--Changing Times.

Some people are so sensitive that they feel smudged if an epidemic overlooks them.--Kin Hubbard.

One thing a speaker should remember for sure: the mind can absorb only what the seat can endure.--Call H. Olsen.

He that lives on hope will die fasting.--Benjamin Franklin.

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