

The Warren Record

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The Message Of Christmas

In a troubled world where technology has multiplied opportunities for evil as well as for good, where the complications of bigness and the narrowing of space bewilder leaders and followers alike in their search for saneness; in a nation where people hunger in the midst of plenty and the accent is on the sword, one wonders what is the way out.

would have them do unto you. It does not take a wise man to know that the path of peace and the alleviation of the world's ills could be found in a truly Christian world, one that will not come today or tomorrow or tomorrow's tomorrow, but eventually must come if we are not to perish.

As another Christmas rolls around with its joys of fellowship, its expression of love, its giving of gifts, may it bring happiness and peace to us all. But amid all the merry making in which we participate, amid all the joy that we may share, let us not forget one simple truth expressed by Him whose birthday we celebrate. That great truth is that He "is the way and the light."

It is our sincere hope that in the realization of this truth that all our readers may have a most pleasant Christmas.

Another Slap At Baseball

The Roxboro Courier Times Scanning a popular news magazine the other day, our eye was drawn to a two-page advertisement placed by a prominent producer of electric products. One page was a full-color picture of baseball

pitching star Don Drysdale, which was shot through a window pane. Drysdale is walking away from the camera with an air of dejection about him and scattered at his feet on the bright green grass are a number of baseballs.

The text of the ad tells us that the window through which the picture was made is "The window Don Drysdale's fastball couldn't break" - in 38 tries even! It then goes on to explain the window is made of a special new polycarbonate material which should prove beneficial when used in school windows, street lights, etc. since it will make windows vandal-proof.

Undoubtedly, the innovation of this new window material will be a boom, since (as the ad claims) vandals cost the nation \$20-million in broken school windows last year.

Our only purpose in commenting on this modern-day advance is that we foresee it as one more nemesis to heighten a fading interest in the national pastime! After all, what can match the inexorable thrill American students have received to these many years in seeing a baseball player belt one out of the park and smashing through a school window? Boy, to us that always was the mark of a potential baseball great! We never judged a baseball player by the number of homeruns he got, but by the number of school windows he broke hitting those homeruns! But, now all that's coming to an end. Alas, technology is too much with us!

Long-Delayed Triumph

The Christian Science Monitor How seldom do the dreams and day-dreams of youth work out. Who of us has not at one time or another let himself or herself go in happy contemplation of some major deed that would focus the admiring looks of all our companions upon us? And how often, in schooldays, did not such dreamy visions involve a great victory over our schoolteacher.

As time goes by, we smile nostalgically and shake our heads over such dreams. But once in a while they work out—and where one's schoolteacher is involved, at that. Take the case of a municipal court judge in Chicago. He moved from high school, through college and then through law school, finally reaching a judge's dignity and power. He must have long since lost sight of those teachers who once kept his head bowed over the desk with lessons.

Imagine, then his surprise when a woman charged with speeding appeared before his bench and he recognized her as a former schoolteacher of his. We wonder what day-dreams were awoken in his thought as he contemplated her case. They must certainly have involved his schooldays, for, what was the penalty? To write 100 times, "I will not exceed the speed limit."

Innocent Children

The Charlotte Observer State welfare regulations that try to legislate sexual morality are, as the chairman of the State Welfare Board says, "absurd." There is nothing absurd about wanting to discourage illegitimate births as such. But there is plenty that is absurd about present welfare regulations that try to do so by denying help to children simply because they are illegitimate. What the state winds up doing is punishing the wrong person at the wrong time.

The State Welfare Board can properly insist that the state shouldn't help support a child when he or her natural father is around and capable of providing the support he owes. But illegitimacy shouldn't provide an automatic exclusion from welfare rolls.

This isn't a way of promoting individual morality. It is a matter of empty moralizing which carries ignorance about the life style of the very poor.

Does anyone honestly believe that the sexual mores of poverty's children can be shaped by bureaucratic regulations? And if anyone believes such decisions will make an impression, does he then believe that the poor will agree there is a "higher morality" to be learned from people who would punish innocent children as a means of discouraging illegitimacy?

The state welfare system must be concerned with fairly helping those persons in genuine need. Let morality be preached and promoted in more promising ways.

Used Paint As Preservative

By JOHN GOULD
In The Christian Monitor

Color television came into its full bloom when it showed a house the paint people had striped all the way around to prove their product never fades, peels, cracks, bends, blisters, and bulges. A striped house, particularly on television, culminates and finalizes the struggling of our sensitive century, and I see no place further to go. Oh, incidentally—if it's a "full color network," why does it continue to begin every show by telling us it's in color?

I confess, head drooping, that we do not have a color television set, so this striped house is not striped to us, and to this extent our living room is drab and cheerless. But when modesties are o'erstepped 'tis sometimes good to be old-fashioned—if you step outdoors and look at a striped house it looks striped, but thanks to an antique picture tube we can look at a striped house and it looks like any old house.

This striped house is a fine example of how television, busy with its commercial prosperity, neglects the come-on. It shows how enthusiasms may be led astray, and instead of working up a good show about the history, use and development of paint, a program director is willing to leave the topic to an advertisement. Culture withers, but paint commercials are in stripes. Have we at last found some striped paint, which 50 years ago was still in the same class with left-handed monkey wrenches and palls of steam?

One of the oldest things our continent knows about is paint. The "Paint People" who preceded our Indians left their middens to explore, and we find they were precocious in their own time. And for some lost reason they lined their graves with ochre, which they often fetched for some distance for that purpose. Whatever their fetish was, in this respect, the passage of 5,000 years brings us to a civilized society which paints a house with stripes, and then flashes it by microwave to every tepee in the land simultaneously. Could we be right back where we started?

Paint is by no means a minor note in our symphony of progress. I am old enough to remember when linseed oil was bought a couple of years before time to paint the house, and stood in bottles by an attic window so the sun would clarify it. In a barrel some what lead would be stirred into this oil, and although sophisticated colors were available in the stores by my time the tinting was still done as in the days of ocher. Coal oil and pogy oil, before linseed, made do. Pogy oil had a ripe flavor but it was good-flowing; coal oil was kerosene and an

excellent vehicle. This was about the way things were when the great day dawned.

It dawned with a product called "Duco," about 40 years ago. From that moment on every advancement in every technological field did something for paint—which was the common by-product for all things. Whenever a new idea was evolved they would list the 32 uses to which it would be put, and 17 of them would be paint. But it was Duco that tipped off the new era and told the home-owner and work-shopper what to expect. At that time I still had the 1917 Model T in its rudimentary and shabby black, and one noon hour we painted it with Duco—a robin's egg blue with red trim. Fifteen minutes after we finished it was dry enough to ride away in. To a gentry which had cans of varnish that said "Allow three weeks between coats" this was a miracle. Girls used Duco to paint their shoes, matching a dress after they had decided which dress to wear.

After that, progress set in from all directions. Every time you went to a paint store they had something new. I remember when chinawood oil ceased to be available; and Scotch oil. These were standards, worked into wood floors again and again and considered superior to stains and varnishes, and one day amazing resins and plastics appeared and we couldn't get chinawood oil anymore. They even rectified pogy oil so it came without the fish flavor, homogenized and saponified, and they fixed it so it would dry overnight. The paint shelf in any workshop became a chemical menagerie, and you couldn't clean a brush until you had read the label and found out what the solvent was. I was looking at a label the other day and some of the words were so long I had to turn the can three-quarters to read them, and then I didn't know what they meant. In ancient terms, I suppose there is no paint today at all, yet what we have does the same job and 5,000 years have passed.

Any student of modern humanity knows that with this prevailing and color television ready, somebody is going to step forward and paint a house with stripes and exhibit it as impervious to sun, wind, heat, cold, rain and air pollution. This is a "natural"; television is simply "made" for this. The more stripes, the better the sell. As a lady says when she egg-beats the soap liquid, "That proves it!" Yet years ago, when paint was paint, we had a fellow up on the Rabbit Road who did his new silo with red, white and blue stripes. Whenever some joker asked him why he did this, his answer was honest and uncolored. He would say, "Presarvitive!"

Driving Age Up

The Chicago Daily News

Beginning in 1969, a driver in Illinois will have to be 18 to get a license, unless he has passed an approved driver education course.

It is hard to imagine a greater household crisis than one arising from the failure of a 16-year-old to qualify for a license when many of his peers have made the grade.

That such crises will arise under the new law is inevitable. And yet with driver education now being generally available, the new law should have a salutary impact on the accident rate, while spurring 16-year-olds to get in on the program.

The school driver education program has frequently been a target of economy-minded legislators looking for a place to prune costs. This newspaper has regularly defended the program as well worth its keep. Obviously most legislators agree; the law's proviso regarding driver-educated 16-year-olds is a frank acknowledgment of the efficacy of the instruction.

Life is what happens to you while you're making other plans.—Robert Balzer.

It is the weak man who urges compromise—never the strong man.—Elbert Hubbard.

NEWS OF FIVE, TEN, 25 YEARS AGO

Looking Backward Into The Record

Dec. 21, 1962

The Senior Choir of the Warrenton Baptist Church will present a Christmas Cantata on Sunday, Dec. 23, at 11 a. m.

Littleton High School won two victories over John Graham in a double-header played at Littleton on last Friday night. The Littleton boys won 38-37 in overtime, and the girls won 33-31.

The Norlina Library will be closed from Dec. 21 to Jan. 3, for the holidays and vacation.

The Church of God will present its annual Christmas program at the church on Sunday at 7 p. m.

Dec. 20, 1957

General Claude T. Bowers has been appointed chairman of the Girl Scout drive in Warren County.

Congressman L. H. Fountain was the guest speaker at a meeting of the Warrenton Rotary Club on Tuesday night.

The Inez Community Christmas Tree program will be held at the Inez Baptist Church on Monday night, Dec. 23.

A Christmas program will be held at Jerusalem Church on Monday night, Dec. 23, at 7:30 o'clock.

Dec. 18, 1942

Warren cotton farmers voted 1223 for and 50 against cotton quotas in the referendum Saturday.

The U. S. Bureau of the Census this week reported 12,263 bales of cotton ginned in Warren County prior to Dec. 1, in the referendum held Saturday.

Warren County schools will close today for the Christmas holidays.

Henry Armistead Boyd of Richmond and Warrenton has been commissioned a Lieutenant (jg) in the Naval Reserves.

Of All Lots To Raid, He Picked Police's

SACRAMENTO, Calif. — Salvador Trujillo picked the wrong parking lot to rifle cars. He was arrested as a burglary suspect after police found him carrying a pair of binoculars and a gold trophy cup. Detective Sgt. Charles Asbury

said he watched out a window as Trujillo tried the door handles of 10 cars in the police department's parking lot.

The oldest army in the world is the 83 - strong Vatican Guard.

it's Christmas
... and one of our happiest holiday traditions is wishing you and yours a season filled with merriment and good cheer.

Warren Cotton & Fertilizer Co., Inc.
WARRENTON, N. C.

Greetings

Here's to a holiday merry and bright, with bells ringing, carol singing, greetings and treatings, gifts and gladness galore.

And here's to you! We sincerely wish you the season's best, and gratefully express our appreciation for your friendly patronage.

WARREN FCX SERVICE

WARRENTON, N. C.

... and to all a good night!

See your electric appliance dealer for 170 ways to say "Merry Christmas" this season.

With everything from electric roasters to electric reducing belts, gift buying problems are in the bag.

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
An investor-owned, taxpaying public utility company