

The Warren Record

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Refusal To Compromise

During the past several months we have found ourselves thinking more and more of President Woodrow Wilson, of the First World War, and the League of Nations, which was to bring peace on earth through the cooperation of the civilized nations of the world.

Wilson, believing that he had a mandate, not only from the voters of the United States but from the peoples of the world, drew up his plan, which might have won the approval of the United States Senate if Wilson had been willing to make any compromises with Republican senators. But Wilson not only had a great deal of confidence in Wilson but in the Democratic Party, spelled with a Big D., and would not compromise; it had to be his own plan or nothing. At least that, we think, is the verdict of history; and it is a known fact that his plan for the League was defeated in the United

States Senate due to the leadership of Henry Cabot Lodge, and other Republicans.

Down here in Warren County we blamed the Republicans, as we had for generations, and not without some reason. As for the Republicans they got Harding and Calvin Coolidge and the greatest depression in the history of the United States.

Politics is supposed to be the art of compromise, and the wisdom and patriotism of Representatives and Senators has never been confined to any one party, nor has their meanness and shortsightedness. Maybe, the League of Nations was an impossible dream that no amount of compromise could have saved. Maybe, the Reagan plan will work. But when we think of Administration issuing statements of no compromise, we think of Woodrow Wilson and his dream of the United Nations.

'Person For All Seasons'

In The Smithfield Herald

"You've come a long way, baby" is a phrase frequently used in describing the upgraded status of American women over the past century. President Reagan's nomination this week of a woman to serve on the U. S. Supreme Court is another personal case in point.

Sandra Day O'Connor, an Arizona "farm girl" who grew up on a ranch, finished third in her class at Stanford University's law school in 1952 (Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist finished first in that same class). But when she applied for job with major law firms in California following her graduation, the only offer she got was for a legal secretary's position.

Twenty-nine years later, at age 51, Sandra Day O'Connor appears headed for confirmation by the U. S. Senate to succeed retiring Justice Potter Stewart on the nation's highest tribunal. "She is truly a 'person for all seasons,' possessing those unique qualities of temperament, fairness, intellectual capacity, and devotion to the public good which have characterized the 101 'brethren' who have preceded her," President Reagan said in announcing her nomination.

Mrs. O'Connor — a wife and mother as well as a professional jurist who currently sits on the Arizona Court of Appeals — is no "flaming women's libber" who pledges to put "women's rights" above all else in her public duties. Nevertheless, her elevation to the Supreme Court would light another bright torch for the cause of liberating the American woman from indefensible discriminations, particularly in the realm of career status.

It is no surprise that Mrs. O'Connor apparently favors the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the U. S. Constitution — at least in principle — because she has fought her own personal battle for equal opportunities in the world of work.

It is also reassuring news that Mrs. O'Connor apparently shuns the hard-line, narrow-minded view of abortion espoused by such right-wing organizations as the Meral Majority and the National Right to Life Committee. We hope Mrs. O'Connor, if she is allowed by the senate to serve as a Supreme Court justice, will keep in mind that government should keep its distance from involvement in highly sensitive personal issues like abortion, lest we find ourselves drifting into some kind of dictatorship of morality that would cut close to the heart of cherished American freedoms.

Quotes

Wrong Information

Wife, reading her husband's fortune card to him: "You are a leader of men. You are brave, handsome, strong, and popular with the ladies." She paused. "It has your weight wrong too." — Quote.

Promises, Promises

A couple of months after the wedding, the husband remarked to his wife, "You said you would learn to cook after we were married." Shrugged his wife, "Oh, you know those campaign promises." — Southwest Synopsis, Southwest London, Ont.

News Of 10, 25 And 40 Years Ago

Looking Back Into The Record

July 29, 1971

Hugh Morton, who has spent almost a lifetime promoting North Carolina, will be in Warrenton Thursday (today) as a part of his current effort to determine whether he should promote himself for governor of North Carolina in 1972.

Tommy Blanks was elected as a member of the Warrenton Chamber of Commerce at its meeting on Monday night. Blanks succeeds C. W. Currin, recently resigned from this position.

The Warrenton Town Commissioners adopted the town budget for the fiscal year 1971-72 at a called meeting on Tuesday night. The budget calls for a tax rate of \$1.50 on the \$100.

July 27, 1956

The first of nearly 30,000

expected crates of cantaloupes began moving to market this week as the Pride of Ridgeway Cooperative Association started shipping operations to markets in various states.

Fourteen Warren County 4-H boys and girls left Warrenton on Monday morning for Raleigh where they are attending State 4-H Club Week, July 23-28. They were accompanied by County Agent Frank Reams and Mrs. Sue D. Skinner, assistant Home Agent.

Street Richardson, new manager for the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company, arrived in Warrenton on Sunday and began his duties on Monday morning. He had previously been located at Havelock.

July 25, 1941

There was no Recorder's

Court this week due to the fact there were no defendants to be tried.

The United States and Great Britain were reported poised Thursday for swift and drastic counteraction against impending Japanese occupation of strategic air and naval bases in the south of French Indo-China.

Rev. Henlee Borrette will preach at the regular morning service of the Sulphur Springs Baptist Church on July 29, announcement was made yesterday.

Rev. W. R. Wagoner, the present pastor, will be in charge of the service Sunday.

Warrenton will fall in line with other towns of this state Monday morning by observing Eastern Daylight Saving Time for a period of two months.

By BIGNALL JONES

Several weeks ago while glancing through The Smithfield Herald, I became engrossed with a letter from Leeds, England, by Mary Marvell, an Exchange Librarian who had spent some time in Smithfield, and wrote "a bread and butter" letter to The Smithfield paper, in which she was most complimentary to Smithfield. I saved the paper because I felt that it had an interest beyond Smithfield and reflected upon Southern Hospitality as a whole. I rather suspect that what we call Southern Hospitality may be small town hospitality, but, be that as it may, certainly North Carolina is filled with friendly people.

On July 9 the congregation of Emmanuel Episcopal Church gave a supper at the Parish House in honor of Canon Ray Selby, former rector who has returned to Warrenton, and Mrs. Selby. Both the minister and his wife were lavish in their praise of the people of Warrenton, a subject that Canon Selby was to continue in the church bulletin of July 12. In September of last year Dr. and Mrs. Tom Holt, Jr., visited the Selbys in Wales, and at the congregational supper Dr. Holt spoke of the wonderful hospitality shown them by Canon and Mrs. Selby. In recent years our family has traveled in a number of states and in Canada where we found without exception that the people met friendliness with friendliness.

Not so much to illustrate that hospitality is widespread, as because I found the article both interesting and well written and believe others will, I am reproducing Mary Marvell's article in this column as follows:

LETTER FROM YORKSHIRE ACCENT AND ALL, BRITISH VISITOR'S STAY 'MARVELLOUS'

By MARY MARVELL LEEDS, ENGLAND — "How dry we are!" proclaimed the May 1 Smithfield Herald, and I can respond "How wet WE are!" because it has scarcely ceased raining for more than a day or two ever since I came home three weeks ago.

"It is raining in London," said our pilot over the intercom on my British Airways plane an hour before we landed. "It would be," muttered a young girl in front of me. Depressingly, I reached up to the rack for my raincoat, bought new for my U. S. trip and hardly ever worn. At Heathrow Airport the rain had stopped, but London was grey and misty with heavy, dark clouds over head, doing nothing to lighten my spirits which were not raised when, after a three-hour train journey, I reached home and looked at the knee-high weeds in my garden.

Now that I have had time (and energy) to move the weeds and have experienced at least some sunshine (even if for only half a day at a time), I am thinking back to those gorgeously-warm days in Smithfield, sipping ice-cold drinks and looking at the fairland of beauty which is your spring.

"Gold Medal" My U. S. holiday was miraculous; even now I think, "Pinch me." I could never have believed prior to this year that I would actually come over and meet you all—Smithfield friends and friends-of-friends—and enjoy such wonderful hospitality.

For hospitality anywhere in the world, you would take the Gold Medal. I had hardly been in my host's home for more than five minutes when the phone rang from across town, inviting me to dinner. Before long, I had a

Mostly Personal

Southern Hospitality

beautiful bunch of flowers from a visitor. How's that? "It is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen" wrote Aristotle, quoting an even earlier writer. And how right he was!

As some of you know, this all began with an exchange of librarians in 1949 when your Johnston County chief librarian exchanged posts for a year with our own Aireborough librarian. This was a very difficult time in Britain: we were still severely rationed, the housing situation was very poor as there had been no building during the war, and our librarian's task to find the American librarian a home (there was then no hotel nearer than several miles) was not easy.

With a feeling that we must try to help Margaret Scofield, my husband and I very hesitantly said we would give Miss Williamson at least a temporary home until she could find some place she liked. We wrote to her; she wrote back, "I will try not to be any trouble." She arrived on Christmas Eve 1948 and within a few hours, it seemed, we were friends. Everything about her enchanted us, as it did also the friends whom we had invited to meet her. We sat around our open fire that evening after a nice though simple supper, and she talked to us.

We listened avidly as she told us of her boat trip on the Britannia and of her arrival in Liverpool where she was met by Liverpool's chief librarian. Her accent was very "foreign" to us all (one of the friends said to me later that she could not understand a word.)

Remember, that because of the war years, many of us (now much traveled) had been nowhere except in Britain and knew of America only through the accents of the film stars! I listened very carefully and I have, fortunately, a "good ear." I noted the difference in vowel pronunciation. I was determined that I was not going to ask our new "lodger" to repeat a single word. And I never did.

Part Of Our Heritage Our accents are part of our heritage, of the many mixtures of races and of our culture. That they are becoming flattened out is due to the media mostly. We hear "educated" accents on radio and television. We travel more. Personally, I love all the different accents and would be sorry if we all spoke like one another.

Even so, I was more than a little surprised that my own Yorkshire accent was much commented on during my U. S. visit. We rarely think about the way we speak, so I now had to ponder it. Seated in a restaurant, if I said only "Yes, coffee, please," I could see all the neighbouring heads turned to look at me. Walking the last few hundreds yards up Mount Mitchell, a young couple, descending, asked me the time. I told them, "A quarter past three." As they passed my host, he heard one say "She's English!" We had great fun after that as every now and then my friends would ask, "What's the time, Mary?"

But I met no hostility about my accent. Quite the reverse. Unlike Peregrine Worsthorne, the foreign editor of the Sunday Telegraph — writing in February this year about the effect his own "Oxford accent had on his fellow train passengers from New York to Stanford, he wrote: "When I opened my mouth EVER SO MEEKLY (my underlining) to buy a ticket, the whole compartment was jolted into attention as if by a bark of some sergeant-major shouting orders on the parade ground. It is the 'Oxford' accent, of course,

which still seems to grate — provoking the reaction of 'Who the hell do you think you are, George III, or something? Britain's Imperial sway ended here more than 200 years ago, yet our accent provokes only resentment in public places like trains, buses, coffee shops, etc. Nor is it any use trying to ingratiate since there seems to be no way of my saying 'Would you be so kind' when it sounds like Achtung!"

"Would I Pass?" When I read that in February, my immediate thought was "Oh, dear!" Then I comforted myself with the thought that I had no "Oxford" accent and that, perhaps, I would "pass" in Smithfield and elsewhere. And so it proved. One lovely memory stands out. I was going to have breakfast in a hotel dining-room in Asheville and the floor manageress was leading me to a table.

The morning sun was streaming in to the large, pleasant room with its splendid view of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and I remarked "Isn't it a beautiful morning?" The lady stopped dead in her tracks, looked at me and said "Oh, I just LOVE your accent."

I did a lot better than Mr. Worsthorne, obviously. I could show him points.

I want to say more about my North Carolina and U. S. holiday, but meantime I would like to express my warmest thanks and real gratitude to those wonderful Smithfield residents who made my trip so memorable.

"Don't forget us," said a lady with tears in her eyes.

How could I? And I have a vivid, amusing memory of a small girl racing across the grass back to her game after hugging and kissing me goodbye: "Goodbye, Mary Marvellous, Goodbye!" And Goodbye, warm-hearted Smithfield!

THOUGHT FOR FOOD By GOULD CROOK

POTATO BISCUITS
½ cup Potato Buds® mashed potatoes (dry)
½ cup hot water
¼ cup shortening or butter or margarine, softened
1½ cups all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon plus 1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk

Heat oven to 400°. Mix potatoes and hot water in bowl; let stand until water is absorbed. Mix in shortening. Mix dry ingredients; stir into potato mixture. Mix in milk. Turn dough onto well-floured board; knead 10 times. Roll or pat dough to ¼-inch thickness; cut with 2-inch biscuit cutter or into desired shapes. Place on ungreased cookie sheet; bake until crust is golden brown, 20 to 25 minutes. Sixteen 2-inch biscuits. * Registered Trade Mark of General Mills, Inc.

Letter To The Editor

To The Editor:

The Board of County Commissioners and the Board of Education of Warren County cannot afford the luxury of a dispute over county tax resources. The block grant plans of the Reagan administration concerning the distribution of funds to aid state, county and local governments demands cooperation between all segments of state governments, if the leaders of the county and local officials intend to continue seeking high standards of education for our children and progressive job-seeking commission, to serve all the people of Warren County. If we have a negative county government, the voters of Warren County will have to make a great effort to elect a

positive thinking Board of County Commissioners that will aid our students and give our educators the support they need.

The 1981 General Assembly "utterly failed to meet the needs of North Carolina's public school children" and judging from past history the legislature appears to be interested only in their own pet projects. The voters will have to take care of this matter in the 1982-84 election. Meanwhile county officials will have to set priorities as to the education of our children, to prepare them to intelligently conduct the business of government and avoid the mistakes of our present government leaders.

JAMES W. BYRD
Littleton

New Chapel Sought

LOUISBURG — The Raleigh District of the United Methodist Men has accepted the challenge to raise \$250,000 to build a chapel on the Louisburg College campus within the next five years.

John M. Meares, Sr., a Methodist layman from Cary has accepted the position as General Chairman for the Chapel Challenge. He said, "Methodist men meeting at Louisburg College have long felt the need for a chapel. I am happy to lend my support to this project of the Raleigh District United Methodist Men."

Other members of the Chapel Challenge Co-ordinating Committee are: Dr. Reginald W. Ponder of Raleigh, Oscar R. Baker of Norlina, George B. Davis of Garner, Tom L. Walden of Raleigh, Dr. R. C. Hillman of Apex, Dr. R. David Mustian of Raleigh, Ken Atkins of Louisburg, Leigh Traylor of Norlina, Dr. J. E. Legates of Raleigh and Earl R. Cook of Raleigh.

Dr. Reginald Ponder

GARDEN

Trumpet-Shaped Gentians Prefer Moist Soil

Among the many popular Mediterranean plants are the Gentians, which take their name from Gentius, a King of the Illyrians, who promoted the medicinal value of the plant's roots. The family Gentianaceae includes the stemless, or Trumpet Gentian, the Willow Gentian and the Spotted Gentian.

The Trumpet Gentian is a native to the mountains of Central and Southern Europe and embraces a variety of species. Flowers are trumpet-shaped, blue—although various colors are possible in cultivation. It is the earliest bloomer among the Gentians and is excellent for rock gardens with sunlight.

The Willow Gentian is a herbaceous perennial, so named because of its willow-like leaves. Flowers are trumpet-shaped, dark blue, but may be white in some cultivated varieties. The Willow Gentian does well in half shade, such as beneath trees, and blooms in late summer and early autumn.

The Spotted Gentian is also a perennial, is unbranched, with elliptic leaves which are strongly veined. Flowers are bell-shaped, yellow and spotted with purple. This plant prefers full sunlight and has a tolerance for lime.

Gentians are propagated by seeds and require moist soil.



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