

# The Warren Record

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BIGNALL JONES, Editor

HOWARD F. JONES, Business Manager

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## Restoring The Bay

The weakness of television reporting, so far as the general public is concerned, is its lack of later reference. Recently, we heard an interesting report on the dying of the Chesapeake due to dumping of sewage, chemicals, and other poison in it. The story reported how the fish life which provides food for a good part of the nation and employment for thousands of fishermen from the bordering states of Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia is being destroyed. Since much of our oysters, shrimp and other seafood comes from the Chesapeake and since clearing up of the bay could influence the amount of water drawn from the Roanoke River, we wished to comment on Virginia's part in the pollution of the Chesapeake Bay. But so far, we have been unable to find any printed account of the pollution of the bay to verify the figures given in the TV report, and of course we could only remember a few.

However, it occurred to us that the only way the bay can be cleaned up is to first clean up the rivers which daily pour millions of gallons of polluted water into

it. One of the principal offenders is the James, which is polluted by waste from Hopewell plants. If the James River were to be cleaned up, Virginia Beach would not have to run a pipeline to divert water from the Roanoke.

The TV feature had little to say about the causes of the pollution of the Chesapeake, but much to say about the cost of environmental neglect. It had nothing to say about all the raw sewage from the city of Norfolk, Va., being dumped into the Chesapeake. (We have not verified this, but in view of the state's neglect of the James, it is easy to believe). We do remember that the program said that if the Chesapeake is to be cleaned up, that the federal government must help, to the extent of one and a half billion dollars, which is not much when one thinks of the government having to pay a hundred billion dollars of interest on its debt.

We will continue our search for a printed article on the pollution of the Chesapeake Bay in the hope of further comments. We will greatly appreciate the help of our readers in such a search.

## Can You Pass Test?

By WALTER SPEARMAN  
In The Smithfield Herald

When one of the highest-placed political figures in American government admits, "I am a slob," how do the rest of us males compare with him?

When Senate Republican leader Howard H. Baker Jr. was recently named the second best-dressed man in government, we were not too surprised. We remember clearly enough how jaunty and poised he used to look on television when the Watergate investigation was running strong. In fact, Senator Baker made a good impression on wary Democrats just as he did on watching Republicans.

But when he deprecated his selection as "best-dressed" by not only admitting that he considered himself something of a slob but also revealing that his wife, Joy, always made him stand inspection every morning before he left home for the Senate, we were really concerned.

If Senator Baker is really a slob, if Senator Baker has to pass inspection before his wife lets him leave the house, how do we mere male mortals look when we go out to face our public every day?

Look at yourself in the hall mirror the next time you plan to leave the house. Is your hair properly combed—or does it stick out behind in a cowlock and show that you really do need a haircut?

Does your necktie match your suit and blend nicely with your shirt—or do the colors clash like a modern abstract painting?

Did you remember to change your belt from the other suit—or do our trousers droop like a moulting chicken?

Did you put on a fresh shirt—or decide that yesterday's can pass muster one more time?

Worst of all, did you go out with mismatched socks—one brown and one blue?

Did you wipe off the mud from the driveway on your shoes? Did you carefully clean your fingernails? Did you check to see if the lining of your coat is dangling in the back because you caught it on the car door?

If short, are you the slob that Senator Baker admits to being?

Even if you are, don't give up hope for a political future. You can always run for the Senate as Mr. Baker did.

## Rain On A Tin Roof

W. E. H. In Sanford Herald

On a recent night, when gentle rains were falling on the trees outside my bedroom, all at once hearing the rain, I got that sleepy, drowsy feeling. Before I knew it, I was sound asleep. And, I slept a full eight hours without waking up. From the looks of things from a window next morning, it appeared the rain continued for most of that night.

As I lay in bed, before falling asleep, I got to thinking of the era in my life, along to 10- to 15-year-old state, when my sleeping quarters were in a room, which once was a porch and later was enclosed to make a small bedroom for me.

The porch had a tin roof, and I remembered the many times, abed, when I could hear the pitter patter of the raindrops on the tin roof some 10 feet above my head. This to a tired

boy was almost sublimity at its peak. The sounds of occasional slight winds added to the pleasure.

In all my lifetime, I cannot remember, anywhere I've slept, home or abroad, a place that made my sleep more joyous, without anything else added to induce sleep, than the sound of those raindrops on that tin roof.

There'll be many who recall such situations. Modern-day building seldom provides a tin roof over a bedroom. And, that's more the pity.

Tulsa Is A Port

Tulsa, Okla., naturally landlocked, became a seaport in 1971 with the opening of the Tulsa Port of Catoosa and a \$1.2 billion waterway that linked the city via the Arkansas River to the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, National Geographic reports.

## Memories Of Washington

By BIGNALL JONES

In this column last week I mentioned Ben Cook giving me a dress suit and my meeting Dorothy Haddocks at a Louisiana State Dance. At the time I had the dress suit repaired they were being succeeded by tuxedos for most social affairs. I bought one and wore it for many events as long as I was in Washington.

Dr. Harry Walters was a well known dentist in Warrenton and when Dorothy Haddocks told me that she lived with her uncle, Dr. Waters on Rhode Island Avenue, I understood her to say Dr. Walters. As a result I lost her for several weeks, while I day-dreamed about her and almost wore out a record on a juke box in the cafeteria at the Government Printing Office. This record was "There is a Girl in the Heart of Maryland."

Robert Bruce "Cats" Nathan of Alabama was a graduate of the University of North Carolina where he was catcher on the baseball team and former president of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity. He spent a short time at the Graham Boarding House before moving to the Kappa Alpha House in Washington. While he was at the Misses Graham's, I told him about not being able to locate a pretty girl. "Cats" said "I will tell you where she lives if you don't tell Paul I told you." And he did. Paul was the man who gave me the deadly look.

John Kerr, Jr., was spending some time in Washington, and due to his sponsorship (and possibly due to a desire to build a fraternity house) I was shortly thereafter initiated into the Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Paul Reed was the man who initiated me. Joining a fraternity added much to my social life and pleasure since.

Washington at that time, and I presume still does, has to offer much to a young man or woman. Here are located beautiful government buildings, particularly the Capitol and the Congressional Library, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, many large motion picture places, with large and famous orchestras accompanying the pictures. At La Parada, a well known dance hall at Dupont Circle, the music was furnished by Myer-Davis (who played at Warrenton several years earlier for the first dance I ever attended.)

Playing for several weeks at one of the motion picture houses was Fred Waring and his orchestra, with about a dozen musicians. All the states in the union had their state society dances, such as the one where I met Dorothy Haddocks, and in addition at least one dime-a-dance house where I went one night with Runt Lowe, former quarterback on the University of North Carolina football team. I must have met him at the KA House. I hope I find time in these essays to tell about that dance.

There were parades galore down Pennsylvania Avenue, and conventions, the most conspicuous being the National Shriners Convention in Washington

with its half million participants. I got off from my duties at the printing office to accompany a boatload of Shriners up the Potomac to Mount Vernon, compliments of my cousins, the Cooks from Oklahoma.

Learning from Ben Cook that Bill, Marshall and Bignall Cook were in Washington with a delegation of Shriners from Oklahoma I went by their hotel to meet them. As I walked in to speak to them they were talking to a beautiful auburn haired girl, about my age or younger. I was promptly introduced to Virginia Peyton Randolph, Oklahoma's Shrine Queen. Probably as a matter of age, I was her escort on the boat trip to Mount Vernon. It was a beautiful day and Mount Vernon was a beautiful scene, not so much the house as its beautiful setting. We had a good time inspecting the home and walking around the grounds. One of life's most beautiful memories is running down the Mount Vernon lawn, hand-in-hand with Virginia Peyton Randolph. Following the convention she toured Canada before returning home. I received a card from her written in Quebec. Years later I asked Ben Cook what ever happened to Virginia Peyton Randolph. He said she took her own life. What a tragedy. One never knows what life holds in store.

Another thing that added to my pleasure were friends from Warrenton and other North Carolina towns who visited Washington. One of these was my boyhood friend John Tarwater of Warrenton. He was in Washington to

patent something, I have forgotten what. He came by to see me and stayed with me for one or more nights, with both of us sleeping on a single bed. While he there we rode on a streetcar some eight miles up the Potomac to Glen Echo, where we were to have an unforgettable experience, riding a couple of roller coasters. I think I was about as scared as I have ever been, as I reached the top of the second one of these and realized that our car was to drop clear to the bottom John later said that I spread over the seat and said "Oh God."

One of the sights of Washington was the Willard Hotel, with a hall on the ground floor with seats on each side and a block long. This hall was known as "Peacock Alley," as hundreds of dressed-up women and their escorts strolled down this hall while hundreds of spectators gaped. It beat everybody going to the depot on Sunday in a small town.

Cousin Norwood Boyd and several members of his family while visiting in Washington invited me to a delicious dinner in one of the beautiful dining halls of the Willard Hotel. That I remember with both gratitude and pleasure.

In a previous column I stated that Ben Cook married Vera Adams of New England. This was true only in a broad sense. Actually she was from Galesburg, Ill., but was a direct descendant of the Adams family of New England. The water in Galesburg was naturally florided, and Vera had beautiful teeth and never had a cavity. (To Be Continued)

## Grandpa And Grandkid Often Said Remote

Most grandfathers and grandchildren do not provide much physical and social support for each other.

The average relationship is best characterized as 'remote,' says Dr. Vira Kivett, University of North Carolina at Greensboro. "The emotional value of the role, however, may be considerably more important and should not be underestimated," says the researcher, who is with the North Carolina Agricultural Research Service.

Most of the 99 grandfathers surveyed recently saw little of their grandchildren, getting together with them usually at holidays, on birthdays and for occasional visits. The men in the study were asked about the one grandchild with whom they had the most contact.

Grandfathers were asked if they felt grandchildren should help their grandparents in time of financial need and poor health. "They usually felt that grandchildren had some responsibility toward them," the researcher says. But less than 20 percent received any help from their grandchildren. Help received was usually with transportation, yard work or offered during an illness.

Approximately 27 percent of the grandfathers said they helped their grandchildren in some way. Help was usually

with transportation or during an illness. Living nearby was directly related to the amount of help given and received.

Despite relatively infrequent contact between the two generations, "88 percent indicated they felt very close to the grandchild with whom they had the most contact," Dr. Kivett says. The feeling of closeness did not seem to depend upon visits or the grandfather's expectation of help in the future. Grandfathers did feel closer to younger grandchildren.

The men surveyed live in the Southeast in rural and urban areas and represent mainly textile workers and farmers. Ninety-three percent were white. Sixty-five percent had at least one grandchild living within 30 minutes of their homes. Grandfathers had the most contact with the children of their child who visited them most often.

Mobile Telescopes

A pioneering pair of telescopes on wheels designed to probe the center of our Milky Way Galaxy is under construction at the Space Sciences Laboratory of the University of California, Berkeley.

Developed by Charles Townes, Nobel laureate and University professor of physics, the mobile telescopes will be mounted on truck trailers and will peer into distant clouds of dust and gas for infrared signals from newly formed stars.

## Looking Backward Into The Warren Record

December 24, 1943

Bob Bright, county agent, has been appointed chairman in Warren County for the 4th War Loan Drive which will be launched over the nation on January 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton H. Neal of Warrenton and Wilmington announce the birth of a son, Clinton Hill, Jr. in the Hunter Clinic at Warrenton on Dec. 18.

Warren County Negroes will observe their annual Emancipation Celebration at the Warrenton Courthouse on Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m., the Rev. N. A. Cheek, chairman of the committee on arrangements, announced Monday.

December 25, 1958

Approximately 20 Warren County motorists were arrested near here Saturday night by highway patrolmen who cracked down on persons driving automobiles with faulty equipment or driving with improper operator's licenses.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Daniel honored them on Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manley S. Martin in observance of their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Mrs. M. M. Hutton, leader of the Junior Training Union of Norlina Baptist Church, entertained 22 juniors at a Christmas party at the church annex on Saturday evening, Dec. 13.

December 27, 1973

The grandson of a Warrenton couple bagged a 28-pound bobcat, a rarity in this area of the state, earlier this month near his home in Stovall. James Michael Wilson, 19, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson of Wilcox Street, struck the animal with his car as the cat crossed a rural road near his home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams entertained at Open House at their home on Darden Street in Norlina Sunday afternoon from 2 to 5 p. m.

Glenn R. Riggan of Macon has been placed on the honor roll at Wayne Community College in Goldsboro for academic excellence during the past quarter.

## Letters To The Editor

### Generous Sharers

To The Editor:

For many years, people in Warren County have generously shared the joys of Christmas with the residents here at Murdoch Center. Through your contributions, our "Operation Santa Claus" is able to provide gifts for every resident from Warren County. Our thanks go to individuals, church groups, and organizations who still care about the mentally retarded of this state.

May each of you enjoy the holiday season knowing that everyone here will have happy Christmas memories.

REGINA UMSTEAD  
Director of Volunteer Services  
VIRGINIA STREIB  
Volunteer Services Coordinator

### Warren Gave Hand

To The Editor:

One of the happiest tasks of our entire year is to thank the people of Warren County for making Operation Santa Claus at John Umstead Hospital what it is . . . a happy time for our patients! They received gifts which were personally selected for them by individual citizens who cared enough to take the time to do so.

We are especially grateful to Ms. Dorothy Miller, the Warren County Operation Santa Claus chairperson, for her tireless effort in brightening the lives of each of our patients. Truly, hers was an expression of love and giving at Christmas.

We at John Umstead Hospital look forward each year to this opportunity to thank the people of Warren County and its news media for their support of our Operation Santa Claus Program. We are grateful for this expression of love and concern toward our patients.

VON HASKINS BROWN  
Director Volunteer Services  
and Community Relations  
T. J. PETERS, III,  
Director, John Umstead Hospital



"I think I'll say goodbye to everyone while I can still recognize them..."