

# The Warren Record

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Member North Carolina Press Association

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE  
IN WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, UNDER THE LAWS OF CONGRESS  
Second Class Postage Paid At Warrenton, N. C.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**

In Warren and adjoining counties	Elsewhere
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\$5.00 Six Months	\$6.00 Six Months

## Junk Mail Attacked

Selma T. Carter of Wake Forest is dissatisfied with the priority given junk mail by the U. S. Postal Service, as are many others, including the editor of this newspaper. Unlike most of us, Ms. Carter has done something about it. The first thing she did was to gather statistics concerning the cost of junk mail, and then she made her protest in the form of a letter to the editor of The News and Observer in its Tuesday (Jan. 17) morning edition.

Ms. Carter's concern with junk mail has to do with its nuisance to postal subscribers and its threat to increase the cost of first class mail. Our chief concern is with its interference with the handling of second class mail, plus any rise in our postage rates.

"I understand," Mrs. Carter wrote, "that he (the Postmaster General) has put a priority on what I call junk mail, although he has designated it 'bulk business mail,' with the instruction to the Postal Service that it should be delivered within a three-day time limit."

The Warren Record (which is handled as second class mail) is placed in the Warrenton Post-office before 5:20 each Wednesday afternoon and is received by our subscribers in Florida on the following Monday. And quite often newspapers mailed to us from Roanoke Rapids take two or three days to reach us. And according to Mrs. Carter, the

postal rate for "Bulk Business (Junk) Mail" is from 3½ cents to 11½ cents, and is very competitive to first class mail."

Her letter to the editor of The News and Observer reads in full as follows, under the head "Postal Priority For Junk Mail Irks Reader:"

"I see that Postmaster General William F. Bolger is going to ask for another increase in first-class postage rates, from 20 cents to 23 cents.

"There is no justification for this increase. Evidently Bolger has forgotten what the Postal Service was created for. In his fervor to create a profitable monopoly, he is courting the advertisers, going overboard to please them while sacrificing first-class mail.

"I understand that he has put a priority on what I call junk mail, although he has designated it 'bulk business mail,' with the instruction to the Postal Service that it should be delivered within a three-day time limit. For this mail, with a postal rate from 3½ cents to 11½ cents, delivery is very competitive with first-class mail.

"On average, I receive seven pieces of junk mail daily, ranging from letter size to 11 inches. This bulky, outsized junk has to cost more to handle all the way through the system than the letter from one individual to another, yet it costs no more than half the postage.

"Bolger should put the cost of mailing where it belongs: not on personal correspondence, but on profit-making ventures that use the postal service to their advantage.

SELMA T. CARTER  
Wake Forest"

## Along The Beat

By PETE HULTH  
In The Smithfield Herald

Several years ago, a number of Smithfield residents clamored for a dog-leash law. Elderly persons who liked to walk for exercise, bicyclists, and joggers were among those who begged the Board of Commissioners for a law "with some teeth in it" — but one which dog lovers who hate to pen their animals "could live with."

Town Attorney Bob Spence, Sr. obtained copies of dog-control ordinances from other towns, studied them, presented them to the commissioners to study, and composed a law for Smithfield based on the wishes of the commissioners.

In other words, Mr. Spence wrote the law.

It was ironic that Mr. Spence appeared before Judge K. Edward Greene in District Court in Smithfield this past Monday, charged with allowing the family dog, "Big," to run at large.

He said he felt no recourse other than to plead guilty and pay the penalty — an assessment of court costs.

"Your Honor," he told Judge Greene, "it's a good law, and it ought to be enforced."

How many bother to take the time to try to set things right?

A man the other night returned to his seat with a friend at a McDonald's restaurant and asked him if he had seen the graffiti on the walls in the men's room. When the friend replied in the negative, he got him to go and see.

Then they both went to the manager to ask that the dirty words be erased from view of the public, especially the younger generation.

The manager responded quickly to have the wall cleaned before other graffiti could be added. And he thanked the two gentlemen for

taking the time to call the offending scribbling to his attention.

The editors of The Scrapbook gave me this one:

A traveler stopped to observe the curious behavior of a Tennessee farmer who was plowing in his field. The farmer had one mule hitched to the plow, and the mule wore blinders.

"Giddap, George!" cried the farmer. "Giddap, Herk; Giddap, Ol' Bill! Giddap, Jeb!"

After watching this curious performance for some time, the traveler just had to ask: "Say, mister, how many names does that mule have, anyway?"

"Just one," the farmer replied. "His name's George."

"Then why do you call out Herk and Jeb and...."

"It's like this," explained the farmer. "If Ol' George knew he was doing all this work alone, I couldn't make him do it. But it he thinks he's got three other mules workin' alongside of 'im, why, he does it all hisself."

"What a marvelous idea!" exclaimed the traveler; and when he got back to his corporation's office in New York, he invented the committee.

Scouting has changed, according to The Scrapbook.

The Scoutmaster told his troop: "Now, this is very important, and it may save your life someday. If you're lost in the woods at night, get your bearings from the sky."

"You mean, tell direction from the stars?" asked a Scout.

"Not from the stars," said the Scoutmaster. "Look for a yellow glow near the horizon. Then just walk toward that until you come to the nearest McDonald's."

## At School In Capital

By BIGNALL JONES

When I went to Washington and accepted a job with the Government Printing Office the Journalism School at George Washington University was in its last semester and I had to wait for the opening of the fall semester. Ben Cook and another Congressional secretary were at that time going to law school at night. This friend was named Haley, but I can't remember his first name. In addition to attending law school at one time he had worked as an organizer of banks. As I understood it, he would agree to do all the organizational work for \$1,000 and would take his payment in the new bank's stock. Whether or not he continued this work during his vacation I never learned. Some nights I would go with Ben and Haley and listen to various cases being discussed. It was interesting, but to me confusing.

Both Ben and Haley are now dead, but Haley's widow was living in the thirties and one day as I was visiting my parents in Washington, she asked me to dinner. That was the first time I ever ordered a mixed alcoholic drink in a restaurant.

After I had been working at the Government Printing Office for several months, I went home on leave and decided to stay. I wrote the GPO of my decision. In a few days I received a letter from the Government Printing Office telling me that I was working under Civil Service and could not quit and if I did it would be a mark against me. I was young then and knew little about government rules, and was rather indignant at being told that I could not quit a job. However when I returned to Washington later in the summer I decided to go by the Government Printing Office and explain my reasons for not returning to work there. I did not want to work there any more, but I did not want a mark against me.

As soon as I returned to Washington, I went by the GPO where I sought to see the manager and spent quite a while waiting. I noticed that no one was paying any attention to me although there were a number of persons available. Tired of waiting, I went by the office of Senator Furnifold Simmons where I told Frank Hampton, his secretary, of my trouble. He picked up a telephone, and called the GPO manager. Hampton said that he was Senator Simmons and that he wanted an appointment for his young friend, Bignall Jones.

The next morning at the appointed hour, I went back to the Government Printing Office. This time there was no delay, the manager was sorry for the mistake and assured me that it would all be set right. This was my first experience of the power of a United States senator, and Simmons was a powerful senator. Hampton's assuming the role of the senator was neither unexpected nor wrong in routine cases.

The manager was almost groveling as he

welcomed me, and I felt ashamed for him at that time. And now some for myself for my part in it.

The next day I found a job in a small printing shop, where a number of jobs had accumulated. At the end of two weeks I had worked myself out of a job. Then for a few weeks I picked up work by "working the board," filling in for linotypists who wanted the night or day off — many to attend the races at Havre de Grace, Maryland. These positions were found at the Washington Daily News and at the Hearst papers. While at Hearst I was told that Judd and Detwilder, a large printing plant, wanted a man. I applied and got the job and remained there until I had completed my journalism course at George Washington.

I think that we had 16 linotypes at Judd and Detwilder and after several months I was operating the number one machine, making most of the corrections for the office. The magazines holding mats (type molds) on each machine must have weighed from 60 to 80 pounds, and in making these corrections sometimes I would have to lift off one of these magazines in order to make a single correction. I was young and fairly strong and did not mind.

Judd and Detwilder was then printing (in part) The National Geographic, and the Cavalry Magazine, and among other jobs the DAR Journal, whose typing I enjoyed, but could only do when the office was short of work, as it tied up too much metal, or so our foreman told me. Here I learned how to write great - great - grand-father, with the hyphenations running for several generations, and written gr-gr-gr. In

order to become a member he or she had to submit proof that an ancestor had rendered assistance to the Revolutionary cause. Considering the number of ancestors one, living in the twenties, had who might have participated in the American Revolution, that does not seem too difficult, nor did the service rendered have to be very much. I remember tracing the application of one person who traced his or her lineage to an Irish woman, whose service in the Revolution was to run out of the house with a broom and chase away a number of Tories.

In setting a medium length article for the Cavalry Journal one day, everytime the word cavalry was used I spelled it calvary. When I carried the proof to the proofreader, he remarked, "Jones, you must be a good churchman." He added, "throw the type into the 'Hell Box' and reset it."

While setting another article to go into this magazine, I ran across the name of Captain James Rivers, a boy who lived at one time in Warrenton and whom we called Philippino, because his father had served as military governor of the Philippines.

I would get up each work-day morning at 6:00 o'clock, go by a nearby cafe for breakfast, pick up a couple of sandwiches for lunch, ride a street car across town where I would reach Judd and Detwilder in time to start work at 8 a. m. At 12 noon we would have 30 minutes for lunch, and complete the day's work at 4:30.

The location of the plant was none too good, but working conditions were pleasant and I enjoyed my work and I learned a lot about operating a linotype while I was there.

## Looking Back Into The Warren Record

January 21, 1944

John E. Rowan, son of Thomas H. Rowan of Macon, has won his Navy "Wings of Gold," and has been commissioned an ensign in the Naval Reserve following completion of the prescribed flight training course at the Naval Air Training Center at Pensacola, Fla.

Honoring Mrs. W. G. Maddrey of Fort Meade, Mrs. Joe Andrews and Miss Josephine Pinnell of near Warrenton entertained on Wednesday evening at several tables of Rook.

The Hamme brothers, Joseph of Oxford and Richard of Virgilina, Va., are now putting 60 to 70 tons of ore per day through their tungsten concentration mill near Townsville, Vance County, Joseph Hamme said today.

January 16, 1959

Plans to put a temporary addition on the east front of the State Capitol meets with disapproval of the Warren County Historical Society whose president, W. Lunsford Long, has written a letter to Governor Luther Hodges protesting erection of the structure.

Edward L. Perry was installed as Worshipful Master of Francis S. Packard Lodge No. 630 A.F. and A.M. for the year 1959 at a meeting at the Lodge Hall on Thursday evening of last week.

An auxiliary company of the Warren Rural Fire Department will be established at Inez if plans of the Inez Community Club are carried out.

January 17, 1974

Warrenton commissioners have gone on record as unanimously favoring the building of a new town hall, and have instructed town officials to shop for available federal and state funds to underwrite construction of such a facility.

Mrs. Eva S. Holtzman, Ridgeway postmaster, was one of the hostesses at the grand opening of the first N. C. Postique in the lobby of the main post office in Raleigh on Wednesday morning.

William N. (Bill) Guill, Warrenton businessman, will be installed as president of the Warrenton Chamber of Commerce during the chamber's annual banquet to be held Jan. 28.

## Board Commended

To The Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to commend the Warren County Board of Commissioners on the selection of Mr. Charles Worth as county manager. While I can understand and appreciate the board's desire to offer the position to someone with prior experience, I feel that it is very appropriate that Mr. Worth, who is clearly qualified and has the added advantage of being a local resident, has been hired.

This brings me Commissioner Jack Harris and his opposition to the hiring of Mr. Worth. I suppose Mr. Harris' reaction and his illogical logic were both predictable. I have followed closely Mr. Harris' opposition to most, if not all, progressive steps that the board has taken since he vacated the chairmanship and Mrs. Eva Clayton was elected chairlady. In reference to the county manager, Mr. Harris has conveniently forgotten his improper conduct in attempting to tie the hands of the new board by awarding a contract to then manager, Mr. Glenwood Newsome, which ran beyond the term of office of the board which signed the contract. Mr. Harris knew that the makeup of the board would likely change when he acted. Since his scheme has been uncovered and exposed, he has been "crying the blues." Further, he has used every opportunity to "kick" Chairlady Clayton and the majority of the board rather than cooperate with them in working for the unity and progress of the citizens of Warren County.

Another example of Mr. Harris' efforts to discredit the board majority was his single-handed effort to oust ABC Board Member Bill Delbridge, whose only crimes were to attempt to bring more efficiency into the ABC system and apparently to be out of grace with Brother Harris. Although the board went along with his wishes and removed Mr. Delbridge, Mr. Harris refused to support the removal of another member, Mr. John Palmer, and further, was critical of the board's action regarding Mr. Palmer.

I feel that the time has come for Mr. Harris and those who think as he does, who seek to turn back the clock of progress, to remember the comments of the poet, K. Gibbrand, "For life goes not backward, nor carries with yesterday." As citizens of Warren County, we have a great opportunity to show the state and the nation that blacks, whites and Indians can live, work and prosper together in a spirit of cooperation and brotherhood rather than simply exist in a state of recrimination and hostility. I am convinced that the white citizens of Warren County have seen the restraint that the black majority has exhibited since taking office in December 1982, sometimes in the face of complaints from black citizens who have felt that they were not moving far enough and fast enough. One need only look at the present makeup of county employees to understand that the present Board of Commissioners, and particularly the black majority, has indeed acted in a spirit of cooperation and restraint during its first year in office. In fact, hopefully the board will take a look at a plan of affirmative action to bring more blacks and Indians into county government in an effort to correct past discriminatory hiring policies, many of which occurred during Mr. Harris' administration when the official policy of the board was to hire county employees in secrecy, and to let the public know about these hirings only after the fact. I didn't hear Mr. Harris doing a lot of griping then.

As an elected official, I realize that my comments may not be politically popular, particularly as I, too, face re-election this year. However, it has not been my policy in the past, nor will it be in the future, to only speak out on popular issues. In fact, "Mamma didn't raise me that way." I feel that public officials should speak out on all issues, popular or unpopular, and should have the courage to face the consequences. I also feel that those who can't stand the heat, should get out of the kitchen!

FRANK W. BALLANCE, JR.

## Dateline: Washington

## Message Of Peace

By REP. TIM VALENTINE

Last month a truly remarkable message of peace linked the people of Wilson, North Carolina with their counterparts in Zagorsk, in the Soviet Union.

In the finest spirit of Christmas, members of a church in Wilson designed a holiday greeting card that bore the simple message of peace and goodwill, and sent it to a community of roughly equal size in Russia. Its illustration depicted the Stars and Stripes and the Soviet flag, and a dove carrying an olive branch flying toward the Soviet flag. Deliberately non-political, it was a simple expression of the desire for peace with the people who inhabit the largest land area of any country in the world.

Christmas is not celebrated by everyone in the Soviet Union. According to Western estimates, about 30 million of Russia's 270 million people are of the Russian Orthodox faith, although the Soviet Communist Party claims there are only half that number. In order to be legal, all religious congregations must register with the government and are not allowed to seek converts. Thousands of unregistered Protestant congregations worship secretly to avoid official interference. In spite of government policies, however, Soviet churches are believed to be gaining members.

The winter holiday season is a time of year when we traditionally re-dedicate ourselves to the ideals of peace and brotherhood.

We in the Second District should be proud of the citizens of Wilson, who have drawn on the reservoir of goodwill that exists between our peoples to express their greetings and wishes for a peaceful New Year.

It is hoped that gestures such as this one will serve to improve the person-to-person dialogue between our nations in the interest of fostering better understanding and appreciation.