

The Warren Record

Published Every Wednesday By
Record Printing Company
P. O. Box 70, Warrenton, N. C. 27589

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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 \$8.00 Per Year \$5.00 Six Months
Elsewhere \$10.00 Per Year \$6.00 Six Months

Deceptive Advertising

There probably isn't any law against it, but it certainly borders on deceptive advertising. We are speaking of the practice of a chain restaurant in a neighboring town featuring an attractive meat special as part of their outdoor advertising campaign.

We noticed the advertisement calling attention to a ground beef steak being available for only \$1.69, and figured that this must be a loss leader designed to encourage patrons to turn off the busy highway and make

haste to the eatery. We did just that.

When we arrived at the restaurant and were preparing to place our order, we were informed that the advertised price was for children 12 and under only.

We felt the practice constituted gross misrepresentation and determined that our visit to the restaurant would be our last. We suppose other visitors who were attracted by the low price were left with an equally unfavorable opinion. It's an example of how half a truth is often a great lie.

Too Much TV

The Charlotte Observer recently published a test which the Rev. Harold Bales, pastor of Charlotte's First United Methodist Church, says is the way to know when you're watching too much TV:

"You know you're watching too much TV if:

"1. You can name all the characters on 'As the World Turns' but can't remember the names of the 12 disciples.

"2. You can anticipate in advance the outcome of a 'Falcon Crest' episode but

can't remember how the New Testament ends.

"3. You can recognize the local TV news reporter on the street but wouldn't know your next-door neighbor if you saw her standing on her own front porch.

"4. Your cable TV bill is more each month than your contribution to your local church.

"5. You find yourself following, in your own personal life, a script you've seen on your favorite soap opera."

Frankly Unnecessary

In The Roxboro Courier-Times

Back in 1775, when the Continental Congress gave itself and members of the military the right to use the mails free — the so-called "franking privilege" — they doubtless had no idea how extensively it would come to be used, as it is today.

Recently, the U. S. Senate under a new policy adopted last spring, published for the first time how much senators were spending to mail "newsletters" to their constituents. In all, senators mailed \$86 million worth in 1985. And this year — an election year — the spending is expected to take a hefty jump on to \$144 million. That may be a clue as to why newsletters are so popular — they're often nothing

more than re-election propaganda posing as news and posing rather poorly at that.

Sen. Charles Mathias, R-Md., a critic of the practice, says the bill for "congressional junk mail" equals the combined federal income tax payments of 330,000 people, living in families of four with incomes of \$20,000. What a waste, especially when most of what appears in such newsletters already has been reported by newspapers and broadcast news outlets.

Bear in mind, we've mentioned the costs of newsletters sent out by senators only. Sen. Ted Stevens, says members of the House of Representatives are spending at least four times as much for their newsletters.

Looking Back Into The Record

February 15, 1946

The tugboat strike that brought New York City to its knees for 18 hours ended two days ago as the nation's major labor troubles began clearing.

The REA is making some progress in the Rural Electrification project in Warren County, but no promise can be made at this time as to when the lines will be completed, according to a letter received by Alton Pridgen from Thomas B. Slade, III, system manager.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilson celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Saturday, Jan. 26, in the presence of their children and a large number of friends.

February 17, 1961

Proposed plans to establish a junior high school serving the Warrenton and Afton-Elberon school districts by making use of the old Macon High School were unveiled here Monday night.

Sen. Frank Banzet of Warren County has been appointed vice-chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the State Senate by Lt. Governor Philpott.

Misses Peggy McCracken and Nancy Jo Paschall of Charlotte were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Paschall.

February 12, 1976

Henderson Attorney Ben U. Allen Wednesday unveiled plans to seek the Democratic nomination for one of four district judgeships in the Ninth Judicial District.

Miss Janet Grey Gardner and Forrest Dodd Adair were united in marriage on Saturday, Feb. 7, at 4 o'clock at Wesley Memorial United Methodist Church in Warrenton.

Albert Seaman of Norlina was recognized as the top soybean producer in District Five at the annual meeting of the N.C. Soybean Association held at the Hilton Hotel in Raleigh last week.

The Warren County Scene



Bare branches and twigs of an oak tree print an intricate network on a cloudless winter sky.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

Bill Friday's Successor

C. D. Spangler, Jr., Charlotte construction executive and chairman of the State Board of Education, has received editorial honours following his selection as president of the University of North Carolina to succeed Bill Friday.

The editorialists have stressed and Spangler has acknowledged the difficulty he will have in approaching the brilliant record written by the gifted and unassuming Friday, whose exploits won't be fully appreciated until historians fit all the pieces together.

Herewith some unsolicited advice and observations for the new president:

Mister President-elect, you said in your acceptance speech you'll travel "at a different pace, but on the same road" as Friday. You'll find you don't set the pace for that office; it is set by the thundering hooves approaching from all points on the compass.

One way to share greater responsibility with members of your Board of Governors who crave it is to supply aggrieved parents, irate alumni, and late-night drunks with the home telephone numbers of said members.

Keep your rear view mirrors clean so you can see in the afternoon folks who were your friends in the morning before the latest flap occurred.

If at times you get nostalgic for the staccato cough of jackhammers and other construction sounds, drop in on a meeting of the faculty council when it is discussing the paucity of the latest generous pay increase.

If your competitors for the educational dollar invite you to huddle, beware of pickpockets.

When an individual chancellor seeking preferential treatment lets some tear drops glisten on a cheek, it probably means he has an onion in his hankerchief.

Save the telegrams from alumni demanding that the coach be fired after a losing season. You'll see the same names attached to telegrams demanding a contract extension after he gets a bowl bid.

If you intervene in a local political dispute, you'll be accused of sabotaging a good town-and-gown relationship. If you don't intervene, you'll be accused of the same thing.

When you decide members of the Board of Governors again

are hungry for greater responsibility, constitute the Board as a committee-of-the-whole with sole authority for distributing complimentary athletic tickets.

You'll find it's an article of faith with students that they are always reasonable except when you aren't.

If you want to curry favor with the next Governor, whoever he is, insist that the Orange County election results are a computer error and that the county for once has voted for a winner.

When student newspaper editors applaud your actions twice in a single month, it's time to reexamine your position.

"I don't want to usurp your prerogatives as President, but—" means he or she wants to do exactly that.

In the job, you'll make enemies (if fortunate, the right ones). But stay out of disputes with the Chapel Hill Appearance Commission. Those dainty ladies will chew you up and spit you out.

One more note on the job: It's the only one whose occupant walks barefoot on a bed of nails to unwind.

Good luck, Mister President-elect. Happy to help make your day.

Price Feature In Magazine

An article of reminiscence by Macon native Reynolds Price, novelist and James B. Duke Professor of English at Duke University, appears in this month's issue of Southern Living magazine in its "Southern Journal" column.

In the article, entitled "A Gourmet Childhood," Price recalls the meals prepared by his Aunt Ida Drake and her longtime black helper, Mary Lee Parker.

In those days, the 1930's and 40's, there were no cookbooks, Price noted, and "the recipes were stamped in Ida's and Mary Lee's brains; they could no more have written them down than I could write 'Paradise Lost' blindfolded. Yet my memory doesn't recall a single failure for them."

Price recounts for readers of Southern Living the "splendid" meals prepared and served at the Macon home of Ida and Marvin Drake, meals whose secret ingredient was "time—time and pride and family affection."



Mary Catherine Harris

Valentine's Day

"Roses are red; violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet and so are you."

So goes the first verse I can remember scribbling on a valentine of my very own making.

Valentine's Day, festival of romance and affection, comes Friday, as it always does on Feb. 14, on a feast day of two Christian martyrs named Valentine. And like Halloween on All Saints' Day, the customs of the observance carry little, if any, kinship to saints. It does appear, however, that at some vague point along history's or speculation's way St. Valentine acquired the label of patron saint of lovers.

As with many observances of long standing, legend and theory abound—not always compatibly—to explain the origin and connect it to the modern celebration.

One source suggests that the custom of sending missives or tokens of affection on Feb. 14 grew out of the pagan ritual Lupercalia, honoring Juno, the Roman chief goddess, regarded as queen of heaven and protectress of marriage.

Another indicates that one of the saints named Valentine was martyred on Feb. 14 in A.D. 271, beheaded on Palatine Hill at the site of an ancient altar to Juno. Who knows where fact ends and assumption takes over?

Still another legend connects the romantic nature of the observance with the medieval belief, alluded to by Shakespeare, that birds begin to mate on Feb. 14.

Some believe it to recall a time when a winged creature of mythology, the chubby little love god named Cupid, aimed his arrows at the hearts of men and women.

Whatever the origin, Valentine's Day affords an occasion for one to remember affectionately sweethearts, friends and family members with cards or gifts—sometimes tender, sometimes anonymous and often humorous.

An early custom in Sicily called for young unmarried women to get up before sunrise to stand by a window to watch for a man to pass, believing that the first man she saw or someone like him would become her husband within a year.

An old English superstition claimed it bad luck to take snowdrops into houses before Valentine's Day if unmarried girls hoped to marry before the end of the year.

Believe what you will, it's good that we mark a particular day to pay honor to someone special.

Like the legends and theories behind the day, so are the words of our valentine verses only sometimes true. Roses can indeed be red; violets are sometimes a shade of blue; and sugar is always sweet.

Now, what about you?



Kay Horner

My Newest Diet Plan

People who work for newspapers are not, by and large, known for their subtlety.

On Monday morning, I arrived at work and found on my desk a diet plan that, if scrupulously followed, guarantees a weight loss of 10 pounds in three days.

Sensitive person that I am, I was crestfallen to think that someone with whom I worked had singled me out for such treatment.

But my countenance lifted when I learned that fliers promoting the diet plan had made their way to all the desks in our office.

On Tuesday, two of my coworkers committed themselves to lunches of hot dogs, broccoli, carrots and bananas and dinners of tuna, beets, cauliflower and canteloupe in hopes of looking noticeably more svelte by Friday.

After three days, they are allowed to eat "normally" for four days before going back on the diet for three days to lose another 10 pounds.

(Obviously, the author of the diet is unaware that normal eating in Warren County is a pint of stew, pound of 'cue and handful of hushpuppies.)

I have long touted the theory that we are what we are and we might as well make the best of it.

Much to my surprise, in a televised interview Monday, this was confirmed by Raquel Welch, actress, singer, dancer, who on her approach to mid-life has produced the Raquel Welch Total Fitness and Beauty Program.

Raquel, as is obvious to even the most untrained eye, was crafted rather handsomely by her maker, a reality she has struggled to accept.

"I always wanted to be one of the boys," she said, a yearning that to date has eluded her for obvious reasons.

Years of carrying the burden of her raw good looks have made her philosophical.

"You have to take what life gives you," she intoned. Raquel knows that we all have the same gifts, just in differing measure.

"But we couldn't have the whole planet looking this way," she concluded, with a sweeping gesture from the head to the toe of her finely-tuned body, "or I'd be out of a job."

Diet if you must, dear friends, but leave me out of it. I'm doing my bit to keep Raquel employed.



"...I'm reminded here of the words of that great philosopher, Andy Rooney..."