

The Warren Record

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A Valuable Service

It is a paradox that federal funding for the Agricultural Extension Service program may be cut by 59 percent next year at a time when the farmer is most in need of the services of the agency that has served him well for more than seven decades.

The executive budget submitted by President Reagan to Congress reduces allocation for the Cooperative Extension Service from \$342.7 million this year to \$140 million in 1987.

For the North Carolina Agricultural Extension Service, that cut would mean a reduction in funding of 54 percent of its current budget.

One-third of the program's funding is from the federal government.

According to Agricultural Extension Chairman Russel King, those cuts would translate into "complete elimination or extreme reduction" in the small farm program, reduction in funding for natural resources and

forestry programs, reduction in rural development services, and reduction in the pest management program.

Granted, efforts to balance the budget will remain no more than good intentions without some mighty deep trimming of the budgetary fat.

And granted, local government is going to have to pick up some of the slack when the lid slams on the federal coffers.

But in rural counties like Warren, the farmer is the economic mainstay of the community, and it makes little sense to expect him to pick up the slack in a federal program designed to help him keep his head above water.

The prospects for those who have made their living off the land are not bright.

Times are changing for the farmer and the transition is, for most, a painful one.

In this land of freedom, it is fashionable for disgruntled citizens to talk of writing their congressman.

But on this issue, those of us in rural communities need more substance than fashion. We need to put teeth in our talk. We should, with all due haste, remind our senators and representatives that the Agricultural Extension Program and its influence for good among our farmers, our youth and our homemakers is not expendable.

Big Boom

Detonations from the 1883 eruption of Krakatau were heard 2,900 miles across the Indian Ocean, while waves hurled a steamship nearly two miles inland onto Sumatra, says National Geographic.

The Warren County Scene



Like a sugar-coating, Thursday's snowfall lingered for a short while on February's bare branches. By late afternoon there was no evidence of the midday flurry which boasted snowflakes as big as silver dollars.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

Important State Post

Thirty years ago, the attorney general of North Carolina was just another member of the Council of State, a group of top elected officials who head the major divisions of government.

Now the office of attorney general has evolved into the most consistently visible of the Council positions. It has become a favorite springboard for ambitious politicians.

One reason is that the attorney general, as the state's lawyer, has an opportunity to gain exposure and build his reputation on a variety of pocketbook issues as the protector of the consumer.

It is an office which the philosophy and personality of the occupant can shape to an unusual degree. He can be an activist with a high profile, or a low-key individual who makes few waves.

Malcolm Seawell, who first came to public attention as a Lumberton solicitor who fought the Ku Klux Klan in the early 1950's, was a Superior Court judge when Gov. Luther Hodges appointed him attorney general in 1958 to succeed George Patton, who resigned after winning a four-year term in 1956.

Seawell was the first activist in the office in recent history. He regularly made the headlines going after price-fixers and others. His zeal in prosecuting strikers during the Harriet-Henderson cotton mill turbulence in 1959 won him labor's undying enmity (and that cost him a federal judgeship later). Seawell, with Hodges' backing, ran and lost in the race for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1960 that Terry Sanford won in a runoff with Dr. I. Beverly Lake.

Wade Bruton, longtime assistant attorney general, was appointed by Hodges in 1960 to succeed Seawell. Bruton was quiet and easygoing, too old to harbor further ambition, and his reign reflected his temperament. Robert Morgan of Lillington defeated Bruton in 1968.

As attorney general, Morgan was cast in the Seawell mold and once again made his office and himself highly visible. In 1974, he was elected to the U. S. Senate. He lost a bid for reelection in 1980 to Republican John East, bankrolled by Sen. Jesse Helms' National Congressional Club and the beneficiary of a vicious television blitz.

Another activist followed Morgan as attorney general. He

was Rufus Edmisten, aide to U. S. Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., whose cherubic face peering around Ervin's shoulder during the Watergate hearings helped him gain name recognition without attracting Hollywood offers.

By 1984, Edmisten was ready to try his political wings again. He won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, but the Reagan avalanche caught him and delivered the governorship to Republican Jim Martin.

Democrat Lacy Thornburg of Sylva at first announced for Governor in 1984, hoping to emulate Dan Moore's successful run 20 years earlier. Like Moore, Thornburg was a mountain man and former Superior Court judge. Thornburg's friends steered him instead to the race for attorney general, and he won.

Thornburg continues the activist tradition. He's angling to expand his territory by trying to annex the public staff, which represents the public before the State Utilities Commission. So Thornburg may be expected to keep a fast pace as he preps for whatever higher office may appear to be within his reach.

Graduates of the attorney general's office move on to uncertain fates. But North Carolinians generally benefit from the current theory that motivates an incumbent: when your actions are sketching a self-portrait, be sure they're depicting a man of the people.

To The Editor

To The Editor:

I want to say thank-you to The Warren Record for printing the article about Joe Lennon helping to clean up TV.

I know we stand in judgment before God for not standing firmer against the evils of our day.

God bless you all and keep up the good work.

ALMA SHORT
Warrenton

University of California scientists are trying to unlock the potentials of a modest-looking desert shrub that could provide a domestic source of natural rubber, a resource considered essential to national defense.

Researchers affiliated with the UC Guayule Research and Development Project, based at the University's Riverside campus, are trying to increase the rubber yield of the bushy perennial in order to make it a commercially viable crop.



Kay Horner

Dennis Knows Best

That mischievous imp of the comic pages, Dennis the Menace, posed a question in Monday's strip that strikes at the very core of the newspaper publishing business.

Watching his parents peruse the daily paper, Dennis asked, "How do they come up with just enough words to fill the newspaper every day?"

That, Dennis, is a dilemma that has plagued newspaper editors since the first printed word rolled off the press.

Sometimes the news pours in—the mailman bites the dog, a whale gets stuck upriver, or the mayor reveals that he has been living dual lives in two different cities for 10 years.

At other times, the goings-on are dull as ditch water. On those occasions, editors of integrity make the best of limited fare.

But a few of the less scrupulous have been known not only to cover the news but to create it out of thin air.

A master at this less-than-respectable craft was the late William Randolph Hearst, founder of a publishing chain that at his death in 1951 included 18 daily newspapers and nine magazines.

Among his holdings was The San Francisco Examiner, a paper Hearst's father bought to settle his son down after his expulsion from Harvard University for his pranks on a faculty member.

He never quite overcame his urge for pranks. He simply gave them a new name—journalism.

One of his antics exemplifies how Hearst responded when there wasn't enough news to fill the paper.

He sent a reporter, an artist and a friend he knew to be a skilled swimmer on a ferry trip across San Francisco Bay. Midway the crossing, the swimmer "fell" overboard. With much ado, companions sounded the dreaded "man overboard" alarm as the swimmer began to flounder in the waters of the bay. The two on deck continued to bellow throughout the rescue, albeit while timing the operation with a stopwatch.

The next day, in an article on the inefficiency of the ferry crew in retrieving a drowning man, The Examiner noted that the rescue took three minutes, 40 seconds.

"The general public is recommended not to fall overboard too often," the article warned.

Hearst's methods of news-gathering, to use the word loosely, are now legendary, and his impact on the newspaper business in the cradle city of his publishing empire is evidenced by a saying that still circulates in publishing circles.

"San Francisco's a nice town to visit," the saying goes, "but I wouldn't want to read a newspaper there."



Mary Catherine Harris

Thunder In February

A rumble not common to February came from the heavens a couple of weeks ago—thunder.

Nine days later, last Friday, a flurry of snow passed through the area to suggest a degree of credibility in the old wives' tale: "Thunder in the wintertime will be followed by snow in nine days."

In these days of sophisticated weather-forecasting paraphernalia, old methods are often despised and ridiculed. But any forecast is heeded which takes in the magical word "snow," whether from old adage or almanac or Tiros satellite or Weather Center computers.

Even those persons who dislike the alteration to routine which a measurable snowfall dictates cannot deny the beauty of the fluffy white stuff as it drifts from sky to earth and gives an aura of purity to even the ugliest of trash heaps.

Then there are those of us who with the children unabashedly admit delight at the slightest hint of possibility of "winter wonderland."

Weathermen know the power of the word which describes that precipitation that begins as water in a cloud and which changes to ice crystals in just-right conditions. They use the word guardedly.

No one complains much if the temperature fails to reach the 100-degree mark in summer as predicted, or if the promised rain somehow evaporates in thin air (except during a drought), or even if the Fourth of July picnic is ruined by an unforeseen thunderstorm. But when the forecaster dares to utter the four-letter word for icy winter precipitation, he puts his reputation on the line.

The grocery stores take on a semblance of Christmas Eve, sled supplies dwindle in the hardware stores, students renege on homework and drivers back their vehicles into driveways—all in anticipation of snow tomorrow.

When forecasts fall short, the meteorologists are bound to wish for the snow-making machines which sometimes keep the ski resorts in business, and they are bound to become frustrated with their own machines which can only suggest but not make the weather patterns.

There are times, it seems, when the certain rattle of the windowpanes or the crackling sound of the fire in the fireplace or the ring around the moon are as reliable as the computerized forecasts.

We have in our home one weather instrument which is always reliable. It's a small wooden triangle bearing a verse which includes, among other lines, these:

If I am dry, it's sunny;
If I am wet, it's rainy;
If I am moving, it's windy;
If I am white, it's snowing;
If I am gone, I've been ripped off.

It has never failed!

from HISTORY'S SCRAPBOOK

DATES AND EVENTS FROM YESTERYEARS

- March 6, 1946—Churchill delivered "Iron Curtain" speech, Fulton, Missouri.
- March 7, 1911—Coin-vended locker patented.
- March 8, 1949—France recognized Vietnamese independence.
- March 9, 1932—Eamon de Valera elected president of Irish Free State.
- March 10, 1934—FDR ordered air mail returned to civilian carriers, after ten army casualties in twenty days.
- March 11, 1938—Hitler invaded Austria.
- March 12, 1974—"Wonder Woman" TV series began.

American Viewpoints



Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Looking Back Into The Record

March 8, 1946

Hunter Drug Company will be moved from its present location in the south part of the business section of Warrenton to the section of the old Bank of Warren building now occupied by the poolroom.

Dr. Evans Coleman, who had a dentist office here in the upstairs of the Harris building prior to leaving here in August of 1942 for the Army, has returned to Warrenton and will open a dentist office in the Professional Building.

J. B. Pittard, chief of police of the Town of Warrenton, stated this week that he will definitely be a candidate for the position of sheriff of Warren County. Roy Shearin is at present sheriff and he will be a candidate to succeed himself.

March 10, 1961

Mrs. John F. Kennedy, like any other wife in a new house, is moving the furniture around. She has a huge house to explore, a century's deposit of treasures and horrors to unearth, assess and distribute, and artistic advice (not to mention the resources of the national art collection) at her disposal. What woman will not envy her?

Plans for gradually removing 4-H Clubs from county schools and reorganizing them into community clubs were endorsed by the Warren County Board of Commissioners Monday.

Final touches are being put on the new parking lot on Front Street by a town crew under the direction of Warrenton Police Chief R. D. Chewning. The new parking facility was ordered by the Warrenton Town Board to relieve congested parking in several sections of downtown.

March 4, 1976

Edwards' Store, founded and operated here for many years by the late J. E. Cheves, has been sold to J. N. Peele, a Wilson County native who has been operating a store at Whitakers since 1973.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude F. Paynter were honored at a 50th wedding anniversary celebration at Wise Baptist Church Educational Building on Sunday, Feb. 15.

Members of the Board of County Commissioners may accompany former Chairman Claude Bowers to Washington, D.C. in the near future to plead with the North Carolina congressional delegation for early passage of a law to continue federal Revenue Sharing.