

The Warren Record

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A Swift Response

The swift and efficient response last week by local school and health officials to the diagnosis of bacterial meningitis in a second-grader at Mariam Boyd Elementary School has apparently spared the county further outbreak of the potentially fatal disease.

It was ironic indeed that the spotlight fell on the staff of the Warren County Health Department on the eve of Public Health Week.

We often take for granted the services offered by the Health Department, and we sometimes make the mistaken assumption that it serves only a small segment of our population.

We were reminded last week of the role the department plays in safeguarding the health of all county residents, and during this Public Health Week we commend its staff for their diligent watchcare over us.

The Pigs Among Us

About this time every year, we learn just how much the pigs in our society cost all of us. It's pickup roadside litter time, and the state's Department of Transportation renews the call for volunteers to assist highway employees in picking up trash from roadsides throughout North Carolina.

Governor Jim Martin has proclaimed April as "Clean Up North Carolina Month" and has specifically declared April 20-26 as "Keep America Beautiful Week in North Carolina."

This year volunteer groups and Department of Transportation crews will get a hand from inmates for the Department of Correction and with community service workers including first offenders and individuals who

have been found guilty of driving while impaired.

Reports from the fall cleanup campaign indicate that during one week 258 community service workers participated and logged in 3,547 hours of cleanup work. Had these workers been paid the going rate, the cost to the state would have exceeded \$28,000.

That \$28,000, though, is only a drop in the bucket when it comes to state spending for annual roadside maintenance. Each year it costs North Carolina taxpayers \$2 million to clean up the mess caused by a careless few of us. And it would cost much more if volunteers did not contribute to the cleanup effort that could easily be avoided through tidiness.

from HISTORY'S SCRAPBOOK

DATES AND EVENTS FROM YESTERYEARS

- April 17, 1810—Pineapple cheese patented.
- April 18, 1945—Ernie Pyle died on Ie Shima.
- April 19, 1951—MacArthur delivered "Old Soldiers" speech.
- April 20, 1836—Congress establishes Territory of Wisconsin.
- April 21, 1857—Bustle patented by Alexander Douglas.
- April 22, 1931—James G. Ray landed autogyro on White House lawn.
- April 23, 1813—Stephen A. Douglas, "the Little Giant," Illinois senator and presidential candidate, born Brandon, Vt.

Looking Back Into The Record

April 19, 1946

Company B, 120th Infantry Regiment, National Guard outfit, based in Warrenton, figures prominently in a forthcoming history of the 120th Infantry soon to be released by The Infantry Journal Press.

WASHINGTON—The House passed two compromise military bills this week extending the draft for only nine months, with a five-month moratorium on inductions and boosting service pay rates by 10 to 50 percent to spur voluntary enlistments.

On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wester entertained 75 guests at an informal reception in the Harris home at Inez, honoring Mr. and Mrs. James C. Harris, recent bride and groom.

April 21, 1961

The dining room of Hotel Warren here will be open on Saturday, April 22, in order that scores of persons expected to attend the commemoration services at Warrenton's Emmanuel Episcopal Church might be served.

A junior high school for seventh- and eighth-grade pupils of Macon, Warrenton and Afton-Elberon will be operated at Macon next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Wimbrow, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hicks and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Knight entertained the Bill Conn Dance Club at Norlina Clubhouse last Saturday evening.

April 15, 1976

Foster Ltd., a Sanford-based firm, this week announced plans to open a ladies fashion store in Warrenton.

Brenda Brown, a senior, was named "Brickette Queen" at the annual Brickette Ball held Friday at John Graham High School.

Warren County officials have been virtually assured of federal funding to pay the cost of bringing a sewer line from Soul City to Warrenton by way of Norlina, and have received encouragement that federal funds may be available to bring a water line along the same route.

The Warren County Scene



Dandelion weeds, which are recognized during spring as snow-like puff balls, develop from what 19th century author Henry Ward Beecher described as "those golden kisses all over the meadow."
(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

At 72, Finlator Still Feisty

Basically, there's no difference between the foreign and domestic policies of the Reagan administration and both are shameful, in the opinion of one of North Carolina's most outspoken liberal clergymen.

"We're treating the people of Nicaragua like we're treating the submerged and disadvantaged people in our own country through exploitation and repression," said the Rev. W. W. Finlator, retired pastor of Raleigh's Pullen Memorial Baptist Church.

Still feisty and busy at 72, Finlator decried the militarization of our foreign policy and criticized the church for violating the principle of separation of church and state.

"Not by might and not by power but by my spirit," sayeth the Lord," Finlator said. "Originally, our nation was committed to freedom, justice, autonomy. We were willing to export Democracy by example to the world. Now we feel we have to do it through might, power and the Pentagon. This is not by the spirit."

Here at home, Finlator said, "The wealthy want to get more wealth and the way to get it is from the poor. This means social programs are being curtailed and in some cases eliminated. The shameful part is that at this time, a predominant religion has appeared on the scene—the fundamentalists and electronic evangelists—to sanction this kind of thing. That's why we're calling America a Christian nation."

"We want to feel that what we're doing to our own poor people, our environment and to the democratic processes is spiritually okay. This is the worst form of violation of separation of church and state—that the church blesses what the state is doing without any kind of divine judgment."

The Civil Rights Commission has been devastated by Clarence Pendleton, chairman of the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights, Finlator said, and other advocacy groups for the disadvantaged as well as social programs severely crippled. "This is the shame of America."

"What Reagan is doing is legitimizing massive selfishness, making it respectable. Instead of having church-state separation, with the church saying 'Thou shalt not do this to the poor,' the church is approving it."

"We're pretty spiritually illiterate when we send men to the Senate and White House who believe in moving more money to the Pentagon, making forays into poor countries trying to find hope, and condemning people to poverty and misery. They are elected as 'Christian gentlemen.' This says something about the great failure of the church."

"We used to ask our leaders, and they said, 'We learned our lessons in Vietnam' and we said, 'What lessons?' And they never told us. Now it's beginning all over in Nicaragua. What we're doing there is to protect the economies of those countries, so it can contribute to our Gross National Product. When people down there want to work out their problems, we go in and say, 'The communists are coming.'

"What we need is for the church to rise up. We are the problem. The church has got to take the risk of not being popular. Churches that think only about budgets, building programs, large crowds—once you sell out to that, you haven't any gospel to preach."

"Television evangelists and Billy Graham are dependent on mass approval, continuing popularity, or their empires will collapse. In that situation, they're not going to alienate anybody with the painful truth. So they're not in a position to convey to America spiritual truth at a time when we need it most."

Finlator said, "The smiling face of President Reagan is going to cost this country a great deal. The mesmerizing rhetoric is lulling us into false security. He's telling us half-truths and distortions. The tragic thing about it is we want to hear what he is saying to us."

American Viewpoints



We do not know one millionth of one percent about anything.
Thomas Edison



Kay Horner

Aging Baby Boom

I have a friend who frequents our office in the course of her work and tells me more often than I care to hear about the wonderfully funny columns by Dennis Rogers and Lewis Grizzard carried in The News and Observer.

The feeling I get must be akin to that of Lee Iacocca when he gives somebody a lift in his K-car and they tell him about the ride they had yesterday in a Jaguar.

This past Monday, my friend gave me a break and brought news from another front.

"Have you seen today's paper?" she asked, not waiting for my answer. "In just 25 years the first of the baby boomers will retire and throw the whole economy into a tailspin."

Baby boomers—born between 1946 and 1964 and comprising the largest 20-year age group in U.S. history—are getting a lot of press these days because this is the year the oldest of their number turn 40.

Just two years shy of being among that group of elder boomers, I sought out the article that had captured my friend's attention and found the following headline, "Aging Baby Boomers Face Uncertain Economic Future."

Believe me, there are better ways to start the week than with the reminder that one is an aging baby boomer.

It seems the generation that made "hippie" a household word and brought poetry to protest with "Hell no, we won't go" was so busy getting out of the mainstream and then back into the mainstream that it forgot to have babies.

What resulted in the seventies was a baby bust caused by baby boomers who gave babies no thought at all.

There are a lot of statistics floating around about the projected worker-retiree ratios this phenomenon will produce, but they all boil down to this: When the baby boomers start retiring in 2011, there won't be enough workers to take care of the retirees and programs like Social Security and Medicare will go down the drain.

In fact, we may have to postpone retirement so as not to be an economic drain on those who follow us.

This is more than a pot of political porridge cooked up for an election year.

Listen to one U.S. senator's heartfelt admonition: "Baby boomers better be worried about the burdens they will be placing on younger generations."

All of this talk might have caused me scant concern had I not attended a Kenny Rogers concert Saturday night at the new Dean Dome on the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The center was filled with a lot of people who first heard Kenny Rogers more than two decades ago when he was teamed up with The New Christy Minstrels and The First Edition.

We were a rather sedate gathering this past weekend.

A few of us tried to be wild and crazy, but the most we could muster was a little wimpy singing-along, some mildly enthusiastic clapping to the beat and a touch of occasional swaying to the rhythm.

Nobody threw frisbees or danced in the aisles or got trampled in a frenzy to rip off a shred of Kenny Rogers' clothes.

We may have entered that arena thinking we were the younger generation, but a good look around told us we were the aging baby boomers.

Having spent this week contemplating my new status, I can only hope that next week my friend gets back to reading her favorite columnists.



Mary Catherine Harris

Liver, Mice And Worms

Some things obviously belong in a group together—apples, pears and peaches; red, blue and yellow; Buick, Chevrolet and Ford. They have certain characteristics in common.

What about liver, mice and worms? They are among the things which belong in a group together, but not so obviously.

From my husband's viewpoint, what they have in common is that they bring out the child in me. From my own perspective their commonality lies in the fact that they are three of my most unfavored things—translated, things I can't stand. And one of the most challenging demands of motherhood has been to keep from passing my prejudices about them along to my daughters.

The other night when a tiny gray mouse scampered along the wall in our family room and our girls in unison shrieked and bounded from the floor where they had been sitting onto higher ground in the safety of a chair (as I wanted to do myself), it was apparent that my efforts had been less than successful. Setting a trap to catch the furry creature posed no problem for me; unloading it the next morning was another matter, and my husband obligingly released the trapped animal into the garbage.

Pesky little creatures though they are, mice occasionally scampering across the floor stage no real threat to anyone's safety. I know that. It's the thought of that little rodent scooting across my feet that troubles me.

Plump, wiggly fishing worms—which in biology I learned to call by their more sophisticated title, "earthworms"—also belong in the class with things not highly regarded from my viewpoint. As a matter of fact, since my hand was plunged into a bowl of cold, wet noodles posing as worms at a Halloween carnival I attended as a child, I have not exactly relished the opportunity to touch that harmless food either.

Still in my mind is the vision of myself as a teenager running with every ounce of energy I could muster along the bank of a pond with a child, my niece, 12 years younger than I, at my heels dangling a healthy specimen of an earthworm and yelling, "It won't hurt you." I knew that, for heaven's sake. Still do. I also knew that the thought of contact with it gave me "the creeps." Still does!

There were a few occasions when I had to rise above the dislike, and I did. In that biology class where I learned the animal's scientific name, I also actually allowed myself (or made myself—I'm not sure which) to dissect one of the most robust individuals of that species I have ever seen.

And since becoming a mother, I have somehow managed to bait my children's fishing hooks by snagging just enough of the worm to keep it from falling off. However, I think I shall never be able to "thread" the worm onto the hook as my husband instructs. (Perhaps that explains our futile fishing trips when all we do is drown worms.)

Where does liver fit into all this? It's one of those things which not only is painless—it's actually good for you. Have I heard that more

(Continued on page 16)