

The Warren Record

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HOWARD F. JONES
Editor

GRACE W. JONES
President

KAY HORNER
News Editor

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Freedom Of Press

Unfolding before the eyes of the American people this week is a drama that contains all we need to know about freedom of the press.

On Monday, an announcement was made in the Soviet Union that an accident had occurred at a nuclear power plant in the Ukraine, Russia's breadbasket, and that aid is being given those affected.

Period. End of official communication.

It is now believed that a nuclear meltdown may have taken place at a nuclear plant near Kiev, a city of 2.4 million people.

There are reports, unofficial of course, that an explosion may have occurred and that the facility is burning out of control.

The government has confirmed that two people are dead.

There are more reports, unofficial of course, that as many as 2,000 people have been killed.

The first official disclosure of the accident came hours after Sweden, Finland and Denmark reported abnormally high radioactivity levels in their skies.

This morning, Poland and Austria are reporting the same.

The world is now into its third day of an accident that could affect the health and well-being of untold millions and the Soviet Union has yet to make public the extent of the disaster or to ask for worldwide assistance in controlling its effects.

It is stylish in the United States to berate the press—it invades individual privacy, it reports too much too soon, it has a callous disregard for extenuating circumstances and delicate situations.

But this week we are seeing what can happen when the press and the government are one and when the adversarial relationship between the two ceases to exist.

It is not a pretty sight.

As Americans, we will continue to voice our indignation when we suspect the press has missed the mark, and complain we should.

For if the press ceases to strive for the high mark and the people cease to care, the days of our democracy will be numbered.

Gas Tax Holds Promise

In The Courier-Times
Roxboro

Just as we were beginning to get comfortable with lower prices at the gasoline pump, along comes Gov. Jim Martin with his proposal to bump up the state tax on gasoline by 2.75 cents per gallon.

Gov. Martin says the gas tax hike is needed in order to help pay for the roads that already are on the drawing boards at the N.C. Department of Transportation. By the governor's calculations, increasing the gas tax from the present 12.25 cents per gallon to 15 cents per gallon will yield the state an extra \$75 million right away and an additional \$110 million a year by 1991, assuming folks continue to buy more gas.

Without the additional money, delays can be expected for those roads that currently are planned for construction from five to seven years hence. Gov. Martin reasons, and rightly so, that the earlier such roads can be built, the sooner North Carolina can be realizing the benefits of new and expanded industries that those roads help to attract, bringing more jobs for our citizens. And of course those same roads would have the immediate practical impact of relieving some of the traffic congestion being experienced by larger cities and rapid-growth areas of the state.

The gasoline tax certainly seems the most appropriate source for extra road-building money, a fair price to be paid by those of us who use the roads and create the wear and tear on them. And thanks to those falling prices at the pump, a 2.75-cent per gallon hike in the tax shouldn't be too hard to swallow by motorists who for so long have plunked down considerably more than \$1 a gallon.

The Warren County Scene



Getting a preliminary taste of the lazy days of summer is this local young fisherman who appears well equipped for a big catch and a comfortable stay. (Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

Assorted Bits And Pieces

Eddie Knox of Charlotte, who lost the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1984 and switched to the Republicans, has been named by Governor Jim Martin to lead the campaign against the constitutional amendment that would change state elections to odd years when presidential candidates aren't running. Opponents say the amendment would space elections too close together. Knox thus might have too little time to decide which party banner he'd carry in the next one.

Fellow who recently completed the "drunk school" after being convicted of driving while impaired suggests it would be more effective if a synopsis of the course were required for youngsters getting a license for the first time.

What do U. S. Senators Russell Long (D-La) and Robert Dole (R-Kan), Lee Iacocca and Joe Namath have in common? Each took a North Carolina bride.

Senator Jesse Helms has tried to distance himself from his National Congressional Club. But he's never too far away to sign the fund-raising letters.

Mike Royko of the Chicago Tribune said President Reagan's sorties into Grenada and Libya reminded him of heavyweight Joe Louis' heyday, when the champ fought "a bum a month."

Years ago, the director of the SBI walked into the office of his boss, the attorney general, and said emphatically we've got to do this and that. When he finished, the attorney general said in his mountain twang, "Jimmy, you're fired."

"I believe in an America where the separation of church and state is absolute—where no Catholic prelate would tell the President (should he be a Catholic) how to act and no Protestant minister would tell his parishioners for whom to vote." John F. Kennedy to the Greater Houston (Texas) Ministerial Association on Sept. 12, 1960.

Various tips being passed along to overseas travelers seem to boil down to a single admonition: disguise the fact that you're an American.

Frank Layden, Utah Jazz basketball coach, reminiscing about his rough-and-tumble high school days in Brooklyn: "We had a lot of nicknames—Scarface, Blackie, Toothless—and those were just the cheerleaders."—Sports Illustrated.

House Speaker Sam Rayburn on one of his rich but lucky Texas oil friends: "He was playing the bass tuba the day it rained gold."—In Search of History by Theodore H. White (Warner Books).

Retired state employees in North Carolina, already faced with the uncertainties of old age, won't take kindly to former Governor Jim Hunt's suggestion that \$50 million of their pension funds be invested in venture capital. They don't want to gamble with the grocery money.



Kay Horner

Buried In British Soil

Yesterday, in Windsor Castle's Frogmore Garden Cemetery, the body of Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson, the Duchess of Windsor, was laid to rest next to that of her husband, Edward, who for love of her in 1936 renounced the throne of England.

A younger generation might well find it difficult to believe that there once was a time when the plans of a young king to marry a twice-divorced American shook an empire to its foundation, caused an archbishop of the Church of England to pull out his hair and a prime minister to threaten resignation.

Those plans also sent the king and his soon-to-be bride packing off in social exile to France and to a gypsy-like existence in which he would never again call England home.

The marker at the grave of the Duchess will read simply "Wallis, Duchess of Windsor, 1896-1986."

That of the Duke reads as follows:

HRH The Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Duke of Windsor
Born 23rd June 1894, Died 28th May 1972
King Edward VIII, 20th January-11th December 1936

The last line reminds us of a statement made by Edward's father. "After I am dead," he commented, "the boy will ruin himself in 12 months."

Those in the royal family would say he did it in a mere 11. Despite the admonitions of well-meaning advisors that one can always find another woman to love, but never another throne, Edward plighted his troth to Wallis and those who like their history seasoned with a pinch of romance have for the past 50 years repeated the story of the king who could not rule without the woman he loved at his side.

It would be a fairy tale if it ended there. But those intimates who watched as the Duke and Duchess made history tell us that until his death, the Duke was slavishly devoted to the Duchess and that she repaid his devotion and fidelity with something other than payment-in-kind.

But through it all, no one has surfaced who was ever privy to any utterance by Edward that he regretted the abdication.

It would seem from our modern vantage point that relinquishing the crown would have been pain enough for a king. It was not. He and his Wallis were never again warmly welcomed in London's social circles, much less in Buckingham Palace.

Hopes that he and Wallis might be elevated to some degree of royal respectability when his beloved niece "Lilibet" became Queen of England in 1953 were dashed when his invitation to the coronation excluded the Duchess. He watched the proceedings by television, rather than attend without her.

Lilibet visited him in France shortly before his death, and there were occasions through the years when members of the royal family greeted him with civility.

But no biographer gives credence to the notion that resentment over his failure to "do his duty" was ever allowed to wane by members of the royal family.

Today Wallis lies in the grandest company, beside her Edward and his great-grandmother Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. And not far away is St. George's Chapel.

Edward once reminisced, "Henry VIII is buried there, you know, with Jane Seymour, who was perhaps the nicest of his wives, and one of Queen Anne's children—a mixed grill, Papa used to say, 'a strange busload to be traveling through eternity together!'"

Some say Wallis is buried in royal soil because it was the last wish of Edward, one that his niece chose to honor.

Others say the decision was made after Wallis threatened to have Edward buried in her family plot in Maryland.

At any rate, she now rests for eternity among the best of the royals. If Papa were here, he would no doubt surmise that the busload gets no less strange as time goes by.



Mary Catherine Harris

Never Trust Skinny Cook

"Warning! Skinny cooks cannot be trusted." I read the admonition on a magnetic sign on my friend's oven door.

Of course, at face value it's a humorous rationalization for those of us who dabble in the culinary art and who also dabble too heavily in the culinary product. We stay outside the realm of "skinny" because our success in putting calories together with some degree of delectability is outweighed by our success in limiting caloric intake.

We all know that good cooks are not always rotund, but the truth remains that the world is far from full of blue-ribbon chefs who are also professional-model svelts. I have difficulty imagining the pencil-thin Twiggy in a smudged apron and up to her elbows in flour or smacking her lips over a bubbling cauldron.

While spending waiting time in restaurants and other public places, our family enjoys trying to guess the livelihoods and relationships of strangers by simply observing them. Athletes with muscular physiques and sweat pants, farmers with uneven suntans and John Deere caps, mechanics with telltale hands and uniforms and soldiers with erect postures and close haircuts are readily identifiable. Never once have we observed a slender frame parade by and subsequently attached the label "good cook." The two traits appear at serious odds.

The first hint suggestive of a good cook must be a little evidence that he has partaken of his own concoctions and that the concoctions were digestible.

Who would want to sit in the swivel chair of a hairdresser who stands beneath a multi-colored and unkempt coiffure? And who would place his own health in the trembling hands of a pale physician with a hacking cough? We wish proof that one's experiments have succeeded first with himself before we place ourselves at his mercy.

This week my husband read in the May issue of the "Farm Journal" magazine about a world champion barbecue king from Arkansas. The article notes that the cook, who is also a farmer, "can make everything from whole hogs to rattlesnake look, smell and taste terrific."

The account is interesting but the photograph on the page tells the whole story of Jim Quessenberry, award-winning cook. Had the picture appeared in an issue of "House Beautiful" and without the story, I would have surely guessed the ample frame dressed in plaid shirt and bib overalls, preparing to fork a golden brown fowl on a barbecue grill, to be a farmer and also a capable chef.

(Continued on page 3)

Looking Back Into The Record

May 3, 1946

WASHINGTON—The nation's whiskey-makers slashed their production schedules 40 percent today in line with the government's newest efforts to scrape up grain for famine relief.

Erwin Robbins and family are expected to move within the next few days to an apartment in the former H. F. Jones home, now the property of Dr. F. P. Hunter. Mr. Robbins, a former service man, replaced Ed Cheves here with the Farm Security Administration.

Mrs. John Kerr, Jr., a member of the Warren County Welfare Board, took part on the program arranged for the State Conference of Social Workers at Winston-Salem on Monday. She spoke on Foster Homes for Children.

May 5, 1961

A Warrenton woman has been selected as one of 1,022 winners in a nationwide sweepstakes sponsored by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. Mrs. Ellen S. Moseley of Brehon Street has been awarded an Argus movie camera as a fourth-place winner in the \$169,000 contest.

Plans for a new agricultural building to cost more than \$100,000 were submitted to the Warren County Board of Commissioners on Monday afternoon by the Warren County Agriculture Committee.

Mrs. Ola K. Mustian retired as an employee of the Littleton Post Office on April 30 after 36½ years of service. Mrs. Mustian, the wife of N.B. Mustian, a North Warrenton merchant, began work with the Littleton Post Office on Nov. 1, 1924.

April 29, 1976

Plans to merge the Citizens Bank, Warrenton, with Branch Banking and Trust Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of Branch Corporation, Wilson, were made public today.

A Warrenton woman, Mrs. Sallie Baskerville, participated in a tree planting by the Boydton, Va. Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Mecklenburg County Courthouse Square on the morning of April 12.

Dr. James W. Clark, Jr., an associate professor of English at North Carolina State University and a former Warren County 4-H member, has been selected as one of the state's four outstanding 4-H alumni for 1976.

Editor's Quote Book

The more one comes to know men, the more one comes to admire the dog.

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