

The Warren Record

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE
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Greeting A New Year

As is its year-end custom, the Associated Press has just completed a list of what it considers the top news stories of 1986. Not surprisingly, tragedy eclipsed triumph.

Heading the list chosen by editors and broadcasters voting in the Associated Press poll was the Challenger explosion, followed by the Iranian arms deal, the Chernobyl nuclear disaster, the U. S. bombing raid of Libya, the Philippine elections, the overhaul of the federal income tax, the Reykjavik summit, terrorism, the war against drugs and, finally, the U. S. economy.

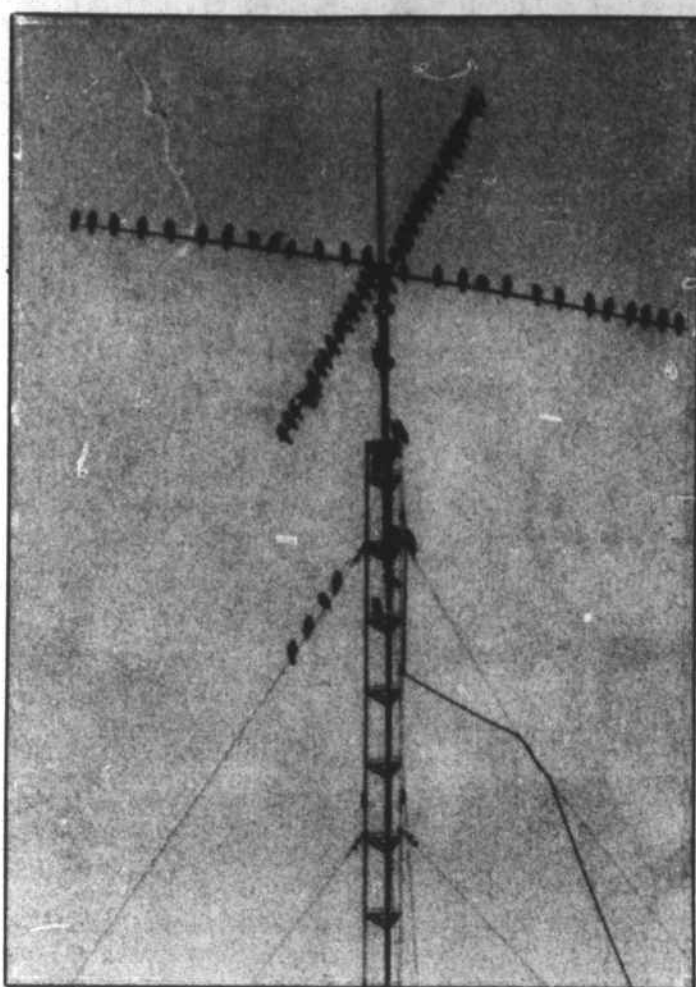
With the exception of the change of power in the Philippines, where Corazon Aquino peacefully replaced President Ferdinand Mar-

cos, and the marathon effort of Congress to overhaul the federal income tax, there were few bright spots in the news of the year whose passing we mark tonight at midnight.

We suspect that a review of top news stories for the past decade, or for the past century for that matter, would reveal that bad news outweighed the good news in the eyes of those whose business it is to bring you the news.

That's not a pleasant reminder as we set our sights on the new year at hand. We imagine that it too will have more than its share of heart-break and broken hopes. But as we approach that fresh start that the end of December always brings, it is our wish that each of our readers may find in 1987 a greater measure of happiness as they watch the news unfold.

The Warren County Scene



"Do you hear what I hear?" Not ducks in a row, but certainly their kin appear to be checking out the signals received by this antenna one recent clear day.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

How Others View It

Senator Jesse Helms and the top guns of his National Congressional Club are giving Governor Jim Martin advice about his choice for the chairmanship of the State Republican Party. "Said the spider to the fly..."

Armitage Shanks' Mooresville plant is down the toilet, pun intended. After little more than a year of production, the British-owned company is walking away from its \$18 million investment here. In a statement issued Monday afternoon, the management couched its decision in such phrases as "tentative decision," but the intent is as clear as the reasons are not.

The decision, Armitage Shanks said, is "based on economic conditions." Speaking of incredible coincidences. The world john market collapsed at the very same time production workers at Armitage Shanks' Mooresville plant voted in the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. If Armitage Shanks workers got so excited about joining a union during the past several months, they forgot to produce quality products the company would sell, the lesson is the same. Woefully expensive, by all accounts, but the same. Management is in the catbird seat in this country, and the British bloody well know it. —Len Sullivan in the Mooresville Tribune.

Don't tell Don Ratchford, principal of East Gaston High School in Mt. Holly, N.C., there's no such thing as cold wars.

Early in the football season, after Ratchford had failed to receive service he requested on Coca-Cola machines at the school's concession stands, he directed Coke to be replaced by Pepsi. Ratchford said that because repairs had not been made, booster club members had to haul ice in coolers from home to serve soft drinks at East Gaston's biggest home game of the year, against powerful Ashbrook High of Gastonia.

When the switch to Pepsi was announced, Coke retaliated by sending in workmen with a crane to remove the electronic scoreboard the company had donated to East Gaston in 1984...

Ratchford said that when the scoreboard was erected, he assumed there were no strings attached. Now, nothing is attached... —The Sporting News.

She was all of about eight years old and stood fascinated as words I typed on the computer keyboard were instantaneously flashed on the little black screen in front of me.

"Where do you get those words from?" she asked.

"From up here," I said, pointing to my head in one of those dumb adult gestures that surely make children doubt our intelligence.

"You mean," she said, "they come from nowhere?"

Ah, yes, from the mouth of babes...

—Kay Horner in The Warren Record.

When Cleveland was elected President, Green Trotter, a Democrat, was appointed postmaster of Franklin. The government did not provide post office buildings in those days, so Trotter constructed a building for the purpose. There was a little front room about four feet by six, with an opening about two feet square in the partition into the back room where Trotter kept the mail. When you desired your mail, you would poke your head through this opening and ask for it.

Boney Ridley lived with his sister on the outskirts of Franklin. One day Boney went to the post office to ask for his mail. Trotter did not know him. Boney poked his head through the opening and inquired: "Have I got any mail?"

Trotter inquired: "What is your name?"

Boney replied: "Why you durned old fool, you, if I've got any mail, I reckon my name would be on it, wouldn't it?"

—Random Thoughts and the Musings of Mountaineer, by Felix E. Alley (Rowan Printing Co. 1941)

American Viewpoints



It is my principle that the will of the majority should always prevail.

Thomas Jefferson



Kay Horner

Resolution Time Again

The refrigerator is the uncontested bone of contention in our house. That, to you, may seem like small potatoes, what with the threat of nuclear war, covert military operations and the demise of the Republican Party looming over our heads. But to some, like my husband, what goes into the refrigerator and on what shelf is not a household matter with which to trifle.

At least once a week for the past nine years my husband has opened the refrigerator and said to me, in the same tone of voice that Jimmy Carter used at the peace table with Begin and Sadat, "How long, oh how long, will it take you to learn to put the small things on the small shelves and the big things on the big shelves?"

Mr. Organized unfortunately is married to a poor soul who has yet to realize the significance of icebox orderliness. If I can get it inside the refrigerator without mangling containers, ripping labels or dripping unsightly goo here and there, I consider my mission accomplished. If the door closes without being forced, it's all the better.

That the butter dish might share a shelf 12-inches deep with a gallon of milk bothers me not one whit. That our refrigerator has compartments neatly labeled "fruits" and "vegetables" means nothing at all unless my mother-in-law is coming. The cheese compartment can be home to a slab of fatback as well as a half-dozen cucumbers for all I care.

This problem would be scarcely worth mentioning were it not for the fact that annually I make a New Year's resolution to try, in those immortal words, "to put small things on small shelves and big things on big shelves."

I always make the resolution mindful of the words of my music instructor at church camp 25 years ago who was fond of saying about any attempt at self-improvement "You'll be the better for it."

And annually, the hope of Jan. 1 is dashed around Jan. 10 when I open the refrigerator only to find a teeny, tiny lime nestled on a shelf next to a two-liter Coke. It's downhill from there.

Notice is hereby served that this year there will be no resolutions. Not about the refrigerator, nor about my worst habit of all—procrastination. Nor about my car that always needs to be washed. Nor about the new exercise routine that is going to make me look at 38 like Jane Fonda at 49.

Instead, I would suggest for my husband a resolution to open the refrigerator as little as possible in 1987 and to refrain from opening his mouth at the same time. I would suggest that my editor resolve to give up any hope that I will this year get my column on his desk any sooner than one hour before the 8 a.m. Wednesday press deadline. Friends who look to me for transportation should resolve to enjoy my car's lived-in look. And those who in 1987 will begin diets and exercise regimens should resolve to keep such news to themselves.

Nothing gives credence to a common thought quite like a line from one of the great poets, so I offer Matthew Arnold: "Resolve to be thyself, knowing that he who finds himself, loses his misery."

Happy New Year!



Mary Catherine Harris

'After Christmas' Letdown

All it takes is one short day to travel from the buildup which precedes what is for most of us the grandest celebration of the year to the time which is also for most of us the letdown of all letdowns. "After Christmas" we call it.

It's here, like it or not. For me, it is more a matter of like it AND not, reasons for the both of which I have set down.

I dislike "after Christmas" because it smacks of the same stuff as getting up on Monday morning, washing dishes, unpacking suitcases, taking out dead flowers—all the doldrums which succeed pleasant occasions. The fun part is over and what's left is just that, the leftovers. It's inevitable, but that doesn't mean we have to like it.

After Christmas brings regret for all the things I intended to do and people I intended to remember and didn't. There is always the temptation to begin now to prepare for next year's observance in order that all things and persons will receive due attention. Some people brave the After Christmas sales and do begin their preparation. I'm not one of them. I know if I started now there would still be some reason for regret when the next holiday season is past. (That has nothing to do with my avoiding the battles in the stores after Christmas. Two things have to do with it—finances and cowardice.)

Along toward October, Christmas somehow becomes a milestone, and undesirable projects have a way of becoming postponed until after Christmas. This is due in part to the added flurry of activity which allows little time for extras like cleaning out the basement and painting the living room. Other postponements, like dieting, are due to different reasons. So, aside from taking down the tree and packing away the decorations and other undesirables which of necessity are postponed, all the little "after Christmas" chores are now ready for the taking— unless, of course, they could interfere with the celebration of Washington's or Lincoln's birthday or Valentine's Day or St. Patrick's Day....

I've wondered why we think Christmas has to be perfect and heavenly and unmarred by anything mundane. It's a big mistake to expect that, for I cannot remember any Christmas when something did not jar the fantasy back to reality. This year it was a flooded basement on Christmas Eve and the presence of two unhealthful "bugs" among family members. Thanks to those visitors, Husband almost slept through Santa's visit and Eldest Daughter did sleep through the family gathering at Grandmother's. If we expected Christmas to be less perfect, perhaps the "after Christmas" letdown would be not so unpalatable.

Chances are good we're about to make the same mistake with New Year's resolutions which promise a perfect year. I've decided not to make specific resolutions but I do intend to try to make the new year better. That's the main reason I like "after Christmas."

There have been since 1945 perhaps a few years which I would enjoy reliving, but last year was not one of them. I'm glad we don't travel indefinitely toward an end which never comes and without a chance to make new beginnings. Last year's roses may have been defective, the stocks may have dropped, the rains and dry weather may have been ill-timed, the bottom may have dropped out of everything; but there's another year coming!

It's after Christmas and I'm ready for it!
Happy New Year!

Looking Back Into The Record

December 27, 1946

Congressman John H. Kerr announced Dec. 23 that the War Department had reached a definite decision on the major contract to be issued for further construction of the Bugg Island project. This contract will be for a large excavation in the bed of the river at the site of the major portion of the main dam. The total cost of the contract will be approximately \$1.5 million. The contract will bring to a total of between \$2.5 million to \$3 million the amount allocated for work on the project since the recent release of \$55 million by the Bureau of the Budget for flood control work.

The Warrenton tobacco market will reopen on Jan. 2 for the sale of tobacco. The local market this year has had one of the best seasons in its long history with about eight and one-half million pounds being sold for an average of \$50.37. Warehouses here estimate that season sales will be better than 10 million pounds.

According to Miss Verna Stanton, assistant state agent for State College Extension Service, with a four-month rest in a cool place where it will not freeze, your poinsettia will flower again next winter. The soil will dry out, but it should not be watered. About the first of May, cut the poinsettia back if there is too much wood. Shake and wash the soil from the roots and repot. Place in a light, warm place and re-water whenever the soil looks dry. Place the plant—pot and all—in a hole out of doors when the nights are no longer cold, and supply with a little liquid manure weekly. Support the stems with stakes. Return it indoors when there is a chance for frost, "and there should be plenty of blooms for Christmas, 1947!"

December 29, 1961

No longer will Governor Terry Sanford have to borrow a transistor radio from one of the prisoners who works at the Executive Mansion. Thanks to Santa Claus, he now has his own pocket-sized set it was reported.

Mrs. Katherine Alston Edsall, niece of Mrs. Nora King, was featured in an article in the Dec. 19 issue of The Raleigh Time because of her retirement after 16 years of service in the library at State College.

December 30, 1976

Warren County will receive a public works grant of \$939,000 for the extension of the Warrenton Water System to construct a water line from Soul City here by way of Norlina.

Warren County residents, past and present, are receiving coverage in national publications: Reynolds Price will have a feature article in an upcoming issue of Time Magazine; Miss Sandy Alston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Alston of the Perrytown community, was featured in a full-page color photograph in the current issue of Jet Magazine; members of the Warrenton Fire Department were photographed in preparation for an upcoming article in Sepia Magazine; and Bill Conn, son of Mrs. W. P. Conn of Warrenton, was mentioned Monday in Earl Wilson's syndicated column.

Mrs. Robert Green and Mrs. Fred G. Harris, both of Warrenton, were declared winners recently in the annual home decoration contest sponsored by the Town 'N Country Garden Club.