

# The Warren Record

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## Consider Canvas

More than half of the aluminum awnings along Warrenton's Main Street fell victim to the recent ice storm, and in the wake of their falling have come several similar suggestions from those concerned with the beauty of the town that some thought be given to their replacement.

Two of the awnings which fell came down at the front and at the side of The Warren Record building. A lengthy section of one aluminum awning, weighted with an accumulation of ice, fell on a young woman standing beneath it. Luckily, she was able to avoid being struck by the full impact of the blow, but nonetheless she was hurt to a mild extent.

For this reason, and because we like the looks of the building better without an awning, it is doubtful that this one will be replaced.

Should a replacement be necessary in the future, we imagine we would opt for a canvas awning which could be raised in the event of bad weather, and which several have told us look much more in keeping with a quaint Warrenton business district than do the aluminum awnings.

Stores such as Dilliard's Cash Grocery, Hunter Drug Company and Lil's Discount, have attractive canvas awnings which add to the beauty

of their buildings. None fell victim to the ice storm.

We toss out this information while plans are still being formulated for the replacement of Warrenton's fallen awnings, and we repeat a thought expressed by several concerned with town esthetics—think canvas.

## 'Amerika'

**In The Baltimore Sun**  
Liberals, peaceniks and other assorted do-gooders can relax. "Amerika" is no threat to America. If the docudrama series being televised this week by ABC is meant to turn us into Russkie-hating war-mongers, it will fail. It will fail because it is not polemics; it is not propaganda; it is parody.

All of that proves that when a network is needed to plumb the depths of sentimentality and simple-mindedness, the American Broadcasting Co. will be there every time.

In November, 1983, ABC aired a special titled "The Day After," a piece of soap on the nuclear obliteration of Lawrence, Kan. Although it had zero impact on arms race, "The Day After" alarmed hawks and hard-liners. They demanded that ABC respond with a show on what America would be like after the Soviets take over. And what they got was "Amerika," a 14-and-one-half-hour ordeal only for those with iron bottoms and soft brains.

## Looking Back Into The Record

**February 28, 1947**

Approximately \$800 was raised by the Warren County Farm Bureau on Tuesday night as its part of a hundred thousand dollar fund to be raised by the flue-cured tobacco states to promote the sale of tobacco in foreign countries.

Members of the Lions Club and Rotary Club held a joint meeting in the main dining room of Hotel Warren on Wednesday night with members of the John Graham football team and their coach for the showing of a motion picture of the Carolina-Georgia Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans.

With the windy months of March and April just ahead, County Warden E. Hunter Pinnell appealed to citizens of the county to do their utmost to prevent forest fires and save lives, homes, wildlife, timber, soil and crops.

**March 2, 1962**

Warren County citizens continue to lean a heavy foot on the accelerator and find themselves hailed into Recorder's Court. On the docket this week were 21 motorists.

Candidates for the position of Warren County Coroner were A. C. Fair, Luther J. Walker, Jack Dowtin, Frank Ray Vaughan, Thurston T. Brown, N. I. Haithcock and William H. King, Jr.

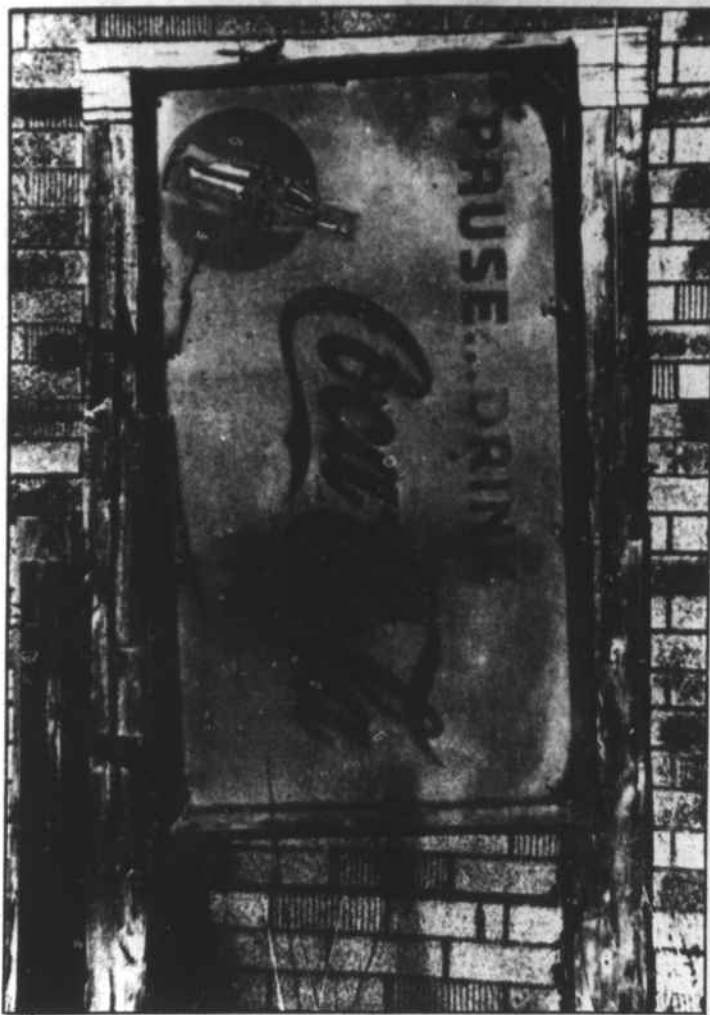
The Warrenton Lions Club went on record this week as favoring the employment of a full-time development director for Warren County by the Board of County Commissioners.

**March 3, 1977**

Attending the morning coffee hosted Tuesday to kick off the 1977 Easter Seal Campaign by North Carolina's First Lady, Mrs. James B. Hunt, Jr., at the Governor's Mansion in Raleigh were Mrs. Eva Holtzman of Ridgeway, Mrs. R. B. Butler of Warrenton and George W. Koonce, of Warrenton.

Timothy Guy Capps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Capps of Arcola, was among the eight finalists selected to receive a \$100 savings bond in the National Electrical Week Essay Contest sponsored by the N. C. Electrical Industry Committee.

## The Warren County Scene



This storage building between Odell and Littleton appears to have joined the Coca-Cola logo craze as it wears, at a bit of an angle, a sign which in spite of its dated appearance seems the ideal solution for a patch-and-repair operation on the door.  
(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

## Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

### Lawmakers Wined, Dined

Stories about the knick-knacks provided members of the North Carolina General Assembly by various special interest groups stir memories of some liquid gifts that rattled the Capitol's dome 30 years ago.

The freebies that current legislators get include free meals and range from soup to nuts, but they are generally modest offerings not calculated to buy votes. Call them goodwill gestures.

But the liquor scandal that exploded during the 1957 session, before any of the incumbent legislators were in office, turned Raleigh on its ear.

It all began when an obscure Baptist preacher from rural Wake County, an ardent dry, visited the editors of the Raleigh News and Observer and reported that the liquor interests were supplying free booze to the lawmakers.

The preacher was specific. He told the editors the hour the bottles of taxpaid liquor were being delivered to the back door of the Hotel Sir Walter, then the abode of virtually all of the legislators. From there, the bottles were dispatched to the rooms.

The newspaper acted. It sent a reporter and photographer to the hotel at the appointed hour. In words and pictures the story was told. Room numbers to which bottles were dispatched were listed.

All the traffic in the hotel corridors alerted the legislators, and they were waiting for the newspaper when the early edition arrived. They saw the room numbers, whose occupants could be identified in legislative directories, to which liquor had been delivered.

There was general consternation, because legislators knew that constituents (including wives) soon would have the news. A lot of frenzied legislators tried to switch rooms in the middle of the night, and some succeeded.

Nobody went to jail. The Baptist preacher who blew the whistle moved to a larger church in another county, the News and Observer story took first place in the N. C. Press Association contest and the liquor deliveries ceased.

Another notable lobbying effort of that era occurred in the Hotel Sir Walter suite maintained by the truckers (N. C. Motor Carriers). There legislators nightly could slake their thirst and quiet their hunger pains, and get an earful about the necessity for raising the allowable axle weights on the roads.

The truckers' lavish buffet eventually vanished, and while it undoubtedly swayed some legislative sentiment on some trucking issues, the General Assembly refused to surrender on a major goal and permit twin-trailers on the highways. (Twin trailers are present now because of federal edict.)

One of the main reasons for the disappearance of the truckers' punchbowl and vittles is the abundance of special interests today which set a good table for legislators virtually every day. Even an environmental lobbyist now will spring for a free breakfast.

Now and again, the nut lobbyist used to drop off a few bags of pistachios in the press room (no inference should be drawn). Reporters formed a chapter of Pistachio Anonymous; fingers reddened by the dye on the nuts meant the owner was expelled.

When your legislator packs for Raleigh, make sure he or she includes some anti-acid medicine.

### Performances Set At Lakeland Site

Lakeland Arts Center will be the site of song and dance this month as two performances have been scheduled, according to Mark Taylor center director.

First on the docket on Friday, March 6 is a performance by the Tidewater Ballet Company. Included on the program are "Etudes," a balletic study of classical dance movement as it relates to the ballet as it is performed today; "Le Miroir," a ballet about a young girl who explores an attic and finds herself in the world of the occult; "To Glenn Miller With Love," a setting to eight of Miller's most popular melodies in the forties and "Scott Free," a suite of dances set to the music of Scott Joplin. Dinner is at 7 p.m. and the performance begins at 8:15 p.m.

The second feature performance is "5, 6, 7, 8, 1," a Broadway song-and-dance revue mounted by the Department of Theatre Arts of East Carolina University, to be presented March 21. According to David Wanstreet, dance instructor at ECU, an audience would have to attend a dozen different Broadway shows to see all the dances included in the revue.

Dinner will be served beginning at 7 p.m.

For reservations for both performances, call 1-586-5577 or 1-586-3124.



Mary Catherine Harris

## Witnessing A Launch

Since the space shuttle Challenger explosion a little more than a year ago, every success of the national space agency seems to us all the sweeter. Warrenton resident Lois Frazier, who with her husband James was vacationing in Florida at the time of the recent launch of the GOES weather satellite, has recorded her impressions of the event and shares them in the following account.

"Last Thursday at twilight we stood barefoot in the warm sand at Cocoa Beach, Fla. A light breeze was blowing and triple rows of white foam-capped breakers softly lapped onto shore a few feet from us. Overhead a flock of brown pelicans in perfect flight formation winged their way northwest toward Pelican Island where they would roost for the night. White gulls gracefully dipped and floated on the gentle wind currents. Lights were beginning to flicker across the water from the picturesque old pier behind us. How very beautiful! I thought.

"However, the hundreds of people lining the shore, congregated atop condominiums and flocked along the pier railings seemed oblivious to the beauty; for all eyes—young and old—seemed riveted toward a point northeast across the water where the jagged coastline curved out into the sea, a point we all knew to be the location of the Kennedy Space Center. And here in this perfect viewing area—ringside seats, really—we waited in eager anticipation to witness the launching of a GOES weather satellite. Perhaps I imagined it, but there seemed to be an undercurrent of apprehension and anxiety because the lift-off had been scratched four times. Since the original launch date of Nov. 20, there had been delays because of such "bugs" as potential problems with the satellite's photo-imaging system, a suspect switch, a leaky main engine fuel valve—and just the night before, upper wind velocity too strong for launching. The anxiety probably was triggered, too, by the fact that an attempt last May backfired when a Delta rocket malfunctioned shortly after take-off, forcing range safety officers to destroy the rocket and satellite.

"As the moments ticked away toward lift-off, there was almost utter silence. A few seconds before 6:05 p.m. (the time set for the launch), suddenly there was at the point where all eyes were focused a glow that seemed in a split second to expand into the glory and brightness of a sun suddenly bursting forth and illumining the sky. Simultaneously there was a roar as though a hundred jet engines were revving up and not a heartbeat later the 116-foot-tall rocket soared into the heavens amid the deafening shouts of joy and exhilaration of the crowd and in seconds disappeared from view above the mist-like fog that was rolling in from the sea. But the spirits of the crowd were not dampened by the poor visibility because the roar above our heads signalled a flawless countdown and flight!

"The GOES satellite—short for Geostationary Operational Environmental Satellite—provides global weather information and advance warning of developing storms. Satellite images seen on television weather reports and in newspapers are transmitted by the GOES system. This spacecraft will be a replacement for one which failed in 1984 and will replenish a crucial but severely depleted system of weather satellites.

"So, our hats are off to NASA for the successful launching of the \$57 million satellite aboard a Delta Rocket."

And our thanks are offered to Lois Frazier for allowing us to witness with her this welcomed success.



Kay Horner

## My 'First Lady' Dream

As a child, I had girlfriends who wanted to be nurses, schoolteachers and secretaries, all perfectly appropriate careers for women in the fifties.

I, however, wanted no part of such commonplace vocations. I wanted to be Mamie Eisenhower.

Mine was no passing fancy—First Lady today, receptionist tomorrow. No, I wanted to be First Lady through the entire Eisenhower administration. And imagine my glee at age 11 when the election of John Kennedy brought a new era of style and elegance to my job description.

Ours was a political family, not in the sense that anybody ever ran for or held public office, but in the sense that never did the family sit down for dinner without some discussion of the day's political events. Our source for such discussions was John Cameron Swayze, the Walter Cronkite of early television.

I heard a lot about the Eisenhowers in those days, and First Lady seemed to me to be about the most exciting job with the least amount of work in the entire country.

Growing up, I grew out of the notion that my career choice was a realistic one and in time my father reminded me that the presidency itself might be more realistic. At that point, I knew for sure I was off the beam.

The stuff of politics eventually lost some its glamour for me, and it's just as well. Being the First Family these days brings new meaning to the phrase "I never promised you a rose garden."

Of the eight presidents in my lifetime, only two, Truman and Eisenhower, left office in reasonably jolly spirits.

No president since Eisenhower has managed to serve two full terms. Kennedy was assassinated and those who followed him have left office feeling something other than the appreciation of the American people for a job well done.

We have only to look at the faces of our presidents to determine that the presidential row is a tough one to hoe.

Ronald Reagan seems to be the only president in recent history who has managed to serve six years and look not a day older than when he was inaugurated. Of course, those who know suggest that former chiefs of staff Jim Baker and Don Regan have taken on the gray hair and wrinkled brows that come with shouldering the burdens of the presidency.

Nonetheless, there always seems to be someone who wants the job. But it seems to me that being president is not the fun it used to be.

On leaving the White House in 1861, James Buchanan told the incoming president, "If you are as happy, my dear sir, on entering this house as I am in leaving it and returning home, you are the happiest man in the country."

He was welcoming Abraham Lincoln.

## OPENING

MON., MARCH 9

6:30 A.M.-6:30 P.M.

ANN'S KOUNTRY KITCHEN  
(FORMERLY STAINBACKS II)