

The Warren Record

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE
IN WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, UNDER THE LAWS OF CONGRESS
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Drunk Drivers Beware

A television newsman reported Tuesday morning that legislation suggesting that North Carolina is soft on drunk drivers is being kicked around by the State Legislature. We need no change in the law which would lessen the penalty for those who are caught drinking and driving on our state's roadways, and we think the statistics bear us out.

The fact of the matter is that the honorables in Raleigh would be well advised to consider how the drink driver fares in other parts of the world before making it easier to drink and drive in North Carolina.

According to a survey—furnished us by The Wake Weekly—of how drunk drivers are dealt with in a dozen other countries, this is what you might contend with if you drive in less than a sober condition on foreign soil:

AUSTRALIA—The names of convicted drink drivers are published in the local newspapers under the heading: "Drunk and in Jail."

SOUTH AFRICA—A drunk driver is given a 10-year prison term, a fine of \$10,000 or both, depending on the circumstances.

TURKEY—Drunk drivers are taken 20 miles out of town by the police and forced to walk back under escort.

MALAYA—The drunk driver is jailed. If he is married, his wife is jailed, too.

NORWAY—Three weeks in jail at hard labor and the drunk driver loses his license for one year. A second offense within five years and the driving license is revoked permanently.

FINLAND and SWEDEN—Automatic jail sentence for one year at hard labor.

Looking Back Into The Record

May 2, 1947

Plans for a 50-bed hospital for Warren County were endorsed unanimously on Wednesday night by the sub-committee on hospital planning. Warren County's part of building and equipping the facility would be approximately \$117,000. The other two-thirds would be borne by state and federal sources.

A weather recording instrument, with instructions for the finder to mail it to Joliette, Ind., was discovered recently on the farm of Will Allen Connell. The device, which was sent up at Greensboro on April 15, apparently suffered no damage as it floated to the ground via parachute.

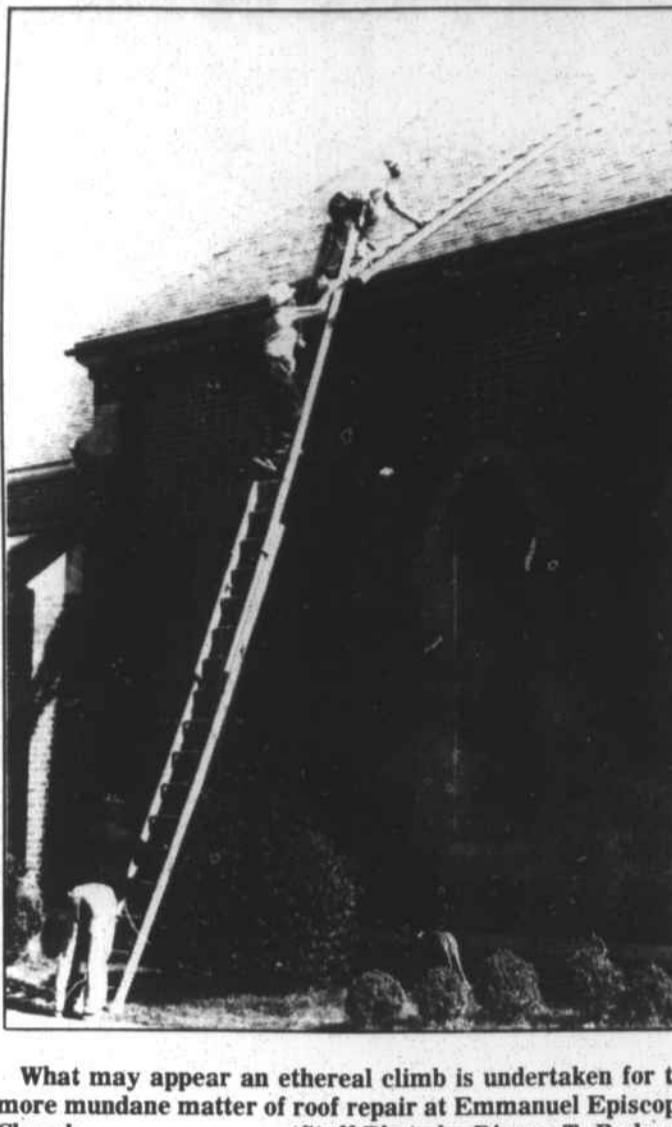
Ms. Ann Rodwell of Warrenton will be one of four soloists in a student recital to be held at Peace College on Friday night.

May 4, 1962

Warrenton moved a step closer to the installation of a sewage disposal plant on Monday night when the town commissioners authorized the water commission to interview several engineering firms so that an engineer for the project might be selected.

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The Warren County Scene



What may appear an ethereal climb is undertaken for the more mundane matter of roof repair at Emmanuel Episcopal Church. (Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

Taming The Roanoke

SCOTLAND NECK—As a steady rain pelted the azaleas around his big frame house, Eric W. Rodgers noted that recent deluges had caused extensive flood damage along the Neuse, Tar, Lumber and other rivers and streams in North Carolina.

"But it didn't happen on the Roanoke River," he said. And he added that his role in helping tame the once rambunctious Roanoke was the most satisfying experience of his long life as a weekly newspaper editor.

He is 89, clear eyed and alert, and in the 50th anniversary year of his purchase of the Scotland Neck Commonwealth still cranking out all the editorials. He has been editor emeritus since selling a majority of his newspaper's stock to Joe Parker of Ahoskie in 1970.

We think our readers look forward to reading letters to the editor in these columns. We hope the letters continue to come in. But they must be signed, carry a full address (and preferably a telephone number), be free from libel and be in good taste.

Deadly Dunes

Over the past 13 years, nearly 70 people have been killed on California's Imperial Sand Dunes, most in accidents involving recreational vehicles, says National Geographic.

Rodgers began his newspaper career on the Charleston, S.C., News and Courier in 1919. He joined the Associated Press in Charlotte in 1922 and was transferred to Raleigh for a four-year AP hitch in 1923. For several years, he worked on Greensboro newspapers, including a stint as editor of the Greensboro Record.

As a reporter, Rodgers gave high marks to Governors Cameron Morrison (1921-25), Angus W. McLean (1925-29), and the governors who had to cope with the Great Depression, O. Max Gardner (1929-33) and J. C. B. Ehringhaus (1933-37).

"Some folks thought Morrison was too talkative and too headed," he says, "but he got the people to approve the first statewide road bond issue and he linked the county seats of all the counties."

"They said McLean was a wealthy, stiff-necked aristocrat from Robeson County," Rodgers added. "But he was the man who put state and county government on a businesslike basis."

A Democrat, Rodgers is skeptical about the "Super Tuesday Primary" next March when southern states are coming together in an effort to gain more heft in presidential primaries.

"I'm not sure that the old 'smoke-filled room' wouldn't make a better choice," he said.

The next year, residents of the Roanoke basin, led by Rodgers and the late Superior Court Judge W. H. S. Brugwyn, went to Washington and began their battle to secure federal dams. Former Governor O. Max Gardner, then an influential Washington lawyer, rendered valuable assistance.

Paying their own expenses, the Tar Heels buttonholed key congressmen. Rodgers, who had taken engineering courses at the College of Charleston, S.C. in his hometown, appeared before numerous committees. He remembers that U.S. Senator Harry Flood Byrd, the tight-fisted Virginian whose state would be a beneficiary of the project, voted "present" when the dams were approved.

Success came in 1952, when the John H. Kerr Dam was completed. The Eric W. Rodgers Amphitheater at the Buggs Island reservoir honors the doughty weekly editor who served as secretary of the Roanoke River Basin Association from 1941 to 1961.

Editor's Quote Book

One man's word is no man's word; we should quietly hear both sides.

Goethe

Courthouse Squares

HE'S SO OPEN-MINDED THAT LAWS PASS RIGHT THROUGH IT.



Thurletta Brown

Hug A Teacher Today

Have you hugged a teacher today? If not, think about it.

This is Teacher Appreciation Week. The National P.T.A. has set aside the week of May 3-9 as a time to honor school teachers. Celebrations of Teacher Appreciation Week have been planned throughout the nation. Although this is only the fourth time that an actual week has been staged on the national level, the North Carolina P.T.A., with its 788 P.T.A. groups, has recognized the need to honor teachers for the past 15-20 years.

But, just like for so many other "causes," everyone forgets after the "hoopla" is over.

Teachers represent an undervalued but overworked commodity. Many of them become frustrated and opt to leave the profession. Many college students view teaching as a last resort—something to be considered only if medical, law or business school dreams do not pan out. They opt instead for more lucrative careers—careers that command more respect and recognition. This should not be the case.

What can be done? Concerned individuals have fought for salary increases for educators. The idea of merit increases has been bandied about for a very long time.

State school systems have implemented intensive recruitment efforts to encourage the "brightest and best" of the college students to consider teaching as a viable career alternative.

Let's hope this will not be a case of "too little, too late."

Our children are our future. Our future depends on the existence of quality teachers—with access to quality supplies.

So, go out there and hug a teacher. Let them know how much you value their services. Show them that they are appreciated.

If you happen to be shy, though, at least walk up and say "thanks."



Kay Horner

Neighbor Joinville

She became our neighbor in 1951, when we moved into the house across the street from hers.

Her name was Theresa Reid Joinville, and for awhile my family must have called her by her given name, but by the time I took notice of such things, she was simply "Neighbor."

No one else in our community called her that, yet everyone knew to whom we referred when we called her that.

Neighbor, a gentle, soft-spoken homemaker, was married to Jack, a welder and pipefitter given to earthy debate.

Looking back, they seem a strange match, but as a child I gave the matter no thought at all, for I knew all I needed to know—that their door was always open.

Neighbor's kitchen table comfortably seated two, but there was always a third chair at the table. At some point, I began to assume it was mine, for many is the night I put my foot in the path for Neighbor's house after sampling the fare at my own house and deciding it was not to my liking.

To my way of thinking, Neighbor and Jack enjoyed the good life.

For one thing, there were a lot of Maraschino cherries served in their house, and they were a delicacy I craved but seldom had at home. At Neighbor's, they topped the fruit salad, they garnished the homemade lemonade we sipped on the front porch on summer nights, and every now and then I was given one to eat all by itself.

It was Neighbor who introduced me to the world of royal weddings. Together we watched the broadcast of the marriage of Britain's Princess Margaret to Anthony Armstrong-Jones. In keeping with tradition, we sipped hot tea on Neighbor's finest china and munched a Virginia version of crumpets while this lover of all things relating to brides watched in wide-eyed wonder the grandest nuptials she had ever seen.

It was Neighbor who made all my clothes, patiently enduring fitting sessions in which I would wail after two minutes of standing still that I was near fainting. The year that Santa left me a Tiny Tears doll, Neighbor presented me with a trunk of doll clothes as perfectly sewn as if they were for Madame Alexander herself.

And many were the Saturday nights that Neighbor painted my ragged little fingernails bright red while I promised, each time in vain, not to bite them anymore.

I think of Neighbor each Mother's Day. She died several years ago, having brought no children into this world. But she surely left one here.

My own Mother will mind not at all that a portion of my Mother's Day thoughts are of Neighbor Joinville. For even as a child, I sensed that I was not the only one being mothered by Neighbor. She mothered our whole family and for her and for others like her who make "children" of their neighbors, we can be truly grateful this Sunday.

Mother's Day Specials

Najarda & Cultra Pearls

25% Savings

All Earrings - 25% Off

Diamond Pendant (One Only)

Reg. \$325 - Now \$250

Plus Other Selected Items

Loughlin-Goodwyn

Jewelers

Warrenton, N.C.