

# The Warren Record

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## Losing A Coach

Many of those who have been following the continuing saga of whether the University of North Carolina should let its football coach go because of his win-loss record in recent years must be wondering just what the university—or its most vocal sports enthusiasts—really want in the way of an athletic program.

When the question of Coach Dick Crum's future as the UNC football coach was being considered most vocally was on the weekend of the Duke-Carolina football game, a match that Duke won, 25-10.

That UNC loss, particularly hard for dyed-in-the-wool Tar Heel fans to stomach, came after a miraculous Virginia comeback victory the week before, and two weeks after Carolina, playing before a full house and no national television, came within a dropped pass of beating a Clemson football team then ranked in the Top Ten in the nation. This was the same UNC football team which was forced to convert a linebacker to tailback midway the season because of the ill fortunes of Carolina's running backs.

The same weekend that UNC football fortunes sank so against Duke, the women's field hockey team played in the NCAA championship game. That weekend, the women's soccer team captured its sixth national title in seven years. For the first time in its history, UNC had a men's soccer team in the

NCAA playoffs that weekend. The same day that Duke managed a win in Kenan Stadium, Carolina's basketball team was defeating Syracuse, the top-ranked basketball team in the country.

Carolina, to be sure, has not had a banner season in football. But, no one, no alumni, no friend, has been ashamed of its program or embarrassed by its coach, who has handled his ordeal with conduct becoming a Carolina gentleman.

Carolina's football program still has the respect of most of its opponents and many of its fans. Try to get a seat in Kenan Stadium for the 1988 football season and judge for yourself whether the fans have forsaken the program.

What do some Carolina super fans want? Perhaps a Raleigh sports columnist put it best: "Carolina wants to be a Harvard during the week and an Oklahoma on Saturdays."

We hope that UNC fans' passion for victory never rivals that of Oklahoma, or Ohio State or Clemson. The University of North Carolina has a football coach and a football program which reflects credit on the institution.

When earlier this week, in the name of winning more football games, the University forced the resignation of Dick Crum, it lost considerably more than a coach.

## Letter To The Editor

### Fire Victims Need Assistance

To The Editor:

I realize the "hustle and bustle" season is here—that wonderful time of the year when we can remember our loved ones with new shoes, coats, toys, etc. We really forget what Christmas is all about—the joy of giving and our praise to God.

I am writing on behalf of the family of Carrie Solomon who lost everything in the fire that took her home last week. Nothing was saved, except their lives.

This family is in need of everything, even a home.

If you have a house that has at least four bedrooms that she could rent for a reasonable monthly rent, please call 257-1611 (Willoughby's).

In addition, clothing (ladies' size 14-16 and mens' size 32-34 pants and size 15½ shirts), old beds and mattresses, pots and pans, food, blankets, sheets and towels would be most appreciated.

If you find that you have anything you would like to donate—including money, please deliver it to Willoughby's Convenience Store at 301 E. Macon St. in Warrenton. Checks should be made payable to Carrie Solomon, and either delivered or mailed to her, in care of Willoughby's.

Thank you in advance for all of your help, and may God bless you all.

JANET HARRIS  
Warrenton

## Looking Back Into The Record

November 28, 1947

North Carolina farmers, including those in Warren County, are being asked by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the county extension service to go all out in a fight to kill rats on the farms and to control further infestation.

Warrenton merchants are now being asked, in a mailing from the local chamber of commerce, how many days they wish to close for Christmas, and whether they prefer to begin the Wednesday afternoon closing on Jan. 1, or to wait until April 1.

Will Allen Connell was the winner in a drawing contest at Raleigh last Saturday and will be given a free trip by the State Farm Bureau to the American Farm Bureau Federation National Convention to be held in Chicago later this month.

November 30, 1962

Warrenton stores will remain open each Friday night from Dec. 7-21 until 9 p.m. for the convenience of the shopping public.

## The Warren County Scene



The bent branches of this tree, seen recently on the Warren Plains Road, seem to portray the gripping claws of winter, and serve as a reminder that temperatures will soon plummet.  
(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

## Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

### 'Oldest Rat' Stepping Down

Once four constitutional officers occupied the State Capitol building in downtown Raleigh: the Governor, the state treasurer, the state auditor and the secretary of state.

An expanding gubernatorial staff and the lure of new quarters a number of years ago led to the departure of the auditor and treasurer, but Secretary of State Thad Eure resisted gentle hints and stronger suggestions that he join the bulk of his staff in a newer building.

Now old age and an ailing wife will lead him to vacate the premises at the end of Dec. 1988. After holding the office since Dec. 1936, by far the longest tenure in the country, Eure, 88, won't offer for reelection.

The self-styled "Oldest rat in the Democratic barn" is the last link with the era when N. C. was a one-party state, and he has always been a straight-ticket party stalwart.

For years, he insisted on hiring only single (and pretty) secretaries for his outer office. And before he hired one, he'd get on the

phone and call the chairman of the Democratic party in the applicant's home county to be sure she passed muster from the local party's standpoint.

Women's lib and sex discrimination laws have ended those practices, of course, but time and the tides haven't softened Eure's fidelity to what he used to call in stentorian tones "the gr-r-e-a-t Democratic party of the people" at rallies across the state.

With his big voice and trademark red bowtie, Eure was for years a popular master of ceremonies at many functions. He did the honors at the annual ramp festival in Haywood County, manfully chewing on a raw ramp reputed to make germs hold their noses and skeddaddle.

By resolution of the 1939 General Assembly, the Secretary of State assigns seats to members of both houses of the legislature. You'll find Republicans on the back rows.

Without the aid of a microphone and with appropriate flourishes of his arms, Eure also convenes the House of Representatives at every odd-year meeting and presides until the Speaker has been elected. And at the start of these same sessions, he conducts a school for freshmen members, teaching them the rules and finer points of parliamentary procedure.

Eure's department is the state's record-keeper and also tracks commercial activity of private businesses. He personally must sign many documents, including official job commissions; he does it in green ink, with a signature that resembles an unraveling piece of string.

Over the years, unlike a number of his colleagues on the Council of State, Eure has never found it necessary to scratch an itch to run for governor. He prefers his own niche, clearly relishing the ceremonial functions of office.

Eure made one uncharacteristic foray into controversy in 1961. Rep. Phil Godwin, from Eure's home county of Gates, introduced the Speaker Ban bill. In a speech to a Raleigh civic club, Eure referred to the measure, and with his right hand held aloft declared, "This hand wrote it all."

Eure has another distinction: in 1956, a dead Republican candidate for Secretary of State polled 366,752 votes to Eure's 737,266. Grover C. Robbins died after winning the GOP nomination and too late for a replacement to be put on the ballot.



Kay Horner

## A Fine Legacy

Almost two years have passed since the death of Bignall Jones, who spent the better part of his life as editor of The Warren Record.

Mr. Bignall, as his staff knew him, left this paper a legacy that many small, hometown weeklies do not have—a moral and social consciousness.

For more than 50 years, he published this paper without fear or favor, graciously enduring the heat when his editorials stirred opposition and quick to acknowledge a change of opinion when so persuaded.

It is appropriate that a photograph of Mr. Bignall now hangs in the offices of the paper that was his life's work. It was hung recently without ceremony or fanfare.

I thought of Mr. Bignall this week as I talked with Linda Moseley about the photograph.

Linda is a veteran Warren Record staffer. She now manages The Record's stationery supply store and Circulation Department, but there once was a time when Linda single-handedly typed every line that appeared in The Record. That was before typesetting was made so simple that even reporters could master it.

In those days, Mr. Bignall churned out copy on his manual typewriter and Linda set it. Ever the vigilant editor, he kept his eye on the whole operation, from writing to typesetting to layout. Linda became accustomed in those years to the presence of Mr. Bignall at her back. Early on, she may have thought that he had personally singled her out for added supervision. But such fear soon gave way to the realization that Mr. Bignall's only concern was meeting the deadline. His customary phrase as the time neared was "How are we coming along?"

Mr. Bignall's photograph now hangs over Linda's desk, at her left shoulder. The significance of its placement was not lost on her. With a smile that evidenced her deep affection for her longtime boss, she said, "He's still looking over my shoulder!"

Indeed, as we approach the second anniversary of his death, all of us at The Record are mindful that Mr. Bignall is still looking over our shoulders, prodding us along when we get lax, strengthening us when our convictions waver and reminding us of the worth of our task.

Reading a selection of his columns yesterday, I came upon one written more than 20 years ago.

The last paragraph read, "I am convinced that many of our problems could be solved by good manners and soft answers and by paying a little more attention to our blessings and less to our lack, real or imaginary."

We still benefit from his wisdom, and it is our joy to remember him.



Thurletta Brown

## No Small Feat

"In the fiery heart of the sun lurk powerful energies—and unimaginable secrets."

Those words appear on the cover of "Sundipper," a new novel written by Paul B. Thompson, a former resident of Warrenton. The book has been published by St. Martin's Press, a well-known company in New York, N.Y.

The author is the son of Lt. Col. (Ret.) Walter B. (Bernard) Thompson of Ridgecrest Drive in Warrenton.

Although the novelist was born in Lawton, Okla., while Thompson and his wife, Anita, were stationed there in 1958, the junior Thompson graduated from John Graham High School here before enrolling at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. By the end of seven years of study there, he had earned both undergraduate and graduate degrees.

Thompson is employed now by UNC as assistant librarian at the research library.

According to his parents, Thompson, as a child, was always interested in science fiction. He built working models of rockets in his teen years, which he took to the airstrip here on Airport Road. There they were launched—complete with parachutes.

That interest in science fiction has no doubt led to the creation of "Sundipper," an intriguing, futuristic novel about men and women, who "harvest" from the sun energy to be used by space colonies between Earth and Mars. It is also a story of relationships—relationships involving parents, siblings and "significant others."

Although "Sundipper" is Thompson's first novel, he is no stranger to offers of publication. "The Exiles," a short story he has co-authored with Tonya R. Carter, was also published this year in the DragonLance (R) Tales anthology, "Love and War." According to the notes that appear in the back of the collection, the "Iliad" and "The Arabian Nights Entertainment" were the first books ever read by Thompson. "He never recovered," the editor states.

Not one-dimensional in interests, however, Thompson has also been described as a history buff. That interest in history was no doubt the source of another article, "The High and Dry Waterree," which appeared in the August, '83 edition of the U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings. It is a story of a ship that disappeared off the coast of Peru in 1866.

Thompson has two more novels in the works, I am told. If this first attempt is any indication, we are all in for a rare treat when they, too, hit the newstands. Perhaps these words from "Sundipper" say it best:

"...Do you feel it? The Gift?"

"Yes, Matthew. It is good."

The gift of expression has certainly been bestowed on young Paul B. Thompson. We in Warrenton, as do his parents, have a real reason to be proud.

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Ulysses S. Grant