

The Warren Record

Published Every Wednesday By
Record Printing Company
 P O Box 70, Warrenton, N. C. 27589

HOWARD F. JONES
 Editor

GRACE W. JONES
 President

THURLETTA M. BROWN
 News Editor

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE
 IN WARRENTON, NORTH CAROLINA, UNDER THE LAWS OF CONGRESS
 Second Class Postage Paid At Warrenton, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

	In Warren and adjoining counties	Elsewhere
	\$10.00 Per Year	\$12.00 Per Year
	\$6.00 Six Months	\$7.00 Six Months

The End Is Nearing

In less than a week, Campaign '88 will be over. That, in itself, is reason for every sensitive American to rejoice.

What next Tuesday's election will decide is which Massachusetts-born politician will ascend to the presidency of this nation. It is not a prospect which is bound to bring about anything akin to universal approval. In fact, either George Bush or Mike Dukakis will go into the White House a battered man. Whichever man wins must clean himself of the mud of one of the most depressing and distressing campaigns we have ever witnessed before he can hope to effectively govern.

One knowledgeable politician thinks George Bush will win this year's election. He is former Texas Governor John Connally, and what he envisions for the winner does not spell triumph for the victor nor for the American people.

Connally, speaking this week on an early morning television show, believes that the negativism of Campaign '88 has not gone unnoticed in Congress and that the next Republican president will enjoy the shortest political honeymoon in history.

We have watched this year's election degenerate from a race between two seemingly decent men into a contest which will be determined by which camp delivered the most telling low blows. Both the candidates will emerge severely scarred and our system of government will be damaged in the sorry process.

In the early days of this republic, the candidate for president who finished in second place became the

vice president. Perhaps it is time that we explored a return to this option, for, if nothing more, it might make a candidate think twice about trying to devastate the character of the man with whom he will be working closely during the next four years.

(It would be wonderful, in North Carolina this year, if the man who loses the governor's race could automatically become the lieutenant governor. What has transpired in the lieutenant governor's race should be an affront to every citizen, and has served as an ugly reminder of the type of negative campaigning which marked the Helms-Hunt Senate race. North Carolinians of either party should not have to put up with these antics.)

Some years ago, the federal government—supposedly acting in the best interest of the physical health of all Americans—banned cigarette advertising from the airwaves. If the government can act to protect its citizenry in that instance, maybe it is time for it to act again. This time, maybe the federal government should give thought to banning televised political commercials, especially those which seek solely to disembowel the opposition, simply in the interest of this country's health and well being.

Editor's Quote Book

Man alone suffers so excruciatingly in the world that he was compelled to invent laughter.

Nietzsche

Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.

Haliburton

The Warren County Scene



Guarding a Warrenton residence located on Fairview Street this week has been this pumpkin-faced sentry, who made certain that no Halloween tricks were played on those who had employed his services. (Staff Photo by Howard Jones)

As Others See It

Plastic Bags Are Exhausting

By BEN CASEY

In The Spring Hope Enterprise

I don't like to gripe all the time. But as my good friend, The Most Reverend Sidney Boone, once said when I asked him about his general well-being, "Well, I am really fine, but if you give me enough time, I could work up a good gripe."

Well, like you, too, I'm sure, I've had years to work up this gripe.

Picture, if you will, a grown man standing in front of a produce counter at a busy supermarket. Passing all around him are attractive ladies out doing their shopping, ladies no doubt who might be impressed by a man exhibiting fine domestic skills in selecting only the finest Rome apples or Damson plums. Then comes the "easy-open" plastic bag.

Am I really that ignorant or is there some genetic problem with my manual dexterity, or are those bags not that easy to open? Why did grocery stores abandon the good old paper sack of various sizes designed to transport fresh produce from market to home?

Obviously, those "easy-open" plastic bags must be cheaper than the good old paper sacks. Some might argue that the grocery stores, being civic minded and conscious about the environment are concerned about the trees that are being cut down to make those paper sacks.

They have read that the loss of vegetation on the planet is contributing to the depletion of the ozone layer of our atmosphere, consequently creating the greenhouse effect, consequently boosting the sales of air conditioners in the summer. If, in fact, that is the case, have those civic minded grocers

stopped to take into account the fact that they have switched to plastic, a non-biodegradable product that is causing as much harm to the environment as the depletion of the ozone layer?

But enough about the environment.

I am presently concerned about grown, semi-educated, half-way intelligent men standing in the aisles of grocery stores trying to pry open plastic bags while attractive females walk by and snicker at their clumsiness.

Do women have as much trouble as men in prying open those bags?

If they do, why haven't they created a ruckus like they did when they wanted to right to vote?

It would seem to me that the easier a bag is to open, the more fruit and vegetables might be purchased, thereby offsetting what might be the additional cost of the paper sack.

Great day, by the time I get one of those plastic things to separate at the top, I am exhausted and don't have enough energy left to pick out any apples.

Either exhausted or so embarrassed that I want to get the hell out of the store before anybody else sees me that knows me.

And of course, to add insult to injury, some of those bags, once torn off, don't really make it easy to find the top of the bag.

Can you imagine a grown, semi-educated, half-way intelligent man turning a plastic bag round and round and round and round trying to figure which is the top and which is the bottom?

Can you imagine what's being said about him by trying not to snicker at his super prowess in manual dexterity?

I guess I'll have to stick to bananas. I never have bagged them up.



Thurletta Brown

Mixed Grill

'Twas the month of Thanksgiving and there in the stores Was a great deal of stuff on the shelves and the floors: The Halloween masks were left over "on sale," As well as some candy that wasn't quite stale; The Thanksgiving greetings were all out on display Next to those that proclaimed "Merry Christmas Day"; And if you looked closely, you even could see "Happy Hanukkah" cards for that holiday; Turkeys, ducks and hams lined the grocery bins, As did stuffing and mincemeat and other fattening sins; Cornucopia-centerpieces flanked silver bells and holly, And store-owners smiled, feeling really quite jolly. You see, whatever your pleasure, they had it in stock All gussied-up and pretty—your budget to rock. With so many holidays that come back-to-back Even with a calendar, it's hard to keep track. And, pity those souls who have birthdays, too, Or wedding anniversaries. (I bet they're real blue.) In merry old England, there's a dish called "mixed grill." It's a spicy, mish-mash of hot meats guaranteed to fill To the brim all those who do eat (And hike their cholesterol to a level that ain't neat!) The temptation is there for each carnivore To overdo it and binge on the meats they adore. And the same fate awaits those who enter a store. (Not cholesterol, mind you, but overspending galore.) Food for the table, presents for the tree, Who can resist? (O poor you and me!) We might as well give up and accept our fate: 'Twixt now and next year, we must buy and celebrate. So, enjoy the holidays and be of good cheer 'Cause come January 1, there'll be less than a year Before the rat race begins all over again And eyecatching displays our dollars do win. But, remember: Though there's not really a devil to pay, It'll sure feel like it on bill-collection day. So, shop wisely now. Compare well and choose. (It's the last-minute rush that causes budget blues.)

Here and There

Howard Jones

Convoys Seen Here Again

During World War II, when I was a boy growing up in Warrenton, the sight of a military convoy moving through downtown was a common one. For some reason, the late Roy Davis, who had a radio repair shop in the Warren Theatre building, always seemed to know when a convoy would be coming through, and shared his information with townspeople who inquired.

Roy wasn't around last week to let us know that elements of the 2nd Marine Expeditionary Force, operating out of Camp Lejeune under the direction of Major Gen. O.K. Steele, would be coming to town. And so it was something of a shock last Monday to see armored units circling the newspaper office.

Later convoys of Marine vehicles rolled along Warren County highways. Some stopped adjacent to the Warren Hills Nursing Center, one of 53 bivouac sites used by the Marines who were taking part in Combined Arms Operation 89. The exercise was designed to test the Corps' ability to conduct support operations over extended distances.

Several newspapers published along the route taken by the Marine Expeditionary Force have had elaborate accounts of the appearance of convoys of Marines passing through their readership area as the Expeditionary Force moved from Coastal Carolina to Fort Pickett, located between South Hill and Richmond, Va.

Obviously, a lot of folks knew in advance that the Marines were coming. The Marines sent out liaison teams earlier this fall to coordinate with government agencies and private citizens and to arrange for bivouac areas and landing zones.

I should have been alerted by the presence of low-flying jets that some kind of war games were under way. But until the advance force of between 18,000 and 20,000 Marines moved through this area, fighting aggressor forces as they rolled along, I had no idea that for a couple of days the sight of military stock rolling through our county would be so commonplace. Probably if Roy Davis were still around, listening to his shortwave radios on North Main Street, I would have gotten advance notification.

Don Mabe, president and chief executive officer of Perdue, the giant Maryland-based poultry company which operates Norlina Breeder Hatchery near Soul City, was in the county last week to pay tribute to the workforce of the local hatchery which hatches an average of 70,000 chicks per day and whose operation had been named tops in the state for the third quarter of this year.

During his remarks at a luncheon honoring hatchery workers, Mabe told of a recent visit by the Russian ambassador interested in acquiring himself with a poultry operation. The visit took place in Maryland, and we assume that the ambassador was properly impressed.

Mabe made the point that the Soviet Union, with 15 percent more people than the United States, only produces 27 percent of the chickens raised in this country. I imagine there are several reasons why this is true, but I'll bet one of the undisclosed reasons is because America has a whole lot more Methodist ministers than Russia.

A Warrentonian who said she is completely fed up with all the negative campaigning in the presidential race, couldn't wait to call me Tuesday afternoon to relay a question heard on a television talk show.

The question was this: "If George Bush and Dan Quayle and Mike Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen were all aboard a sinking ship, who would be saved?"

The answer: "The country."

Looking Back Into The Record

October 29, 1948

The souvenir program booklet of the North Carolina Crossnore edition of the Daughters of the American Revolution News carried in its October edition an article about Warrenton—"Historic, Friendly Warrenton, County Seat of Warren County" and noted that the town had furnished the state with three governors, six U.S. senators, numerous congressmen, jurists, authors, editors and educators.

A \$33,575.20 contract for adding material and bituminous surfacing to the 1.48 miles of road in Vance County, completing the hardsurfaced road from Warrenton to Henderson, was awarded Tuesday to Kiker & Yount, Inc. by the State Highway & Public Works Commission.

At Benton & Green Furniture Co.: all-wool nine-foot-by-twelve-foot rugs for \$29.95.

November 1, 1963

Candidates for the title of homecoming queen at John Graham High School to be presented at halftime at tonight's game will be: Paulette Rooker, Janet Harmon, Janet Fair, Patricia Rivers, Gail Tucker, Betsy Frazier, Emily Rideout and Sherry Wilson.

In a ceremony performed Sunday at the conclusion of morning worship at Providence Methodist Church in Afton, Miss Linda Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harris of Norlina, and Harry Jackson Carter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carter of Afton, were united in marriage.

Eighth-graders on the honor roll at Norlina High School for the first six weeks were: Marvin Rooker, Larry Staley, Michael Macon, Alex Ayscue, George Perkinson, Jeanna Bobbitt, Sandra Cook, Cheryl Daniel, Janet Lancaster and Donna Wimbrow.

November 2, 1978

Halloween ghosts appeared to pay a premature visit to a house between Warrenton and Norlina last weekend, when deputies were summoned to rid its occupants of the "poltergeist" in an upstairs bedroom: a woodpecker, trapped, but trying hard to exit the premises.

The Town of Warrenton has received a grant from the Governor's Crime Commission and the N.C. Division of Crime Control and Public Safety to be used for the purchase of a police vehicle and the employment of a full-time policeman.

Littleton Life In '22

November 4, 1922

More than \$42 was cleared for the Ladies' Aid Society of the Calvary M. E. Church at a Halloween party on Tuesday night held in the school house.

Heavy receipts of cotton at the cooperative warehouse here continue to keep Manager E. T. Harrison on the move. The farmers are expressing satisfaction at the new marketing system.

An advertisement by the American Tobacco Company advertises a pack of "111" cigarettes for 10 cents, with 15 cigarettes per pack.

Courthouse Squares



The largest painting now in existence is probably The Battle of Gettysburg, completed in 1883, after two and a half years of work, by Paul Philip Teaux and 18 assistants. The painting is 410 feet long, 70 feet high and weighs 11,782 pounds.