

The Warren Record

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HOWARD F. JONES
Editor

GRACE W. JONES
President

THURLETTA M. BROWN
News Editor

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The Christmas Story

Taken From the Second Chapter of Luke

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there was in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shown round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

The Warren County Scene



The occupants of this Warren County bird house might not have a white Christmas, but it won't be because Mother Nature hasn't tried. Already this December, a thin blanket of snow has covered the county on two occasions, and winter doesn't even arrive until today.
(Staff Photo by Phyllis H. King)



Thurletta Brown

The Gift

It was given to me in the mid-50's and, for me, has increased in value daily ever since.

I began to share it with others in the late-50's—in churches, in schools and in my parents' living room.

Because it was such a treasured thing, I have tried my best for the past 27 years to continue that sharing each week—usually on Sundays in church.

What is it? The gift of music, or rather, the love of music.

Although the gift is one that comes from God, His earthly conduit for its transmission was my Aunt Mildred, who has had the gift forever. She has served as organist or pianist for more times than I can count, and it is she who caused me to understand and appreciate the value of the gift. Mrs. Bailey, a teacher in the Warren County school system in the 1950's, helped me to develop a rudimentary understanding of the gift, and Howard Manley, now deceased, taught me the skills needed to really share it. The appreciation of choral music was given to me by Ben Smith, who, until his retirement this year, for at least a quarter of a century has directed the Duke University Chapel Choir, ensuring that folks far and wide could hear Handel's "Messiah" in the Duke Chapel. And Wesley Memorial Methodist's Daniel Steinert, by allowing me to accompany his choir in various Easter and Christmas performances, has also created that appreciation.

This year, I give the gift to you—my second anthem, "At Christmastide," that will have its premier performance on Christmas Eve. To claim your gift, simply show up at about 10:50 p.m. Saturday night at Emmanuel Episcopal Church for a communion service of carols and lessons. The Rev. Mrs. Vicki Wesen (rector for Emmanuel, All Saints' and the Chapel of the Good Shepherd) will preside over the service and the Rev. Mrs. Janet Watrous (chaplain of St. Mary's College in Raleigh) will be the celebrant.

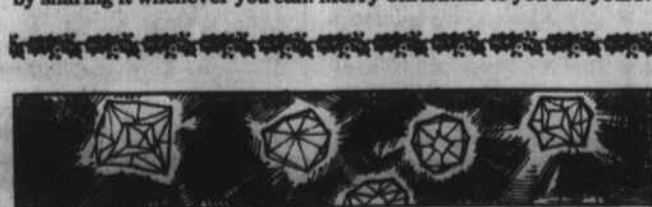
Others, who like me have received the gift, have agreed to serve as "elves" and assist in the presentation. Rudy Harper, a recent Raleigh transplant by way of Seattle, Wa. with tenure in the New Mexico Symphony, will play his trumpet to herald in Christmas Day and the observance of the birth of Christ. Mrs. Josie Dickerson of Austin, Tex., home for the holidays to visit her mother, Mrs. Sarah Peoples, will add her voice to my anthem—and also sing solos during the communion portion of the service. Other featured voices will include those of Alan Floyd, Sam Massey, Alex McAuslan and Arthur Williams. Of course, none of this would be possible without the foundation for all the music that will be provided by voices from Emmanuel Episcopal, All Saints' Episcopal, Warrenton Baptist and Wesley Memorial United Methodist churches. (Assuming that I'm not too "overcome" by the whole thing, I'll be sitting at the organ—trying like heck to play.)

"The Sound of Music" is one of my favorite Rogers and Hammerstein creations. The little-known verse to the musical's title song goes like this:

A bell is no bell 'til you ring it.
A song is no song 'til you sing it.
And love in your heart wasn't put there to stay;
Love isn't love 'til you give it away.

Like love, music is not put in our hearts to stay and it is nothing until you give it away.

So, come let us adore Him! Wait until after midnight to assemble those bicycles. Stay in your cars Saturday night after leaving your own 8:00 p.m.- or 9:00 p.m.-services and drive on over to Emmanuel. And, oh yes, about your gift. There is a small price tag: Not only are you required to come out and get it; you have to give it away by sharing it whenever you can. Merry Christmas to you and yours!



Some white-dwarf stars are believed to be made of diamonds.

Here and There

Howard Jones

Twisters Touched Many Lives

The devastating tornadoes which cut a path of destruction through northern North Carolina and southern Virginia early on the morning of Nov. 28 ripped apart homes and uprooted trees in four of Warren's neighboring counties—Franklin, Halifax, Northampton and Brunswick. While none of the approximately 17 separate tornadoes which caused \$100 million worth of damage touched Warren County, they did have an effect on the lives of a number of our citizens now living in the areas hard hit.

Among the areas hit was North Raleigh, where two children were killed in their sleep. One of the victims was a 12-year-old boy, Edwin "Pete" Fulghum, III, whose home was demolished. The twister which destroyed his home apparently carried a canceled check written by his mother some 50 miles before dropping it in a wooded area near Arcola in southern Warren County.

The Associated Press reported that Cory Conn, while deer hunting near his farm, found the check. His wife, Kay, told the AP that the check was made out to Kerr Drugs and was signed by Patricia Fulghum. It contained Mrs. Fulghum's driver's license number, telephone number and address, Mrs. Conn said.

"I know it sounds far-fetched," Mrs. Conn told the news service. "When I told the people at work, they thought I'd lost my mind. They couldn't believe that it came all the way from Raleigh."

Mrs. Conn reported that she dialed the number on the check and reached a relative of Mrs. Fulghum to tell them of the find. Also found in the same area was a piece of a window blind and a page from a manual, she said.

There have been many reports reaching us of persons with Warren ties being in the path of the deadly twisters. Two of those suffering tornado damage were my former neighbors.

Patricia Odom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Odom, Jr. of Graham Street and now a nurse at Raleigh's Rex Hospital, had the roof ripped from her Raleigh home, but was unhurt.

Al Williams, III, a former resident of Fairview Street who operated White's Building Supplies here several years ago, was also unhurt, but reported that he had a close call when a tornado passed over his Raleigh apartment. He awoke as the storm neared and took refuge in a closet. The tornado blew all the windows out of his apartment and destroyed three of Al's vehicles—two cars and a truck.

Those residents caught in the tornadoes' fury, and those who have seen the devastation which resulted have been of one mind. It is a miracle, most say, that many more people were not killed or maimed.

Charles M. White, III, of Warrenton, a friend of long-standing and a former district attorney well known to many of our readers, took the time to send me a letter which relates to this season of the year. His letter follows:

"The other day a friend of mine told me a story—the crux of which was that a Christian was commiserating with a Jew over all that the Jewish people missed by not having and celebrating Christmas. The Jew said in effect: 'To the contrary, we celebrate Christmas, but it's always the day after when we go down to our large department store and look around at all the empty shelves. We then all gather hands in a circle and loudly sing 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus'."

"Unfortunately, that is the summation of a modern Christian Christmas. The scurrying around to find the tinsel and trappings of the modern-day Christmas is not the Christmas of Franz Grubel or the early Christians.

"We are doing too much, but achieving too little."

One of the joys of the Christmas season is seeing the postman, or the mail lady as the case may be, ambling up the front walk bearing a stack of mail. Invariably, the mail will contain Christmas greeting cards, and almost always some come from the most unexpected sources.

The pleasant surprise of hearing from folks you don't normally see is one of the really bright aspects of Christmas. This year, the mail has brought reminders that "out of sight" doesn't necessarily mean "out of mind."

I am appreciative of those readers who took the time to send my way a note or card containing best wishes for a good Christmas and a happy new year.

And I would like to take this opportunity to send the way of every reader my hope that your Christmas may be indeed joyous, and that the new year which lies ahead will be filled with good health and an abundance of happiness.

The Little Boy Within Us

By ROY O. JONES
In The Smithfield Herald

I left my Eastern North Carolina home in my late teens. Through the years, the bittersweet memories of boyhood days—and the little boy in me who never really left home—has beckoned me back home many times. Going home seems to be an almost instinctive desire in every man, especially during holidays. In the Bible we find that even when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, everyone went back to his own home (Luke 2:3-4).

I grew up when Roy Rogers and Gene Autry rode the range. I remember when the Lone Ranger and Tonto would appear out of nowhere. It was my generation, not this one, which gave the world "Star Wars," with Buck Rogers. The little boy in me had a wild imagination. Cowboys and Indians were real. When I set up camp in forboding woods, there was a villain behind every bush. I had only a BB gun; but, of course, it would stop anything that moved. My mother was not so overly protective of me that I could not get out of her sight. She let me roam the fields and woods and explore.

When I was a boy I didn't carry fingernail clippers. I carried a knife, a bad one. With it I carved my name on trees, still standing to this day. I could sit in my camp and listen to the birds sing while I whittled. I felt like a young animal caught up in the rhythm of nature.

Skies in Eastern North Carolina were always different. At night the stars hung low—you could all but touch them. They teased and twinkled, sparkling like diamonds on blankets of velvet. On hot days, dark clouds gathered, becoming angry and bursting; and refreshing rain fell, followed by beautiful rainbows. I feel a sense of pity for those who never chased a rainbow and stood in awe of its colors and splendor. How sad that many "city boys" never stopped by a gurgling brook, or watched the moon in a fishpond, or lifted a kite toward the sky, or chased a butterfly across the yard.

Uncle Dempsey's apple orchard has long since been gone. And the old cider mill is a thing of the past; but I remember when a little boy got in the wrong barrel and had a tough time getting adults to believe his story. I didn't know what hard cider was.

I am older now, but I hope I will never gag or muffle or drug this little boy who lives in me. That little boy's bittersweet memories of boyhood days have helped to make life worth living for the man in whose heart he still lives.

Looking Back Into The Record

December 17, 1948

Seeking to curb the solicitation of funds from business houses of Warrenton, directors of the Chamber of Commerce voted at their meeting Tuesday night to issue all members display cards on which will be printed words to the effect that no donations to any causes will be made unless the solicitor has the approval and written authorization of the Chamber of Commerce.

Raby Taylor of Norlina is believed to be to be the first person in this section—and probably in the state—to receive his tickets for the Sugar Bowl where the Tar Heels of North Carolina and Oklahoma will clash on the gridiron on New Year's Day.

A letter to Santa:

"I am a little boy six years old and would like very much for you to bring me a small tricycle. As I have a little sister four years old for you to bring something to, I'll only ask for a pair of boots to go with the tricycle."
HARRY J. CARTER"

December 20, 1963

An award-winning book by Manly Wade Wellman, "Settlement on Shocco: Adventures in Colonial Carolina," set in what is now the southern portion of Warren County and earmarked for young readers ages nine to 12, was published Saturday by John F. Blair Publishers of Winston-Salem.

Letters to Santa:

"I am in the second grade and have one brother. He is in the

eighth grade. I want a gun, digging machine, airport set and a croquet set. I will leave you some food."
CHARLES AYSCUE"

"I want you to bring me a cowboy hat, car, guns and holster set. Please bring my sister a doll and carriage—and anything else you think she would enjoy. She is two and I am four. We have tried to be good."
BILLY AND HARRIET ELLINGTON"

December 21, 1978

Plans to use a small tract of farmland near Afton to provide permanent storage of PCB-contaminated soil have been announced by the state's PCB cleanup coordinator and the regional administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), and a public hearing on the plan will be held here on Jan. 4, 1979 at the National Guard Armory.

The Warren County 4-H program has been selected for the second consecutive year to receive the N.C. Outstanding County Safety Award of the Year.

A letter to Santa:

"This year I have been a very good boy. My mom was sick and I helped her a whole lot, so I would like you to bring me a SWAT van, Brix Blox, Creepy Crawlers, a cash register and typewriter, a four-wheel riding truck, Super Joe, Godzilla, Muppet puzzle heads, as well as nuts, fruits and candy."
MARK CARROLL"