

The Warren Record

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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.

Looking Back Into The Record

December 16, 1949

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy five years old. I try to be good most of the time. Please bring me a holster set with bullets, train and airplane, some Gene Autry bedroom slippers and an auto transport truck. Be good to all the little boys and girls.

LUTHER KING

Dear Santa,
I have been a little bit bad, but I am still good because my mother makes me mind. I want a doll bed, a sewing machine, a doll that drinks from a bottle, some baby pants and some dresses. Please be good to my baby sister.

KAY FAIR

December 18, 1964

Dear Santa,
I have two pets. One is named Curly and one is named Porky. I am in the second grade and getting good papers. I have one sister named Jill. I have one brother named Todd. My mother's name is Gladys and my daddy's name is Macon. I love them very much. Santa, please bring me a Johnny Seven OMA. My favorite programs are Gomer Pyle and Sunrise Theatre. My favorite foods are steak and hamburger. Please go to Uncle W.D.'s house to see his children.

CRAIG WEMYSS

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy in the second grade. My teacher is Mrs. Hicks. I have one sister, Linda. She is in the fifth grade. My favorite food is fried chicken. My favorite television program is The Beverly Hillbillies. Please bring me a desk, and a G.I. Joe Sailor and his equipment. Linda wants a Skipper doll with clothes. Thank you.

RICHARD HOLTZMAN

Dear Santa,
I love you. I think you are nice. I'm in the second grade. I like to watch TV and my favorite show is Red Skelton. I want a Barbie doll with clothes, a suitcase, clothes for me and a Crazy Clock game. I will leave you some cake. I hope you like it. Bring my sister some clothes. Bring my mother and father something, too. Bring some pecans and things. Bring a surprise for my mother, father, sister and me. I think my mother wants a sewing machine. Bring my sister a stereo, and bring my father and me anything!

WANDA LEE WILSON

December 29, 1979

Dear Santa,
I want you to bring my mom some perfume, two bottles of it. I want you to bring my father five neckties. I will leave some hot cocoa and cookies on the kitchen table. Bring me a racing truck and dump truck, and please bring something nice for my grandparents.

ALFATR CRAWFORD

Dear Santa,
I hope all of your friends have a safe Christmas. I would like for you to leave someone a special gift, and that special someone is my teacher, Mrs. Arrington. I would like you to bring her a necklace. There is also someone else, my mother. Will you please leave her something very nice? And will you please leave these things for me? I'd like a beauty salon, a Baby-Grows-Up, two doll trucks and some jeans.

OPHERRAL EATON

Dear Santa,
I've been real good this year. I have helped my dad feed the dogs, and I have helped my mother dust and clean my room. Please bring me a cowboy suit, a hot pickup, Levis', Dallas Cowboy shoes, an Off The Road Adventure Buggy, a Super Loop, some surprises, and some nuts, fruit and candy.

MARK CARROLL

The Warren County Scene



WAITING FOR THE BIG NIGHT—A deer named Rudolph hides behind a brick wall somewhere in Warren County, waiting for a call from Santa to lead the Christmas Eve sleigh ride from the North Pole to most of the homes hereabouts.

(Staff Photo by Phyllis H. King)

Here and There

Howard Jones

Greetings Come In Mail

One of the joys of the Christmas season for me comes from the postman who brings a surprising number of greeting cards to one who is traditionally negligent when it comes to exchanging holiday best wishes.

Probably travelling the longest distance this year was one from Dr. and Mrs. Henry H. Presler of Fargo, N. D., the parents of the Rev. Henry A. Presler, who served several years ago as the rector of the three Episcopal churches in Warren County.

The Christmas correspondence from Dr. and Mrs. Presler generally takes the form of a newsletter, and this year's was no exception. It mentions the fact that this year North Dakota is celebrating the centennial of its 1889 admission to the union, and contains a picture of Dr. and Mrs. Presler standing before a permanent exhibit which honors the North Dakota men who have been recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

It was not until I received the newsletter that I learned that the maternal grandfather of my good friend, Henry, now an Episcopal priest in Monroe, was a recipient of this distinguished medal. Henry's grandfather was born in 1875 in Dakota Territory and served during the Spanish-American War with the Dakota Scouts in the Philippine Islands where he won the Medal of Honor.

In the early 1960s I went to Chicago to visit a friend, and it was my hope while there to see a concert by Peter, Paul and Mary, then a young folk-singing trio. But, alas, either Peter, Paul or Mary was incarcerated in a Chicago jail on some drug-related charge which would probably have been a minor violation by today's standards.

At any rate, the concert had to be called off, and I never got to see them perform. That is, not until earlier this month, when they appeared on the public television network in a holiday special. Then, as fate would have it, midway through their grand performance of Christmas music, an electrical power outage occurred, and for the second time in almost 30 years, I missed their concert.

The mail this week contained a couple of poems which I found of interest, and wish to share as a form of Christmas greetings to the readers of this column.

The first was written by Dr. Dorothy K. Hunt of Henderson, and was taken from her 1987 copyrighted book of poems entitled "Reaching for a Star Through Poetical Imagery". The title of the poem is "Christmas," and it reads as follows:

Christmas comes but once a year,
We look forward to
Lots of fun and cheer.

We rush our shopping and other chores,
With fear
That we shall not be ready when the time is here.

Christmas comes but once a year
To remind us, that without fanfare
A Baby was given to the world.

A Baby was born in Bethlehem
Under a bright star,
Wise men brought gifts from afar.

There with the animals, in a smelly stable
This newborn Baby lay
In stubbles of dry hay.

Christmas comes but once a year,
If we are not caught up in commercial trappings,
It will be all the more worth living—
Because we've learned from the miracle of unselfish giving.

The second poem, a non-published original penned by Mrs. Eleanor B. Hall of Rt. 2, Macon, strikes a chord made familiar by the weather of late. Entitled "The Ice Storm," her poem reads as follows:

The storm has passed on with the night
And now, the sun is shining bright.
The power is off—the roads deserted.
The linemen all have been alerted.
For them, it's cold and wet and gruelin'.
For me, it's just "The World by Steuben."

Notes From All Over

Diane Davis

My Kind Of Holiday

For weeks now, I've been dreading the holiday season. It always seems that we start counting the number of days until Christmas way back in August—and most of us don't even pay attention until a week or so beforehand.

This year, though, I've done something unusual. I have finished all my Christmas shopping and have all the presents wrapped and underneath the tree. Never before December 24th at 9 p.m. have I had my shopping done. Never. And knowing me, I probably forgot to buy a gift and will remember Saturday at 8 p.m. Oh well, it's just par for the course.

Without taking notice of the shopping headaches which plague many of us, there are some joys of the holiday season in which we can all take part—like giving that special someone a special gift, seeing family members who live far away and just enjoying "togetherness." All of these go hand-in-hand with the holiday season.

I still get excited when I wake up on Christmas morning. It's kind of like I really believe there will be a present under there for me that wasn't there the night before. But to see my son's eyes light up when he realizes that Santa Claus visited him once again is just priceless. I enjoy it no end.

Ah, I guess that's what Christmas is all about. Giving, sharing, loving and caring. That's my kind of holiday.

There is a nursing home in Vermont that's home to the Ho Ho Hot Line—a toll free number you can call to place your Christmas order.

Seniors living at Briarwood Nursing Home like to call their place "Santa Claus Central" because of the non-stop ringing of their phones from 1-5 p.m. each year Dec. 12-27.

The phone will be cheerfully answered with a "Ho ho ho" to all callers. And there is no need to worry—all the residents have taken a crash course through the nursing home's Ho Ho Academy and are specially trained to play Santa Claus.

Call 1-800-442-XMAS to get in on the Christmas spirit. But be careful, it's catching!

I heard this really awful joke the other night on television—what do a cat on the beach and Christmas have in common?

Answer: Sandy Claws.

Get it?!

As Others See It

Comments On Titles, Tipping

By SAM RAGAN
In The (Southern Pines) Pilot

Some weeks ago we wrote about this newspaper's policies in regard to the use of titles with names. We still do not care for using "Mr." in front of the name of every male, as some newspapers have started doing. We use "Mr." in obituaries, and when a person has reached the ages of 95 or 100.

We were rather reluctant to use the prefix of "Ms." for all females. Our dictionary had stated that "Ms." was an abbreviation for manuscript, and we didn't think Mary Jones would like to be addressed as Manuscript Mary Jones. However, we soon discovered that "Ms." was gaining greater and greater acceptance and preference, so we yielded to the demands of the times. The female prefix issue does not go away though, and we read a news story this past week in which Judith Martin, who writes the "Miss Manners" syndicated column, insists that "Ms." should be used. She had written a book called "Guide for the Turn-of-the-Millennium," in which she talks more about the matter.

She thinks "Mistress" and "Madam" are good words, even though they "took up dirty connotations," and we think most people are careful about calling someone a mistress or madam.

Miss Manners, nee Judith Martin, says in the news story that "Ms. is marvelous. It's in the best tradition of etiquette."

In her book, Ms. Martin takes on other causes and among those things she very much wants to see brought to an end are business entertaining and tipping. For her, both are abominations.

Our guess is though she will have a harder time eliminating business entertaining and tipping than in gaining acceptance of "ms." as a title or honorific.



Apples, grapes, cranberries, plums and cherries should be stored in the refrigerator immediately after purchase and are best eaten within a week.

PUBLIC NOTICE SPECIAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Warren County Board of Commissioners will hold a special meeting on Wednesday, December 20, 1989 at 6:30 p.m. in the Warren County Courthouse, Main Street, Warrenton, N.C.

The purpose of this meeting is to finalize construction contracts relative to the Warren County Medical Facility renovation project, as well as entertain any other business to come before the Board.

All interested citizens are invited to attend.

GEORGE E. SHEARIN, SR., Chairperson
Warren County Board of Commissioners

Dec. 13, 20

SEASON'S GREETINGS

We're all fixed up and ready to wish you a wonderful holiday. Thanks a lot.



MILES HARDWARE
Warrenton, N.C.