

The Warren Record

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Reflection On Taxes

Perhaps in the final analysis it makes little difference in how taxes are levied so long as they apply generally and the point to remember if governmental agencies are to spend money somebody has to pay the bill and as a general rule it is the ultimate consumer, which includes us all. But, on the other hand it is possible to spread these taxes so as to work a real hardship on a lot of poor people.

Most persons of property in Warren County with whom we have talked favor an increase in sales taxes in order that taxes may be reduced on property, which is part and parcel of "getting the tax off me and putting it on someone else."

Almost invariably those who favor an increased sales tax explain that there are many people who would not pay any taxes whatsoever if it were not for the sales tax, when what they actually mean is that they would not pay any direct taxes. They also always add that they are not in favor of paying taxes for anyone who is just too sorry and lazy to work.

Admittedly, there are a considerable number of people in this county who seemingly are not over ambitious and who have a decided

antipathy to any and all forms of labor. But there are also hundreds of poor people in the county who work when they can find work, and with steady jobs who work for wages too small to afford a decent standard of living. There are also hundreds of other citizens who are gainfully employed in our factories, stores and other industries, in most cases paid as little as the minimum wage law will permit. It is of these people we think when we plead for no increase in the sales tax before the possibility of taxes on whiskey and cigarets are exhausted.

What the increase would do, if the objectives of those favoring the increased sales tax is realized, would be to reduce the tax on the property of many well-to-do homeowners and put it on their cooks; it might even reduce the tax on our own business and place it on our employees who certainly are far from overpaid.

If we want to smoke cigarets and drink whiskey, two utterly wasteful and useless habits, then we think these items should be further taxed before we urge that other necessities of hardworking poor people of the county be further taxed.

A Sense Of Values

The activities of the hippies, the beatniks and other misfits are often overemphasized and as a result a whole generation of young people are damned by those who forget how many normal, wholesome and idealistic young people there are. This was called to mind by two editorials in The Chapel Hill Weekly of Dec. 11. The first recounts the editor's experience with two young boys of Chapel Hill who contributed funds to the Miners Fund sponsored by The Weekly. The second, merely incidental to the first, dealt with an anonymous young man who felt remorse over the destruction of private property.

This anonymous young man, locked in the Duck Pond area on Thanksgiving night and cutting a couple of strands of barbed wire to get out, wrote a letter to The Weekly, expressing his regrets and enclosing \$10 to pay for the damage, asking The Weekly to locate the owner. The Editor tells the aftermath in "A Later Word From Anonymous."

We believe there are hundreds of thousands of Peter and Les Ingoes in the United States and many thousands of young men with a sense of right and wrong, and that their actions should be recounted. The first editorial, "A Sense of Values," is printed below and is followed by the second, "Later Word From Anonymous," hardly less noteworthy:

A Sense Of Values

Monday afternoon two youngsters came dashing into the Weekly office with a wad of dollar bills thick enough to choke a billy goat.

One of them said, "One hundred dollars for the miner's fund." They wheeled to bolt out again. The folks in the front office stopped them.

The youngsters, Peter Igoe, 11, and Les Igoe, 10, explained that they had collected the money on Sunday afternoon and "about five minutes" on Monday. For most of Sunday afternoon they had worked the clientele at the Intimate Book Shop. The five minutes on Monday afternoon had been needed to round out the hundred dollars.

Reluctantly the Brothers Igoe stood still for a picture. Then a reporter started getting identifications for the photo.

Les Igoe didn't want his name used. The reporter explained that the paper was using the names of the entire staff of the Neighborhood Gazette and had already printed the names of other young people who had worked for the miners fund. The paper would try not to embarrass him.

Then Les Igoe explained with great patience to the reporter: "That isn't the point. The

point is that seventy-eight miners won't be coming home to their families this Christmas." Les looked down. His lip was trembling.

The reporter looked away quickly. He seemed to have something stuck in his throat. When he got his throat cleared he took down the rest of the information and got away from there fast.

"I can't take that," he said.

Later Word From Anonymous

The prisoner of the Glen Lennox Duck Pond, although he still hasn't revealed his identity, has directed that his penance money be contributed to a good cause.

In a letter this week to L. C. Croft, manager of the Glen Lennox development, the young man wrote:

"I have just read the column in the Weekly (Dec. 8) and I sincerely appreciate your feelings on my behavior. I also appreciate your offer to return the money to me, but I am afraid that I would not feel right in taking it back. I did commit a wrong deed (in cutting a couple of barbed wire strands after being locked in the duck pond on Thanksgiving night) and I feel that to clear my conscience I must pay for it in some way.

"Therefore, if you feel that the damage was negligible, and payment was not required, I wish that you would turn the money over to the Weekly Miners' Relief Fund for me. I don't really need the money, and to make some miner's family a little happier this Christmas would clear my guilty mind of the whole incident.

"I thank you for performing this deed for me, it will certainly make me feel a lot better. Long live the duck pond, and I remain yours, 'Anonymous.'"

Mr. Croft and the Weekly would like to assure "Anonymous" that his ten dollars has been added to the Relief Fund and his conscience and guilty mind have been formally declared cleared.

The Joy Of It

Detroit Free Press

Do-it-yourself fun is back with news that stunts are big with children again.

Stunts can be store-bought but they can be made on the spot. We used to nail pieces of two-by-four to discarded mop handles and stomp around to see what the world looks like from the height of a 12-year-old. It was a real thrill

This may be a beginning of a trend toward other simple pleasures, such as playing Knight of Old, with a broom for a horse and a helmet made from an old sauce pan. The best shields were the oval lids to copper wash boilers, hard come by any more. But a garbage can lid isn't bad, and gives out a good martial clang

Quotes

"There are two kinds of weakness, that which breaks and that which bends."—Lowell

"The great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlast it."—W. James.

Mostly Personal

By BIGNALL JONES

My wife, an excellent homemaker, finds pleasure and instruction in looking at TV programs by Peggy Mann, John Harris and the French Chef, and often is seen with pencil and paper taking notes. Just how necessary this is I am sometimes doubtful and almost certain it is a waste of time in the case of the French Chef, as she has not yet cooked chicken or beef in wine, and garlic and too much onion is an abomination to me. More to the point, she cooks so well now without any further instruction that I find it practically impossible to reduce weight without a sacrifice greater than I have been prepared to make.

But it is John Harris and his garden column, which I concede is good, that has caused me some difficulty and bewilderment.

For several years we have had a muscadine grape vine at the back of our yard and also had a scuppernong vine on the end of the same trellis. This vine died two years ago and last year we planned to plant another, but for one reason or another we failed to do so. This year we were determined to plant another, and that is where John Harris came into the picture.

About a month ago John Harris conducted a program on grape vines to which my wife listened. From what I can learn he said that the Dearing was a good vine, but suggested that the Manteo and several other hybrid varieties might be better. He said that it was the proper time to plant a grape vine.

Whereupon, the next day my wife went to a nursery and found that the nurseryman had the Dearing, but none of the other varieties. So a couple of Sunday's later we went to a nursery near Raleigh and found that they would not get any grape vines until after a real cold spell. He said that it was too early to plant grape vines and expressed strong doubts that the varieties suggested by John Harris were any better than the Dearing. On the way home my wife expressed strong doubt that the nurseryman knows as much about it as does John Harris. So now I am afraid that the planting season will pass before we can make up our mind just what is the best kind of vine to plant. This seems to me to be a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth.

I don't know anything about the different varieties of grape vines and when it comes to such things I am usually content to trust my wife's experience based on several years of experience. I don't know what kind of scuppernong vine Cousin Johnnie Davis had but when Boyd would take a bunch of us in our courting days to this vine on an early fall moonlight night

Letter To Editor

RAISING TAXES

To The Editor:

Most everyone has his own pet ideas about how to raise taxes—mostly to let the other fellow pay most of it. Also there are a lot of inequities in proposals that are made. They should be fully considered.

For instance, how would a tax on tobacco and drinks be less burdensome on poor people than a general sales tax? Are there any statistics to show that poor people smoke or drink less than those who could afford it? The simple fact is that some of us will pay very little luxury tax. Would that help the poor people?

The opposition to tax on tobacco in this state is probably no greater than is the opposition to most any other tax. Politicians just imagine it would be unwise to levy one. More and more farmers are having to pay property tax on their tobacco allotment values even though that isn't popular either.

Which reminds us of other privileges which have also a capitalized value. Truck and bus route franchises, the privilege to operate a taxicab, to sell beer and wine or even such things as a license or certificate to operate a bank or a barbershop, to teach school, practice law, own a franchise or leadership for certain products are all somewhat similar to a tobacco allotment. Wouldn't it be nice if all of us privileged people could have the privilege to stand united and all pay a tax on our privileges?

Perhaps the most unfair tax in the country is the property

tax. It can never be appraised in a complete and equal manner to all. It is seldom in line with ability to pay. It is often a tax on savings that is five to ten times as much as the tax on savings in a bank. It is much more of a burden on business with a slow turnover. Most absurd of all its

they were good enough for me, as Mrs. Dell Jones' vines in our childhood.

Vines were usually obtained in the old days by getting some friend to root a vine by putting a brick over it. I tried this a number of years ago as a friend told me I could get a slip from his vine and as a consequence I got the worst case of poison oak that I ever had. All leaves were off a number of roots under the vine and with some little effort I managed to grub up what seemed to be an extremely well-rooted plant and take it home. As a result I probably became the only man in Warren County to plant poison oak. Afterwards we got a vine from a nursery but just as it was beginning to bear in any profusion it died, and after that we had to rely on black grapes.

It seems that the scuppernong is a species of muscadine, but I am not too sure about that. I had always thought that muscadines were a species of wild grape that we found while hunting, or the black grapes grown by a few citizens of the county, and of which we have had good luck.

tendency to penalize progress and to reward those with no initiative. So I can go for some more sales tax. Let's take off some of the limitations. Let the man who can afford a Cadillac pay the full three or four percent or whatever the tax may be, just like the fellow who can only

afford a motor scooter. With a little revision the sales tax is not a bad tax at all. It is one that all of us have to pay.

WILLIAM H. BENDER

A battery-operated alarm for boat cabins or trucks gives its signal when an ultrasonic beam is broken.



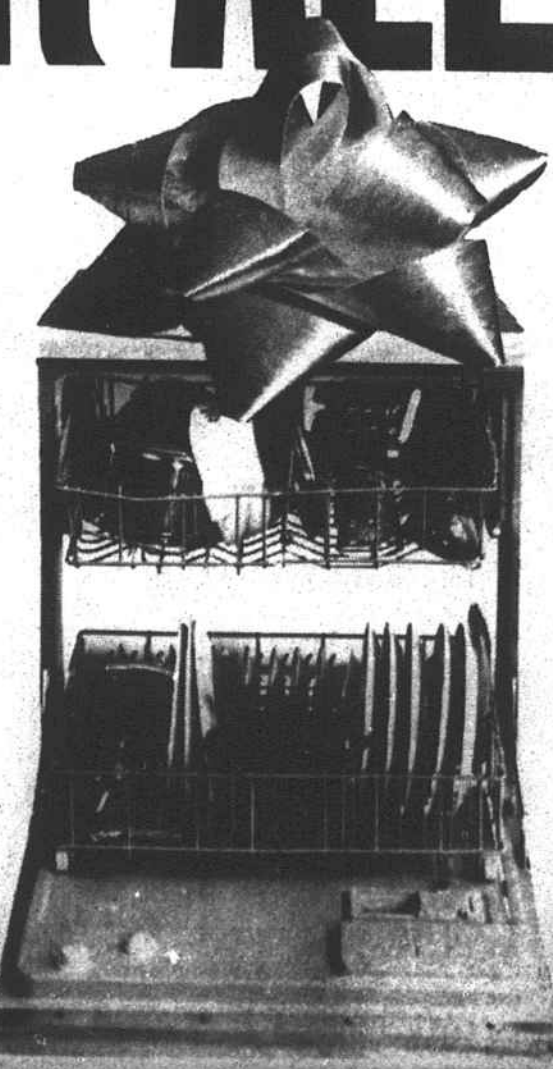
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