

The Warren Record

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Inflation Still Here

Officials of the Reagan Administration who constantly contend that inflation has been brought under control could have learned a sorely needed lesson in accuracy had they attended the meeting of the Warren County Board of Education last week.

During that meeting it was reluctantly agreed that the prices of meals served in the school cafeterias would have to be increased this fall. The reason was simple: the fires of inflation have not been checked, no matter what you might have heard.

Supt. Mike Williams told the board that there were several factors leading to the increased meal price recommendation. Additional costs have been incurred this year in salaries, he said. These increases ranged from 9.6 percent to 15 percent.

Moreover, there has been an increase in health insurance amounting to \$190 per employee, and utilities, food purchase and equipment replacement have gone up. And so, despite what you might have read or heard to the

contrary, the effects of inflation are being felt here.

There was another indication at last week's board meeting that what the folks in Washington are saying about inflation simply isn't true.

In a discussion of what firm would receive the bid to provide milk for the public schools during the 1985-86 school year, it was pointed out that Pine State had submitted the low bid of 15½ cents per half pint. School board members were told the same half pint cost \$1.540 last year, \$1.483 the year before and \$1.380 during the 1982-83 school year.

We grownups have known for sometime that inflation has not been brought in check. Hardly a month goes by that a wholesale supplier does not raise his price on some item or another.

Now, with the advent of another school year, it appears that students will learn, just as have their mothers and fathers, that the fight against inflation is a long way from over—despite what they say in Washington.

Turnaround On Taxes

In The Smithfield Herald

Well, what do you know. Governor Jim Martin has given his blessings to a tax increase. Not only that. He told the N. C. Association of County Commissioners at week's end that he would support a tax-hike bill during next year's session of the General Assembly.

"How can that be?" you ask. "Mr. Martin won election after campaigning for cutting taxes, not raising them."

The Republican Governor wouldn't want to admit it, but the reason for changing his tune is something Ronald Reagan is doing. The Republican President has apparently convinced a majority of members of Congress to end the federal revenue-sharing program a year from now. And that means a significant loss of annual revenue to North Carolina's municipal and county governments.

To make up for the loss, leaders of local government want permission from the Legislature to raise the local sales tax by another half-cent on the dollar. And Governor Martin agrees they ought to get it.

"We've got to find resources for local governments," Mr. Martin told a conference of the N. C. Association of County Commissioners on Friday. He promised to work with the association's leadership to get the extra half-cent sales tax authorized by the General Assembly if Congress follows

through with tentative plans to eliminate revenue-sharing next year.

Now, we're not ridiculing Governor Martin for coming out for a tax increase. And we're not disagreeing with President Reagan's call for end to revenue-sharing. In this case, both Mr. Reagan and Mr. Martin are showing sound fiscal judgment. Revenue-sharing shouldn't be continued when the debt-ridden Federal Government has no revenue to share, yet North Carolina's local governments are in need of new sources of revenue to continue community progress in an era of no more federal aid.

What has us amazed is Governor Martin's willingness to admit that taxes are an essential part of this state's progress. We only wish he hadn't misled so many of North Carolina's voters last year into believing that ours is a high-tax state when it isn't.

Looking Back Into The Record

August 24, 1945

Claude T. Bowers of Warrenton has been promoted from lieutenant colonel to full colonel, it was learned here this week. The promotion came through on July 20. Col. Bowers is serving in Germany.

Norman McArthur, 29, of Harnett County has accepted a position as vocational teacher at John Graham High School. He has arrived in Warrenton and is making his home at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Scott.

J. T. Vaughan, Sr. is curing tobacco in Waterford, Ontario, Canada.

August 21, 1975

Warrenton's new restaurant, now nearing completion on South Main Street, will be known as The Carriage House. W. Monroe Gardner, owner of the old Johnson Building which will house the restaurant, said construction is proceeding on schedule and plans are to open next month.

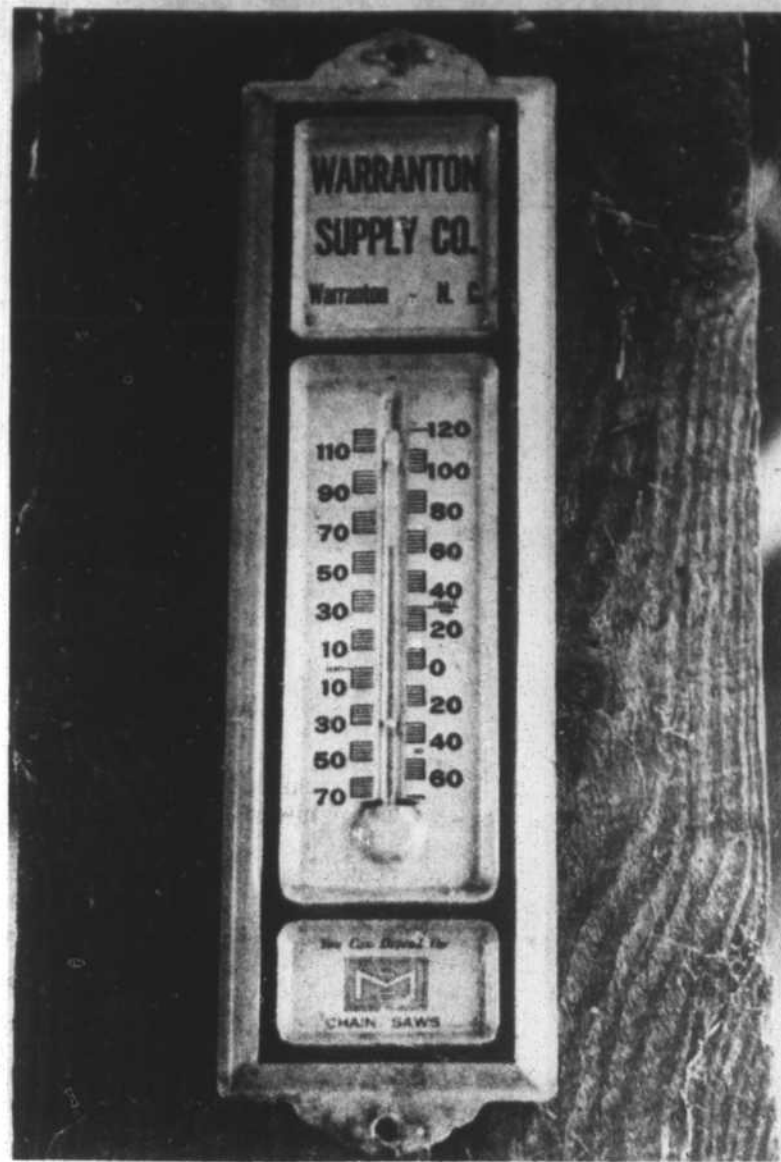
Norlina High School will have a cosmopolitan look this year, thanks to the arrival of two foreign exchange students. Lena Gustavson, 16, from Morgonogova, Sweden and Preban Penderson, 17, from Holstead, Denmark are preparing to join the student body at Norlina for a full school term.

August 19, 1960

Robert Duke Miles, Warrenton salesman, was named Lion of the Year at the regular meeting of the Warrenton Lions Club at Hotel Warren last Friday night.

Mrs. W. P. Conn returned home Sunday after spending the summer with her son, William Conn, in New York City.

The Warren County Scene



Every now and then unusual spellings of Warren's county seat surface, including the familiar Warrington. This version was spotted recently on a thermometer at Farmer's Warehouse in Warrenton.

(Staff Photo by Dianne T. Rodwell)

Carolina Commentary

Jay Jenkins

Assorted Odds And Ends

Governor Martin appointed his son's father-in-law to the \$55,000 per year position of director of a study of nepotism in state government. A politician once said that nepotism is all right so long as it is kept in the family.

Fellow who recently returned from the 40th reunion of his college class reports that he could remember the names of his classmates, most of whom he hadn't seen in 40 years, better than he can remember the names of persons he met two weeks ago.

John Charles Memory of Raleigh, retired after a long career in the Employment Security Commission, recalls that during the World War II buildup President Franklin D. Roosevelt rode in a Fayetteville parade. When the presidential car came to a temporary halt, Superior Court Judge Clawson L. Williams shoved a court docket to the president, who handed it to his seatmate, U. S. Attorney General Robert Jackson. Jackson nodded

assent and Roosevelt scribbled his signature on the docket before the parade moved on.

In the 1941 General Assembly, Shearon Harris of Albemarle was principal clerk of the House and L. H. Fountain of Tarboro was reading clerk of the Senate. Harris later became president of Carolina Power and Light Company and Fountain was dean of the North Carolina congressional delegation before he retired several years ago.

In his book "The Other Side of the Story" (Morrow), Jody Powell, President Carter's press secretary, writes: "Soon after I became involved in politics and press work, an older and more experienced hand had warned that it only takes about five seconds for someone to call you an SOB, but proving that you are not one can take a bit longer."

The late Vice President Alben Barkley of Kentucky in his book, "That Reminds Me" (Doubleday), talks about Speaker Thomas B. Reed of Maine, a master of invective. Barkley said Reed originated the withering description of President McKinley: "He has no more backbone than a chocolate éclair."

In a floor debate, Reed said of an opponent: "The gentleman never opens his mouth without subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge."

Barkley added, "On another occasion, Reed, who was an enormous man physically as well as a dynamic and devastating speaker, was engaged in acrimonious debate with a small, wiry congressman from Georgia. As the tension mounted, the Georgian, who was fiery as well as witty, exploded and shouted at the massive Reed, 'I will say to the gentleman from Maine that I will chew him up and swallow him in this controversy.' Old Reed drawled out, 'If the gentleman from Georgia chews me up and swallows me, he'll have more brains in his belly than he has in his head.'"

More items from "Modern American Wit and Wisdom" (Random House), compiled by Anne Russell Wigton:

"A banker is a fellow who lends his umbrella when the sun is shining, and wants it back the minute it begins to rain."—Mark Twain.

"The first half of our lives is ruined by our parents and the second half by our children."—Clarence Darrow.



Kay Horner

Write The Editor

A few months ago, we received at The Warren Record a letter to the editor taking us to task for omitting from a news story information the writer deemed vital.

The reader, who wrote anonymously, began by apologizing for writing the letter, noting that it was not in her character to complain.

What followed was a politely-worded dressing down, rightly deserved.

Although the letters to the editor column is a regular editorial page feature of most all newspapers, it seems to remain the least understood.

In its best form, it is a proper forum for readers to comment on current events and issues of community interest; on the paper's coverage of those events in its news columns; and on the newspaper's opinions as set forth on the editorial page.

A lively letters column is a newspaper publisher's assurance that his newspaper is serving as something more than lining for the garbage can.

While publication of complimentary letters is a pleasure, publication of controversial or critical letters is a responsibility any newspaper with editorial integrity takes seriously.

Of course, now and then readers turn to the editor for answers to some of life's more perplexing issues.

One of my favorite letters came from an elderly lady who had, for all her life, made her own chicken soup. One day she was laid low with a case of influenza and longed for a bowl of her homemade remedy. Since none was available, she sent a neighbor to the market to fetch a substitute can of chicken soup.

Her letter read as follows:

"As I poured the soup into the pan, I noticed that it contained only three or four tiny shreds of chicken and I just want to know how long this has been going on."

We welcome the letters, but to some questions, there are no easy answers.



Mary Catherine Harris

Cowcatcher's Yarns

When E. B. Harris of Inez cornered and captured Franklin County escapee, Barney the buffalo, a couple of weeks ago, it came as no surprise to a number of cattlemen who were familiar with E. B.'s hobby and talents in cowcatching. Neither did it shock this sister-in-law who on many occasions has sat spellbound by E. B.'s yarns, unexaggerated I believe, about answering the calls of livestock owners distressed by animals gone astray.

Other residents of this area and elsewhere whose visions of cowcatchers had been confined to the metal frames attached to the front of locomotives of yesteryear to remove obstructions from the tracks, or perhaps to legendary cowboys of the Wild West, had their knowledge broadened through the news coverage of the famed buffalo's plight.

Some of E. B.'s anecdotes are too good to keep, and here follows one of the family favorites, the account of the trek by E. B. and company of cronies and horses and dogs to recapture a 1,000-pound steer which had escaped from a packing company in Virginia Beach.

Arriving at sunup to take advantage of the best time of day to track an animal, the cowcatchers unloaded at what had been designated as the general location of the escapee.

In the realm of that "general location" were a pasture containing a number of high-strung horses as well as a residential area of impressive homes and automobiles and manicured lawns.

The dogs quickly detected the track of the steer and, baying, took off in pursuit. Unfortunately, at a time when the dogs were "putting the heat on," the steer was nearing the horse pasture, which it subsequently entered, and not through any gate.

Excited, to say the least, by the noisy invaders, the horses charged in the opposite direction, followed by the steer, followed by the baying dogs.

An uneasy band of cowcatchers, separated from the mushrooming action by two fences and a maze of canals typical of the area, attempted to formulate strategies, each one short-lived due to the perpetual and unpredictable motion of the animals.

Entering an L-shaped neck of the pasture, the horses, true to their hunter training, easily cleared the fence, trailed by steer and dogs.

In proximity (and contrast) to this scenario was the picturesque and peaceful neighborhood, still yawning or asleep on a leisure Sunday morning. The horses turned down one of the tree- and Cadillac- and Mercedes Benz-lined streets and the steer took another, with six barking and lunging Catahoula Leopard dogs giving chase.

With domino-like spontaneity, front doors swung open and out spilled ladies crowned by hair curlers and holding pans of scrambled eggs, partially-shaven men mopping lather from their chins and curious children in pj's, all sporting wide-open eyes and mouths. From the stimulated chatter there arose traces of astonishment, bewilderment and hostility, and the cowcatchers were acutely aware of the last, for which reason name-calling among

(Continued on page 3)

Courthouse Squares

