

# The Warren Record

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## Faulty Reasoning

It was distressing to read last week that House Speaker Liston Ramsey says he opposes using sales tax money for highway improvements. The reason for our distress is not so much with the speaker's position, as with his reasoning.

"I don't like that idea," Ramsey was quoted by the Associated Press as saying. "You'd be taxing people who don't own an automobile... to build highways."

That, whether it has occurred to Speaker Ramsey or not, is like saying that couples without children should not be taxed to build public school buildings.

Every person in North Carolina, whether he is a motorist or not, stands to gain from good roads. Too much of our state's economy is tied to tourist-generated dollars for North Carolina to let its roads deteriorate while

seeking equitable ways to finance construction.

Senator Marc Basnight of Dare County believes that a half-cent increase in the sales tax would go a long way toward meeting North Carolina's road building needs.

Speaker Ramsey opposes this method but said he would not object to toll roads, or other methods of charging motorists for roads.

We have seen enough of Virginia's toll road around Richmond and Petersburg to ever favor such a method of construction in North Carolina.

Roads have always meant a great deal to North Carolina. The tourist industry is the salvation of many rural and underdeveloped areas.

Road building and road improvement in this state should be the responsibility of every Tar Heel, whether they own a vehicle or not.

## Costs Of Charity

In The Fayetteville Times North Carolina's statute requiring professional fundraisers for "charitable purposes" to disclose how much is spent for expenses of the fundraisers has been dealt one blow by a lower federal court, and probably faces trouble in the U.S. Supreme Court.

If the law runs afoul of a good principle imbedded in the First Amendment's free speech guarantee, which the lower court held, it nonetheless has a sound purpose. That is: To provide maximum information to the public about how its voluntarily-given dollars are spent.

Denying the right to solicit at all unless such a requirement is not met may well deny a form of free speech.

But certainly there ought to be a strong element of either carrot or stick in the law to get the information to the public. A charitable fund-raiser unwilling to disclose its finances,

especially to those who give their hard-earned bucks to it, isn't worthy to receive the money in the first place.

That is what the North Carolina law was getting at. It was based on solid evidence. The N. C. attorney general studied such activities over a four-year period and concluded that, on the average, only 13 percent of the receipts from a professionally-run drive wound up with the charities that commissioned the drive.

If the law in its present form fails to pass muster of the First Amendment, lawmakers should try again to do the best they can to force adequate financial disclosure from the multibillion-dollar industry that surrounds nonprofit charitable giving. It is a plain case of "let the buyer beware," and the public is entitled to as much information as it can get, in this marketplace as in other marketplaces.

## Looking Back Into The Record

April 2, 1948

As a means of keeping the town cleaner and of cutting down on the spread of dust with its diseases, Warrenton Chief of Police J. B. Pittard has asked all merchants to sweep the entrance to their places of business and the sidewalks in front of their stores just before quitting work in the afternoon.

Offered in the "Old Fashioned Dollar Days Sale" at Leggett's: women's cotton dresses—\$2.00; Archdale men's shirts—\$2.99; and dish cloths—five cents each.

Owen Robertson, Jr. entertained 16 guests on Friday evening at a masquerade party to observe his 12th birthday.

April 5, 1963

Thousands of acres of forest land were doomed late Thursday by a forest fire that had already swept over hundreds of acres of land just northeast of Warrenton.

Mrs. R. Leigh Traylor of Norlina has been named "Mrs. North Carolina" and will compete in the "Mrs. America" contest to be held April 22-29 in Miami Beach, Fla.

Kenneth Davis, a senior at John R. Hawkins High School, has won first honors for bricklaying in the annual State Trade Contest held recently at A & T College in Greensboro.

April 6, 1978

Ernest Turner, chairman of the Warren County Board of Education, and Board member Leigh Traylor appeared before the Board of County Commissioners Monday morning to discuss the possibility of using any money left over from the sewage grant for the construction of a sewage connection to the county's consolidated high school.

Norlina commissioners Monday night gave their unanimous approval to a \$4,175 contribution which will help defray costs of designing a proposed \$3 million sewage treatment plant near Warrenton.

Eugene Jordan, a Ridgeway native and president of Jordan & Hicks Realty, Inc., has recently announced the opening of his new offices in Raleigh.

## The Warren County Scene



Beckoning the casual visitor to pause and reflect on the beauty of nature now that spring has come, this serene water scene at the site of Largo Pond at Elberon rivals many a natural wonder to be found outside of Warren County.

(Staff Photo by Phyllis H. King)

## Carolina Commentary Jay Jenkins

### Segregated Docking System

"Have boat, need fish, will travel" could be the motto of a unique band of Tar Heels: the mobile fishermen.

None of the fisheries on the North Carolina coast can pay the rent or feed the family of a fulltime fisherman.

So shrimpers in the fall head south from Carteret County in their 21- to 45-foot boats for shrimp off the South Carolina coast and calico scallops off Florida.

The big boats from Wanchese—80 to 120 feet in length—follow the herds of flounder along the New England coast from March until fall, re-rigging their boats if the sea scallop harvest is good.

Three anthropologists from East Carolina University tailed the wide-ranging fishermen to the out-of-state docks under a grant from the University of North Carolina Sea Grant College program, according to Sea Grant's excellent newsletter, "Coastwatch."

For the fishermen, it's grueling work with uncertain rewards. For their wives, it means long separations; on the big boats, there are cellular phones for contact, and crew members alternate for quick visits home.

One researcher followed small-boat shrimpers who docked in moss-draped McClellanville, S.C., to extend their season. They say shrimping is easier than going for finfish, which would have been necessary if they had stayed home.

To the Tar Heels, shrimping seems easier in South Carolina because they can shrimp only during daylight hours. Back home, they shrimp all night and sleep during the day. On the boat radios, the Tar Heels say they hear South Carolinians grousing that their neighbors are taking too many shrimp.

The Tar Heels use smaller boats and catch the shrimp as they move from inland nursery grounds offshore to spawn in deeper waters. Instead of griping, one Tar Heel advised his South Carolina cousins, get smaller boats.

Punk Daniels of Wanchese starts fishing on his 70-foot "Venus" for flounder in January around Cape Hatteras. He moves northward along the coast until "Venus" ends up on Georges Banks off the coast of Maine and Canada in April.

If the price of flounder drops, the "Venus" is rigged for catching porgy and sea bass. When the catches are poor, the fishermen may net "shack" fish, such as lobster, mudfish and monkfish; a good haul can mean an extra \$200 to \$500 per crew member.

The Tar Heels encounter some hostility when they go into New Bedford, Mass. The docking system there is segregated: one pier for Portuguese, one for New Bedford natives, one for North Carolinians. Home port fishermen claim the visitors take their jobs and steal their fish.

But the researcher found New Bedford businessmen like the Tar Heels, saying they "are more gentle, don't fight as much and are prompt in paying their bills."

Ironically, North Carolinian Kenny Daniels of the Wanchese Fish Co. buys all the flounder unloaded at the New Bedford docks.

Skipper Punk Daniels of the "Venus" has a standard reply for the unreconstructed Yankees. "We just tell them the war's over," he said. "We have to work hard. We don't care whose waters we're in."

As for the strain on families caused by long separations, another boat captain said he'd heard wives of his crew members say, "I'm glad he's gone. I was getting tired of him."

Next day, the phone rings with, "When is he going to be back in?" Adds the skipper, "It's a honeymoon all over again when they get back in."

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. Ben Franklin

## Littleton Life In '22

April 1, 1922

Raleigh—The United States produced last year nearly 400 million chickens. North Carolina produced less than 15 million.

Principal Sykes of the Littleton Graded School motored to his home at Woodland on Saturday to spend the weekend.

Parson & Johnston advertised American Beauty roses for Easter for \$20 to \$24 a dozen.



Kay Horner

## Changing The Clocks

Last Wednesday, I put a note on my refrigerator door. The 8x11 sheet of paper had written on it only three words, but they filled the page. They were boldly penned in block letters in black ink and they read: CHANGE CLOCKS SATURDAY.

Friday night, after the arrival of the first contingent of relatives due in for the Easter weekend, I said to no one in particular but to everyone in general, "Do NOT let me forget to turn the clocks ahead Saturday night." There was murmured commitment from the group—assorted uh-huhs, okays and sure things.

Saturday, in the preparation of three meals and a dozen or so in-between snacks, I opened the refrigerator at least 132 times, looking each time at the note.

Saturday night, around 11 p.m., I announced that after a glass of milk, I was hitting the hay. I went to the refrigerator, retrieved the milk, poured it in a glass, drank it, and returned the carton to the refrigerator. I stared the note straight in the face, so to speak, and went to bed.

The next morning I awoke at 7 a.m. and the first thought to run across my mind was in the form of a statement: "It's later than you think."

I know what it means when you can no longer remember things without writing yourself a note. As Bill Cosby says in his book, *Time Flies*. "The only good thing about the decline of my memory is that it has brought me closer to my mother, for she and I now forget everything at the same time."

But I do not even want to ponder what it means when you forget to look at the note you wrote to help you remember.

For the record, I was not late for church. I was not in the best of moods when I got there, but I was not late. I also was not alone in my vexation. And misery does indeed love company.

The arrival of spring has been heralded this week with the blooming of the forsythia and the red bud. But any doubts I had that winter was truly past when I spotted one Warrentonian on her front porch rocking away—and talking on her portable telephone. Bringing one's houseplants out on the porch is one thing, but bringing the phone out is a sure sign that, lo, the winter is past.

And in this, the season when taxpayers are struggling to balance the books with Uncle Sam, a word from the late U.S. Supreme Court Justice Learned Hand: "No one owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands. Taxes are enforced exactions, not voluntary contributions. To demand more in the name of morals is mere cant."



Thurletta Brown

## Signs Of Aging

You know you're getting old when the shift from Eastern Standard to Daylight Savings time really gets to you.

I thought it wouldn't phase me! As a confirmed 5:45 a.m.-riser (who for some unknown reason has been wide awake for the last month at 4:30 a.m.), I didn't expect to have any trouble at all. Wrong!

Although I'm still bounding up—without alarm clock, mind you—at 4:30 a.m. (Eastern Standard Time), my body is ready to collapse by 7:45 a.m. (Daylight Savings Time).

Perhaps this year the problem is caused by the fact that the shift occurred some three weeks earlier than it should have. President Reagan signed a bill changing the starting date, you see, and thanks to him, many persons were late for church on Easter Sunday. Others probably missed their favorite televised services by turning on their sets at what was really noon—although their clocks (still on Eastern Standard Time) showed 11 a.m.

At any rate, I've begun a litany of signs of aging. Perhaps you'd like to add some of your own.

You know you're getting older when:  
—the rash of rehearsals, musical performances, church services and funerals between Palm Sunday and Easter find you absolutely exhausted and unable to function on Easter Monday.

—the kids you see walking on the street, who look just like some of the kids you went to elementary and high school with, are the CHILDREN OF THOSE VERY KIDS YOU WENT TO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AND HIGH SCHOOL WITH.

—the topics covered in today's high school history class concern events that you lived through yourself and can remember very well.

—youths—not just children, but teenagers, too—begin to call you "Ma'am" or "Sir."

—you go to the dentist for a routine cleaning and are told you have receding gums. (That's almost as bad as that fella on television who bemoans being told he has "cavities where he didn't know he had teeth.")

—your memory is such that you have to write down not only the punch lines, but details of all jokes—not just clean ones—in order to remember them.

—one session of aerobics or calisthenics leaves you almost paralyzed.

—multiple sessions of stomach crunches or sit-ups do nothing for the spare tire you have accumulated around your waist.

—prank phone calls made by children are no longer funny.

—you wonder why so much to-do is being made over the newest fashion craze—the mini skirt—when you remember full well wearing the things in high school and college.

—you've had your 20th high school reunion and you get a letter from your college pals inviting you to participate in a 20th year commemoration of an activist demonstration that occurred your freshman year.

—you realize you are old enough to be the parent of some of your co-workers.

—the list of these signs of aging becomes so long that the whole thing begins to be embarrassing.



The wheel and the wagon were developed together about 5,000 years ago.