

MONTPELIER

Some Sweetnin' for the Bitter Cup of Tax

by Deane C. Davis

I am concerned that one of the most misunderstood features of Vermont's sales tax law is the question of rebates and how Vermonters in the low income brackets can get refunds of money they pay out for the sales tax.

The simple truth of the matter is that people making \$6,000 a year or less are entitled to refunds of a portion or in some cases all of their sales tax money. They will be eligible to receive it after January 1.

A sliding scale of refunds was approved by the Legislature with people having the lowest income as the greatest number of dependents receiving the most money.

Here is an example. A person making \$3,000 a year with three dependents is estimated to pay approximately \$29 a year in sales taxes.

Under the refund provision of the tax, this person is eligible for a refund of \$27 a year.

A person with 4 dependents making four to five thousand a year is estimated to pay close to \$50 a year in sales taxes but will be eligible to get more than one-half of this refunded under the law.

How do you get this money?

The Vermont Tax Department is trying to make this as simple as possible for you to receive. A simple claim form will be available between January 1 and April 15.

If you are a citizen who is required to file an income tax form, you can file this claim along with your income tax form. If you are not required to file an income tax, you simply file the claim and you will receive a check for your refund.

The purpose of this refund system is to relieve some of the sales tax burden from the low income people with the least ability to pay. I urge all people who are making \$6,000 or less to investigate this situation and be ready to apply after January 1.

The Vermont Tax Department has recently issued a bulletin, "How Do I Get My Sales Tax Back?" It should be posted soon in all stores and Town Clerks' offices. If you have not seen one, please drop a post card to me, Governor Deane C. Davis, State House, Montpelier, and I will see that one is mailed to you personally by return mail.

If you are making \$6,000 a year or less, this is money that you are entitled to under the law and I urge you once again to write me for this information.

Thank you.

B.F. Goodrich

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MISCELLANY

The Revolution Is Life Versus Death

by Bernard Sanders

Mr. Sanders, who has written several other thoughtful pieces for The Freeman, lives in Greensboro Bend, from which vantage point he takes a penetrating look at the world around him.

And some people actually wonder why young people rebel, why there is a revolution taking place.

Lies, lies, lies, invasion,

napalm torture bombings, annihilation of whole villages, body counts, and more lies. "In defense of liberty," "against communist aggression," "to protect American interests," empty phrases, dead words spoken by dead people, lies. "Democracy" is a United States congress composed of millionaires and state legislatures controlled by lobbyists. (Does one American in a thousand know who represents him in his state legislature?). "Freedom" is an arm broken by Mayor Daley's cops, while nobody's choice for president kisses the television set as he is nominated in Chicago.

Somewhere in California, in Vermont, in New Mexico, in Colorado, and in every place, new things are happening. A revolution is taking place, Life is fighting

The train pulls out of 14th street in Manhattan at 8:30 in the morning. Sleepy people, miserable people, hold on to the overhead straps and each other. (The seats have been filled up since way back in Brooklyn). It's another mass of hot dazed humanity heading uptown for the 9-5. Moron work, monotonous work, coffee breaks, office gossip, and 5 o'clock comes and the same train, the same mob of faceless people, turns around and heads the other way.

The train stops somewhere in Brooklyn, a crowd gets out, someone walks a few blocks into a 3 room apartment, family, dinner, arguments TV and sleep. Eight-thirty the next morning the train is back on 14th street.

The years come and go, suicide, nervous breakdown, cancer, sexual deadness, heart attack, alcoholism, senility at 50. Slow, death, fast death. DEATH.

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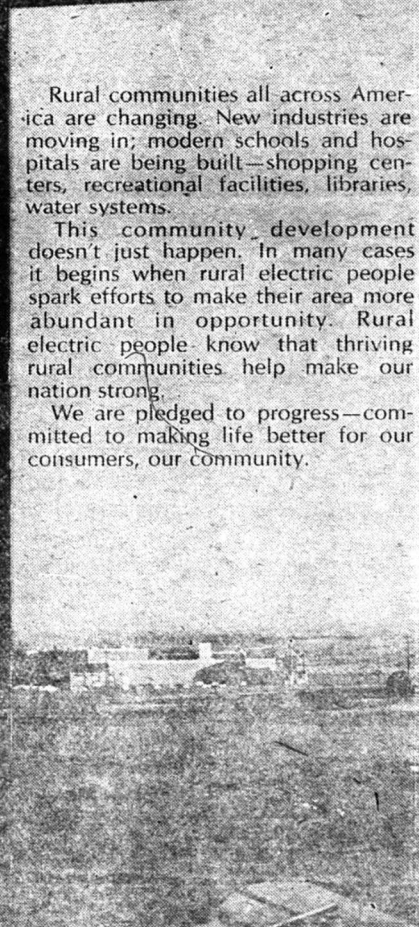
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death, and Life will win.

Life is young (at any age), alive, open, and nonfearing. Life can take his clothes off and be naked with friends. He or she has nothing to hide. There is nothing prettier than the unclothed human body.

In Miami, the American Legion sponsors a "rally for decency." Even Jackie Gleason attends. Ron Morrison of the Doors is arrested for giving a lewd performance. He is "immoral." The President of the American Legion calls for more bombing of Vietnam. "Bomb them into the stone age", the general says, after coming out of church. This is the morality that civilization is made of. The general is "moral", Morrison is "immoral."

Because they have been good little children, and because the judge this year is liberal, daddy is going to allow everyone who is ever 18 to see "I Am Curious Yellow." Yes, you can see naked people and even sexual intercourse right in your local movie theatre. And 300,000 people (over 18) lined up, like good little girls and boys, and saw it. Yes, son (age 90), that's how other people do it.

In Vermont, at a state beach, a mother is reprimanded by Authority for allowing her 6 month old daughter to go about without her diapers on. Now, if children go around naked, they are liable to see each others sexual organs, and maybe even touch them. Terrible thing! If we bring children up like this it will probably ruin the whole pornography business, not to mention the large segment of the general economy which makes its money by playing on peoples sexual frustrations.

The Revolution is coming and it is a very beautiful revolution. It is beautiful because, in its deepest sense, it is quiet, gentle, and all pervasive. It KNOWS. What is most important in this revolution will require no guns, no commandants, no screaming "leaders", and no vicious publications accusing everyone else of being counter-revolutionary. The revolutionary. The revolution comes when two strangers smile at each other, when a father refuses to send his child to school because schools destroy children, when a commune is started and people begin to trust each other, when a young man refuses to go to war, and when a girl pushes aside all that her mother has "taught" her and accepts her boy-friends love.

The revolution comes when young people throughout the world take control of their own lives, and when people everywhere begin to look each other in the eye and say hello, without fear. This is the revolution, this is the strength, and with this behind us no politician or general will ever stop us. We shall win!

Reverence for Life by Will Inman

Connie leaps backward and cries out. We hurry to her side. We follow the direction of her glance with our own. There, now just off the path, crawls a two-and-one-half-foot copperhead. We ask Connie if she has been bitten. No. We turn again to the snake.

He is beautiful. Deep pattern-cut shades of brown mark him from his angular head to his tapering tail. He moves slowly, almost with dignity. Even as I admire him, I find many thoughts rushing thru the woods of my mind.

There are children in the Shenandoah Park. They often run off the trail. It is late fall, and the snakes are beginning to seek out winter shelter, dens for hibernation. Snakes are in their natural habitat here, while people — even children — are sight-seers. Still, we — Will, Barbara, Connie, Neal — a real people. Copperheads, including this one crawling slowly from us, are poisonous. There are anti-venom medicines, but how many miles away?

I look at Neal, at Connie, at Barbara.

"It's a copperhead and deadly poisonous. Shall we kill it?"

"Of course. At once." Barbara's voice is low but strong.

"I'm not certain," Connie hesitates.

"No," answers Neal.

"There are children playing all thru here," I remind them, "and do we have the right to risk their being bitten?"

"I guess we'd better," says Connie. After a few more words, Neal reluctantly agrees.

Clumsily, with a heavy stone I smash the snake's head and neck against the boulder along which it crawls. It never strikes once at us and never reacts in panic. Even with a smashed head, its deep-patterned body moves with grace, with colors tuned to fallen leaves and sun-struck shadows. How many million years has it taken to create this grace and this terror?

A few other hikers come

along, and I suddenly realize I am staring at me. I guess they thought to have come upon a snake. I start, I sense I have to be. I realize, I recognize never not into copperhead. and my cautious others does no intentions.

Further along I suddenly realize I am speaking to Neal and she turns.

"You stop!" The snake comes. You're always emergencies during parliamentary stood right there while that snake away. Have you been bitten within six weeks' past to have a medical horse serum two weeks' pregnant know I think might have been stood — there are playing no — that — snake

Her voice but I answer her defensively.

"Look," I harshly "I found that snake. But more important between us four snake."

"It might hurt"

"Not a word move slowly. don't bite unless they or very sides, I grew where women their men I want to stop a kill — anything under immediate

"That's a fair Lynching!"

"All right," I'm glad you had to danger. I protective instincts