

JONES JOURNAL

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Never Forget That the Editorials in The Journal are the Opinions of One Man, and He May be Wrong.

Money, Moonshine and Murder

This is almost the time of the year when tobacco money, whisky of one kind or another and that well known deadly weapon, the automobile, are frequently combined to cause murder on the highways. The undertaker, we admit, has to make a living, but there's no need to rush about getting around to his place. He'll get you anyhow. The undertaker has what poker players call "locks on the board." Don't mix this fall-time money with whisky and then dash out on the nearest highway to kill some child, some father of a family or yourself. The undertaker is a patient fellow; he'll wait for you.

A Warning or Two

At this time of the year people in this tobacco growing part of the world need to be reminded of a thing or two. Merchants should remember to use extreme caution in cashing checks. Shoppers should remember to take the keys out of their cars and also to lock their cars when they leave packages in them. Another lesson that is never learned has to do with that gullible percentage of the population that every year contributes a sizable chunk of cash to "flim flam" artists who with several variations of the old "pocket book" game clip the ignorant and unsuspecting. These "flim flam" artists "find" a pocket book in front of some likely looking victim. Opening the pocketbook a large bill, usually a \$100 size is found. The innocent, but greedy, victim is told that half of that \$100 bill belongs to him. All the victim has to do is pay the "flim flam" artist his half of the big bill. Then the pocketbook is switched and the victim is out whatever he or she has invested in this sly business of getting something for nothing. There are many variations of this thievery but this old favorite works over and over again. Don't see didn't tell you.

Public Funds, Private Road

In spite of the fact that Kinstonians voted overwhelmingly against the 200 million dollar road bond issue two years ago the Scott Machine, and its local representatives, seem to have forgotten and forgiven this refusal to cooperate on the part of the city dwellers in this capital of Lenoir County. Tucked away behind official sounding language in a recent group of highway construction contracts that included some work in Lenoir County was one that must mark the end of hostilities between Scott's "branch head boys" and the "town boys." We're talking about the contract which calls for paving of Fairfield Avenue "Extended." That extension, in case you're interested is what local folks have been calling for these many years, The Country Club Road.

Until relatively recent years this has been the most private road in the county and not too far back a gate and several chains were strung across this road that is now being paved with public funds. In all seriousness, we feel that it is not proper to spend public funds on private projects. The State Highway and Public Works Commission has no more right to pave this private road to the local country club than it has to pave the driveway to our home. We suggest that this "gift horse" be looked at, and closely, before it is accepted; by the country club or by the taxpayers.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

By JACK RIDER

There are three Bill Dixons in Kinston that I know, Bill Dixon, the hardwareman, Bill Dixon, the barber, and Bill Dixon, the salesman for Harvey C. Hines Co. I'm talking about this last one at the moment. Last Thursday, which I'm sure was one of the hottest days of the year, I passed Bill's house and he was busy cutting his grass—at lunch time. The temperature must have been well past 100 out in the broiling sun. Bill had his car parked in the shade. But there he was with his bald head shining in the sun and cutting that grass, inviting a sun stroke. I thought he had more sense than that.

I'm personally allergic to lawn mowers. Even looking at one makes me break out in a cold sweat—maybe at this time of the year it's a hot sweat. My yard is beginning to look like a hayfield, but brother, she'll just have to look like a hayfield. I've been trying to talk my wife into letting me get a goat to eat the grass. I argue that we could keep the grass cut down with a goat, feed the milk to our two daughters and then in the winter when the grass is down we could barbecue the goat. That sounds sensible and economical to me but my boss won't agree.

We had a boy named Rodolph from up near Falling Creek who was coming by and keeping our grass and weeds under control but the high price cropping in-bacco have stolen him away and he hasn't been around since tobacco housing season started. Last year just at the time when the grass was getting the meanest and the sun the hottest Rodolph decided to go up north and work a while. He went but for a short while. He told me this spring that there was plenty of jobs in New Jersey but there was no time for fishing or just plain loafing. Everybody's in a hurry to make a dollar up there, Rodolph informed me this spring when he came by and applied for the grass cutting rights on my front and back yards. I'll be glad when they get through putting in tobacco because the boss is getting mighty anxious about that hayfield around our house.

A lot of this trouble is caused of course, by those ambitious fellows that live in every neighborhood. They come home and work until after dark trimming this, fixing that, patching yonder and us lazy folks are made to look bad in comparison. One consolation about being lazy lies in the fact that all of the greatest inventions were made by lazy men.

If early man hadn't gotten tired of walking he'd never have invented the boat, the wheel, and all of the other great inventions that the wheel inspired. I'm not divulging what I'm working at this moment but I'll admit this much—it is a labor saving device.

The prize character of the year was the one who made a telephone call last week to Governor Scott to complain about six officers attacking a man who was raising a considerable ruckus at a filling station near Kinston. The officers, under the direction of Sergeant Bill Nail, did exactly the right thing. They decided that it would be absurd and brutal to kill a man whose only crime was being drunk and disorderly. They did not attack the man and they later arrested him after he had cooled off without a bit of trouble. It's funny how some people can make a complete fool out of themselves by sticking their noses into something that they

THE SPHINX



know next to nothing about.

Harry Wooten added one amusing phrase to a conversation on tobacco last week. Joe May and Henry Canady were talking about how fast worms could eat tobacco. Wooten merely added that this year, "labor is eating up the crap." No matter what a field hand gets for working in a tobacco field in the most miserably hot time of the year he earns it. The fact that it hurts the man who has to pay the price is one thing but the fact that he earns it when he goes into the broiling hot field to stoop and pick those nasty gummy leaves is enough for me to say that the money is earned. I don't want to do it at any price—I couldn't in fact.

By the way, I think the Herblock cartoon in Friday's News and Observer is the most brutal but good thing I've seen on this imbecile who calls himself Senator Joe McCarthy. The cartoon showed Senator Benton with a clothes peg on his nose telling a Senate colleague that "all of that odor is not coming from West Point." In the background the honorable McCarthy is seen stooping in a mess of garbage and filth which indicates the production of his alleged mind. I still don't understand why someone in Washington hasn't taken a brick and beat this character's head to a pulp. It's a pity that no one in the whole city of Washington hasn't enough guts to beat him and soundly, that's what he needs.



MULTILINGUAL HELLO . . . Greetings in Brazilian and Hawaiian are exchanged in International Girl Scout campment in Washington by Martha England and Jane Engstrom.

PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

WHEREAS, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the L. & L. DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the Town of Kinston, County of Lenoir, State of North Carolina (F. B. Bland being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 55, General Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

NOW THEREFORE, I, THAD EURE Secretary of State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 8th day of August, 1951, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 8th day of August, A. D. 1951.

THAD EURE
Secretary of State.
John Dawson, Attorney 2-8c

FENCE LINES

SAND
LAYERS OF NEWSPAPERS
STAPLES
PIE TIN
SAFETY PIN HOLDS CURTAIN
WOOD FRAME

GALVANIZED IRON TUB inverted over wood frame makes good chain fence. Heat is supplied by electric bulb using pie pan as reflector. Chain around lower edge of tub retains heat inside.



HAWAIIAN BEAUTIES . . . These Hawaiian-born girls are Elsa Edman, of Swedish and Portuguese ancestry, and Mary Alice Kim of Korean parentage.