

EDITORIALS

Never Forget That These Editorials Are The Opinions Of One Man,
And He May Be Wrong.

This Iniquitous Tax Bill

The current legislation before Congress which has the colossal gall to offer a 10 per cent tax cut on dividends while offering exactly NOTHING to the man who earns his living by work is an all-time high in the effrontery of a Congress that seems hell bent on "gitting it while the gitting is good." It would appear that old Commodore Vanderbilt has been reincarnated in spirit with his "The Public Be Damn" approach to the situation.

This Congress and the Eisenhower Administration apparently have realized that the people intend to kick them out at the earliest possible moment and seem bent on getting all they can before they are chased out of the granary.

They gave off-shore oil to the huge, tax petted oil companies. They have given major concessions to the equally huge and equally hungry utility companies. They have given an 18 billion dollar interest boost to the investment trusts, banks and insurance companies. They have cut the tax on milk coats. They have eliminated the small manufacturer from the defense production picture.

And for Little Ole You and Me they have raised the cost of food. They are attempting to kick the teeth out of the farm program. They have raised the cost of financing our homes and businesses. They have raised our social security tax payments. They have allowed the cost of living to continue ever upward even as the earning powers of the masses were dropping with every tick of the clock on the White House mantle.

But with this tax bill now before the Senate and so lately passed in the House they have, indeed, added insult to all of this previous great injury.

To say, or to presume to say that this and all that has gone before is in keeping with the fine, fat promises made by the Soap Opera Team which rode to glory with Eisenhower is beyond all reason or recollection.

Eisenhower, who parroted the words of ad writers from one end of the country to the other in 1952, saying all things to all people, promising one thing in one area and the exact opposite in another; now has the effrontery to stand in front of the Great Seal of the United States of America and while the newsreel cameras grind say that the only way out of this mess is to cut the taxes of the very rich and to keep high the taxes of the lower income brackets.

They talk of freeing money for the big companies so they can expand, when now the need is for consumption rather than production. All of the productive power in the world is only a Pandora's Box of pure hell if sufficient purchasing

power is not maintained to buy that which is produced.

But in no facet of the Eisenhower program is there, or is there likely to be any passing attention paid to that all-important animal, the small potato, old John Q. Public, who is the backbone of the country with his thin pocketbook and hungry eye.

The billionaires will buy no more cars, eat no more steaks, buy no more appliances than they have with their additional donations from this tax bill.

Money in the hands of the masses is instantly and constantly in circulation. Any tax program that has its principal goal the return of the nation's capital to the vacuums of the upper economic levels is not only dangerous to the entire national welfare but is a revolutionary threat to those who may receive this donation.

They pick on the small boys because they realize that none of us have the money or intelligence to pursue this thing to its legal end. An income tax is perfectly proper so long as it is equitably spread, but an alteration of that law giving \$7,500 to the man who is receiving \$100,000 in dividends annually and yet gives not one single red penny to the man making \$5,000 a year on a salary is unjust, and immoral.

The Du Pont Company this year, for instance, received \$80 million dollars in dividends from the stock it holds in General Motors. We do not know what bracket the Du Pont Company, is in, but know that it is bound to be in one of the highest.

Say it was in the 75 per cent bracket, it means that last year it paid \$60 million of that in tax. With the 10 per cent cut in tax upon dividends that is included in this present tax bill Du Pont would pay \$8 million dollars less tax this year than last. Presuming, of course, that it again drew an \$80 million dollar dividend from its General Motors stock — something that is damned unlikely the way new cars are stacking up on dealers all over the country because the purchasing power of the masses has been suddenly jerked back into the hands of the classes.

We say the classes are asses if they think they can make a living selling each other Cadillacs and yachts. Profit, prosperity and political stability lies in the continuation of purchasing ability from the ground up.

No wise farmer would attempt to fertilize his crops by placing manure on the top leaves of the plant. If fertilizer is to do the plant any good it must be applied to the root of the plant and so it is with prosperity.

Fine leaves and luxurious fruit will not develop on an improperly nourished plant. Billionaires and millionaires cannot long survive, financially or physically if the roots of our economy are deliberately denied their part in the life-cycle of our capitalistic system.

We're For Frizzelle

The battle lines have been drawn for the race for the Superior Court seat in the judicial district which embraces Jones County. Incumbent Judge Paul Frizzelle and Solicitor W. J. Bundy are competing for this vital position. Both are nice fellows.

Bundy has a relatively good record as district solicitor, but in our opinion the outstanding record that Judge Frizzelle has made in more than 20 years on the bench is more than sufficient reason for the voters of the district to renominate him to this post which he has served so well.

This is NOT an editorial AGAINST Bundy. It is rather an editorial FOR Judge Frizzelle.

The principal argument being used by Bundy in his search for votes is that Judge Frizzelle is eligible for retirement. This is an extremely thin argument to

be used against a man with so distinguished a record. So long as his health will permit him to serve Frizzelle's great store of wisdom should be used by those people from whom he has acquired his profound sense of justice.

If Bundy wishes to use the argument for Frizzelle's retirement eligibility that is his inherent privilege but it is also equally true that if and when Frizzelle does decide to retire there was every reason to believe that Bundy would be elevated to the bench by gubernatorial appointment. Bundy has now forfeited that expectation.

It seems that Bundy is in just a little too much of a hurry. Patience is a quality that every judge must possess. Bundy ought to ponder, or have pondered, upon that point before making such a sudden jump toward the bench.

Short Snorts..

A headline in the Mount Olive Tribune says "23 Cases Disposed of By Mayor's Court Last Saturday; Drunkenness is Leader." Mount Olive is the town, you may recall, where it is illegal to sell even light wines and beer. Maybe the natives are getting drunk on Hadacol.

Which reminds us that Johnston County has again staggered to the polls and voted "dry". One of the county's most prominent citizens, and it's leading bootlegger, said a good many years back that "long as I live Johnston County is going to stay 'dry'." It seems the poor fellow nearly went bankrupt in the three years that Johnston County had legal whisky. After all "Self Preservation" is one of the first instincts of man and moonshiner.

The sidewalk program for the majority of Kinston, which now has none, seems to be bogged down in a quicksand of buck passing and excuse making. We repeat, and intend to keep repeating that we sincerely hope no child, or adult will be killed directly because of the lack of sidewalks.

Chester Gardner, a city employe, is displaying about town, and the the country too we presume, something unique in the way of bills. It is one stamped "Paid" on which he was charged five dollars by a local auto dealer for making an estimate on the cost of repairing damages Gardner's car suffered in a recent accident. This sounds like a good idea, if you can get away with it. We're thinking seriously of charging folks for pricing printing. Just hope the merchants downtown don't fake the practice up since it would be mighty expensive for some of the professional shoppers we know if they had to pay for price estimates, and in advance too. Gardner says the auto dealer refused to give him the estimate, which he needed for his insurance company, until he had paid the \$5 estimating charge. Brother.

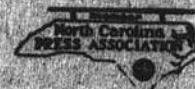
There seems to be developing a goodly turnout of candidates for the Lenoir County Board of Commissioners. At this writing Thurmond Hill of Deep Run, J. R. Davenport of Deep Run, Whitford Hill of Pink Hill, Roy Taylor of Jones Crossroads and W. H. Howell of Sandy Bottom are in the race from the southern end of the county. Willie Measley, the senior member of the incumbent board of Mosely Hall Township and Bruce E. Pittman of Contentnea Neck are the only "north of the river" candidates. It does appear to us, however, that at least one member of the board ought to be from Kinston. Kinston pays the majority of the county's taxes and has nearly half of the county's population so by every rule of political logic it should have representation on the board.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

There are many disgusting traits in the human race. But there are also many divine aspects to this stubborn homo sapiens that classes himself "Lord of All Creation." I've often wondered if Creation considers man the Lord of all he surveys? What, for instance, causes Man to decide all by his little self that he, alone, of all creatures is the only one with a soul?

If one creature has a soul, what kind of reasoning is logically capable of saying that NO other creature has a soul? The Christian World, however, laughs at the Hindu beliefs that animals also enjoy a measure of immortality. The Hindu World laughs the long laugh of history at the presumptuous ego of the Christian World with its know-it-all attitudes on everything and anything.

The professional Christian has an answer for every situation and problem. Other religions, older and more populous, place a greater emphasis on the power and necessity of absolute meditation. The Western mind with its quick, sometimes synthetic answers for every problem cannot fathom, or appreciate the Yogi who sits in one spot for years in silent contemplation. Nor can we understand the people who support but demand such detached application of mind to the problem of Soul.

Somerset Maugham in "The Razor's Edge" has touched lightly upon the impassive wall between the Western and Eastern minds in their remotest depths. Kipling, who lived a life-time with the East and who gave a journalistic picture of Victoria's East, also gave a report and some little understanding to this eternal mystery in his short story, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat."

In the newspapers and periodical of today one frequently reads of the "Enigma That is Asia." And how many of us who must live with the Asian problem actually have even the remotest notion of what this phrase means? Few, including myself. My Asiatic experience has been limited to a few months' association with a group of Indian soldiers that was stationed near me in England in 1943-44-45. They were Hindu, Sikh and Moslem in their beliefs. And some of us often snickered a trifle at the sight of their brightly robed priests and separate mess for the three religions. Yet we had three priests at our base: Jewish Protestant and Catholic and the gaps between Hindu, Sikh and Moslem are far less than those between, Jew, Protestant and Catholic, in theology as well as diet.

I spent many hours with those Men of India. They were probing the American Mind and I was equally intent on getting behind the Veil of Kashmir. Even their music and drama are beyond the syncretized imaginations of an American. But, like their peculiar diet, it became most enjoyable once one had summoned enough nerve to "try it."

The ability of those people to laugh, at the world and themselves as well was one big surprise to me. Their countenance, particularly the huge, bearded and bearded Sikhs, made them appear anything but humorous. But they literally bubbled with mischief and the quick retort. One instance: After a prolonged beer bout at their camp on one snowy winter's evening as we ambled toward bed the most tremendous of all the Sikhs among my acquaintance stopped to rid himself of some beer. An alert guard squawled, "Halt!"

Without the slightest hesitation the Sikh Subedar (Lieutenant) replied, "Halt Hell! I just got started." Admitting that this is an extremely crude illustration to drag into such a high-toned discussion I think that it still has a pertinence.

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