

The Pretty Milkmaid Is Too Distracting!



EDITORIALS

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

A Declaration Of Independence

In its Declaration of Independence anniversary issue LIFE magazine has an editorial that ought to be read by every thinking American. It might help even those who are not capable of thinking.

In admitting and standing up for the notion that "conformity" is about the worst thing that could possibly happen to the United States, LIFE sounds a warning that many of us have disregarded too often.

The present intellectual climate of our country, in which many muddling factors have caused a "fear" panic to sweep the country cannot be dissolved until and unless those in a position to speak out do just that.

If our teachers, preachers, and political leaders hide their convictions behind a network of fears then our land is, indeed, in a dangerous situation. But if on the other hand our leaders accept their responsibilities and disregard the fears such as "minority rights," "civil liberties," "guilt by association" and many others that have come to represent, in most instances, some selfish means to an equally selfish end; then there cannot be any thing wrong with our land of a fatal nature.

To use an extremely isolated instance, on the optimistic side, let us take this paper and these columns where you are reading now. Nobody has yet caused any of the words that appear here to be deleted, altered or amended. We have said, until now, the things we believe, permitting only decency and sincerity to cen-

sor the ideas and ideals that have come to our finger tips.

We have been wrong, and on some occasions we have been right. But on every occasion we have been sincere.

This paper, and we believe many more, does not accept anything on the simple basis that "Sombdy said so." The Constitution of the United States, of North Carolina, the Ordinances of the City of Kinston, The Bible, The Koran, the By-Laws of Rotary International and the Rules of Organized Baseball each and all are conclusive to us only when they conform to the patterns of equity and integrity that we have erected for ourselves.

This is not an arrogant attitude, but purely an American principal; and a principle that may be parading off into some of the dark and forgotten recesses of history. If all of the "fear" talk one hears has any basis in fact.

In our own crudely carved "Ivory Tower" we may have climbed so high and reached such a rarified atmosphere that we are "out of touch." But in the circles we travel there seems to be no hesitancy to cuss any and everything, including the weather, McCarthy, The Pope of Rome, the Baptist State Convention and the neighbor's barking dog.

Which is, after a fashion, our way of saying that, perhaps, the sun is still in the sky and the "Plan of Salvation" is not altogether out of kilter. Even if it is currently fashionable to have "fears."

Are you afraid? We ain't.

Inequities Under Cold Statistics

The materialistic aspect of modern life has caused most of us to fall prey to the inequitable twistings of what we very loosely call statistics.

Perhaps the most abused concept among us today, and one most frequently referred to by the professional sociologists, politicians, preachers, and newsmen is that elusive figure known as "per capita income." Many crimes have been committed upon the body politic, both in a physical as well as fiscal man-

ner. Not the least of these recently jumped into our range of vision and hence, this, which you may use or abuse as you see fit.

Having had four and a half years duty on the firing line of the Lenoir County Welfare Board, we pay more attention than the average person to welfare department affairs. The familiarity we have with these affairs has always caused us to be more than suspicious of the formulas that are used in arriving at

Short Snorts..

We see from a picture sent to us last week that it's gotten so hot that Truman Miller has shaved his moustache off. Or maybe he got it caught in the lawnmower.

conclusions aimed at satisfying the sociologists, and, perhaps, the professional statistician.

The sharply contrasting "participating formulas" used in Jones and Lenoir Counties are our foundation for this criticism. Because of a very wild collection of figures which tend to indicate that the "per capita income," taxable valuation and tax levy of Jones County are such that Jones is a "poorer" county than Lenoir, we contend, that the welfare concept is robbing "Peter Lenoir" to pay "Paul Jones."

Attempting to orient the wealth or poverty of one county, one state or one nation with another simply on the basis of one pair of contrasting figures is ridiculous to the point of insanity, yet we are doing it every time the budget wheel turns locally.

In Jones County with a total federal-state county welfare allocation of \$158,148 on tap for the coming fiscal period (1954-55) these weird turnings of the calculating machine are asking Jones County taxpayers to make the extreme sacrifice of paying 8.8 per cent of that welfare department budget.

In other, simpler words the Jones County till will be tapped for \$14,968 while the federal and state pocket will be tapped for \$143,180. Which, as any fool can plainly see, is a mighty good investment of Jones County money. Each time they spend \$8.80 they get back \$100.

But, if you will, put this Jones County ratio of participation beside that of Lenoir County and see what it does to your high blood pressure.

In a total 1954-55 welfare budget of \$708,692 for Lenoir County the federal and state contributions total \$675,945, leaving \$130,747 to be put up by the County of Lenoir. This is, of course, a good investment of Lenoir County dollars too, but not nearly so good as that provided Jones County. Since in order to get \$100 back the Lenoir County taxpayer must put up \$16.70, while his Jones County cousin gets \$100 back for an \$8.00 investment.

To sum up; Jones County because of improperly balanced statistical formulas is rated as "poor county," which it most certainly is NOT, while Lenoir County with more payrolls upon which specific figures can be attached is classed as a "not so poor county." The living standards, from the average view point, are as high, or higher in Jones County than in Lenoir.

True, Jones County has no Harvey Circle, but equally true, and much more important in the final analysis, Jones County has no huge slum areas of sub-standard housing and living conditions such as Kinston.

Our business manager says the moral of this little story is: Move to Jones County.

Wish we could.

JONES JOURNAL

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Published Every Thursday by The Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon Ave., Kinston, N. C. Phone 5418.

Entered as Second Class Matter May 6, 1949, at the Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

By Mail in First Class—\$3.00 Per Year. Subscription Rates Payable in Advance.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

I am finding this an extremely difficult column to write, because I'm trying to write it in advance (Friday, July 2) so that I might take a three day weekend on the Fourth, and writing a column in advance is, to me, the most difficult thing imaginable.

I do my best writing while the linotype operator is sitting and waiting for the paper to pop out of my typewriter so on that basis this should be one of my sorriest efforts. If you have anything important to do, you have my permission to stop right here and go on to something more interesting. I promise that you'll miss very little, if you quit reading this column at this point.

But in case you are sitting in a reasonably cool spot and have a few minutes to waste let's just ramble around in the attic of our minds—yours and mine—and see what dust-covered memories we have perhaps too long been neglected.

When you were a kid and a nickel was a child-sized fortune did you ever sit and look off at the clouds and say to yourself, "If I ever get a pocketful of money, I'm going to buy some kid all the ice cream cones he can eat." I did, but I never have and I think I will. Not that I have a pocketful of money, but I do have enough most of the time to fill up an average-sized kid with ice cream cones. I know another kid that I intend to fill with Cokes. Funny how you put aside all those iron-clad resolutions.

On second thought, I wonder if such an action on my part wouldn't be resented even by the kid, and perhaps, more so by its parents. Things were different when I was a kid. Of course that was a pretty good while ago. Much longer than I like to admit most of the time. I started to Lewis School in 1923. Moved to Harvey School for the 1928-29 term and then on to Grainger High for the 1929-34 period. That span of years at Grainger High was during the worst years of the Great Depression.

I never ride by Grainger High now that I don't marvel at the fact that more kids drive \$3,000 automobiles to school now than had \$10 bicycles when I was going to school. Which is fine, I reckon, but sometimes I wonder if that ain't starting a kid off just a little too high on the hog. Of course, I reckon, if I had a pot full of money, I'd give my three Rolls Royces if they asked for 'em. I already given 'em everything I can afford and sometimes a few things I can't afford.

My feeling about my children, however, is that they get grown and gone so fast that you just have a very few years to spoil 'em, so I'm going to do the very best job of spoiling 'em that I can in the time that I'm allowed. I do believe in some discipline, however, and still feel that most juvenile delinquents get that way from not having their bottom warmed occasionally.

Naturally, my three are better tempered than anybody else's. I always manage to find an excuse for their tantrums, while it's just ornery when another fellow's kids do the same thing. The thing that makes it difficult for me to "train" my children correctly is the same thing that makes it impossible for a lot of folks to train horses and dogs. In order to teach either a child, horse or dog you've got to start out knowing more than they do. That's where it hits me first. The kids usually have the answer before I get the problem outlined. That is nice, so far as the kids are concerned, but it is mighty distracting to their "father" who is trying to act wise, and I suppose "so" is the word I was looking there.

(Continued on page 2)