

THE JONES COUNTY JOURNAL

NUMBER 47 TRENTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1955 VOLUME 6

Management Weakest Link in East Carolina Farming Chain

By Wilbur Jackson Rider

The farmers of Eastern North Carolina can and do produce fabulous amounts of crops per acre, if they set their head to it. The rich soil and the native intelligence of the farmer are the combination which make this yield possible.

But if the Eastern Carolina farmer produces vast amounts of crops per acre, and has a per-acre income far above that of most farmers in the Nation he is also in all probability, generally speaking, the world's WORST manager.

Those who watch over the welfare of the farmer can make no complaint over his productivity, but they are unanimous in their judgment over the local farmers refusal to cut those management corners that are often the difference between success or failure.

Last Friday afternoon I rode 20 miles, through parts of Neuse, Southwest, Sandhill and Kinston townships and without stopping my car for close tabulation I counted 33 disc harrows out in the weather, red with rust; 12 riding plows, four transplanters that had not been used in 11 months, also red with rust; four stalk cutters, three corn pickers, six huge bottom plows, four mowing machines, three hayrakes, nine two-wheeled carts, four two-horse wagons, seven tractors, five harrows, two tobacco harvesters, dozens of tobacco trucks, one combine and countless one-horse plows.

The approximate market price of the farm machinery I saw rusting away, as I drove without stopping for this 20-mile distance is well over \$26,000. Lenoir County has over 600 miles of rural roads, which means that in covering a 20-mile stretch I had ridden over just one thirtieth

of the county's roadways.

Not forgetting that many homes do not sit at the roadside, and also remembering that I could only see the bigger and more obvious pieces of farm equipment; this would mean that thirty times \$26,000 worth of farm machinery is not getting even the minimum care from its owners. That total figure would be \$780,000. No one, with half an eye, will deny this estimate and a vast majority will assert that it is far too low.

This does not include the thousands of chickens than run loose, hundreds each week to be slaughtered on the highways, the rotting corn and hay in barns that leak, that have half the planks fallen or rotten from

the sides.

Ditchbanks grown up and spread into the field, ditches choked with silt, the almost ever-present junk pile that presents a monument to waste around each farm home, the outdoor toilet with its hookworm exposures, and far worse than that a great many sharecropper houses do not even have that rudimentary two-holer of fiction and mailorder catalog fame. TV but no plumbing. New cars but no heating systems.

In spite of a generation of intense training in vocational agriculture that a majority of the farmers of today have been exposed to there is today very little evidence that any con-

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This is certainly not the worst example of machine abuse in Eastern Carolina, but it is also not the best example of how to preserve these expensive and intricate machines that are such an important part of farm life today. A fraction of the cost of most of these farm tools would

provide a shelter for their protection. A fraction of the time required to scrape rust, replace bad parts and prepare for the next job would be necessary to clean and oil these machines when they are set aside after their seasonal work has ended. (Polaroid photo-in-a-minute by Jack Rider)

Kinstonians at Work



Here at right, Dr. Frank Sabiston, one of Kinston's veteran practitioners, is seen discussing an ailment with a patient in his office on Monday of this week. Dr. Sabiston began his practice in Kinston 29 years ago on February 15, 1926.

March 30th is observed as "Doctor's Day" by the nation, partly because that is the anniversary of the first successful use of an anesthetic, by Dr. Crawford Long of Georgia on March 30, 1842.

The day is promoted and observed by the various Medical Society Auxiliaries throughout the nation and this year the Lenoir County Medical Society selected Dr. Frank Sabiston as the most representative practicing physician in Lenoir County, and although the day was in honor of all doctors the wives of the county's doctors voted to give Dr. "Sab", as he is well known, a much deserved pat on the back.

Dr. "Sab" is not a native Lenoir Countian, but no native son can boast a greater pride and belief in the county than this native of the Great State of Onslow.

Dr. Sabiston was born December 29, 1890, about three miles from Jacksonville, on the farm of his father. He was the fifth child in a family that finally grew to 11 children; seven sons and four daughters. His father E. W. Sabiston, was a native of Carteret County but his mother, Sarah Coston Sabiston was a native of Onslow.

After beginning his education in the Onslow public schools, Young Sabiston went on to Oak Ridge Military Academy for his

last years of high school work and from there he went to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he graduated as a member of the class of 1912. His work at Carolina included a year of pre-med study.

From Carolina, Student Sabiston moved on the Baltimore, where he entered the School of Medicine of the University of Maryland. After completing his study there and taking his degree as a doctor of medicine, Dr. Sabiston served his internship at the Bayview Charity Hospital in Baltimore.

The Young Doctor decided to specialize in ailments of the eye, ear, nose and throat and entered the Polyclinic Hospital in New York City for specialized study in that field.

In 1918 Dr. Sabiston went into the navy, where he served for seven and half years. Five years of that stint were at the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, Va. and the rest of the time was spent at sea aboard various troop ships. He was discharged in 1925 with the rank of lieutenant and began looking for a place to hang out his shingle and begin his long-delayed practice of private medicine.

An excellent opportunity to associate with one of Kinston's best known men of medicine presented itself, so on February 15, 1926 Dr. Sabiston became as-

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Jones County Hard Hit by Fires; Incendiaries Suspected in Some

"If we don't get a rain in a hurry there won't be a hundred acres of wood land in Jones County that hasn't been burned over", Assistant Farm Agent William Shackelford said Wednesday afternoon.

And as he made that comment huge fires were burning in at least four parts of Jones County. The biggest, meanest and most damaging was destroying untold thousands of dollars worth of timber and countless hundreds of small game animals in the Great Dover Swamp.

Another in the Pleasant Hill vicinity was scorching wooded areas and "Nick" Noble reported that a tobacco plant bed and tobacco barn on the Noble farm were slightly damaged by that blaze.

Crews of foresters with heavy equipment from the Halifax Lumber Co. and the International Paper Co. had joined State Foresters in an effort to confine these two largest Jones County fires.

The Great Dover Swamp back of Mallardtown was singed thoroughly on Tuesday and Wednesday the northeasterly winds had blown the fire back into the area behind the Gray Family's Farms. There also many tobacco

plant beds, in the shelter of the edge of the pocosin were threatened.

All county farm and forestry officials have appealed for help from all farmers by asking that extreme care be used by everyone until the dry weather and high winds are altered for the better.

Jones County Home Club Fun Night

The Home Demonstration Club Women of Jones County at 8 Friday night are holding an old fashioned box party and fun night in the Legion Hut on Brock's Pond to which the public is invited at the very nominal cost of 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children under 12. Lots of heavily laden boxes will be auctioned off and a round of games and other entertainments have been planned. R. C. O'Brien of Pollockville will serve as master of ceremonies for the frolic and Horace "Slim" King of Pleasant Hill will have some fun of his own at the piano. Although the admission fee is slight, the home clubbers warn all to come with a "little extra" to bid on the boxes and to take part in the other events.

Kinstonian's Husband Killed in Mississippi

Lt. Robert Pierce, a native of Suffolk, Va. and husband of the former Betsy Britt of 702 College Street in Kinston, was instantly killed Tuesday in an airfield accident at Greenville, Miss.

Lt. Pierce, a jet plane pilot instructor, and a student pilot were beside their plane when a huge four-engine transport plane ran wild and crashed into them.

Lt. and Mrs. Pierce were married last November.

Man Who Wounded Craven Deputy Is Caught in Jones Co.

Fifty-year old Joe Bryant, a tenant farmer from the southeastern part of Craven County, was captured in the Black Swamp section of Jones County Tuesday, ending a three day manhunt that began Saturday shortly after Bryant had shot Craven County Deputy Tom Bayles.

Bayles was attempting to repossess a gas stove from Bryant's home when he was shot in the back by Bryant who fled the scene. Bayles is still reportedly in a serious condition in a New Bern hospital.



This anonymous tenant house, surrounded by dilapidated barns, rusting and expensive farm machinery and the inevitable junked car is a glaring example of the kind of waste that causes farm management experts to shake their heads when they ride through Eastern North Carolina. The vast economic waste, or vacuum created by such situations as this is perhaps best signified by the electric power line pole in the right foreground, which carries all the magic of electricity — carries it right past this home. None of the wonderful gadgets that make life better and profits possible for each big segment of the

American Economy are at home in this "home". The great element of waste personified here is not in the crumbling house, barns and tools — and that is considerable — but in the lessened productivity and consumption of the family which lives in this circumstance. This is no effort to embarrass a landlord for there are few in this area that do not fall into this bracket. This is rather, an anonymous pointer in the direction in which it is possible to make the greatest improvements in dollars and cents, and in the subtle but more important thing called "Way of Life". (Polaroid photo-in-a-minute by Jack Rider)