

Short Snorts..

Speaking as a horse lover, we rather resent that a horse has been dragged into the controversy between those two well known horses' posteriors, Madame Luce and Senator Morse. If a horse must be credited with kicking Morse in the head, it should be reminded that it could not have lessened the irrational behavior of Oregon's turncoat solon. As to Madame Luce, she is a lovely, witty woman with a rich and influential husband, who perhaps more than anyone else resents that she is not going to Brazil for the next two years.

Field Marshal Montgomery proves one point that Americans should already be quite aware of: That military rank, and even some little military success does not equip a man for the field of high politics. Each field commander must above all be a supreme egotist, and any deviation from his egotism is wrong even if it is successful.

The hymn-chanting student body of a Florida negro college has collected something more than its quota of headlines by going on a "hunger strike" between breakfast and lunch in protest over the rape of a coed from their midst. This is about as practical, and effective, as refusing to breathe because the neighbor's kid has given one's son a licking. We deplore—without hymns, please—the reported brutal rape of this girl and believe that the full penalty of the law should be extracted from those who may be proven guilty, but we deplore equally the platitudinous vomiting of these sainted students who are so revolted at the idea of illegal intercourse. Goodness, their mothers perhaps never took the time to tell them about the "Birds and Bees"...

Editorial pages across the land are being printed in blood-red ink over the Mississippi lynching of a negro charged with rape of a pregnant white woman. Hardly an editorial eyebrow was lifted a year or so ago when a negro was lynched in Boston for living with a white whore. Such goings-on in the hypocritical north are murders, in the South they are lynchings. Our meager understanding of the English language does not permit us to understand how the shotgun slaying of a negro boy by white youths in Chicago is any different than the unfortunate Mississippi murder.

"Cat" Johnson says the only recent government action the NAACP has not complained about was the selection of the seven men, one of whom is to be first into outer space. So far, the legal department of the NAACP has not filed suit because no negro was included in this group.

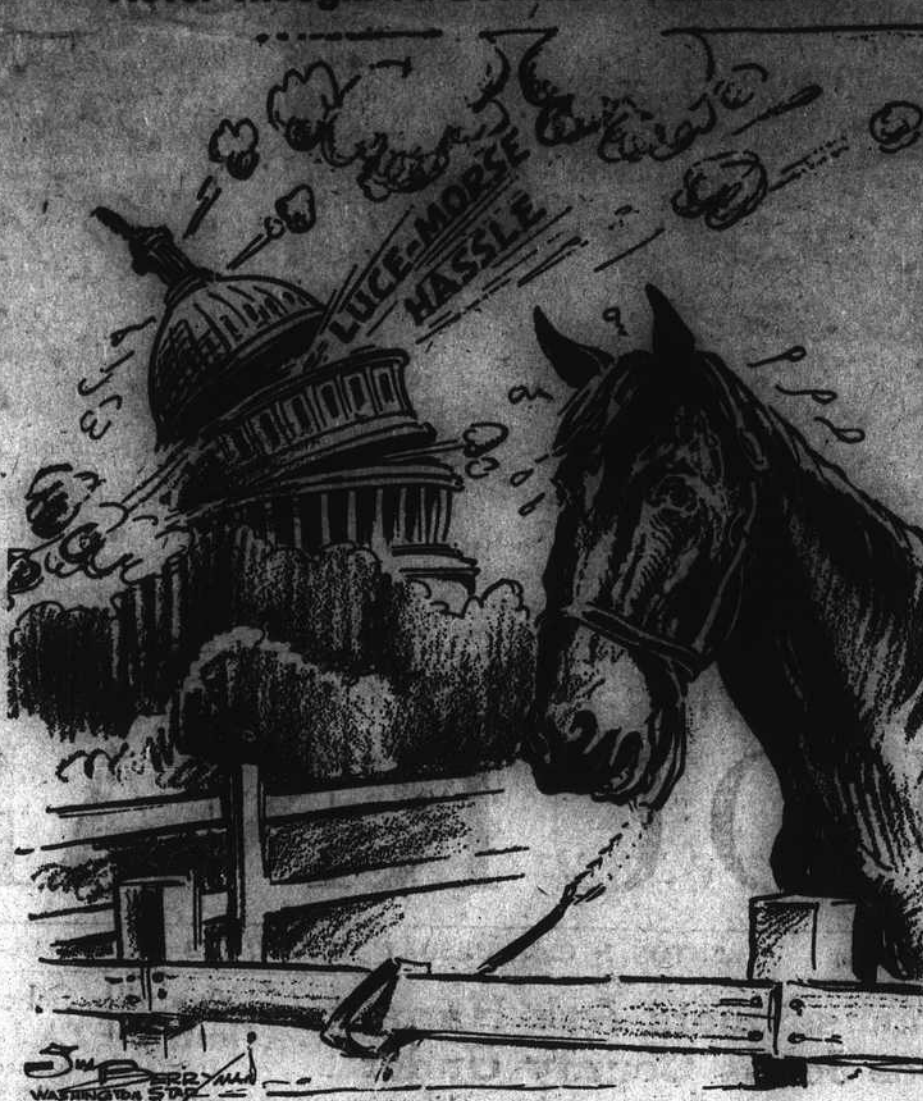
This week's election in Kinston surely was one in which the voter could not complain about a lack of choice when voting for alderman. After voting, it seems worse to have so many candidates than to have too few. With an elegant sufficiency it surely takes a lot longer to make up one's mind.

The tragedy in the old reservoir at Hines Mill this week proves again one fact: Never underestimate the power of a small child to get into trouble. Fortunately, most of the trouble is more aggravating than tragic, but there is a thin line between mischief and tragedy.

Lenoir County's third highway death of the year came Saturday from one of those "impossible to imagine" accidents. Sunny skies, straight, dry road, light traffic; yet, for some reason a young man's car swerved into the wrong lane just for the seconds it takes to snuff out a mother's life.

Perhaps we should be sorry for the sorry state of affairs in the State of Michigan, but we are not. Any state stupid enough to elect a jerk such as Mennen Williams four consecutive terms as governor deserves anything it gets. The people have stood back and permitted the socialists such as Walter Reuther and the morons such as Williams to bankrupt one of the nation's wealthiest

Never Thought I'd Become A Political Issue'



EDITORIALS

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

To Lenoir Memorial Staff Members

This editorial is an open letter to the medical staff of Lenoir Memorial Hospital, addressed in the hope that these doctors will recognize their responsibility to the community they serve and take immediate steps to correct the abuse they cause to fall upon their hospital and their profession in general.

This week Jesse Oglesby, chairman of the hospital's trustees, and Ellis Pierce, administrator, appeared before the county commissioners seeking nearly \$70,000 for additions to the nurses' residence at the hospital. In the course of his remarks Oglesby said in substance, "in spite of unfavorable publicity we still have a good hospital."

Since this writer is one of those responsible for at least a part of that unfavorable publicity Oglesby referred to, we repeat here what we told Oglesby and the county commissioners.

We agree that Lenoir Memorial is a good hospital. It has an excellent staff of highly qualified doctors. It is well staffed administratively with good nurses, dieticians and all the other people required to keep a modern hospital running smoothly.

We have never criticized the hospital, nor its administrative staff, but we have repeatedly criticized the medical staff of the hospital for refusing to provide 24-hour, seven-days-to-the-week medical care at this hospital.

We have done this without a single selfish motive and with only two objects in mind: First, to seek to guarantee medical care to those who come to this county-owned hospital; and secondly, to protect the good name of doctors themselves.

Doctors spend hundreds of thousands of states.

Monday the United States Supreme Court in a 5-4 decision shoved our nation one step nearer the socialistic dictatorship that it so unanimously supports. This latest push into the bureaucratic jungle wipes out the sanctity of a man's home by sanctioning the entering and searching of private dwellings without warrant by health officials. The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution says, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

dollars every year in the United States fighting socialized medicine. Currently in Kinston the medical profession is carrying the ball in the fight to eliminate textbooks that are slanted most favorably toward state socialism than toward our once-cherished capitalistic society. But for every solid lick the doctors make in this direction they negatively make a hundred in the opposite direction by setting themselves up as an intellectual elite corps, above criticism and, what's worse, above plain common sense.

Chairman Oglesby told the county commissioners that his group has used, and is using every possible persuasion upon the medical staff of the hospital to get round-the-clock medical service in this facility. Everything from "sweet talk to browbeating" has been used, he pointed out. And with what success?

Oglesby said that last month the medical staff of the hospital, in answer to the latest effort of the trustees in this direction, had filed a report to the trustees which said in substance it is impractical to have 24-hour-to-the-day medical service in this hospital. There, it seems to us, is the point where the doctors of this hospital, or at least their spokesmen, raised themselves completely beyond the realm of common sense.

If it is not practical to have 24-hour-per-day medical service at a hospital, how many hours do these doctors suggest it is practical to have a doctor?

To one whose medical background is something less than a Johns Hopkins degree, we suggest that the time doctors are needed is when people are badly sick, badly injured, or are just badly wanting a doctor to examine them.

This is not an easy life for a doctor, but when the emergency needs of a small hospital can be spread over a staff of more than 20 doctors, the duty is less strenuous and certainly no mechanical problem.

Doctors complain about poor public relations, they damn and re-damn the press, yet they refuse to publicize their good works under some silly slavishness to what is loosely referred to as a "Code of Ethics." But when their errors, both of omission and commission catch up with them in the public print, they bleat like lambs and dream up a few more intellectual sounding epithets to describe the press.

Name-calling, on either side of this fence, is not needed, but the public and the medical profession need an accented devotion by the doctors to their high calling and noble creed.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

Ever since 1929 when my father was first elected to the Kinston Board of Aldermen I have had a deep interest in city affairs, and although I was only 12 years old then I had enough curiosity to ask a lot of questions and to stick my nose into a lot of affairs. For good or bad in the 30 years since 1929, I have learned a good bit about the workings of one city government. Although each town or city is different in some respects from each other, they do have something in common, in fact, much in common.

Police, fire, health protection, streets, water, sewage disposal, garbage collection, recreation programs exist to one degree or another in every village large enough to call itself a town. The better the levels of service in each of these categories the better the town. Just having an excellent record in any one of these several categories does not make a good town. A good town must have good or excellent services in each of these categories. Viewed in that light, Kinston is a good town.

Kinston did not get to be a good town accidentally. The continuing work and intelligent interest of many citizens present and past went into the making. Kinston officials have been willing to swim upstream against the difficult current of unrealistic conservatism that exists in every small town, among that group of citizens who believe "if it was good enough for grandpa, it's good enough for us today." To implement the programs that leaders have fostered nothing could have been achieved without day-by-day application of these programs by dedicated public servants. From the men who pick up garbage to the city manager, Kinston has been blessed with able men and women who have worked hard for small wages, and at times damned small thanks.

Every two years Kinston is caught up in the fever of electing a mayor and board of aldermen. Wild charges are scattered about, wild promises are made by young or inexperienced candidates who either do not know or do not care how their recklessness may damage the city, its services and its personnel.

Through the years Kinston has been unusually fortunate in that few of this reckless breed have actually ever been elected in sufficient number to badly damage the machinery which operates the multiple services of the town. And all but the most reckless once in office soon learn that loose rumor, wild charges and silly promises have very little place in running a progressive government.

Since 1900 Kinston has grown from 4,106 to an estimated 23,000 today. Geographically, it has expanded in almost the same ratio. While growing so rapidly the governmental services have not only kept pace but have kept up with the changing times, since many of the services we take for granted today were not dreamed of in 1900. Some wise man has said that power—even the power of an alderman—either ennobles or degrades its possessor. Kinston has been fortunate in having had leaders whose power more often ennobled than degraded.

No matter what the voters of Kinston do this week in selecting their leaders for the next two years, the solid base upon which the city's really good government is based will still stand and provide the quality services that its citizens have grown accustomed to and now expect.

The slyest man or woman elected to office with the longest "knife" and imbued with the most vindictive nature generally find themselves disarmed by the importance of their job and the checks and balances which surround their official activities. This, of course, makes a lot of people unhappy. They vote for a particular candidate because he has maliciously or mischievously promised to "fire old so-and-so" and when so-and-so's scalp is not hung out for the blood-thirsty to admire, they feel betrayed. Actually, this type is betrayed by its own vanality much more than the chicanery of the person for whom they voted.

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