

'Of Course, The Government Can't Take Sides'



EDITORIALS

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

What Would We Do?

A friend asked us this week what we would do, presuming we had the power, to cut the ever-expanding cost of welfare agencies. The question, to some degree was based on the two-term experience this writer had on a county welfare board.

There is no simple answer to such a question. But there are some directions in which improvement of service to the supplicant as well as the taxpayer could be made. Aid to the blind, to the totally disabled and the aged can only be tightened up by stricter regulations on responsibilities of children to parents, and occasionally the other way around. In North Carolina this sphere has been tightened just about to the limit.

This leaves the single most controversial area of welfare aid; aid to dependent children. For the immediate and more importantly for the long-range benefit of such children and society improvement could be and should be made.

On the specific sore subject of illegitimacy: Forgive any mother one mistake in this sphere insofar as welfare help is concerned. Strengthen case work effort toward fathers. In the event of a second child out of wedlock no public aid would be available

except upon voluntary sterilization. This may be a brutal sounding suggestion, but now there are too many illegitimate mothers sitting on their lazy bottoms, and compounding the problem of juvenile delinquency. If they had it clearly outlined to them that a second slip would not only put them but their first child and second child "out of business" morality and economy, or at least improved sex hygiene might result.

Lastly to the existing families of such children where dead or deserted fathers create their problem: Permit apprentice-type work under approved arrangements for children 14 years of age or older. Lower family checks as the children get to the age where they can held earn the family bread. Not only encourage but enforce employment at least on a part-time basis for mothers in families whose children no longer require constant home care.

This is not much, we admit; but these suggestions offer two hopes: 1, for greater economy for the taxpayers and 2, for greater responsibility by the families that receive help; not only helping them as of the moment but in the future when adulthood forces the responsibility of earning a living upon them.

Khrushchev Has Gone

Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev has visited The United States and gone back home. Certainly the thousands of men and women who were changed with his safety while he was in this country must feel relief that their job was successfully accomplished.

All 160 million of us must also feel some measure of relief that he has safely departed our shores; but there is a deeper relief that must have come to many of us in seeing this bouncy little fat fellow and learning that politicians whether capitalist or socialist are brothers under the skin.

Despite the morbid occupation of some local-level vote hunters who wanted to carve themselves an "anti-communist" niche by saying rude things to the Premier

the junket went off well and we saw a jovial, suspicious, intelligent politician trying to win friends and influence people.

The happiest reflection is that Russia now has a leader who prefers more subtle ways to power than a pistol bullet in the back of the head. No matter whether Nikita participated in some of these "blood purges" he represents a mature political animal in the American sense of that phrase.

Nikita prefers the patting of children on the head, the impulsive gift of a wrist watch, the willingness to let photographers use up their supply of film to the dungeon and the bludgeon.

When he says socialism will take over in America he is being quite polite in comparison with some of the things our own

Handwriting On The Wall

Communities such as Jacksonville, New Bern, Goldsboro and Fayetteville that lean so heavily on military base payrolls should take heed of the handwriting now appearing on the walls of government.

Last week the Air Force announced that it was stopping experiments aimed at development of faster fighter planes and would direct its air defense effort toward the field of guided missiles. One more of the contract pilot training schools such as Kinston once had at Stallings Field is now scheduled to be closed. Disarmament is a small cloud on the horizon that may grow sooner than many of us think into a storm that will bankrupt such small communities as we have listed.

Kinston suffered a tremendous blow when its contract flight school was closed, but happily this operation never occupied the position Seymour Johnson Air Base does to Goldsboro, that Cherry Point Marine Air Base does to New Bern or that Camp Lejeune does to Jacksonville.

The painful part of this problem is that we all want greater economy in government, and even above that we all want peace. We can never have economy in

government until the military budget is sharply reduced, and we can never sharply reduce the military budget until some system of disarmament under controls can be devised.

Certainly in a nation that is now operating at a gross national product of more than \$400 billion a \$41 billion military budget is not all powerful. But, politically speaking this \$41 billion-defense budget is the dog that wags the Washington tail. There is hardly a congressman that does not have some kind of military expenditure in his district. As the Kinston area knows full well; when that expenditure is threatened business men who ought to know better throw reason to the wind and belabor their congressman to "do something". The howl let out by Kinston over the closing of the local flight school is a tiny whisper compared to the noise to be expected when that sad day arrives and the order comes for the closing or sharp curtailment of activities at either of these huge operations we referred to above.

Who's Nuts?

Last week an obviously crazy girl wandered away from a home she had been "paroled" to by state psychiatrists. This week a veteran New York police reporter blames the current juvenile crime wave in that city on coddling of young hoodlums by well-intended but not-very-realistic psychologists who want to "help" rather than control the incorrigibles.

Which leads us to wonder again about the over-doing of some of our do-gooders who bleed so freely with the tax payers' money and the milk of human kindness.

Some cruel souls say a psychiatrist is a doctor who went crazy. This is generally an over-simplification, but there is ample evidence to support the belief that included among the ranks of "head shrinkers" one can find more than the normal rate of damned fools.

The "couch listener" who attempts to make exact diagnosis of mental ills, and who just as glibly prescribes "cures" is just as much fake as the fellow selling sugar pills for cancer cure.

But out of the realm of the mentally sick, and down to the grit and grime of the non-conformist who hides behind his libido and id; there a lump on the head or a badly scorched bottom with a promise of more of the same is far better medicine than the sympathetic nausea they are exposed to under these so-called social guidance programs that are not the practice in too many necks of the woods.

Discipline is a hard word. It always has caused casualties and always will. Today, however, it is more frequent to reward than to rebuke the undisciplined. Special teachers, special schools, special diet, special this and special that are prescribed for the bully who invites his teacher out for a knife duel or a couple of rounds of boudoir gymnastics in the teachers' lounge.

Cruelty to criminals of any age is to be despised, but the worst cruelty to the incorrigible is public surrender. Either the juvenile criminal must submit or society must submit. In many metropolitan centers now society has surrendered and cowers in its concrete jungle afraid of dark streets and public places.

Certain, fair, fast punishment is the best medicine for the non-conformist whether he be six, sixteen or sixty.

leaders are saying. Many argue that socialism has already taken over in our country.

Mankind's greatest search is for peace and security. The closer Russia and The United States' come to an understanding the nearer that search is to an end.

JONES JOURNAL

JACK RIDER, Publisher
Published Every Thursday by The Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon, Ave., Kinston, N. C., Phone 5415. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1949, at the Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

1st Mail in First Zone—\$5.00 Per Year. Subscription Rates Payable in Advance

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER

Hurricane watching is a fascinating pastime. Nobody wants any less than I do to have these hellacious ladies go around us, but the awesome power and magnificent terribleness of these whirling masses of wind and water do really grip the imagination and remind man of his insignificance.

I always think of the weirdly stupid suggestion from the late Senator Kerr Scott who wondered out loud one day about dropping an A bomb in the middle of a hurricane to break it up. Scott most of the time was a common sensical type, but he sure went off the deep end with that notion. Maybe he didn't put it just the way it came out in the papers, but it certainly wound up with an odd-ball sound.

Powerful as these nuclear bombs may be, they are mere puffs of hot air when set beside the monsters called hurricanes in the Atlantic and typhoons in the Pacific. Imagine the unimaginable zillions of horsepower packed in one of these empor-sized whirlwinds that spin for days—sometimes weeks before they sweep into the arctic wastes and blow themselves out on the top of the world.

Three or four hundred miles in diameter, five or six miles high, spinning counterclockwise with trillions of tons of water; such power fortunately, until now is not within the grasp of mortal man.

Foolish though I may be about watching and waiting for hurricanes, I'm not the utter nut who insists on sitting out such a blow on an isolated sand bar. I'm like my friend, Allen Guthrie, down at Broad Creek, "I like to have some high ground back of me."

Everytime there's a hurricane there's some character who gets his name called because he refuses to move out when authorities issue their warnings. There is absolutely nothing wrong with this. If a fellow wants to run the risk for the thrill he gets out of such a situation he should be given full use of that risk. Personally, I have no desire to be the "last man out" or the first one blown away.

Although predictions on the path and intensity of hurricanes have greatly improved in the past few years, there is still a helluva lot the experts don't know about them. And along the coast the flooding that comes generally with these lusty, gusty gal-named freaks is more dangerous than the wind itself.

Even so, the wind itself can get pretty rough. Marine Sergeant Dick Fulton tells a story about a pet dog his outfit had on Okinawa when a typhoon came by. The dog ran out of a building—perhaps to chase a rabbit—and the wind simply snatched him off the ground and like Jackie Gleason, away he went. Never to be seen again in

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