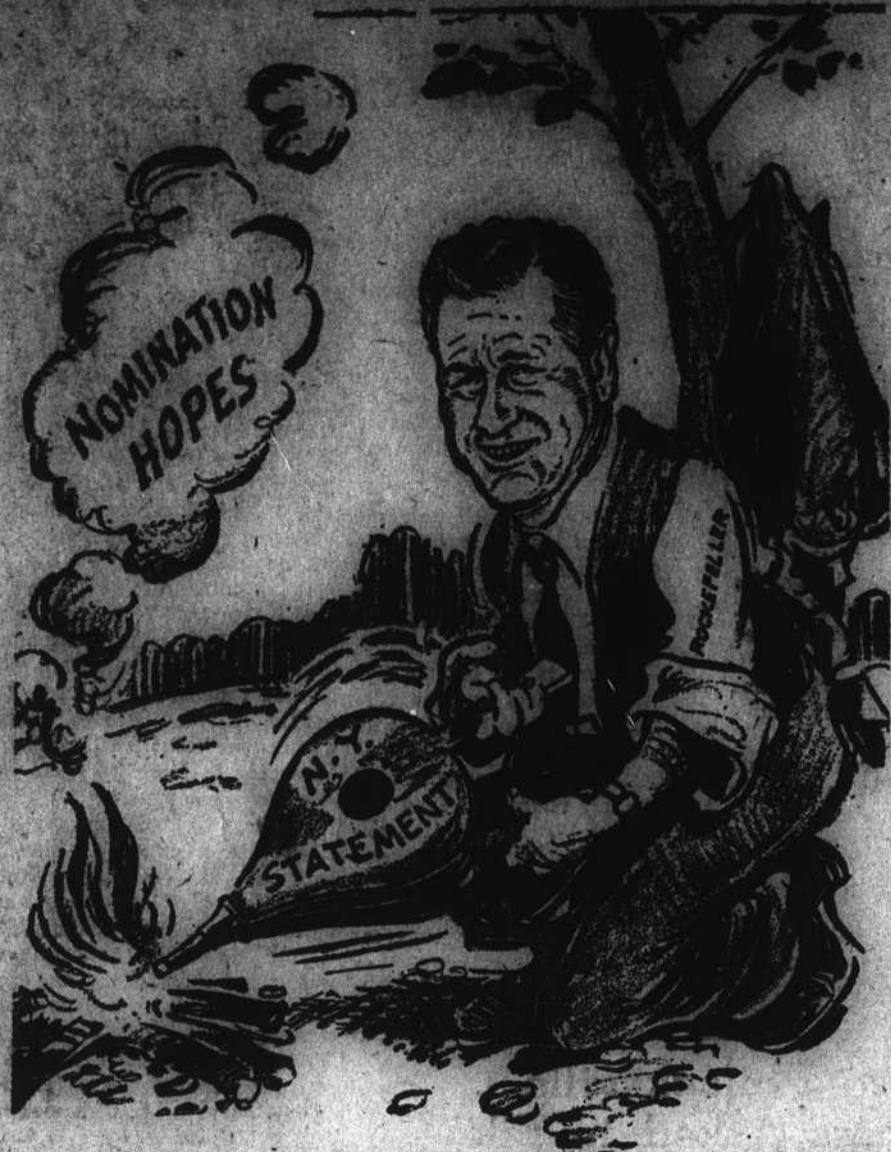


**'Draft? ... What Draft?'**



**EDITORIALS**

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

**The Veterans' Candidate?**

In Sunday's News & Observer and in this month's issue of the North Carolina American Legion News advertisements proclaim that Terry Sanford is the "veterans' candidate".

We are among those privileged to be classed a "veteran" and Sanford is NOT our candidate and we'll tell you why.

Sanford entered the army in 1943, a year and a half after the war began. He was single and eligible to have been in the army long before he did get in, so anything he did in 1943 was done with the hot breath of the draft board on his neck—just as it was ours.

There is nothing dishonorable about a man being a veteran; in fact there is everything honorable about serving one's country in time of its desperate need.

But, to us, there is nothing honorable about a man who uses that for personal preferment, either political or pecuniary.

The fact that neither of the other candidates can match Sanford's armed forces tenure, or his taste of combat has nothing—absolutely nothing to do with his ability to be governor of North Carolina.

John Larkins was 36 years of age, father of two small children and hardly physical-

ly apt for paratroop or any other combat duty, when Sanford enrolled in the armed forces after spending the first year and a fraction of the war in the deferred status of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Beverly Lake was even older than Larkins and Malcolm Seawell was in Washington protecting the population from invasion.

Each of us—in time of war—does what he has to do; some are chosen by the fickle finger of fate to serve in different spots than others.

Upon the Sanford assumption Sgt. Alvin York should still be serving as president and Audie Murphy—World War II's most decorated soldier—would be in the bull pen warming up to take over when Sgt. York vacates this veil of tears.

There was a time when world affairs were basically a tribal brawl and the man who penetrated deepest, swung his sword most bloodily and brought home the most scalps was "the chief".

For good or bad that time has long since passed, and Sanford has to offer more than a European Theater ribbon to properly qualify him for governor of North Carolina.

**Prescription For Doctors**

When congress is in session the American Medical Association is generally found in great pain, suffering from a recurring malady known as "socialized medicine".

To cure this perennial palpitation the AMA doses its membership liberally with the "castor oil" of Adam Smith. The learned men and women who comprise the AMA apparently go through school, and life wearing a king-sized set of blinders (those too young to know what blinders are have no business reading serious stuff like this).

The good old "family doctor" is a folksy pharmaceutical house picture, hanging in drug store windows. This is the medical era of the "specialist". But while the doctors have been learning to specialize in medicine they have completely ignored specialization in other fields.

For the purpose of this item there is no point in drifting into the never-never land of politics where assorted "Fairy God-mothers" flit about with magic wands.

Let us remain on terra firma. Medically the nation gets far better care today than when it depended upon that "good old family doctor". But to get that better care a lot of money is required. Medical education today require twice the time and five times the money of a generation ago.

The doctor has had to bankrupt his family, and nearly reach the age of 36 before he can begin to cash in on his speciality. He has to have costly equipment and expensive office staffs.

So this doctor can hardly be expected to oose the milk of human kindness for the poor sick public that comes to him in a

swept wing Cadillac or a four-hole Buick and complains about the prices—which many of them never pay.

Admittedly, there are conscientious people who perhaps stay away from the doctor's office even though they badly need medical care because of the fear of that bill. Not-so-funny jokes fill the air about the exorbitance of doctor bills.

Here is exactly the point where the young doctor's education should have included some passing exposure to modern finance.

Nothing is bought for cash today; everything is financed.

But the mercantile world has learned the hard way the best intended promises to pay have little legal weight unless they are assured by something more tangible than a hearty handshake.

The modern credit apparatus is based upon the solid principle that the average fair-minded citizen will pay for what he buys, if he has to.

So what are the levers of forcing this fair-minded citizen to be fair-minded. Chattel mortgages, co-signers or employee guarantees with major emphasis on the first.

Obviously a busy surgeon would not collect much by holding a file of chattel mortgages on old appendectomy scars. Even if he repossessed them they have a low trade-in value and require peculiar kinds of storage.

Let some of the fine legal brains in the AMA draw up a simple chattel mortgage that would permit a customer to buy medical care with the same ease as a refrigerator. Let each community have a central clearing house for medical mortgages, so that the frauds may be known.

But alas in such a plan we have left no space for emotions. The auto dealer who turns down a bad credit risk is not condemning the customer to death from secondary infection. The sorriest scoundrel that ever fouled the air of a community gets nothing but sympathy if a busy doctor refuses to waste his time in patching him up.

We oppose socialized medicine; not because it would penalize the doctors, because it would do anything but that. Enforced liability insurance has not badly hit any insurance companies in North Carolina. But we oppose socialized medicine because it is socialistic and is based upon the brutal illogic that the productive citizen must burden himself with further taxes to care for the leeches of society.

A perfect case in point: Last year year roughly 10 per cent of the people treated in Lenoir Memorial Hospital did not pay their bills. Only three per cent of these were people classified by the hospital as people who COULD not pay. The other seven per cent were simply people who WOULD not pay. Yet the taxpayers of Lenoir County had to pick up the tab for \$90,000 to pay in large measure for the medical panhandlers, who scream and writhe their way into hospitals and doctors office and then refuse to pay.

At the moment the aged citizen is the camel's head that the socialists are trying to wedge under the tent. Every indigent aged person on every county welfare list in the United States is automatically guaranteed free hospital care—and something more that the public rarely learns—free care by doctors.

Another 20 million Americans get free medical attention from having honorably served in defense of our nation. Another three million and their families get free medical care for presently serving in the armed forces.

So for those groups that the majority of tears are shed there is already a full-scale socialized medicine—the indigent aged and the veterans.

What of the others? For years hospitalization insurance has been available at less

than the cigarette bill of the average family. What congress is being asked to do now is force the more than 60 million enforced subscribers to so-called social security to subsidize those segments of our nation who have failed to provide for themselves—a vast majority of whom have never dropped the first thin dime into the social security gopher hole.

In such legislation congress would be waving its expensive magic wand to write retroactive legislation, a legislative action that is strictly forbidden in the field of criminal law and by most logic should also apply to the laws of taxation.

Extending social security coverage to people who have not helped foot the social security bill is just as reprehensible as sending a man to jail for an act he committed before it was declared illegal; the milk of human kindness to the contrary notwithstanding.

Persons paralyzed by strokes, immobilized by cancer, arthritis, rheumatism and other horrible diseases would be better served, and more economically served by local nursing homes than by federal paternalism.

**PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS BY JACK RIDER**

Apparently Terry Sanford is "running scared". All of us in the John Larkins' camp had expected Sanford to raise the "veteran" question when and if he and Larkins tangled in a 2nd primary. Now with the first primary weeks away Sanford has already begun running pictures from his war album.

In another editorial on this page I have said my piece about people who pull their military rank for any reason; so enough on that but now to the purely political aspects of the situation. Last Wednesday night Sanford spoke in Park Hill High School in Lower Lenoir County—just where Jones, Duplin and Lenoir counties join, and in that particular area where Kerr Scott had his fiercest and most loyal strength. Some less than 75 people turned out to hear the fellow who claims for himself the inheritance of the "Scott Empire". And a good many of those on hand were Larkins people who were present simply to see what kind of crowd turned out for Sanford.

This could not have been anything less than a jolting experience to Sanford. A well-publicized major appearance—his first in Lenoir County and quite likely his last and so few out to hear his promised major pronouncement on farming.

Toward the Albemarle and the Roanoke-Chowan country where Scott was also a force to be reckoned with, Sanford is suffering mightily before the onslaught of Beverly Lake. Seven of the nine counties in North Carolina where there are more negroes than whites are in that general northeast corner of the state.

Turn to the southeast corner from whence Sanford cometh and what do we find, a major gauge opponent in the person of Malcolm Seawell. But even worse Seawell is, too, a graduate of that great brain trust called the Institute of Government, and Seawell is a Carolina man. And newspapermen—a majority of whom are Carolina graduates—are also finding the color of Seawell preferable to the blandness—almost prissiness of Sanford. So that great nucleus of propaganda strength that Henry Bell's survey turned up last year for Sanford in the press is being splintered—and badly.

Then, turn to labor—organized labor that is, and what small consolation can Cumberland's Terry find. With the racial issue flung into the campaign by Lake's presence, Sanford would be much less wise than even his worst enemies believe if he did not glance over his shoulder at the results of the Frank Graham-Willis Smith campaign of not so long ago.

Graham is undoubtedly the fairest haired boy the unions ever had in North Carolina, and for him as for Sanford the bank accounts of the unions were an open book. But alas and lackaday, when the votes were counted in the textile and furniture areas where union strength in North Carolina is found, Graham had been scaled and gutted;

*Continued on page 5*

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