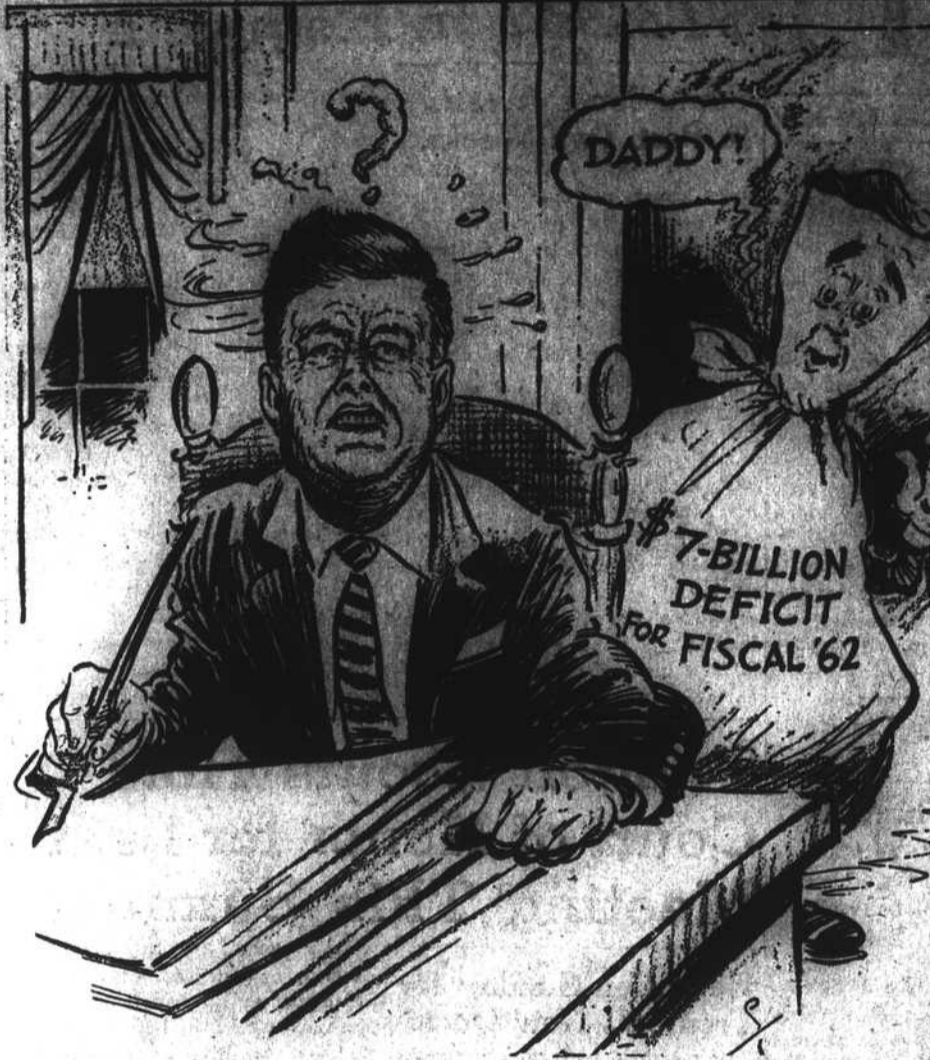


That Didn't Sound Like Caroline or John, Jr.



EDITORIALS

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

Belated Petitioning

For more than 20 years Kinston has been needing a larger post office to replace the 45 year-old establishment now, serving that purpose, but now that Kinston seems near to getting this improved facility a handful of its citizens seem determined to throw a monkey-wrench in the works.

The circulation of a petition in the past month, to which a reported hundred or more citizens have signed their names in opposition to the location of this new post office on the 200 block of East Caswell Street seems to be a warmed over mess of sour grapes.

People who tried to get the post office located on different sites than the Caswell Street site are apparently the moving forces behind the belated petitioning.

Of course, they have every right — legal and moral — to petition to their heart's content, but the period that passed between the first wide publicity of a new Kinston post office and the final selection of a site was certainly long enough to have permitted any and all reasonable efforts of this kind.

Each citizen is entitled to his own opinion — selfless or selfish, as to the best possible site for a post office, but after these opinions have been sifted, sorted, aired and then sifted and sorted again; logic seems to indicate that it is time to get the public shoulder to the wheel of progress and to get things moving of a more constructive nature than opposing petitions.

For good or bad the Lenoir County Court House and the Kinston City Hall are located in the same general vicinity as the Caswell Street site selected for the post office. It is not likely that any of us alive today will live long enough to see either of these very solid facilities moved to a different location.

With these public buildings serving as an anchor, and the addition of a post office giving further strength to the position it is almost an absolute certainty that a broadening of the base of the Kinston business district will take place — and for that matter is already taking place.

Those who wish to accelerate the strip-teasing of the Kinston business district gen-

erally are people who have a vested interest in such an extension and are not included among those whose thinking is geared to the long-range best interest of the entire business community.

It is irrefutable that a business district serves best when it is more nearly square, than if it is permitted or encouraged to become an elongated rectangle.

No one will argue that a business district four blocks by five blocks square is not preferable to a business district that is two blocks wide and 10 blocks long. Each would include 20 blocks, but the parking, the shopping circulation and the service trades that are necessary to a well balanced shopping area are far better in the four-by-five than in the two-by-ten type business district.

The location of the post office at the corner of Caswell and Independent streets would, in a period of a very few years extend the Kinston business district from its present two-block width to a four-block width, and with the widening and improvement of East Street as a major traffic artery it is likely that the southern base of the business district would in all likelihood become five blocks wide in a short time.

Not only will this enhance property values in this area, but it will also accomplish a great deal of urban renewal that is badly needed in this area by private funds rather than tax funds, and that is a worthwhile by product of this trend.

True, the location of a post office north or west of the present business district would enhance values in those directions, but the values already placed on property south of Vernon Avenue are unrealistically high, and they are not likely to decrease even if the post office is built at Rivermont.

The long range best interests of Kinston as a whole concur completely with the post office department decision to locate the new post office at Caswell and Independent and it is likely that this decision will stand.

We've said it before; that tobacco farming is NOT the easiest life either physically or mentally. Blue mold, drought, black shank, wilt, worms, hail, wind, flood, fire and low prices are all items that aggravate the ulcers of the fine-cured tobacco grower.

The Schlesinger Question

One of the more controversial advisors to President Kennedy is Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Harvard history professor and author of many books, who blandly accepts being called a socialist for he believes in the ultimate socialization of this country.

Schlesinger is a favorite target for critics from the conservative side, who do not share his acceptance of big government as the absolute answer to the problems of modern man.

But taking the long view, and reviewing the so-called civilized history of man and watering it with any of the philosophies that dominate in the world today; one may not like it, but one is foolish to disregard the fact that nearly every road sign points in that direction.

Government began as the family unit in the dark caves where our ancestors hovered and grunted — enjoying absolute independence from the tyrannies of government, but suffering the total tyranny of fear that hung just beyond the flickering light of those lodgings. Fear in every one of its ugly faces was the constant companion of the independent man in the jungles of the past, as it still is today for those who exist without the tyranny of government in the jungles left on the globe.

Government progressed to the tribal or clan level, where the strong protected, but dominated the weak; and frequently deserted the weak when they passed productivity as tenders of the fires, tillers of the fields or bearers of children.

For a very large part of man's little known history this tribal system was the government; and it was an absolute tyranny in exchange for the few protections that it offered.

Then the early state developed, and man was introduced to that greatest of all tyrannies; that of taxation. Then states became nations and nations became super-nations.

And what has man left of his freedom? Obviously, man has more of his freedoms left in one state of tyranny than in another.

In America, with which we are most personally and constantly concerned, we have left a few of the basic freedoms, but a majority of the concepts of absolute independence have been exchanged for the coins of tyranny.

The state has police powers over each of us, in exchange for which we sacrificed the absolute right to defend ourselves and our property against domestic invasion. And in addition to submitting to the police powers of our government we assumed the cost of supporting the police force.

Certainly, from the taxation point of view it was far cheaper when each citizen slept with a pistol under his pillow, worked with a gun strapped to his thigh and served as his own one-man police force; but who among us would swap the present system for the more ancient?

Americans retain the freedom to renounce and denounce all of these incursions of government into their absolute freedom, but no individual has either the moral or legal right to accept or even demand the benefits of such a society without being required to help pay the costs of those benefits.

One can become a hermit in the wilderness of our cities or our great out-of-doors, living on scraps and independence but no one has the right to expect a full share in every aspect of modern society without paying the bills, or at the very least being liable for such debts as this way of life entail.

And foremost among the payments is the surrender of some of those freedoms that are precious, and perhaps vital, but liberties that seem less vital than the materialistic dividends of the world we live in at this day and date in history.

PERSONAL
PARAGRAPHS
BY
JACK RIDER

Last week I had a relaxing wonderful time in spite of the rain, or perhaps because of it, down by Bogue Sound. A considerable part of my time was spent in reading two books of widely differing types. And the eerie coincidentalness of my reading the last is the subject of this column.

Being in the news business, when I go on vacation I really forget the news — no radio, no papers, no TV. So I was given a peculiar shock Monday when Jean Booth mentioned to me that William Faulkner had died last Friday.

You see it was last Friday that I was reading "The Rievers", Faulkner's last published novel. I had read some of Faulkner's short stories before but had never set myself to the difficult task of reading any of his novels. But "The Rievers" is a short book, and the dust jacket said it would take its place as one of the funniest books in American literature. So I read it. And I enjoyed it, in spite of the unwieldy sentence structure that was the latter day hallmark of Faulkner.

I don't rate it with the best of Mark Twain, either as humor or a grab at the past that is gone forever, and never can return. Faulkner called "The Rievers" a "reminescence" and it obviously is that. But the chronology is a little forced, and the exaggerations are too heavy for acceptance by me without giving to the author more than than his fair share of artistic license.

But as an exercise in nostalgia: The coming of the first car to his "Mississippi" hometown and the resulting escapades that involve "Lucius Priest", eleven, and grandson of the car's owner, Boon Hoggenbeck, 25, and chauffeur to grandpa and Ned Mc-Alish, 40, and about to be deposed coachman to grandpa, make for several hours of amusement and reflection.

I found it difficult to believe that even the most reckless 1908 chauffeur would take the 11 year-old grandson of his boss to a Memphis cat house for a weekend, while ma and pa and grandpa and grandma had gone by train to a funeral down in the bayou country. But once you get over that difficult hurdle the story moves along well and with many chuckles and a few belly laughs.

Whether this is Faulkner's last novel is not known by me, but it does seem to me that it would be a fitting epitaph to a man of his character and ability that his last work would be a 300-page return to the rutty, muddy roads of 1908; the livery stable shennanigans, race track trickery and small boy confusions that exist in any age, and no matter what the mode of transportation may be.

Faulkner won the Nobel Prize for literature. He made fantastic amounts of money as a writer and is generally placed atop the writers of this generation in the United States. He certainly was a better writer than Sinclair Lewis, and carried himself somewhat better as an individual, too. Hemingway could write as well, but he used the world for his canvas, while Faulkner very largely stuck to "Mississippi" for his sources of inspiration.

For those of you who do enjoy reading, and particularly the men who know something about war; my first Faulkner recommendation is "Turnabout", to me the finest short story by any author. I read it at least once a year, and enjoy it as much on each re-reading as on the first, and strangely enough it is written in the most absolutely fluid style, and bears little resemblance, if any, to "The Rievers".

The fatal four days on Lenoir County roads which claimed four lives in as many days is one of the worst periods in many a long year, and we hope that it is not repeated ever again, but we fear it will.

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