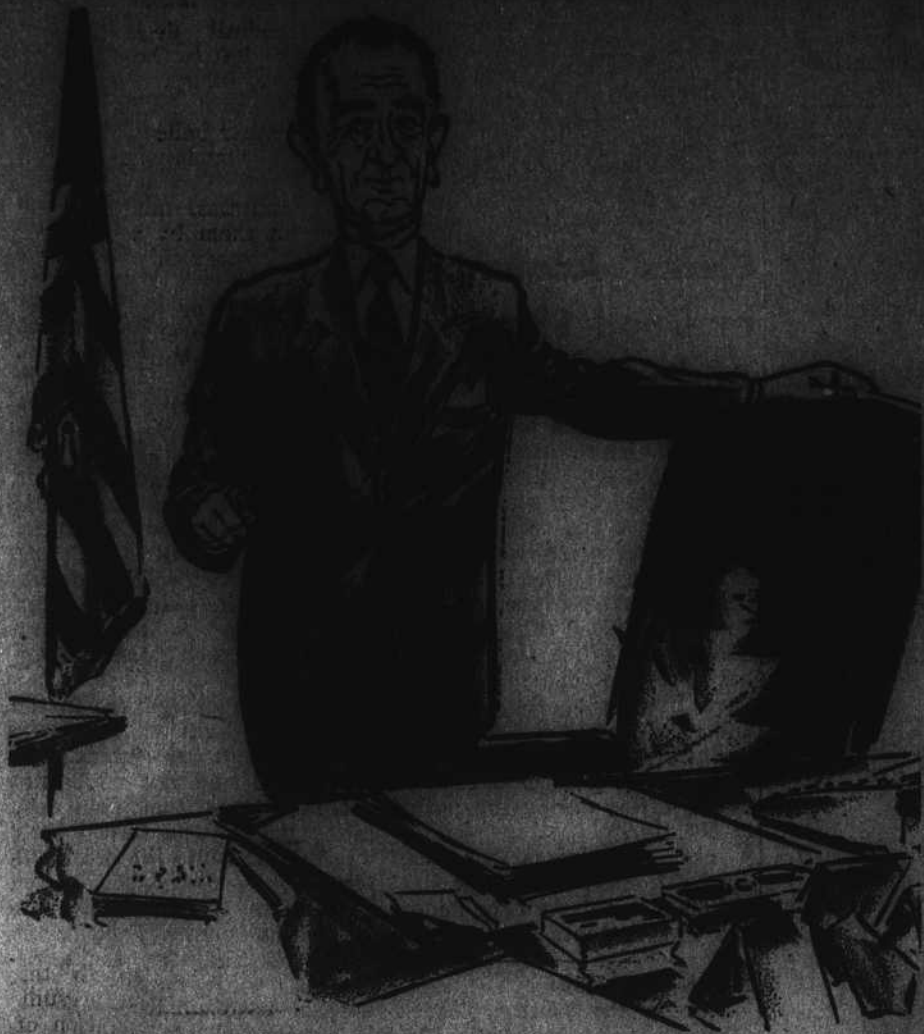


In my heart I know you're right!



EDITORIALS

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

The Ehringhaus Formula

A majority of the younger men who manage our state's farms probably have never heard of Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus' formula for farm prosperity, and likely if they did they would sneer at it.

In those terribly lean years of the depressed thirties the last Eastern Carolina governor preached diversified farming. He had his roots deep in the great agricultural coastal plain of North Carolina and had seen the expensive price the state had paid for having a farming industry that was geared too largely to one-crop thinking.

Since that dark time of more than 30 years ago amazing gains have been made in the farm life of our great and fertile coastal plain, but unhappily, there still remains more to BE done than has been done.

We still limp along on one good leg and a crutch. Still too many farmers put all their eggs in one basket.

As we note elsewhere on this page, tobacco is in trouble and has been for several years but there are still too many farmers who panic at the thought

of a complete failure in the tobacco part of their farming when to the really good farmer tobacco should represent just one important part of his income picture.

But every time that a "desk farmer" such as ourselves comments on this aspect of our Eastern Carolina economy some farmer rears his head up from the tobacco row and wants to know if we are trying to destroy tobacco.

Far from it. No one in his right mind would want to destroy the tobacco industry in any part of the nation, and most especially in North Carolina where it is such a major part of our economy and even more particularly in Eastern Carolina where for too many it IS the entire economy.

But we do have the land, the agricultural ingenuity — as proven so thoroughly with tobacco itself — and we have the climate and water to make another Eden once our farmers really get the message that has been brought to them over and over again — even before Ehringhaus . . . that we live overnight from 28 per cent of this nation's hungry population.

The Thinning Ranks

Time takes its inevitable toll of all men, but to those of us who share the common bond of having served in the armed forces in time of war the thinning ranks of war veterans has a particular and peculiar significance.

In recent times we have watched as the last veterans of the Civil War left this mortal realm and even now the ranks of Spanish-American War Veterans grows very thin.

Still with us, but growing fewer with every rising sun are the men who fought the war to end wars, now known as World War One.

This week with the passing November Eleventh the country gave small passing attention to the collective sacrifices of all our service men in all our nation's wars.

But for those of us past 40, November Eleventh will always have one primary meaning: Armistice Day. That joyful time when on the 11th hour of the

11th day the nightmare of Western Europe which reached into homes all around the world came finally to a dragging, desultory end.

Few of us paid any serious attention to this annual commemoration, and perhaps it is fortunate that man's mind works in this neglectful fashion, for it would sink us in a deep pit of morbidity if we had to live each day with the half-living, terribly wounded men of our wars who have spent an eternity in hospital beds, on crutches or in wheel chairs.

But none of us should do less than to pause from time to time, however briefly, to give a silent thanks to those who died for our country, for those who live on half alive and to a somewhat lesser degree to those who served but were lucky enough to return to society with nothing worse than a few funny stories and a heart full of sad memories for buddies they left behind.

The tobacco industry is in trouble that few other men or women in the state know (including the really understood more than any other) at all.

But there are a few facts recognizable even from a great distance and by even the most disinterested observer.

First, that the tobacco producing end of the industry is in serious trouble.

Second, that the governmental program intended to protect the grower has failed in its first duty: to keep consumption and production somewhere near in line.

Third, that something has to be done and soon, or a bad situation will undoubtedly get worse.

Among growers there is no concerted consensus except, on the basis of last week's vote for the Democratic Party, they in the majority do want to be told what to do by government.

This imposes a terrible responsibility upon those very few men in government who face the task of bringing a once-good program back to some semblance of reason.

Hearings will be held all over Tobacoland in the next few weeks as the pulse is felt by our legislators, who themselves will be seeking answers to extremely important questions.

Not the least of these questions being how to keep a majority in congress at least passively on their side for a tobacco program despite all the United States Public Health Service can do to destroy a big and innocent industry with the quackery of medical statistics.

Each of us who has a serious interest in the future welfare of the tobacco industry must apply whatever ability we have in the difficult job that lies immediately ahead for this old, honorable and vitally important segment of our local economy.

School Thoughts

For a number of general reasons and for the specific reason of the \$1,311,674.25 which Lenoir County schools will get from the statewide bond issue of \$100 million dollars approved last week we wish Lenoir County could have a unified school command.

Lenoir is a small county geographically and it no longer needs for any good reason two school administrative units. Not only is the maintenance of two offices uneconomic on its face it also continues a competition for funds that neither serves the best interests of students nor the taxpayers.

It is too much to expect that one school administration would spend \$1,311,647.25 in the same way that two schools units would. Under the present law the rural school system gets \$759,845.94 and the Kinston system gets \$551,828.31.

The planning of each group is constricted by the specific amount of money it receives, but less obviously each board is restricted by district school lines that are ignored and honored as each board's whim dictates. This is neither good for the morale of schools nor economy.

For much too long we have stumbled along with split planning that has seen widely varying standards of education offered to our children and absurdly different expenditures of money per student, per school.

Obviously, this is just one more million and a third dollars that will be spent in this split-decision manner that will not see the best return per dollar.

Many of our county leaders agree that consolidation of our administrative units is needed, but up until now none has been willing to stand up and insist loudly enough or frequently enough that this be done.

JONES JOURNAL

JACK RIDER, PUBLISHER

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CRIMINALS

BY JACK RIDER

I guess there really is nothing new under the sun; just variations on very old themes. The oldest of man's tragedies is the Eternal Triangle and here in our small crossroads village within a space of less than a week we are brought face to face with the final tragic scene in two more of these ancient dramas.

Last Friday a young housewife was found not guilty of murdering the man she candidly admitting having an affair with and Tuesday night a man who deserted his wife in August to run away with another man's wife was found dead along with the teen-aged bride he eloped with so briefly ago.

Man long before such civilized domestication as marriage came along was perhaps among the most polygamous of animals, and he still is. And all of the perils and terrible prices that he has to pay for his inherent trait do little to deter him from trodding what some call the Primrose Path.

Unfortunately, the issue of marital fidelity is not one that is discussed except as gossip in any but the most extremely divergent manners. There are the "Bohemians" now, as there have always been, who affect not the slightest regard for fidelity, either marital or moral. And at the other end of the discussion is the absolute blue nose who still thinks it sinful for a man to see a woman's ankle when she steps out of a flivver.

Undoubtedly one of the major reasons why the ancient, infernal and eternal triangle causes so much sorrow is our refusal to discuss such a subject rationally and rather to leave it to the wild extremist view of which we have heard too much recently in the field of politics.

Surely none of us who believes in the civilized concept of family can accept adultery, desertion and debauchery lightly. But it is, like the common cold, much with us, and again, as with the snuffle and sneeze, there seems to be no cure available nor in distant sight. So it becomes incumbent upon us to try to live with something that is forcedly among us; unpleasant though it may be.

In this difficult, tough and utterly personal field of human relations each case must be judged by itself because there are no two exactly alike in every respect. There are even degrees of adultery, just as there are degrees of homicide. One person may find the idea of living with an unfaithful mate absolutely impossible; while still another may not mind, or at least not mind too badly.

The Eternal Triangle is not always tragic, for sometimes an affair straightens itself out and all involved wind up with a happier and more full life. All divorces are not family tragedies, although it is likely that a majority may be. Even children sometimes find a happier climate with a new mother, or a new father; than in a miserable life with their own parents who may love the children but despise each other.

Writing columns on such subjects is even generally considered "verboten," and it surely is more difficult than writing a column about politics or economics. Our literature is, of course, basically a repetition of this most ancient theme in which one man covets another man's woman, or one woman covets another woman's man. In our more recent literature even this theme seems too conventional and our writers have turned to more bizarre relations between people and the hero, or heroine who only covets one property of another or one kind of property of another is an exception today.