

'Mebbe so, son--
but it looks like corn to me!



EDITORIALS

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

A New Isolationism?

The terrible technology of war has moved so rapidly in the 20th Century that political scientists have never been able to keep up.

At the beginning of this century United States policy was to hide between the wide expanse of the two greatest oceans which separated us from the intrigues of Europe and the chaos of Asia.

The submarine and then the airplane dried up these once impregnable defenses and a great debate echoed for a generation in congress as "isolationism" slowly became an ugly word to even the most insular of American politicians.

But now a new "wall" has been built, consisting of Polaris-firing submarines and deadly silos stuffed with inter-continental missiles.

Shortly it is expected that a new debate is to begin in congress in which another of those "agonizing reappraisals" is to be made on the wisdom of American entanglement in every tribal shooting match from Zamboango to Zanzibar.

The only intelligent foreign policy is that which serves the national best in-

terest when all facets of an international problem are concerned. Our leaders reasonably felt the need for European and Asian bases for deployment of forces at the end of World War II because at that time transport of weapons and men had not advanced to their present stages.

It was, at that time, surely in our national best interest to protect and defend either bilateral or multilateral agreements that permitted such a worldwide system of defensive offense.

Now the burdensome costs of such a system are beginning to open even the eyes of the most World-War-II-minded statesmen. Maintenance of such a costly system is no longer necessary to the defense of our country and continued maintenance of the system is not only an economic but is as well a terrible propaganda burden to our country.

We suggest that a new isolationism may be nearer than the average might suspect. Some very hard facts of life are forcing it.

Tobacco Worms

There are countless thousands of parasites gnawing away at the tobacco industry and not the least is the statistical tobacco worm.

This special breed of worm is generally found in a fourth-floor garret, wearing thick lensed spectacles and surrounded by stacks of selected figures — none very attractive.

This special worm slowly gnaws away at these mountains of figures and constantly suffers a acute indigestion because its bite exceedeth its digestive capacity.

Such worms secrete a messy dropping which is nine-parts fancy and one part fact. Analyses of these periodical droppings reveal such fancy as:
"Tobacco kills 125,000 Americans

per year."

This does not attempt to explain the other 1,875,000 deaths per year, but merely exudes the fanciful claim that 125,000 persons died from lung cancer and other specified diseases "caused" by use of tobacco.

This particular dropping from the statistical worm does not take note of the fact that people died before tobacco was used, and that even in the anti-septic 20th century people died occasionally who have never dipped, chewed, sniffed or smoke tobacco.

This particular worm is hermaphroditic and self-generating so it neither notes nor mentions in this health dissertation which came first; the chick-

Numbers Game

One department of our federal government constantly laments the statistic which claims five per cent of the employable manpower of our nation is unemployed.

Another department is whining around the halls of congress in the constant effort to get more immigrants into our nation. Two bills are now before congress asking a huge boost for immigration quotas.

President Johnson is strongly backing the larger and reshuffled immigration quotas. Unfortunately no country permits its citizens to take any property of consequence with them when they migrate. This means that the overwhelming majority of those who do come as immigrants come without means.

One requisite of entry is a job, which is generally promised by a relative who is already in the country. This means there is one less job available to those five per cent we have who are already out of a job.

At present we are permitting just over 220,000 per year to enter the country. The Johnson-backed bill would boost this figure and change the quotas for specified countries.

For instance the present quota is 100 per year from Israel. This would be boosted to 2,805. Great Britain's present quota is 65,361. This would be cut to 26,136. Italy's present quota is 5,666. This would be boosted to 16,418. Jordan's present quota is 100. It would become 2,100. Egypt's quota is 100. It would become 1,170. Jamaica and Trinidad would be given unlimited entry where each now has 100.

The argument is that the present quotas discriminate against non-whites in all parts of the world. Yet here at home we are told that the vast majority of this "critical" unemployment is suffered by the non-whites.

It does appear that these conflicting branches of government would get together and educate each other just a trifle before making such asses of themselves in public.

Self-respect cannot be hunted. It cannot be purchased. It is never for sale. It cannot be fabricated out of public relations. It comes to us when we are alone, in quiet moments, in quiet places, when we suddenly realize that, knowing the good, we have done it, knowing the beautiful, we have served it; knowing the truth, we have spoken it.

Whitney Griswold

Every citizen of this country, whether he pounds nails, raises corn, designs rockets or writes poetry, should be taught the American heritage; to use the language well; to understand the physical universe, and to enjoy the arts. The dollars he gains in the absence of enlightenment like this will be earned in drudgery and spent in ignorance.

Calvin Gross

The first comment we heard on Dan Moore's inaugural address was about what a sorry speaker he is. After a generation of professional soothsayers it seems to us rather pleasant to have a man more gifted in doing than talking. Too many of us judge another on that person's ability to roll back his head and roll off a "spellbinder." This is a poor yardstick.

en or the egg?

Whether drinkers paint or painters drink; whether metabolic imbalances that urge one to over-smoke might also have a connection to other ailments.

Unfortunately no pesticide has yet been found to control this statistical tobacco worm, but a number of practical scientists are working on the problems and may have the answer before the pest destroys the entire industry.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

Manners . . . simply defined are nothing more than one's way of doing, but in the finer tradition manners are one's social attitude toward others and of all the social attitudes none is more precious than good manners.

Somewhere along the track good manners has gotten to be "square" and although this is not just a symptom of these modern times it does become a worse problem now than in earlier days because more of us with our manners — good or bad — are thrown together than before.

One day this week my wife and I were getting a quick lunch at one of the local drive-ins and we were angered on seeing carload after carload of high school students boorishly throw their accumulated litter out the car windows despite the fact that the drive-in management had numerous trash cans all about the lot. It was a windy day and the debris immediately spread to the entire neighborhood.

This is an exaggerated instance of the worst kind of manners. But the kids follow this sloppy practice day after day after day. If you doubt it stop at any drive-in any school day when the high school set turns out for lunch. And I have to confess that there are some older people who are just as bad, and possibly worse because they are older and should know a little better.

The modern feeling that there is something servile in saying, "Yes, sir" or "Yes, Ma'am" is, to me, a small part of this drift away from good manners. Personally I feel servile before no one, but I feel absolutely naked in saying flat "Yes" or flat "No" to a person older than myself. And this is a habit impressed upon me by my parents and especially my grandmother who took over the chore of "mannering" me when my mother died.

I am now old enough to realize that "manners" grudgingly bestowed are the worst kind, no matter how sweet the words may generally seem to sound. The abusive use of "Sir" comes at its worst in the armed forces where some men demand respect rather than commanding it. I found that the good officers, who were sincerely respected by their men, never were on the receiving end of the sarcastic and bitter "sir," which so frequently flew against the sensitive eardrums of the martinet who was constantly aware of the face that he was a "gentleman by act of congress."

Many of this latter breed were fortunate because that is the only way they have ever been able to wear that adjective.

The telephone is one gadget that causes more bad manners than any other, except perhaps the automobile. The telephone interrupts one who is busy, and its noisy persistence and monotonous jangling has one on edge even before the caller is known. If the caller happens to have a message that is something less than important to the one receiving it, it takes a strong will and the finest breeding to prevent very curt replies.

I plead guilty in this department, but having been reminded of my bad telephone manners so frequently by my "better half", I do make a strong effort to resist crude abruptness when a meal or my slumbers are interrupted by this hellish invention of Alexander Graham Bell.

None of us has perfect manners, of course; but some of us do have much better manners than others. But each of us might keep in mind one proven fact: That bad manners cause a great many of the serious problems that trouble us all. Bad manners behind a steering wheel
Continued on Page 3