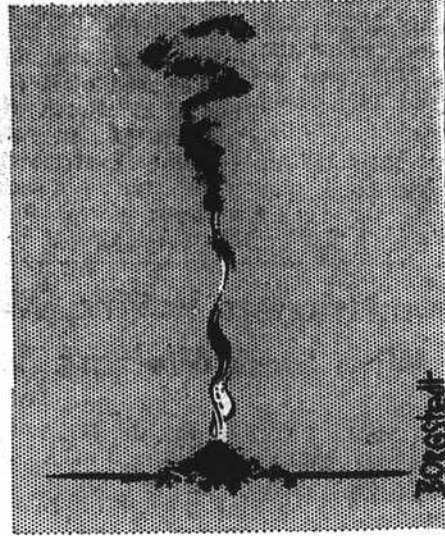
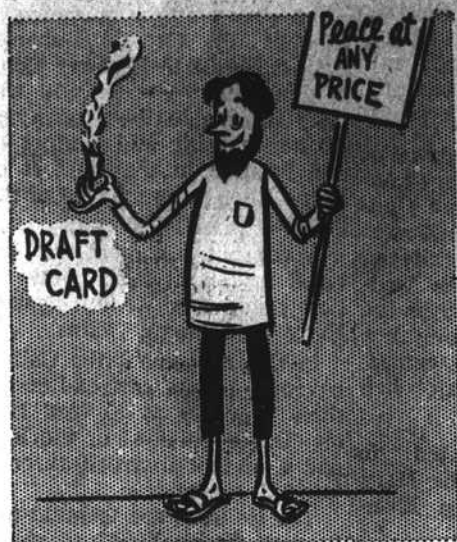


Playing with Fire...



Cruel Shell Game

When old people recently go the tiny boost in their social security checks they were a lot happier than the few dollar raise would have made people in more fortunate circumstances. When one lives on a very small income even the minimum \$4 boost in social security checks was of considerable significance.

But their job was short-lived because many of these people whose social security checks are very small also get a small welfare check to supplement the social security check and to provide them with the scantest necessities.

But now all who were in this two-check situation are having their welfare checks reduced by the same amount their social security checks were increased. This is, indeed, a cruel shell game played against people forced to live at such minimum standards.

The average welfare check to the aged in North Carolina is \$53 per month, or \$630 per year. For most of us it is impossible to imagine one person keeping body and soul together on such a pittance, but many do, and have been doing so for many years.

It does seem that this Great Society which is paying school dropouts \$40 per week to fiddle around and dodge the draft could provide something more for people whose only fault is that their age has passed them beyond the levels of peak productivity.

And at the very least, for people living on such marginal incomes it could and should have been possible for them to have kept the small increase they were given in their social security checks

These people cannot add another mouth as illegitimate mothers do to increase their welfare checks.

The federal government causes itself to be even more ridiculous when it talks about poverty - stricken families whose annual income is less than \$3,000 while at the same time collaborating in an aid to the aged program, where benefits are a fraction of this diving line between abject poverty and "getting along."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

There's only one thing worse than the aches and pains of old age: Not having them. And in addition to the creaky joints, the stiff neck, the weakening eyes, the graying hair there are mental old age pains.

At 48 I don't feel old; but I'm not 38, nor 28, and certainly not 18. And I remind myself frequently of this chronological fact of life. When I am tempted to "frow up" on seeing high school boys with long, dyed hair I hasten to tell myself that we had some nuts in dear old Grainger High back in 1934, as well as in 1965. But this is getting to be an increasingly ineffective medicine. Perhaps I need a new prescription, because either my eyes are getting bad or I'm just seeing worse.

One of these worse sights breezed by my house Sunday morning - and in bright open sunlight, too. He was driving a vintage flivver had a soup-bowl hair-do, and the fixed stare of a zombie. He neither looked to the left nor to the right, acted as if his head were in a vise. I decided he didn't want to turn his head to mess up his "set". His hair was bobbed squarely off even with his eyebrows, and coiled sweetly around his pearl-pink ears.

Seeing a child like that made me understand why there are so many dog lovers in the world. But you see, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. This boy (I assume his sex, of course) must appear dazzlingly beautiful to himself as he curls, roaches and swirls his tresses before the mirror on the wall. And his parents must think he is "cute" or else they'd put him in his carriage and roll him down to the nearest barber shop.

And, of course, I'm not really so old at 48 not to know at least a part of the motivation that has turned so many boys into neuter nymphs. There's the eternal stirring of the moth to break from the cocoon. He is in that tender terrible transition from mama's baby to manhood... and he has to assert his dominion. Smoking, drinking, marrying, sexing, skipping school - in short doing those things he is not supposed to do and leaving undone those things he is supposed to do.

Most of us have suffered some of these adolescent aches, but most of us recovered and became conformists, by dressing, living and barbering in the accepted manner. Most of those kids who now have pictures in high school annuals that resemble sheepdogs more than boys will hide those pictures in the most distant attic corner, or burn them as an offering to their wild, and wooly youth.

But some will grow beards, affect intellectualism, and move into the coffee house world of the beatnik. A generation ago they were "Bohemians", and the next generation will have another name for them. Some write poetry, others write prose; some daub colors on canvas, others weld scrap iron into "sculpture." They are the dregs of our society. All live very cheap lives; either on hand-outs from the mother whose apron strings they still cling to or from a bitter father who'd rather support them at a distance than tolerate them at home.

To a civilization such as ours these sandal-wearing folk-singing, freaks are rather like fleas to a dog, who cannot appreciate scratching until he's really had fleas. These human fleas make it possible for the rest of us to "scratch" our ego, to tell ourselves how superior we are to these ill-clad, ill-washed, ill-barbered intellectual fleas on the backside of civilization.

Some of these long-haired local boys will move off into that fairyland of guitar players, but will be few and far between, because fortunately for the world, most of us do manage to grow up, although it is a tedious, painful, lengthy process that some do more easily than others, and that a pitiful few never do.

EDITORIALS

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

Arrogant Gall

Admittedly there is something redundant about the phrase: Arrogant Gall, but it is the first and most fitting words that came to mind on reading the threat of Don Agnew aimed at Governor Dan Moore and the North Carolina General Assembly.

In case you do not know, Agnew is "acting director" of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, and in case you do not know this is the collection of experts who "accredit" or "discredit" colleges and schools.

And in further case that you do not know, there isn't a nuttier collection of freaks loose in the nation today.

What "Acting Agnew" is threatening is the "discreditation" of all North Carolina schools if the governor does not call an immediate special session of the general assembly, and if this special session when called does not immediately repeal a so-called speaker-ban law which forbids known communists and 5th amendment security risks speaking on the campus of any state-owned schools.

In case you may be confused; Agnew is not the director of "acting", but is

the "acting director," but he is doing a pretty good piece of "acting".

Agnew is acting silly, acting arrogantly and doing a very fine job of "discrediting" his accreditation racket.

This professional collection of freaks has arrogated to itself the divine right to tell every school board and every college board of trustees exactly what they must do if they are to receive and to keep this precious commodity called "accreditation." A generation of dictating to school boards has now infected this nut society with the ambitious premise that it can also dictate to the people who put up the money to provide the books, the rooms and the teachers which basically comprise schools.

In addition to telling the general assembly what it can or cannot do in the realm of providing for public schools and colleges this assortment of nuts dictates: how many toilet seats, how many candlepower of light, how many books in a library, how much front yard, side yard, back yard each school must have if it is to be "accredited."

History Repeated

Nearly 200 years ago a tiny handful of brave men risked their lives to declare that the American colonies ought to be independent of British rule. The civilized world snickered at these "colonials," who dare to fly against Mighty Britannia.

Today a handful of brave men in Rhodesia are risking their lives as they contemplate a declaration of independence from not-so-mighty England.

Today Mighty America has joined the chorus who sneer at Rhodesian gall.

In 1776 the list of grievances was long that our forefathers drew up to support their rights as free men, but all grievances boiled down to the simple desire to govern themselves.

Today the split that divides Mother England from her sons and daughters in Rhodesia is more single-minded, and more simple-minded. Today 220,000 white Rhodesians are being told by Mother England and Cousin America to

surrender the autonomy of their land to 4 million people either still in, or slightly removed from savagery.

If Mother England in 1776 had predicated her control over the American colonies on such a ridiculous premise the world would have laughed.

But the climate of world opinion today is less practical for it supposes that the stroke of a viceroy's pen, or the utterance of a nationalistic slogan will suddenly change a tribal chieftan into a world diplomat.

When our forefathers took America from its owners; that was the march of civilization. Today when fifth generation white Rhodesians with similar title to their homes stand in the tribunals of the world they are guilty before trial.

The black Rhodesians of today are no better equipped to conduct the affairs of a modern nation than American Indians were in America in 1776.

The Problem

Everywhere in the world today The Problem is people - too many people.

Modern medicine has killed off, or brought under control those predators who kept population fairly well under control for milleniums until now.

Today there are only two controls left: Starvation and war... neither of which is controlled, or controllable.

Lending a helping hand to The Problem are all kinds of ignorance; from the pitiful stupidity of the totally illiterate to the official stupidity of such Olympian figures as The Pope.

Between the stupidity of those who do not even know what causes babies and the stupidity of those who refuse to approve controls over the cause there has developed a situation that will see the world's population double in a generation what it had previously reached in all the history of mankind.

Obviously, something must be done and the sooner it is done the less drastic it will have to be. Today we still have time to explore scientific controls; tomorrow if we refuse to accept scientific controls the world will have to accept political controls. The arithmetic of population explosion leaves no other alternatives.

Either voluntary controls or involuntary controls; it is just that simple, unless we wish to leave the solution to those uncontrollables: War and Starvation.

There is a third control, too, that we feel to be under some measure of control today, but there is no possible guarantee that such controls as we have on disease may not crumble before virulent strains of bacteria or viruses.

JONES JOURNAL

Published every Thursday by the Lenoir County News Company, Inc., 403 West Vernon Ave., Kinston, N. C. 28501, Phone JA 3-2375. Entered as Second Class Matter May 5, 1949, at Post Office at Trenton, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. By mail in first zone - \$3.00 per year plus 3 per cent N. C. Sales Tax. Subscription rates payable in advance. Second class postage paid at Trenton, N. C.