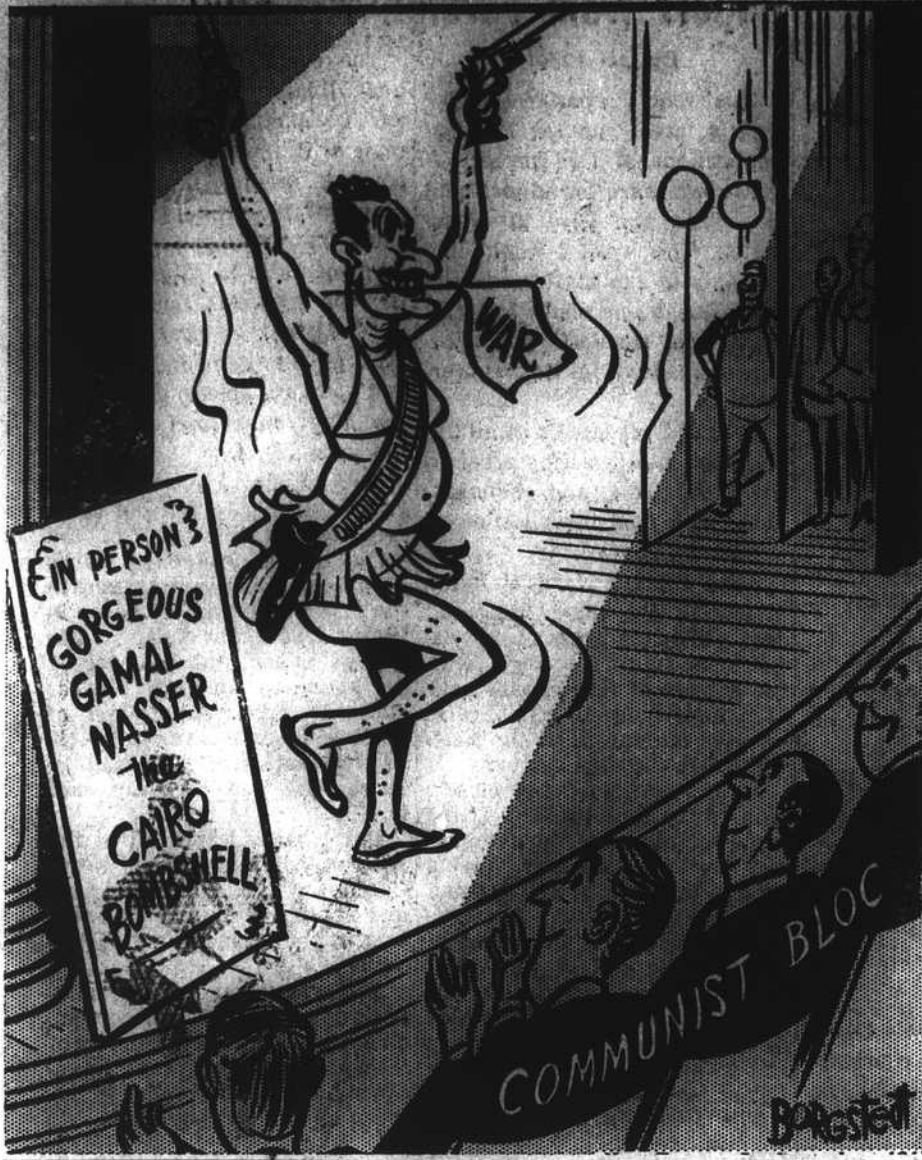


Gaza Strip Act



The Cap and Gown Season

This is the Cap and Gown season, when thousands of eager young men and women march upon the world armed with a diploma indicating their completion of some kind of formal education.

It's not likely that there ever was a time when so many have such great opportunities, and surely there was never a time when so many were so formally equipped to cope with these opportunities.

But somehow it seems fitting to us in this Cap and Gown season to remind those scholars-in-a-hurry that there are still a few basic tools that are more important to their future happiness than even their exposure to education.

Among these are such everyday items as courtesy, industry and loyalty.

All of these have been covered many times before by more clever writers than we, but if every young man and woman going out into the cold business world were to seriously etch deeply into his conscience these three key words the road would be easier and happier no matter which direction they decide to travel.

Ability is important, but the junkpile of humanity is littered with able men and women who were never capable of applying that ability.

Loyalty to one's employer, or to one's clients may seem trite in an age that worships the cynical, and the willingness to work hard may cause many diploma toters to shudder with the thought that they got all that education so they wouldn't have to work hard.

But even those who think it old-fashioned to be loyal and industrious ought to be able to understand the value of courtesy, since good manners are the difference between civilization and savagery.

Courtesy costs little and pays the greatest dividends of any social grace one can practice.

After accepting the fact that Eastern North Carolina weather has always had the reputation for being "unusual"; there is no reasonable excuse for the dryness of the spring nor the shortness of the "summer".

Anyone who doubts that air travel has taken over the major part of all long-distance transportation for people and high-priority freight should spend an hour in any large airport in the nation.

understandable concern: Whether the costs are in line with other hospitals now under construction in our area.

Lenoir Countians are being asked to vote for a 280-bed hospital with a price tag of \$8,725,000; while our next-door neighbors in Wayne County are proposing to spend \$8,250,000 on a 344-bed hospital. The arithmetic of this cannot avoid being frustrating to Lenoir Countians.

If Wayne County at the same time can expect to build a hospital for \$24,000 per bed it is logical for Lenoir Countians to ask why their proposed hospital is going to cost \$31,160 per bed.

And finally, there is widespread discontent among Lenoir Countians on the proposal to pay the owners of Parrott Memorial Hospital \$300,000 for that facility. The sentiment most frequently voiced is that the taxpayers have no responsibility to bail out any private business for any amount of money and especially not for a figure approaching a third of a million dollars.

These, as we see it, are the cardinal points around which opposition now exists to the hospital issue.

No one doubts the need for a bigger and better hospital to serve those in need of hospitalization and secondarily to attract new doctors and more nurses.

Between now and June 20th those of us who sincerely desire a new hospital are going to have to find some reasonable answers to these three basic questions; and simply saying that the Duke Endowment of the Medical Care Commission recommended this and recommended that will not suffice.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

It may not show frequently on me, but I am a terribly sentimental slob. This will be — if things go according to plan — the last column I chop out at our old address, 403 West Vernon Avenue. We plan to move this weekend into our new home at 605 Heritage Street, and despite all the inadequacies of this dusty, noisy, crowded old home and the anticipation of private office, air-conditioning and more room than we can possibly use, leave-taking is an exercise of sentiment to one of my nature.

I never wanted to leave any single place more desperately than a windy moor in England, called Bodney Aerodrome by the British, where I spent the best, or "worst" part of three years in that ancient conflict now referred to as World War Two. But when I watched the ugly Nissen huts and rolling space of that familiar nightmare fade away from the tall gate of an old six-by-six truck I almost cried, since I knew that I'd not be likely to ever see it again or renew the friendships of that time.

And it has been true. I often think about returning to England just to see if any of that Bodney is left, and since I left the services I have only seen three of the 300 fellows I lived so closely with for so long in that faraway place of misery. Now moving three and a half blocks and staying almost within hollering distance is not the same thing, I know. But 15 of the best years of our lives have been spent in this old home.

And although we'll have more room, and a mortgage of our very own to show for it there are bound to be memories that cling to the old place. Like having to go out on the sidewalk when we wanted to talk to somebody if all the presses were running, or hollering for the presses to be stopped if a long distance call came in. The somewhat shifty embarrassment when some big shot stopped by to see what makes a country editor tick. But feeling rather smug about it after they had gone, since most of these big shots had offices that were furnished to them by us taxpayers, and I'd rather have a press sitting in my lap while I type than to become part of the intolerable machinery of either big business or big government.

And thinking, too, that when we moved to 403 West Vernon Avenue our personal family included just two tiny daughters, aged one and four, and now they have grown beyond their mother's height and the final addition to the family is trying to see how quickly he can grow to a height when he can literally look down on his old man.

Only two of our employees who moved here with us in 1952 remain. Mrs. Felix (Clara) Turner, and she is recuperating from what apparently is an occupational disease of print shops. She and my wife have both had the "carpal tunnel syndrome" operation in the past year, and they infer that if I worked as hard as they I might also have to have this expensive, painful wrist-slicing job.

The other is Carl Garner Jr., who is being caught by the middle-aged spread, and when we moved here in 1952 he had just reached voting age. Three of our "boys" have been caught by the draft in the past year. One of our oldest left us a couple of years ago to labor at the DuPont threadmill, but he still helps us out in pinches when our customers begin hollering for printing or the deadline for papers is hovering heavily about.

Perhaps the worst part of moving is deciding what to move and what NOT to move. With me this involves books, papers, pictures, maps and hundreds of pamphlets that mean nothing to anyone else, and little to me, but fall in the category of those things that you just simply have to have two days after you toss them in the waste basket.

Come to see us in our new home. We're proud of it despite all of this sloppy leave-taking I have used to fill up this last epistle from 403 West Vernon.

EDITORIALS

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

War or Bluster

Egyptian Dictator Gamel Nasser is faced with a typical dilemma of dictators. He has an economy on the verge of collapse, that would have fallen long ago but for transfusions of Russian and American money, and for the past five years Nasser has been supporting a republican effort to destroy the monarchy of a tiny land called Yemen.

The shakiness of his domestic situation and the unpopularity of his effort in Yemen, where he has pinned down 70,000 Egyptian troops at heavy cost to his domestic efforts have combined to force him to another extreme measure on the international front against Israel.

It is evident that Nasser, despite his Soviet arms, does not have the will or the ability to defeat tiny Israel by himself. So he has tried to rally all of Islam in a holy war. But holy wars are not so popular today as they were a few centuries ago. So most of the rallying has consisted of ringing declarations and damned little fighting.

Nasser and his other Arabian chieftains have more problems at home than they could possibly solve in a very long life time. But it has been the way of dictators ever since dictators were invented to turn outward for their exploits when their internal efforts have failed.

But in a world hovering with understandably terror beneath the umbrella of nuclear protection — or destruction — there is not much maneuvering room for such pint-sized potentates as Colonel Nasser.

So it is our prediction that he will bluster and boast and strut upon the international stage for a while, and then retire to his official hut in Cairo, to meet about the same fate as Sukarno, who tried to take Indonesia's mind off its terrible internal problems by "fighting" an unpopular war with Malaysia.

This is the quickest way to get back on the United States foreign-aid hand-wagon; so a palace coup in Cairo will be the next order of events in that neck of the woods.

Issue Must Be Faced

Those of us who support the need for a new hospital to serve Lenoir County cannot help the effort by ignoring some vitally important facts that now stare this issue coldly in the eye.

Foremost is the apparent death of the effort in the general assembly to make possible a local option one-cent sales tax that could have been used to amortize the cost of this expensive facility.

In the absence of this ability to levy this additional sales tax the voters of Lenoir County are confronted by the apparition of a 35 to 40 cent increase in the ad valorem tax rate.

The sales tax approach had the distinct advantage of collecting part of the cost of this hospital from people living outside the county, who will use the facility, but not help pay for it if the payment has to come from an ad valorem tax.

Now the issue is whether the property owners of the county will support a hos-

pital issue that is going to lay such a heavy burden against their property for at least a 20-year period. And it must be kept in mind that a majority of the 12,000 families in Lenoir County fall into the category of property owners, who are confronted annually with the ad valorem tax.

In the final analysis the only decided advantages of the sales tax were that it would collect some out-of-county money and be collected on a day-to-day basis and not have the fierce impact of that big once-a-year ad valorem tax bill.

The average family would pay more through a one-cent sales tax than through a 35-cent increase in the ad valorem tax rate, but the family would be less conscious of this payment. This is one aspect of this problem that cannot be known until the votes are counted on June 20th.

And there is still another aspect of this hospital program that is causing