

**'Maybe it's psychological but I feel better already!'**



# EDITORIALS

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

## The 'Missing Link

Without modern transportation progress is impossible.

The history of man's progress runs parallel to transportation. It has since the beginning of time, and it still does.

Transportation is the real key to the unbelievable success story of the United States. It is not the existence of natural resources, nor raw materials. Many countries have far more natural resources than the United States and many others have as much or more arable land for the production of the foods and fibers a civilized society demands. But no nation has such a transportation system.

It is not the availability of intelligent, hardworking men and women. There are many lands that have more eager and excellent workers per square mile than the United States can boast.

But it is the ability developed to a finer degree in the United States than anywhere else in the world to bring all of these things together and to distribute them quickly and economically that has made America great.

Today there are terrible pressures on this transportation system, and many very well informed people believe that nothing less than a transportation revolution will keep this arterial system of the American body politic in good working order.

The American transportation system is suffering a massive case of hardened arteries and the blood pressure against those arteries is nearing the danger point. Great doses of money and in-

jections of great quantities of imagination are necessary to repair the damage this arterial system is already suffering and the total collapse it is threatened by today.

Without doubt the single most neglected facet of American transportation is the railroad. Capable of moving more pounds, more miles, more quickly, more safely and more cheaply than all other systems the railroad is not being used to a fraction of its potential.

And in a time when petroleum fired methods of transportation are under direct scrutiny because of their heavy contribution to the pollution of our environment the steam engine and electric train offer a sudden and enormous potential for relief in this area.

One train can move as much freight into a metropolitan area as a thousand trucks; as many people as a thousand cars. On some not very distant day it may very well become necessary to limit truck and automobile traffic to the short hauls, leaving railroads and airlines to do the long-distance mass moving of people and produce.

Hundreds of billions of the taxpayer's dollars have been spent in recent years trying to keep roads and streets in tempo with the accelerated production and speeds of motor vehicles. We are further behind today than when the spending spree began, while railroad right-of-ways are rusting or in many instances have simply been ripped out.

All of which conjecture is not part

## Frightening Evidence

We who live here in Hurricane Alley have very good reason to be most respectful of these terrible ladies who sometimes slam into us with winds of 130 miles an hour.

But things could be worse. We could live in Tornado Territory. A recent issue of "Weatherwise," the magazine of meteorologists, surveys the tornado toll of 1968 and includes a study of wind velocities in the most terrible of nature's phenomenon.

Of course, we are not exempt from tornadoes in this section, since these deadly twisters dip down in North Carolina, too, but not with the frequency of other sections of the nation.

In 1968 there were seven tornadoes reported in North Carolina. Oklahoma had 58, Texas had 149 and Florida was hit by 56. The nation had 856, making it a pretty bad year, but not so bad as '67 when the record was set with 912. Last year these terrible twisters killed 133 people, 75 of these being killed in two Arkansas storms.

No wind velocity instruments are built to measure the speed of tornadoes, and if there were any built it is unlikely that they would survive being hit by one.

So scientists use a rather elaborate but sensible formula for making accurate estimates of the wind velocity in a 'ornado, and using this formula and an assortment of evidence 458 miles per hour is given as the top speed of one of the worst of these killer storms.

Fortunately the width of these killers is very narrow, nothing compared to the width of a hurricane, but what they lack in size they much more than make up in intensity. The storm with the estimated 458 mile per hour winds was only 250 feet wide where it hit the ground.

So if you see a dark funnel shaped cloud headed your way don't be too proud to see how fast you can find a ditch and how flat you can lay in it.

of the death rattle of either trucks or cars . . . far from it, but simply to keep pace and some measure of faith with the auto industry is a monstrous job.

But looking to the not-so-distant future and posing the inevitable transport problems of 1999 beside those of 1969 one cannot escape the conclusion that something big and something immediate must be done.

Either the travelling habits will be changed by private initiative and governmental imagination watered by money from both areas or those same habits of travel will have to be changed by law and to inhibit the flow of people or goods in a free society is unthinkable politically and suicidal economically.

So the arteries of commerce and pleasure must be kept open and no phase of transportation offers so many solutions so quickly as the revitalization of railroads. And if this must be done by taxpayer subsidy it will still cost a very thin fraction of what it is now costing to keep falling behind with our streets and highways.

To use a North Carolina example: Running clean, fast trains every hour from Greensboro to Morehead City during the summer season would cost a fraction of what it is costing to four-lane US 70 over this distance. Today in a relatively sparsely populated section such as ours this kind of conjecture sounds wild, but in more densely populated areas such conjecture has already become a necessity.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

This is always my most difficult week of the year. The week I work two weeks so I can "rest" one week. Which is a long-winded way of saying that next week (the week of this edition you are now reading) The Rider Clan is headed for the beautiful Banks of The Bogue.

Which makes it necessary to print two papers this week, which makes everything a trifle dated and perhaps a little contrived, so if there is any major news item left out, or great affairs that needs editorial comment you'll just have to wait until I get back behind the typewriter on July 14.

One of the things always just a bit more than exasperating to an egotist such as myself is how well the world keeps running without me being involved. We all know this but we hate like hell to confess it.

But getting away for a week is good for the soul even if it does scar the ego a little. Relaxing away from newspapers, television, radios, teletypes and most of all telephones.

Next to the automobile the telephone is the worst Frankenstein Monster loose on society today and like the automobile the phone is a wonderful gadget when you need it and an ogre when you don't want to be bothered.

In my business, fortunately, I get phone calls at all hours and for all possible reasons. To ask questions, to give news, to cuss me frequently and once in a while a word of praise. But most of us have the habit of believing that everybody else is convenient to the telephone at the same instant we are.

Any modern home designer who doesn't put a phone in the toilet is no friend of mankind, and within reach of the tub or shower, too, since it's surprising how many urgent phone calls coincide with one's ablutions.

And down by The Bogue the lapping of the waves, the rustle of the breeze in the silver poplars, the cry of the gulls and, when the wind comes from the right quarter, the gentle roar of the surf pounding the long white sandy strand between Bogue and Beaufort Inlets; these are the sounds that relax and lull one into an easy euphoria.

Of course there is the noise of outboard motors, screaming novices on water ski, occasional roar of Marine helicopters and the furious snarl of jets from Cherry Point. But these are the passing sounds.

If you're passing down that way next week. Drop in. We may have a little drap of that elixir that makes distances shorter and conversation smoother and at least once every day we have something on the burner that smells wonderful and tastes better.

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