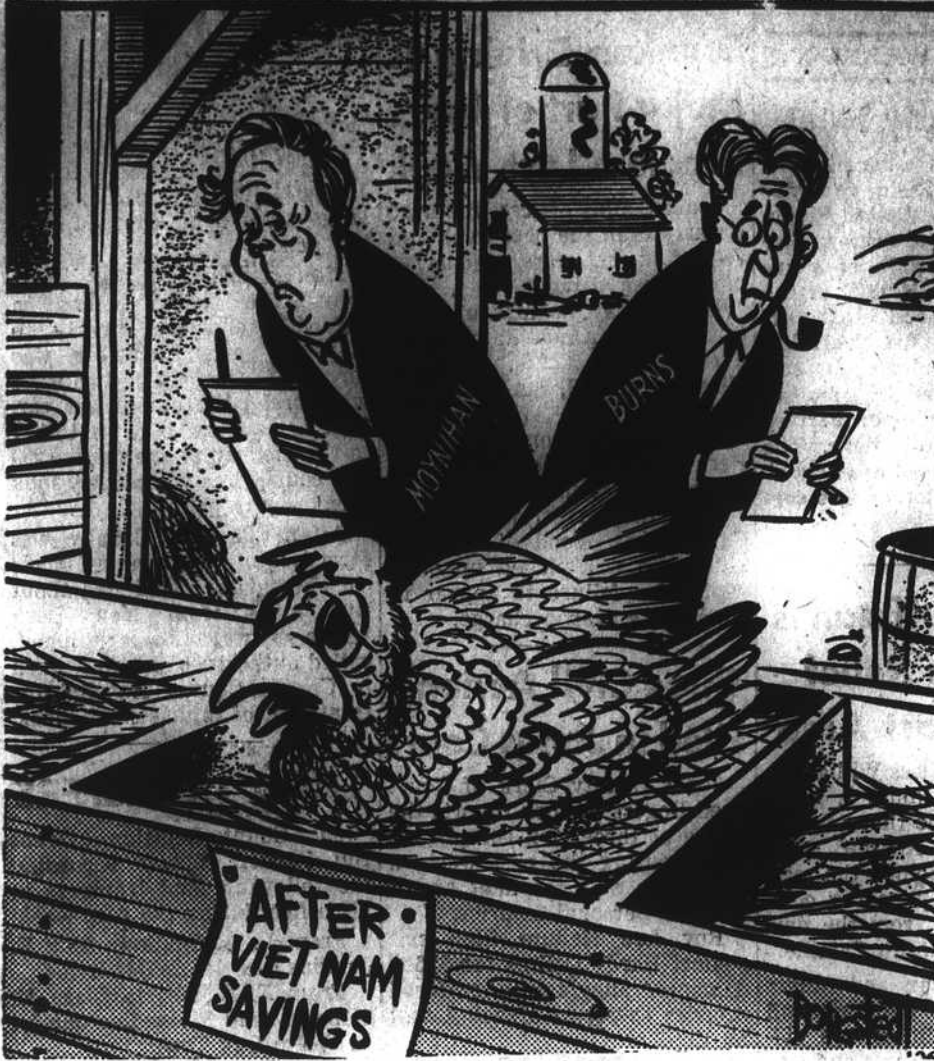


'Don't court your chickens before they're hatched, boys!'



EDITORIALS

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

Inverted Reasoning

Since the beginning of the talk about dampening the fires of inflation it has been difficult for us to understand how raising interest rates on items the public has to have is going to lower prices. It fact we not only do not understand it but, in all truth,, believe it's a damned lie.

In the modern society man has to have a roof over his head and some kind of transportation but recent legislative actions have seen the cost of both homes and automobiles increased greatly because of exhorbitant interest rates.

Such appliances as refrigerators, cook stoves and washing machines are also necessities in this modern world and they have suffered the same sad fate as state and federal legislation has legalized interest rates of up to 18 per cent per year on these necessities.

And many firms that had never charged these usurious "carrying charges" have now started doing so simply because such usury has been sanctified with legality. But as some other writer said on a different subject: A rose by any name smells as sweet." And usury by any name smells as badly.

Inflation has several definitions but the most acceptable one is "An over-issue of a country's currency, especially paper money not redeemable in specie" and specie is defined as "coined money."

Now, who in the United States has overissued currency?

Neither thee nor me, but only the United States of America, and all it has to do to cut off an excess of spending money is to slow down the issue of its printing press currency. Which is being issued for banks so they can lend it out under the legalized laws of

usury. Inflation has also been described as too much money chasing too few items of trade, but that definition does not fit the United States since there is no shortage of consumer goods in the nation today, except in the realm of housing, which has been hit the hardest, longest blow of all with these ruinously high interest rates.

Question

Isn't there something cruel and stupid about state laws which forbid any child under the age of 16 to drive an automobile on a public road while at the same time permitting any infant who can get a bicycle or tricycle to roll to ride on a roadway?

Heaven knows we do not belong to that group which always favor just one more law, but since too many parents ignore their responsibility for the safety of their children by permitting mere infants to ride wheeled vehicles on dangerous streets and highways, it is, perhaps, necessary that some more humane law is written in this specific area.

The law also stupidly permits the smallest child to drive a farm tractor on the busiest highway, and a man convicted 20 times for drunken driving whose driving license has been revoked permanently can still ride around the countryside on a farm tractor, since out of some empty-headed concern for the farmer the law exempts farm tractors from the reasonable regulations that cover all other motor vehicles.

The farmer's son cannot legally ride a minibike on a public road, but he can take out a huge tractor on that same

No One Knows

No one person knows, or is likely to waste that has seen a brushfire war ever know the whole picture of military in a pint sized country cost more than a global war in which our nation had five times as many men under arms.

But such silly exercises as de-mothballing the Battleship New Jersey at a price considerably more than the ship originally cost for use one brief month and back to the junkpile are endless.

The costs of such military gadgets as the Edsel fighter bomber of Mac-Namara fame, the huge Fairchild Transport that is costing nearly three times its original estimates, an un-used assortment of gimmicks and gadgets in every corner of the world add up to a frustrating nightmare for the poor ignorant taxpayer.

And this taxpayer who has paid and paid and paid to avoid having our country repeat the disarmament mistakes of post World War One, and to a slightly lesser degree after World War Two is now beginning to remember the old story about the boy who cried wolf.

The military has the ability and frequently the inclination to cause saber rattling in just the right places to keep this nervous taxpayer bleeding freely from his pocketbook for fear that he'll be bleeding a different kind of blood if he refuses.

But a growing per cent of the public — such as returned service men who are now having to pay for the waste they saw in those far away places with strange sounding names are beginning to blow the whistle on this mad military waste. And it's about time.

Certainly, none but the traitors among us would want to disarm our nation and leave it open to attack from the first dictator who gathered himself up enough military hardware to convince him that he could beat us, but all of us would like to see a more reasonable level reached in which national defense and national solvency could both be served, while leaving just a little money at the federal level for badly needed domestic issues of pressing national concern.

roadway and all a Highway Patrolman can do about it is develop a new set of ulcers.

If anyone can explain the difference insofar as danger to the poor child is concerned between riding a bicycle and a minibike on the public streets and highways we'll set aside a half hour to hear their story, but we do not promise to believe it after we've heard it.

The prissy Christian Science Monitor pats itself on the back recently by congratulating the New York Times for banning tobacco ads that do not carry a health warning and points out that IT, the Monitor, "has refused to carry tobacco or liquor ads since it was founded by Mary Baker Eddy in 1908." Well, goody-goody for them. Now if they would show some tolerance for other religions their precious pomposity might go down with fewer grains of salt. There are people who believe that a Christian Scientist parent who lets a child too young to make its own decisions die without medical treatment is also a threat to public health. If Providence had not wanted men to practice medicine such knowledge would not have been bestowed upon mankind.

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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

The title of this column gives me a little more room to maneuver than the usual "Editorial We" so I will use this space to say a few very personal words, since Monday of this week was the 30th Wedding Anniversary of Muriel and myself.

I'll give her equal space if she wants it for rebuttal, but for me this has been a very rewarding and happy experience. And the only miserable part of those 30 wonderful years was that two-year-four-month-and-eight-day period in World War Two when we had the Atlantic Ocean between us, courtesy of Hitler, Hirohito and Company.

We've been blessed with good health, healthy children, good friends and good luck, and in case you may wonder why I skipped over saying "good children," I'll amend that by adding that our three have — so far — been well behaved as well as healthy so we are doubly blessed in that regard, too.

When I got back from playing the small part given to me in Europe in that terrible time which now seems so long ago we still were relatively young without children and the world was a very big oyster for our opening. Muriel had worked in New York while I was in Europe and had many friends and an excellent job there, and I liked the thrill of that huge city. And before I went in the Air Force we had both loved living in the National Capital, where we both had exciting jobs. And while in service both of us had fallen in love with Denver where I went to an Air Force school and where Muriel lived for about a half year.

So we had four choices: Back to Washington and the jobs we had left when the war came along, stay in New York where jobs were plentiful, go to Denver with its invigorating climate and wonderful people or come back home. I don't suppose it ever was a really tough decision, but we did go over it at great length and we decided to prove Thomas Wolfe was wrong. We did come home and we've never regretted it.

Now as we consider the gray in our hair (you still can't see Muriel's at a distance) and complain of our tired feet and aching bones and as we look at our adult-sized children (the youngest will not be 16 until November 18th but he is six-one and weighs about 200 pounds so he'll pass for an adult any where except in an algebra class) we have a great many blessings to count.

And as I count my blessings I always start with Muriel, although there are times when she insists that I don't fully appreciate her worth, and we have had our differences from time to time, and hope to continue having them for a long time to come because the only couples who never have arguments are those who are congenital liars, or even worse, couples in which one is more vegetable than animal and fortunately Muriel and I do not fit into either of these sad categories.