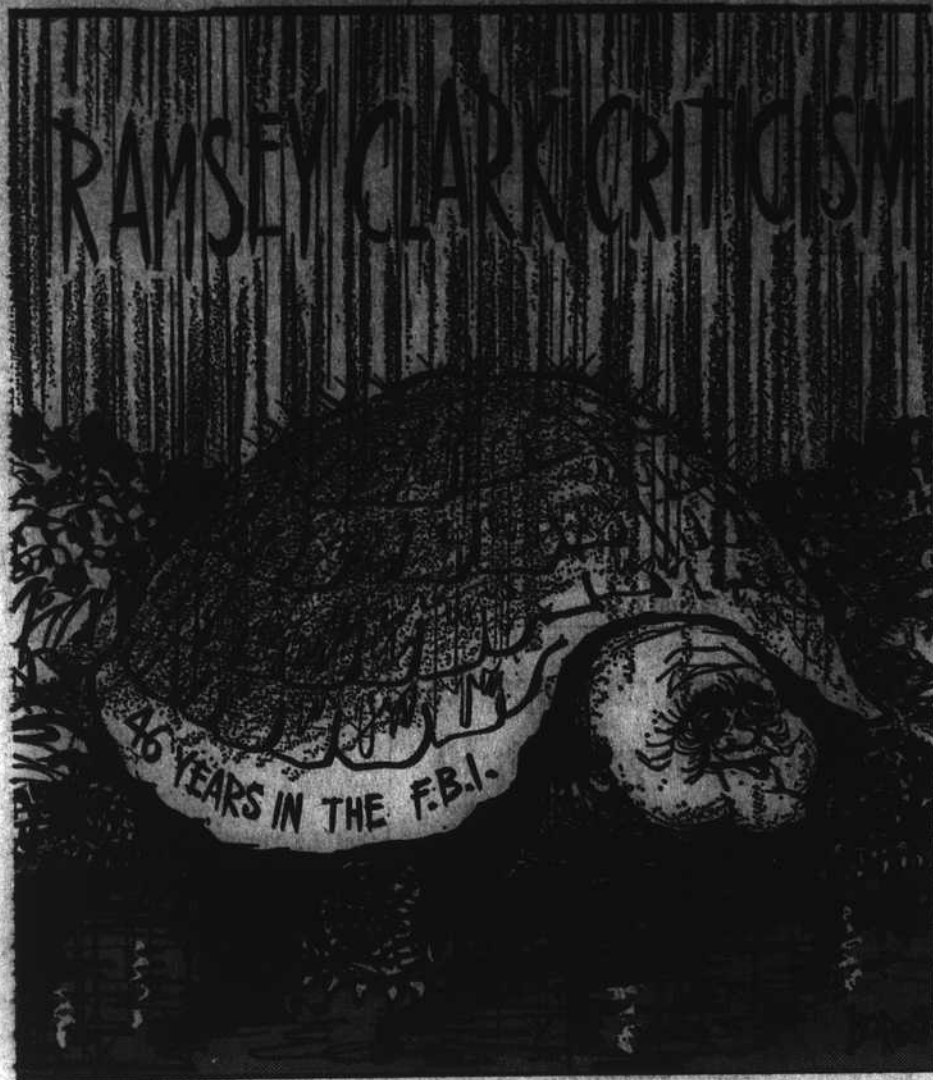


'Rain? Just a mild shower!'



EDITORIALS

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

Pivotal Year

Now that 1970 belongs almost to history it is time to look back at some of the monumental accomplishments of this brief 12 month's turns of the public screw that will leave a lasting mark in the record books.

One should not overlook such signal contributions to the uplift of our generation as the sudden decision of the Kinston City Council to begin strict and stern enforcement of its ancient dog-muzzle ordinance, and for that society owes an undying debt to those intrepid councilmen who saw their duty and done it.

On a larger plane one should not overlook a more sweeping and if possible more monumental contribution by the Great State of North Carolina which has now added its two-cents' worth to the ecology bit by banning henceforth and presumably forever more the burning of leaves at all times and in all places.

One can but wonder how we managed to suffer through before these two landmark decisions were reached. It is the knowledge that there are people in high places who care that makes the republic worth fighting about.

Not to be left completely out of the act as the year dawdled to an end the United States Government made its contribution, as they say "in kind."

A frightened Russian escaped from a fishing boat and found temporary sanctuary on a ship of the United States Coast Guard. Then after several pointed federal heads had discussed the matter for some over an hour he was cast back upon the troubled seas of Soviet sympathy.

The Statue of Liberty went into deep

mourning, President Nixon fulminated and fumed and a few random Coast Guard and State Department heads were brought up to the White House on a yellow tray.

Politically, 1970 was a year of mixed emotions. Californians elected the nation's most conservative governor and the nation's most liberal senator and New York reversed this strong western political wind by keeping one of the most liberal governors for another hitch while electing a true blue conservative to the senate.

Few alive today will again see such a year as 1970. And for that, perhaps, we can all give thanks.

The Wolf Cry

A thousand years ago in primary school there was that story about the shepherd who cried, "Wolf" too often, and if such distance has not separated us completely from the story's end, the shepherd wound up as a late afternoon snack for Ye Olde Wolfe.

For what seems at least as long there has been a hue and cry in the land about the "Great Teacher Shortage", and now it would appear that the teachers are being eaten by this shortage and to such an extent that we have a surplus of teachers.

Now the cry is in a different direction. Confronted by too many teachers those who purport to speak for teachers are recommending some violent actions in order to solve the teacher surplus problem.

One, of course, is to start children down the educational high road at the

Man Is Still Super

With the freeing of the hostage held by Canadian terrorists and the growing tension in our country over Americans held prisoner by the Viet Cong there is proof once again that nothing changes very much in man's brutal relationship with his fellow man.

Our generation has developed such horrors as the nuclear bomb, the supersonic bomber and the intercontinental ballistic missile, but still the most terrible and by the most dangerous weapon in the arsenal of terror remains the use or misuse of mere mortals.

Our country is far more exercised over the relatively small group of men who have been killed in Viet Nam.

In Canada the kidnapping of two men and the murder of one has done far more to bring terror into focus than all the bombing and plotting and harassment that has going on for many years.

Torture of prisoners always has been and always will be one absolutely certain way to arouse the nation. In every war a very large part of the propaganda that is carried on by opposing sides has to do with the way the enemy is treating or mistreating prisoners of war.

There is no kindly way to keep a man prisoner. The very act of shutting him up, no matter how well he is treated, if he is normal he cannot avoid feeling that he is mistreated.

For any American to be shut up and fed the diet of any other people is automatic cruelty. Americans generally have so much more and come to take it for granted that it is beyond their power of imagination to believe that people do live and thrive on less than the scraps we throw from our table.

Of course, in addition to the difference in diet between all nations there is also the vast difference in their regard for human life. The North Vietnamese fight on in spite of the fact that our armed forces claim to have killed about 60 per cent of the adults in that tiny country in the long, long bloodletting that grinds on so monotonously, indicating that they have things they care far more for than they do for the lives of so many of their people.

It is sad, and it is frightening, but perhaps there is also some ray of hope in the knowledge that even in modern war man is the most important factor in the thinking of our people and it will be a sad day when this is not true.

tender age of two, which would only be a stopgap practice at it's very best, and the other is to raise teachers pay so high that no young people will be attracted to make the supreme sacrifice of serving in this affluent vineyard.

As the boys in the Pentagon backrooms say: This is "counter-productive" and down at the poolroom the boys comment on such a deal: "You'll go out backwards on this one!"

So far as we know there has been no suggestion that education take advantage of this teacher windfall and weed out some of the drones, misfits, and nuts who have fouled up the next of education for too long.

So far as we can determine there is nothing in the statute books nor even in the Scripture which says that every mother's child who gets a teaching certificate just has to be given a job to go with said certificate.

Most businesses when they suffer an elegance of supply suddenly become most discriminate in their selections. In education the practice has been to promote these drones to nonteaching posts where they can draw more money but do less harm to the difficult process of shooting a little learning into the reluctant dragons pacing the nation's classroom floors.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

BY JACK RIDER

In my maiden voyage as a county commissioner I discovered what others before me have been finding out since county commissioners were invented.

There are more people asking for more money than there are people before the board demanding economy. I suppose this is the natural order of things, but I cannot avoid wondering when the end of this spending line comes.

The world is now as it was in the beginning and as it likely will be at the end — filled with far more urgent problems than there are willing and able hands to solve.

Of course in order to find those willing hands to solve those multitudinous problems money has to be found. That is the eternal headache of those who make decisions that involve the taking of tax money away from reluctant taxpayers and spending it on this wide and varied assortment of standing problems.

One such eternal problem is mental health. Monday the representative of the local mental health clinic wanted more money, more manpower and more office space and he unveiled a preview of what he would be asking a little later in the budget year for next year, which involves about three more services, more people, more money and again, more office space.

In view of the everyday occurrences that overwhelm us nobody in his right mind could resist the notion that a lot of people are out of their mind, which instantly qualifies them for the need of such services as mental health clinics purport to provide.

But I assure you that there has not yet been enough money printed to hire enough people to solve this problem. So the issue is how much? How far can we dip into the pockets of the taxpayers knowing that it is like trying to bail out the ocean with a sieve?

Surely we cannot turn our back on this or other pressing problems, but the not-so-simple issue is: how much and how far?

I have used the mental health clinic as an example, but it surely is not alone in its appetite for money and the amount it consumes and even the amount it asks is fractional when one compares it to the mountains of education and welfare.

In each and every instance involving the taking of one man's money and the spending of that money on public projects the single issue remains constant: how much and how far can we reasonably go?

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